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VANITY FAIR

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BOTOX HELL!
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BY NED ZEMAN

BOSOX HEAVEN!
FLY-FISHING WITH BASEBALL GREAT TED WILLIAMS
BY DAVID HALBERSTAM

E ANGRIEST
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SUIT THAT'S
ING DAUGHTER
INST FATHER
UZANNA ANDREWS

THE BLACK WIDOW OF VIRGINIA
A COUNTRY SQUIRE IS DEAD, HIS WIFE IS ARRESTED
BY MICHAEL SHNAYERSON

COVER STORY:
WHY HUGH GRANT WANTS OUT
"MY LIFE'S LUXURIOUS," SAYS MR. SELF-DEPRECATION, BUT MAKING MOVIES IS "JUST MISERY"
BY DAVID KAMP
PHOTOS BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

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—ELBERT HUBBARD

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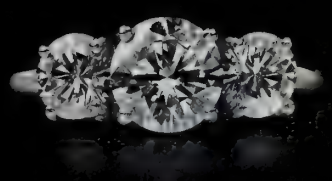
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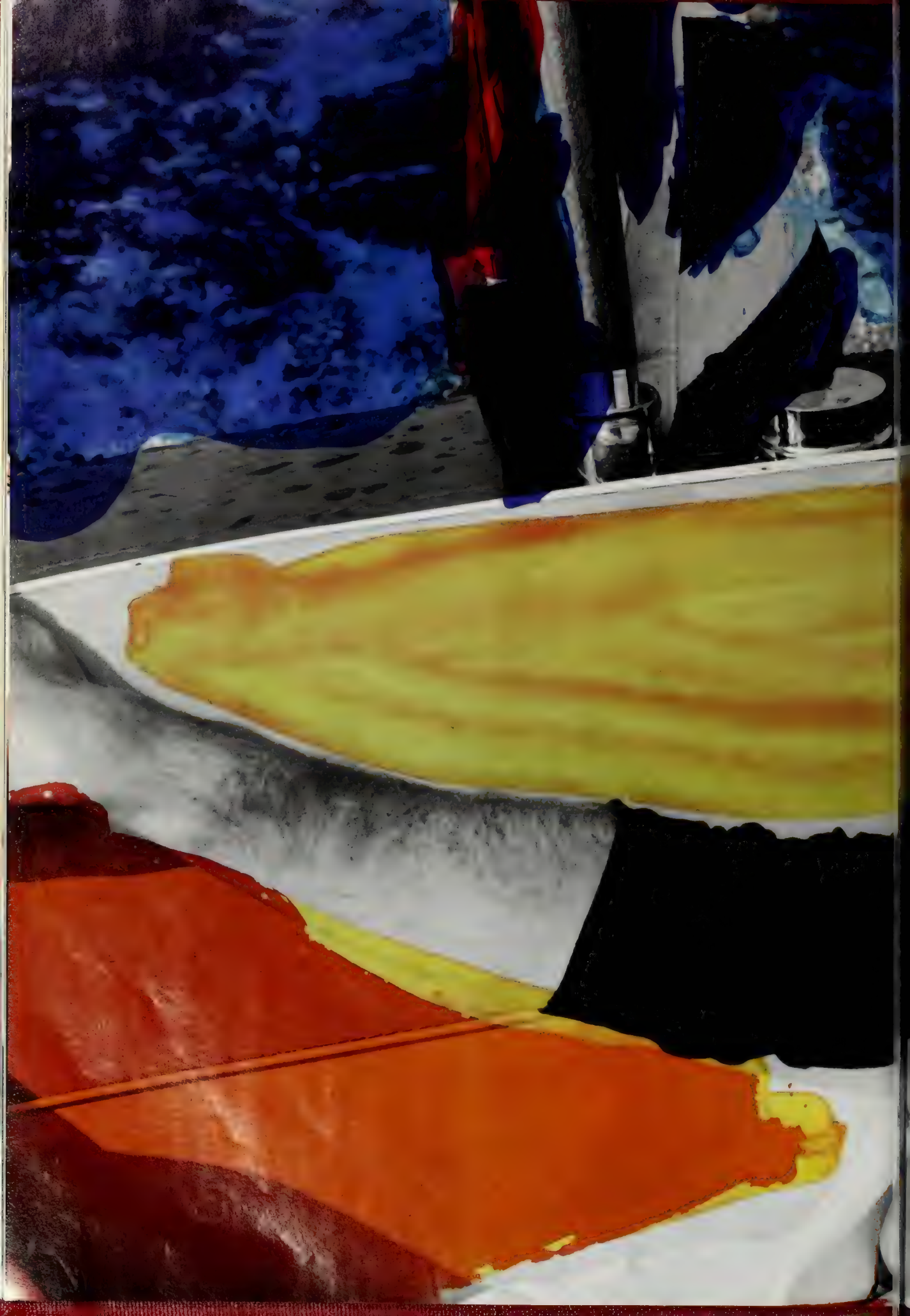
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ITALIAN STALLION
GIANNI AGNELLI AT THE HELM OF *CAPRICIA* IN 1975 200

FEATURES

170 RUNAWAY BACHELOR At 42, Hugh Grant is wondering if movie star is the right job for him. As he takes a hiatus before doing the publicity rounds for his new romantic comedy, *Love Actually,* Grant finds himself ready for marriage, kids, perhaps a writing career—anything but another close-up. David Kamp meets Cool Britannia's most underrated leading man for a discussion of settling down, why the tabloids hammer him, and the promise he made his mother. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz.

176 BAGHDAD'S CRUEL PRINCES Growing up in the shadow of Saddam Hussein, the tyrant's elder sons, Uday, 38, and Qusay, 37, learned the ABCs of torture, murder, and betrayal. Even as the U.S. moved to topple Saddam, recent defectors from the brothers' inner circle gave David Rose a gruesome portrait of two very different men, reflecting the mixture of psychosis and guile with which their father terrorized Iraq.

180 DANCE MENAGERIE John Huba and Laura Jacobs preview *Carnival of the Animals,* Christopher Wheeldon's new ballet, narrated by John Lithgow, in which a boy gets locked in the American Museum of Natural History one night.

182 SHATTERED DYNASTY Jay Pritzker, who built one of the largest fortunes in America, valued family above all, and until his death in 1999 the Pritzker clan appeared as tightly knit as the trusts set up to maintain it. So those who had known the patriarch were especially shocked last fall when his 19-year-old niece, Liesel, who starred in *A Little Princess,* filed a lawsuit claiming that her father and cousins had cheated her out of $1 billion. Suzanna Andrews dissects the public unraveling of a very private dynasty.

186 ROSENQUIST'S BIG PICTURE Among the few surviving talents of the vibrant 1960s New York scene that spawned Pop art, James Rosenquist is still producing his enormous canvases, burnishing a legacy that bridges realism and abstraction. As a major retrospective of his work opens this month, Rosenquist gives Ingrid Sischy a picture of the heady days when passion, paint, and characters such as Roy Lichtenstein and Andy Warhol fanned the fires of visual revolution. Photograph by Todd Eberle.

194 THE BOTOXED AND THE BOLDFACED There's a big social wrinkle in Beverly Hills. Irena Medavoy, wife of the influential producer Mike Medavoy, is suing one of L.A.'s most beloved dermatologists, Dr. Arnold Klein, who has tended to Elizabeth Taylor, Carrie Fisher, and Michael Jackson. The charge: an overdose of Botox, which kept the jet-setting Mrs. Medavoy bedridden for months. Ned Zeman investigates a scandal that reads like an Aaron Spelling adaptation of a Robin Cook medical thriller.

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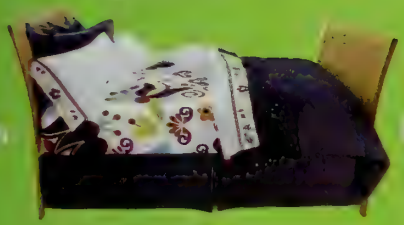


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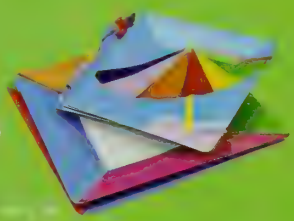


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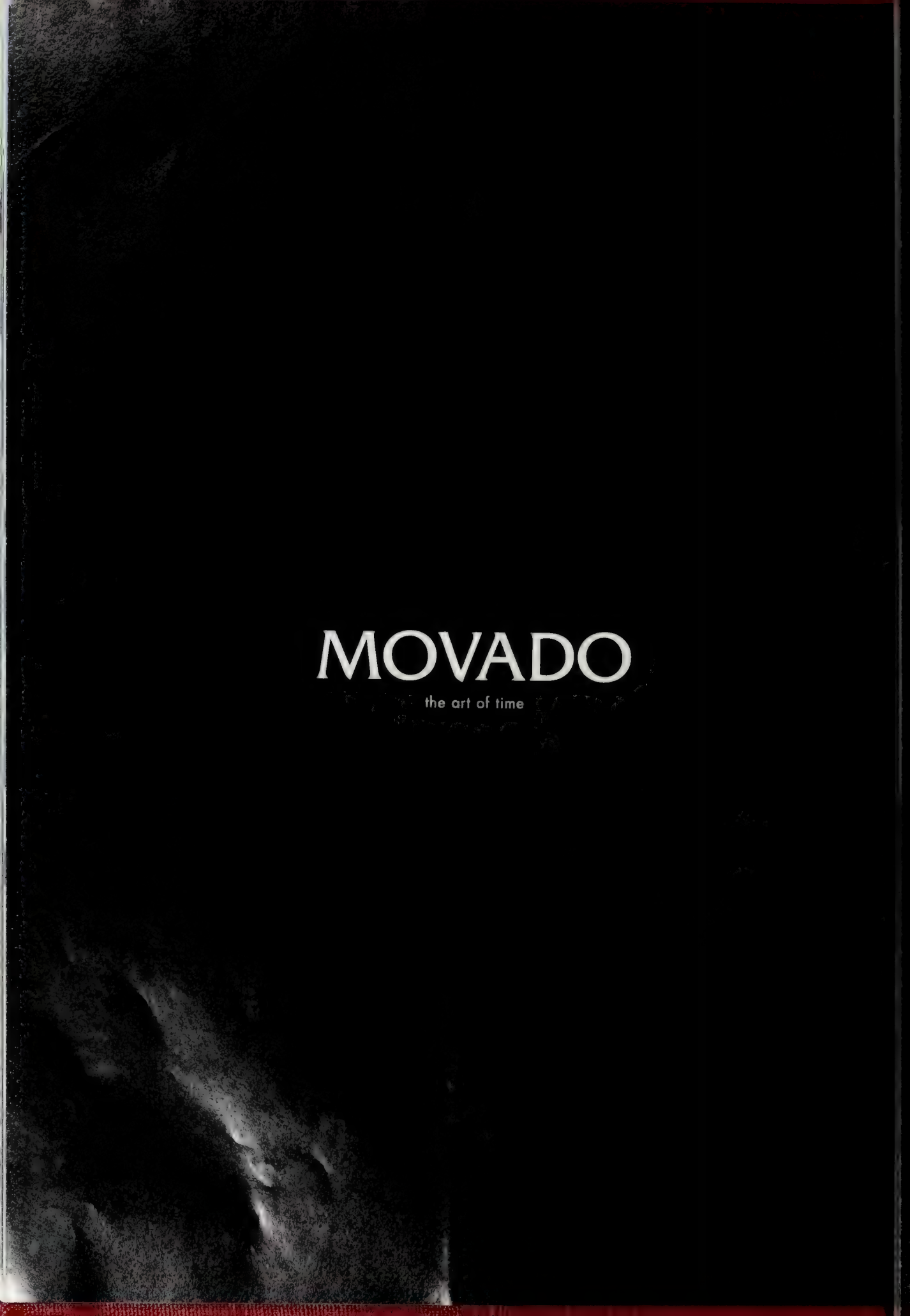
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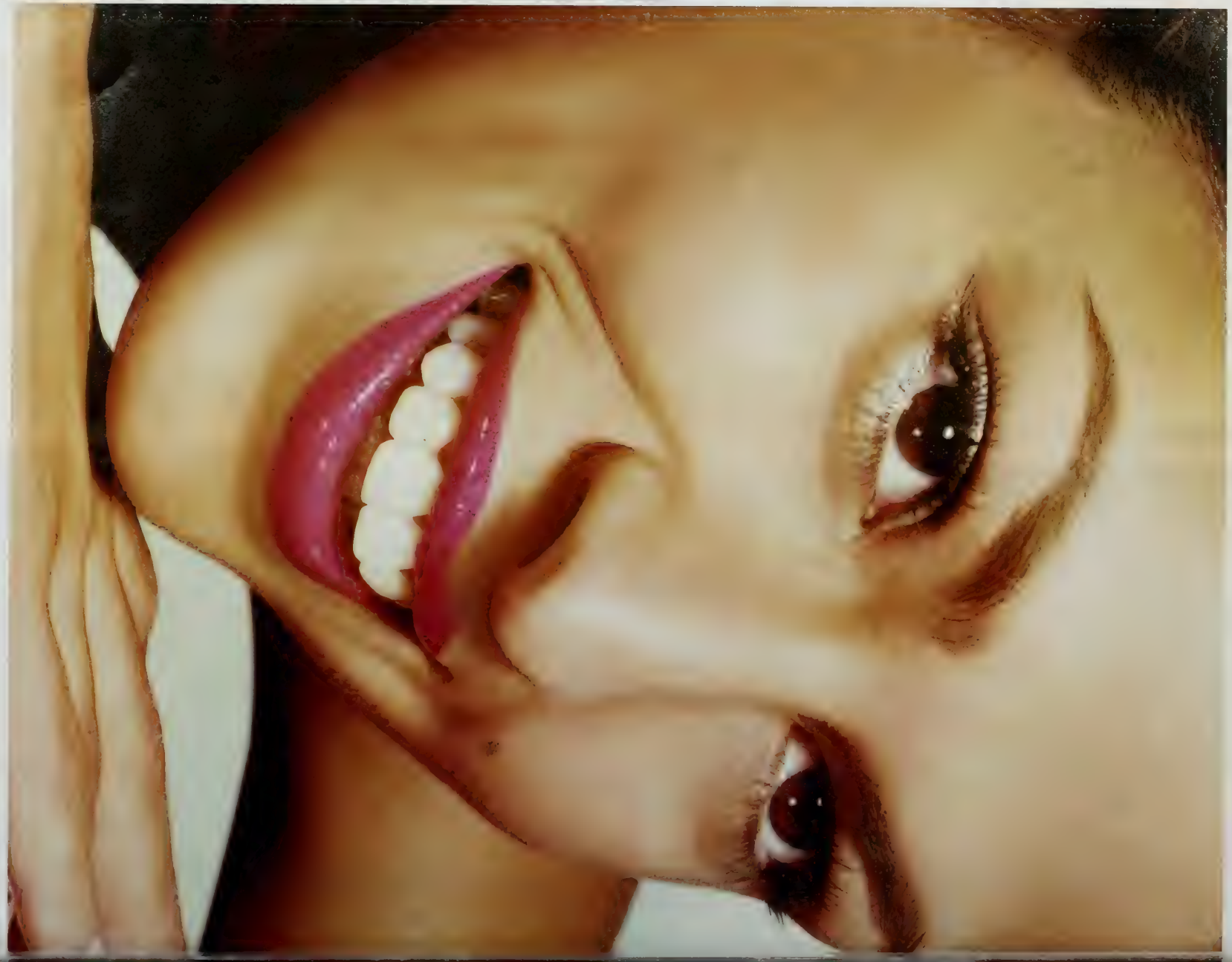


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MADISON AT 64TH SOUTH COAST PLAZA



VANITY FAIR

May 2003 No. 5

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

198 37 WAYS OF LOOKING AT A HAMPTON Jonas Karlsson and Alastair Gordon spotlight the all-star team of architects who, at Richard Meier's invitation, have designed 37 cutting-edge houses for a 100-acre subdivision north of the Montauk Highway.

200 LA VITA AGNELLI The late Gianni Agnelli and his Fiat empire helped to transform postwar Italy from an economic shambles into the world's fifth-biggest economy. Along the way, he befriended Kennedys and Rockefellers and captured the hearts of Anita Ekberg Pamela Churchill, and Jacqueline Kennedy. Talking to Agnelli's intimates, Judy Bachrach discovers the man behind the legend.

FANFAIR

89 31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE Mediterranean Rhapsody—Emanuele Crialese's *Respiro.* Hot Reels: Bruce Handy on *Better Luck Tomorrow* and *Manic;* Coming Attractions—Walter Kirn heralds the return of the X-Men. Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. Henry Alford bathes in Graham Swift's *Light of Day;* Kevin Sessums on artist Jon Sarkin. Lisa Robinson's Hot Tracks. Edward Helmore catches the Yeah Yeah Yeahs' *Fever to Tell;* Mac Randall sings the praises of *Jerry Springer: The Opera.* Matt Tyrnauer on St. Louis–arch architect Eero Saarinen; Brenda Cullerton reveals the fashion label du jour, Proenza Schouler. David Colman on Alexander McQueen's Kingdom; Hot Looks; My Stuff: French shoe designer Christian Louboutin.

COLUMNS

111 PRIME-TIME BLOOD With war and terror jitters choking New York's party planners, Dominick Dunne is riveted by Robert Blake, who is out on bail and preparing for what could be the performance of his life: his murder trial. Meanwhile, O. J. Simpson shops his courtroom expertise, and Phil Spector says, "I told you so." Portrait by Mary Ellen Mark.

120 HALL OF FAME Dee Dee Myers nominates Senator Robert C. Byrd, Congress's 85-year-old elder, whose outspoken criticism of the rush to war showed a courage rare on Capitol Hill. Portrait by Gasper Tringale.

122 THE WIDOW ON THE HILL Owner of the 345-acre estate known as Mt. Athos, Hamilton Somerville Jr. was a duPont relative and a pillar of his community. So when he died in November 2001, his stomach full of morphine and codeine, rumors of foul play rippled through surrounding Orange County, Virginia. Michael Shnayerson reports on why Somerville's attractive second wife, Donna, who had been the hospice nurse for his first one, is at the center of an ongoing mystery.

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FLIGHT PATHS
EERO SAARINEN'S TWA TERMINAL, 1962 89


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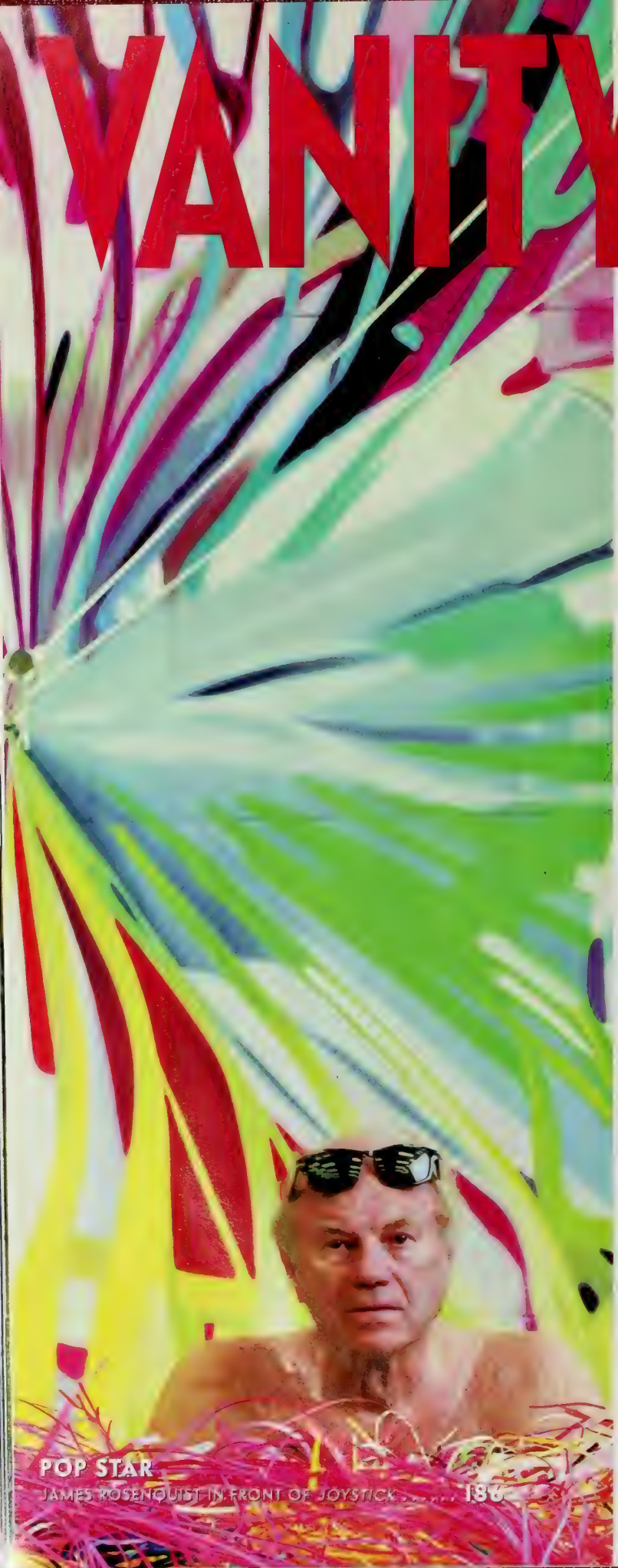


C'mon. C'mon. C'mon. C'mon. C'mon. The new Z. 2002.

SHIFT_passion

VANITY FAIR

May 2003 No.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

140 GEHRY GOES COUNTRY Todd Eberle and Matt Tyrnauer spotlight Frank Gehry's pastoral creatio Bard College's new performing-arts center, with its rippling-steel façade and Catskill Mountains backdrop.

142 THE LURE OF TED WILLIAMS A driven perfectionist, Ted Williams was no less demanding of his fishing buddies than of his fellow players, but no one understood Williams's demons better than a man who was both, Red Sox Hall of Famer Bobby Doerr. In an excerpt from *The Teammates,* his latest book, David Halberstam explores a friendship that survived a thousand arguments about hitting and one terrible day in Islamorada, when the tarpon kept getting away.

VANITIES

163 BANKS A LOT Neal Pollack gets an early jump on the 2004 election. George Wayne probes novelist Erica Jong. *V.F.* Camera: the Louis Vuitton Cup.

ET CETERA

68 EDITOR'S LETTER

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240 PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE Willie Nelson

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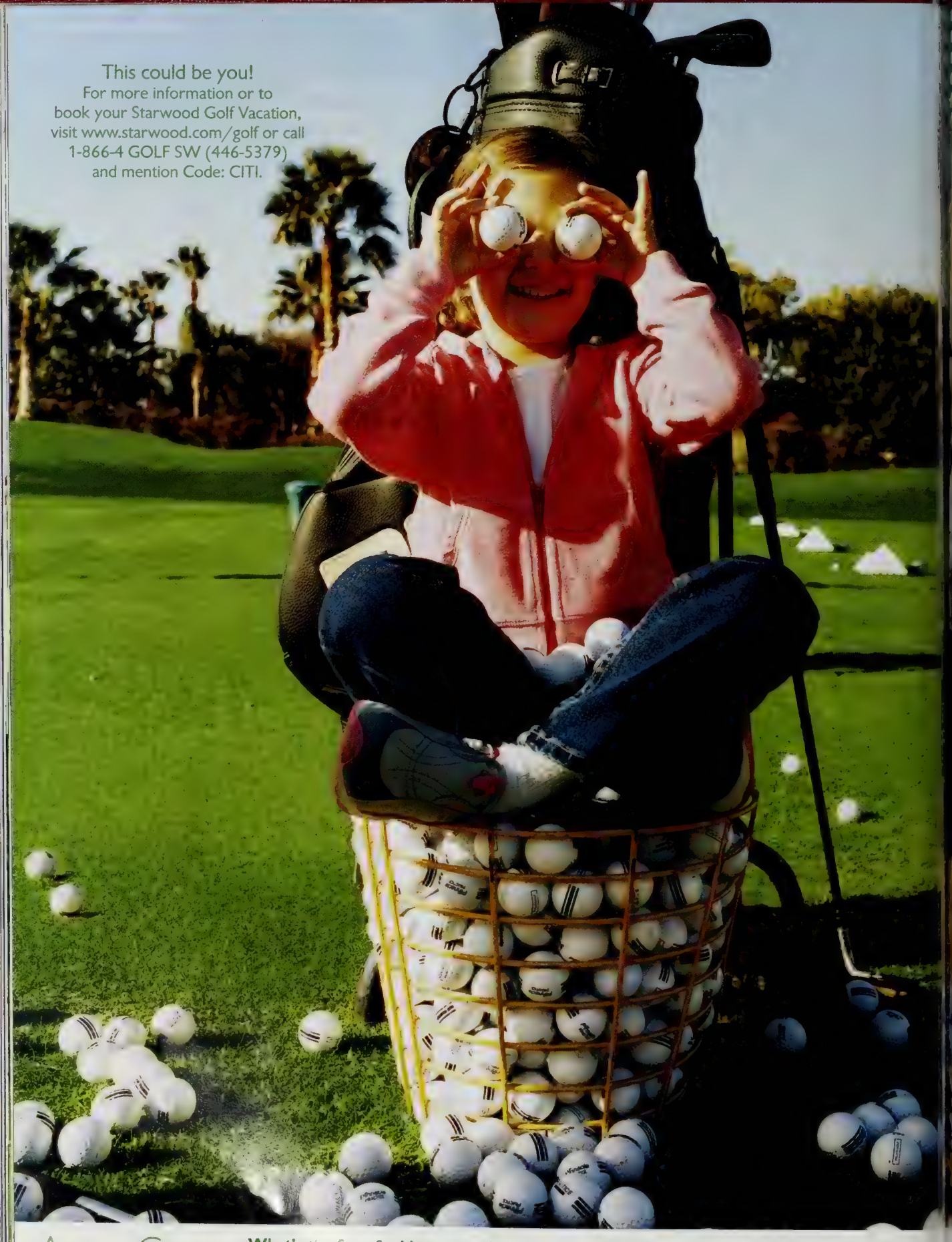


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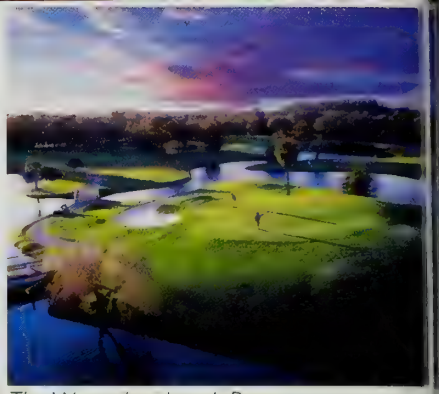
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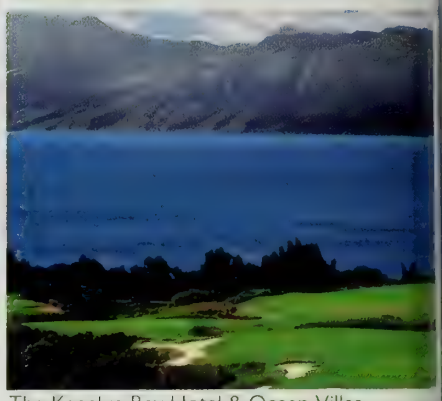
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THE DIFFERENCE A "DAYMAKER" MAKES

David Wagner, internationally recognized stylist and C.E.O. of Juut Salonspa, will hit the road this April and May to "make the day" of people in need. As he promotes his book, *Life as a Daymaker: How to Change the World by Simply Making Someone's Day*, Wagner will be offering free makeovers to those who are less fortunate. He will travel with Project Daymaker, an RV outfitted as a traveling beauty salon, compliments of Aveda. With the assistance of Aveda and volunteer hair stylists, Wagner will make stops in 16 cities from New York to Los Angeles. For information and a schedule of Project Daymaker tour stops, visit www.projectdaymaker.com.





Above, left: **Actors Jimmy Fallon and Dermot Mulroney share their tricks of the trade; *Above, right*: Director John Waters and actress Swoosie Kurtz with the evening's honoree, Alexander Payne.**

A WORK IN PROGRESS

On Tuesday, February 25, at the historic Gramercy Theatre in New York, MoMA's Junior Associates hosted a special tribute to filmmaker, Alexander Payne. The evening began with a program moderated by Bingham Ray, President of United Artists, that included several clips from Payne's recent works such as *Citizen Ruth, Election,* and the Oscar-nominated *About Schmidt.* After a question-and-answer period with the audience, 550 guests including celebrities Dermot Mulroney, Aida Turturro, Matt Dillon, Christopher Meloni, Willem Dafoe, Alan Cumming, Swoosie Kurtz, and Marisa Tomei, gathered at the W New York–Union Square to enjoy cocktails and hors d'oeuvres. The event, hosted by *Vanity Fair,* was co-sponsored by Bombay Sapphire, Opici Wines, TÜRI, and W Hotels of New York.

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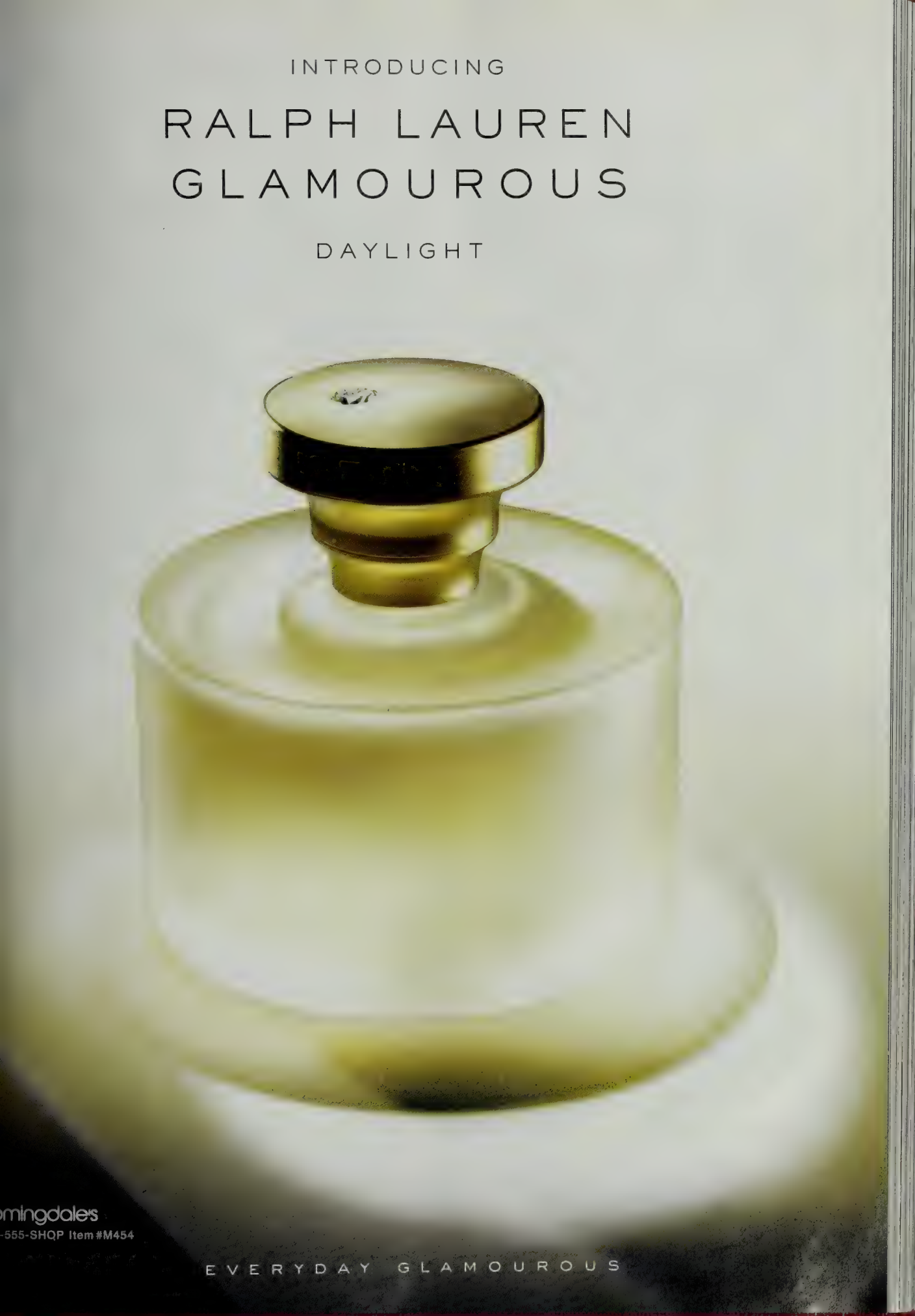
At left: **Cicely Tyson and photographer Shonna Valeska.**



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Above, from left: Michael Moore, Werner Herzog, and Terry Gilliam at last year's festival.

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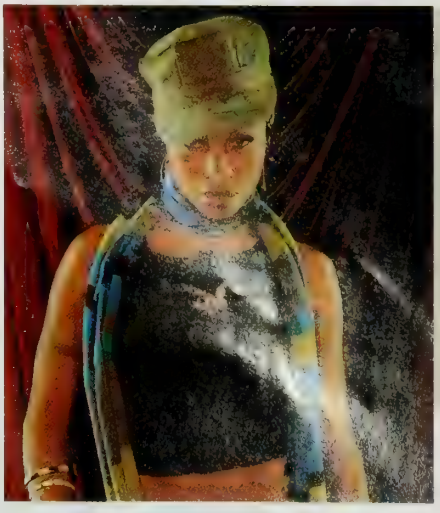


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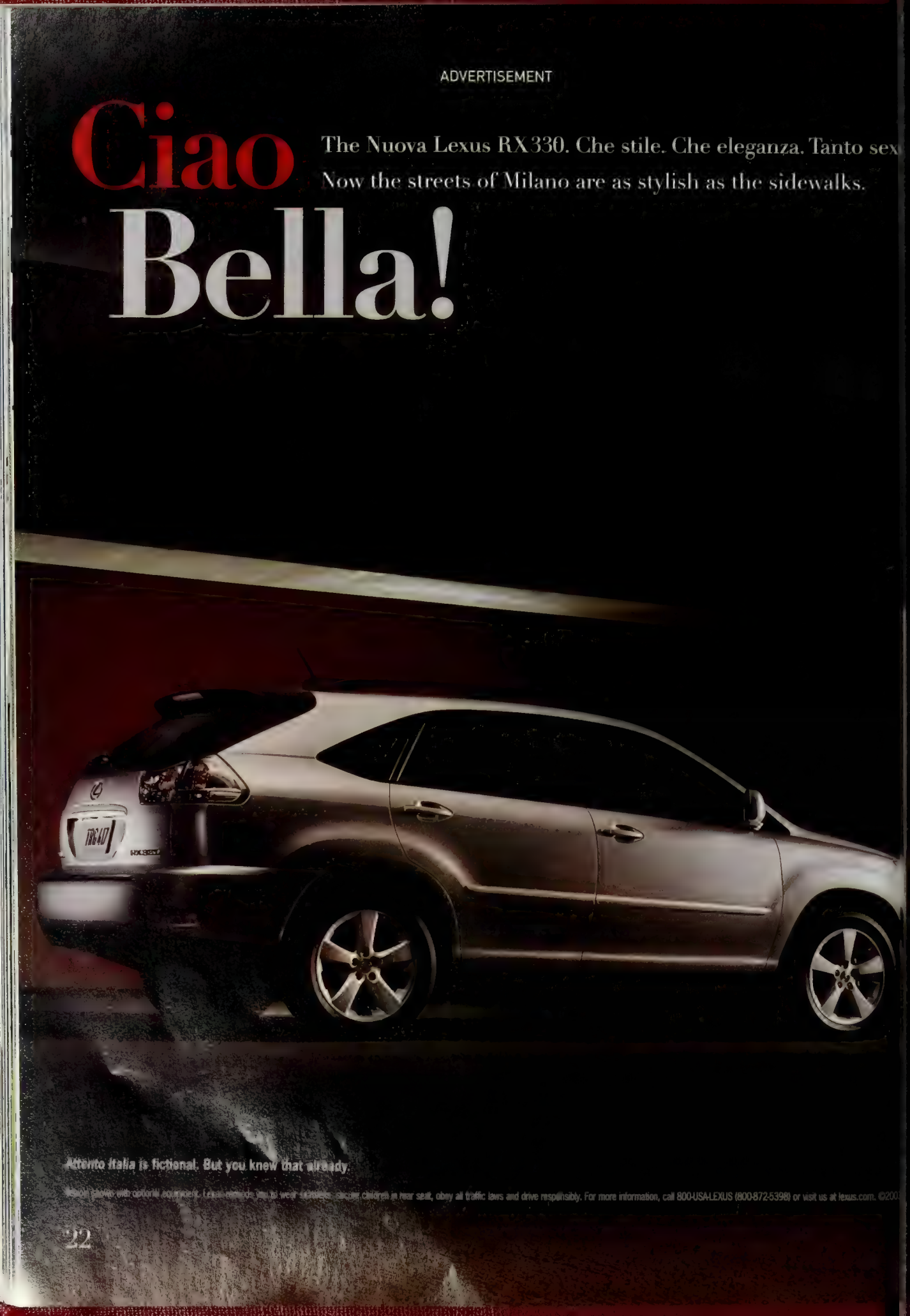
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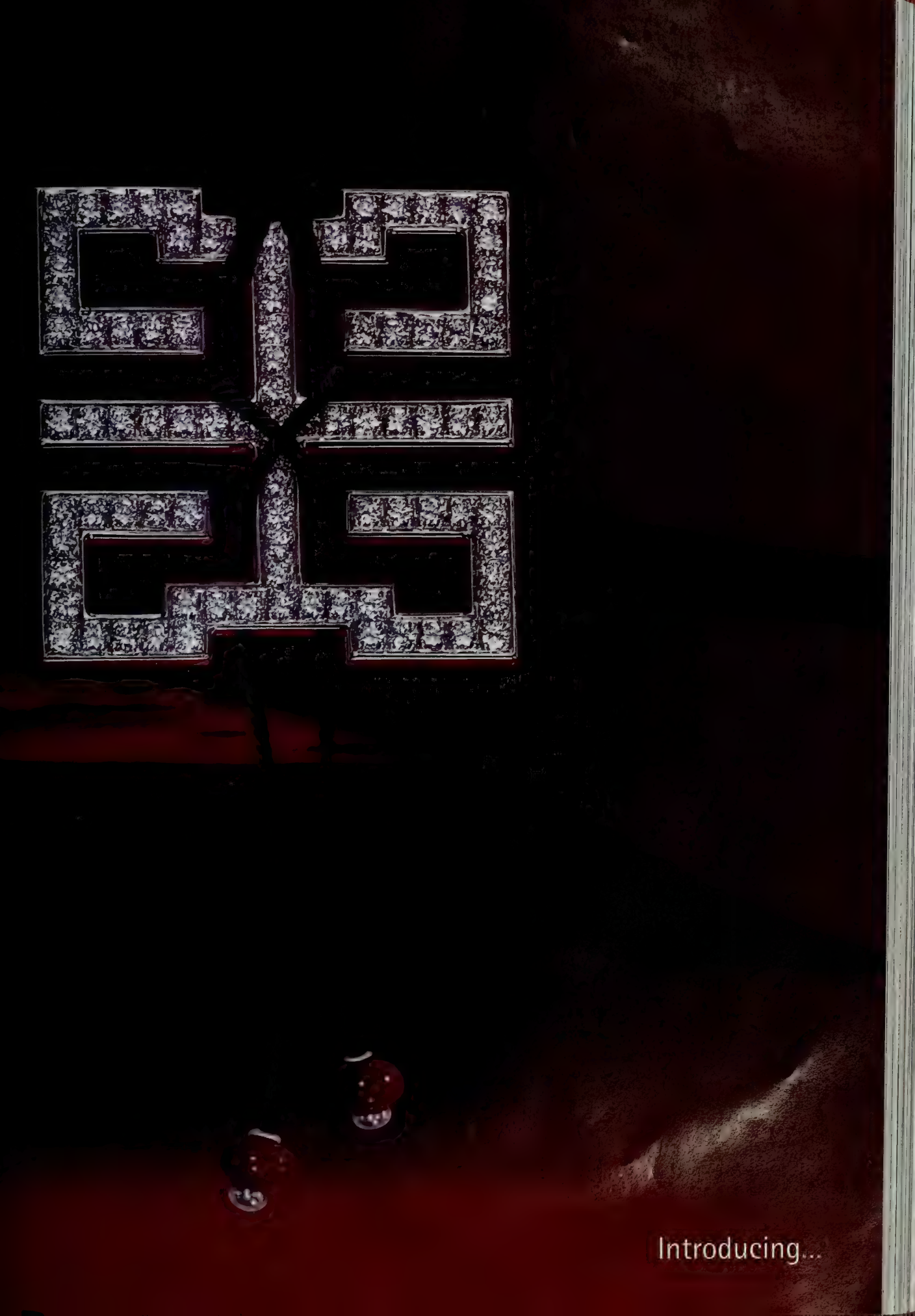
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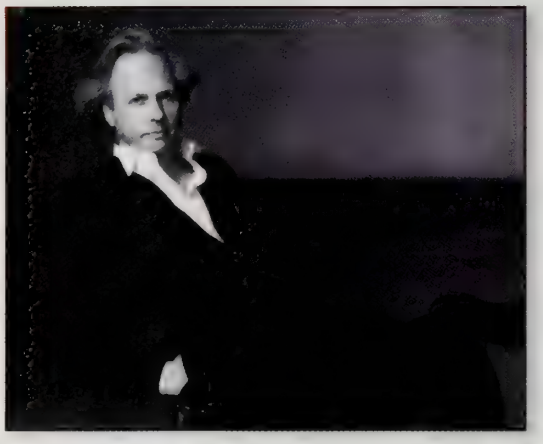


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Playing in the Bush Leagues



This was a particularly difficult issue to slip between the covers and put to bed. Magazines get printed in sections, or "forms," as they call them at the plant, and are then bound together once all the forms are completed. The form with this page in it prints relatively early, and so it had to be written and edited by March 18, the day after President Bush announced that he was giving Saddam Hussein 48 hours to clear out his desk—or else. So as I write this, not only do I have no idea of the outcome of this war (or "intervention," as my colleague Christopher Hitchens terms it), I have no clue as to the *beginning*. Also, I'm in the curious position of being in Los Angeles preparing *Vanity Fair*'s annual Oscar party, going over architecture and security details, and at the same time organizing our coverage of the conflict and trying to make sure that *V.F.* contributing editor Janine di Giovanni is mustered out of Baghdad before the bombing begins, and then sent back in with the ground troops.

Quick war, drawn-out war—either way, I figure, we lose. The fighting could drag on for ages and result in seasons of terrorist reprisals on U.S. soil. Or Saddam Hussein could fold like Clifford Etienne, Mike Tyson's last opponent, and things could be all tied up by the end of television sweeps in May. This in some ways would almost be worse. It would give our president the misguided encouragement to go after somebody else. North Korea? Pakistan? France?

I look at George Bush and I see none of the worry lines that should be etched in the face of a man taking the greatest military power ever assembled to war. I want my presidents to visibly age in the job, the way Bill Clinton did, or John F. Kennedy. The week Bush returned from his summit i Azores, he looked as if he hac gotten back from two weeks i Barts. So we have a president w declaring war on Iraq while h been to the Middle East only onc inherited a country at peace and a relatively healthy economy. Fu more, following September 11, An pretty much had the world's symp

And so here we are, 26 months after Bush's inauguratior Dow down more than 20 percent, unemployment up to 5.8 cent; our allies have deserted us, we're declaring war on a co that has not attacked us, and saber-rattling with North Korea, tion that wore us down to the quick a half-century ago, whe last went to battle against it.

There are few who would argue that the Middle East wou benefit from the ouster of Saddam and company. (See David R story, "Baghdad's Cruel Princes," on page 176.) Still, you could ly say the U.S. has a serious public-relations problem on its h We've trashed our allies, the United Nations, the Security Cou the delicate choreography of diplomacy, and by extension our reputation. The world, to put it simply, doesn't like us very muc fact, it could fairly be said that in most precincts of the globe actively hate us. And Americans, a great people with high ideals to be liked. Well, Americans like to be *feared* and liked, but lik an important part of the equation. You really have to work at create a situation in which Saddam Hussein is looked upon as of a threat to world peace than the U.S. president. In his little r than two years on the job, George W. Bush has proved himse be more than up to the task.

—GRAYDON CAR



ON THE COVER

Hugh Grant, in London's Hyde Park, wears clothing by Richard James and socks by [illegible] Ralph Lauren. Grooming products by Ave[illegible] Grooming by Mira. Set design and props b[illegible] Hamilton. Styled by Bruce Pask. *This page*, Gr[illegible] in the Billiards Room of the Royal Automobile [illegible] London. Both photographed exclusively for V.F. Annie Leibovitz on February 21, 2003.



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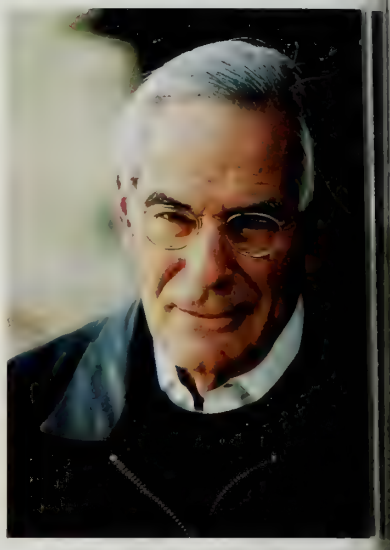


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While doing research for *Summer of '49,* his classic chronicle of baseball's most magical season, contributing editor **DAVID HALBERSTAM** struck up friendships with four Boston Red Sox players: Ted Williams, Dom DiMaggio, Bobby Doerr, and Johnny Pesky. "About a year ago," Halberstam recalls, "I went to dinner with Dominic and Emily DiMaggio. They started telling me about this road trip Dominic and Johnny had taken to see Ted, and I thought, Hmm, that'd be a nice, small book." This "nice, small book," *The Teammates,* about the four ballplayers' friendship, will be published this month by Hyperion, and an excerpt appears in this issue, beginning on page 142. Halberstam is currently writing a book about a Korean War battle.



Contributing editor **SUZANNA ANDR** is developing an expertise in coverin rich families. Over the past few years she has written articles in *V.F.* about Steinbergs, the von Trapps, and the Wildensteins. For this issue, she spent weeks investigating the sibling strife a generational clashes over the Pritzker fortune, which have shocked just abo everyone. "People who knew the Prit were upset about what had happene says Andrews, whose article begins o 182, "but those who didn't know them well also reacted strongly." Especially who had brothers and sisters of their "The Pritzkers' wealth raised the stake but many people talked about their f that this kind of nightmare could happen to their own family."



Contributing editor **DAVID KAMP,** author of this month's cover story on Hugh Grant, which begins on page 170, has a confession to make: "I wholeheartedly like him. For some people there's something effeminate or emasculating about liking Hugh Grant, which I think shows how undervalued the ability to carry a romantic comedy is." Kamp, who profiled Phil Silvers and co-wrote "The Film Snob's Dictionary" with Steven Daly in last month's Hollywood Issue, also approves of Grant's, er, futuristic charity efforts: "I so admire the work he's doing for narwhal preservation. They're the most mysterious and alluring of marine mammals and, damn it, they must be protected."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

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Above: The spotlight shines on the Chrysler PT Turbo.

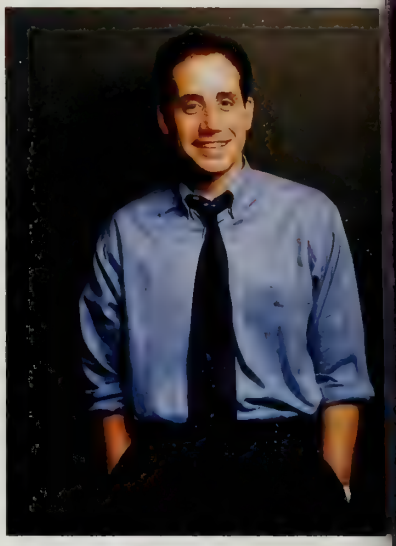
CHRYSLER WALKS THE RED CARPET

On Sunday, January 19, Chrysler and *Vanity Fair* hosted a viewing party for the 60th Annual Golden Globe Awards at the tony W Hotel in San Francisco. The new Chrysler PT Turbo was displayed on the red carpet at the entrance to this invitation-only event. Guests enjoyed cocktails and hors d'oeuvres in the lounge and viewing rooms while they watched the Golden Globe Awards show on television monitors. At the end of the evening, guests received exclusive gift bags, compliments of *Vanity Fair* and Chrysler.

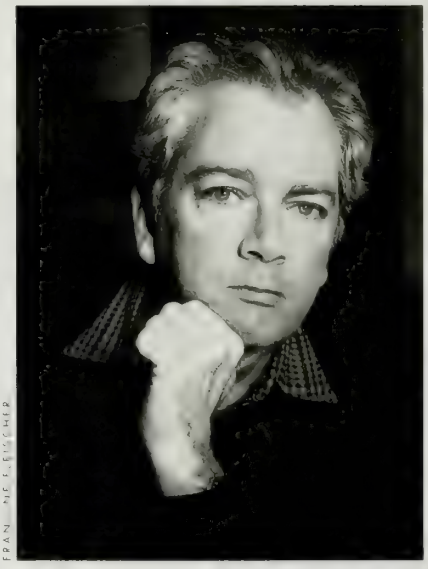


Above: Steve Weeks of DaimlerChrysler and guests enjoy the Golden Globes.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72



Los Angeles–based contributing editor **NED ZEMAN** has seen his share of strange Hollywood scandals, but nothing quite compares to the battle between social figure Irena Medavoy and dermatologist to the stars Arnold Klein over Botox. "All of Hollywood is talking about this," Zeman says, "and behind the bizarre stuff about cosmetic procedures is a serious medical and legal mystery." Zeman, who is currently developing several screenplays based on past articles for *V.F.*, came to the following conclusion after interviewing dozens of Beverly Hills insiders for this story: "Unless they find a smoking gun or someone keels over in a doctor's office, people are going to keep getting Botox injections."



It's rare that a murder story such as t one covered this month by contributi editor **MICHAEL SHNAYERSON** (pag escapes the attention of the national media, but the death of Virginia gent farmer Hamilton Somerville was pick by only two local papers. "By coincid says Shnayerson, "a friend of one of magazine's editors attended a weddin the area not long after Somerville's d and found the whole party buzzing with rumors of the case. Following u I found a host of local residents haun by the circumstances of the death an frustration that so little seemed to be getting done to answer their questions With the indictment of Somerville's widow, it appears that the police wer doing just what they should have, quietly but diligently."



By the time contributing photographer **JONAS KARLSSON** was 8 years old, he was shooting with his father's Rolleiflex, "and from the age of 12, I was selling pictures to the newspapers in my hometown, Kalmar, in the south of Sweden." Kalmar's loss is *V.F.*'s great gain. For this issue, Karlsson has captured 37 of the country's most esteemed architects in a single portrait, which appears on page 198. "If I weren't a photographer," Karlsson says, "I would probably have been an architect, so it was really great to meet all these people." This month, Karlsson also shot members of the Agnelli family, which was headed by Gianni Agnelli until his death in January of this year.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

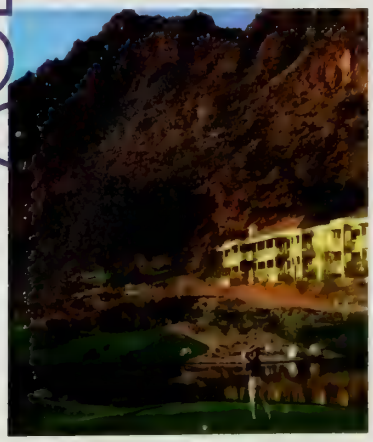


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Above: The Phoenician in Scottsdale, Arizona.

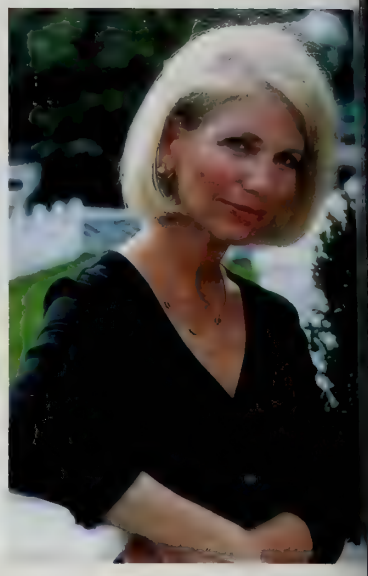
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76



Gaining access to the powerful Agnelli family for her article about Fiat's late chief, Gianni Agnelli, which begins on page 200, was no easy task for contributing editor **JUDY BACHRACH.** "Initially," she says, "two vital members of the family told me that I was not going to get an interview with them." Determined, Bachrach flew to Italy and won the Agnellis over by explaining her intention: to tell the story of a truly remarkable man. From then on, she was surprised by the family members' candidness as they discussed every aspect of Agnelli's colorful life, including his extramarital affairs. "There's nobody to fill Gianni Agnelli's shoes," says Bachrach, who recently covered the controversial Miss World pageant for *V.F.,* "because that person cannot exist in the modern world. The world that produced him is long gone."

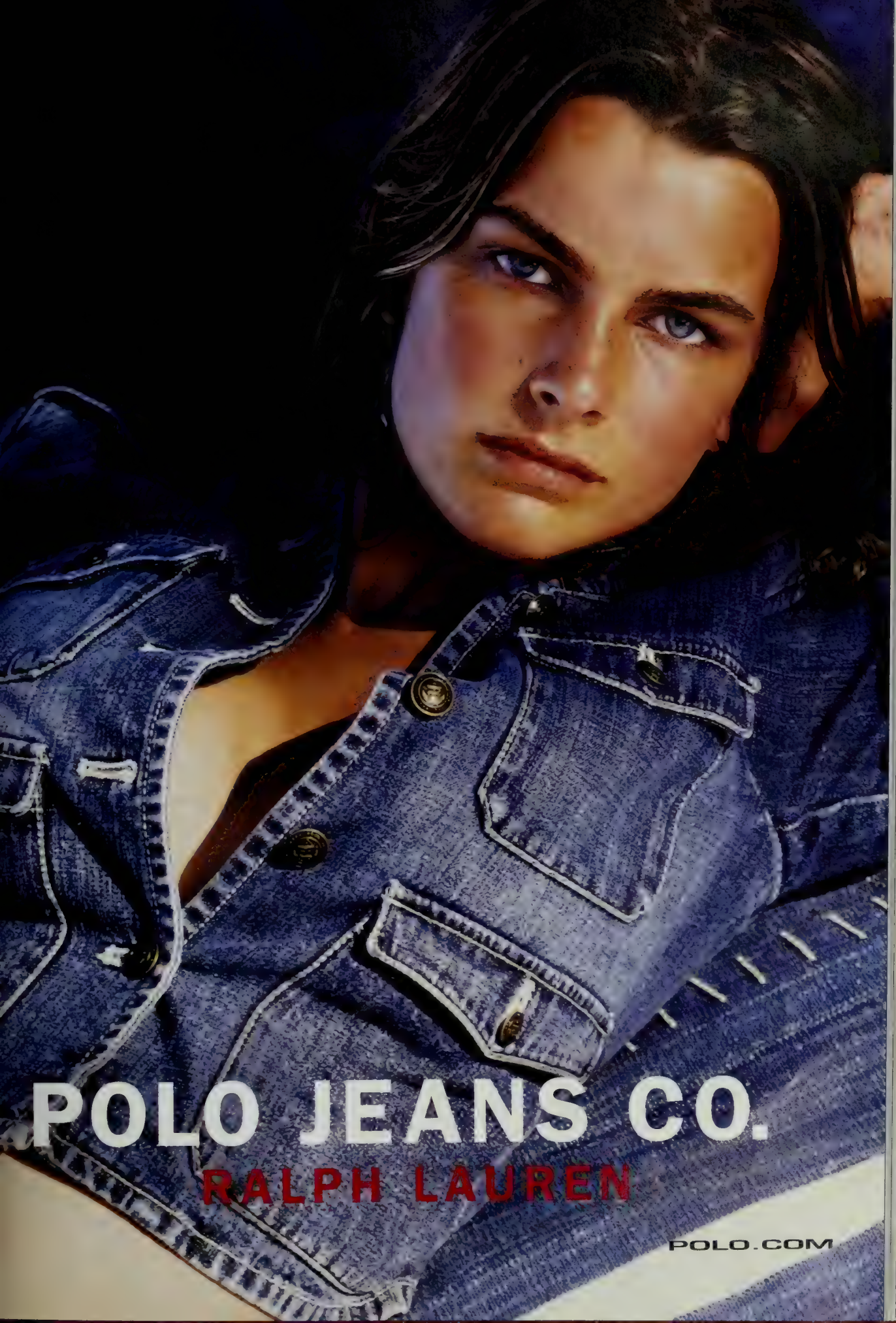


MELANIE DUNEA

Assistant art director **ADAM BOOKBI** clearly remembers discovering the th of magazines—after all, it wasn't that ago. "When I was in high school in t early 90s, I read all of these new musi and culture magazines that were com out. There was such a raw energy an excitement to the way they looked. It r sparked something inside of me," he s "At the time, I didn't know what the job was called, but I knew that one d I wanted to be part of the process tha gave these magazines their visual ider Bookbinder now plays a part in that process every month. His artistic endea aren't limited to designing pages in *Vanity Fair,* however: Bookbinder had his first solo exhibition of paintings this past winter in New York City.

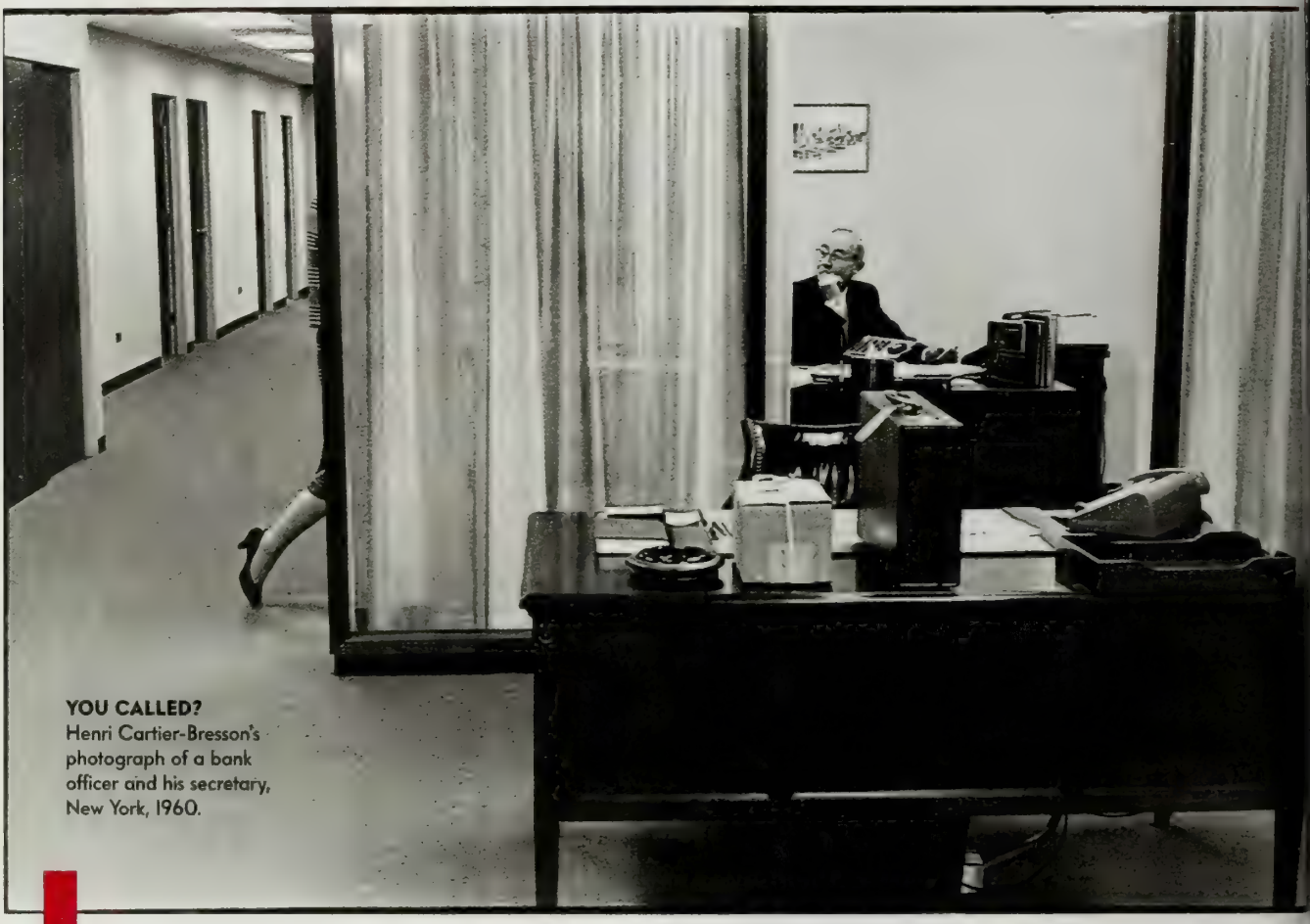


MARY ELLEN MARK got a special thrill out of photographing *V.F.*'s resident diarist, Dominick Dunne, for this month's issue (page 111). "He's a man with a cause, and I respect that," she says. "I'm on his side always, because he's always on the right side. He's a lovely person and a very photogenic man." Mark, who is famous for her haunting and iconic portraits of celebrities, circus workers, stre performers, and rodeo hands, has spent the past few years photographing identic twins. In October, Kennedy Boesky Photographs will stage an exhibition of her twi portraits in Manhattan, and Aperture will publish a related book in the fa


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STILL IN THE PICTURE

Delighted with Cartier-Bresson; at war over Wolcott; Gypsy Rose Lee in the neighborhood; and Kennedy and Dunne go head-to-head



YOU CALLED?
Henri Cartier-Bresson's photograph of a bank officer and his secretary, New York, 1960.

I was fascinated by David Friend's excellent article on the reclusive photojournalism legend Henri Cartier-Bresson ["Cartier-Bresson's Decisive Moment," March]. For those of us who are members of the profession, his life and the photographs in his seminal book, *The Decisive Moment,* are symbols of an era when photojournalism was coming of age and almost at the apogee of its influence—before television came along. While his images are well known, less so has been Cartier-Bresson himself. Indeed, before this article the only picture I had ever seen of the master was taken by another legend, the war photographer David Douglas Duncan, with H.C.B. strenuously objecting when the photographs were made public.

Friend's portrait is of a man who is beginning to reveal himself more now that the end of his long life approaches. As someone who is still relatively young, I was very intrigued by the description of how H.C.B. continues on as so many of his loved ones are dying. His relationship with his wife, Martine Franck, is undoubtedly a source of strength.

He has been firm in his credo that all except form and design in a photograph is mere sentiment. However, this philosophical statement is at odds with his work, as there is humanity in much of it, the joy of simply being alive.

ROGER RICHARDS
Norfolk, Virginia

I FOUND THE ARTICLE on Cartier-Bresson most remarkable. It was as if the reader were with the reporter, meeting the photographer and enjoying his versatile personality. The piece was lively, sensitive, and funny.

DOMINIQUE DESCHAVANNE
Paris, France

WAR AND PEACE

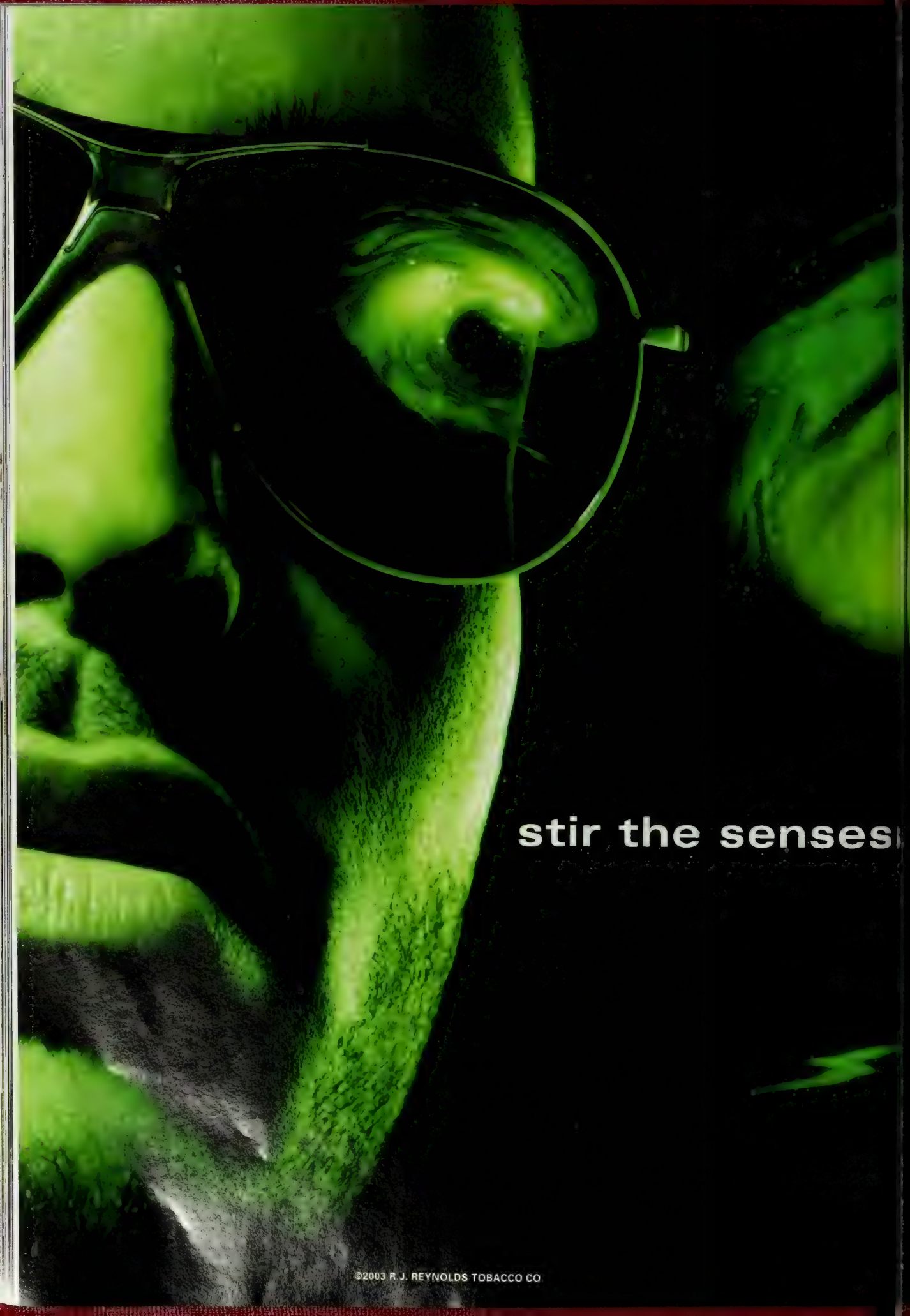
THANK YOU for James Wolcott's latest column ["What if They Gave a War and Nobody Cared?," March]. I am one of the many citizens around the globe who have written letters to the editor, contacted state representatives, and repeatedly E-mailed the White House to voice opposition to this war.

I know there are many other people like me, but with the lack of media coverage for the anti-war movement, it's as if I've been shouting into an abyss. When the media have focused on the pro-peace group, it's been to portray us as a bunch of un-American, hygiene-deficient hippies, blissed out on some legally controlled substance. The issues we raise get conveniently kicked under the carpet in the rush to call us names.

BECKY ANN BARTLETT
Nazareth, Pennsylvania

JAMES WOLCOTT HAS TREATED us to yet another predictable screed about how the poor liberals—in this instance opponents of war with Iraq—just cannot get their message heard. Why do liberals feel the need to side-


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track every debate with the laughable assertion that their side is somehow being suppressed? Just who is suppressing them? Certainly not *The New York Times, The Washington Post,* the *Los Angeles Times,* or *The Boston Globe.* Anti-war marches and protests have received ample media coverage both in print and on television. To suggest that Bush's "media pigeons" are stifling dissent is to ascribe to them a power they simply don't possess, and should be insulting to any liberal worth his salt. Mr. Wolcott seems particularly distressed that Hollywood celebrities might be prevented from expressing their anti-war opinions for fear of drawing a heated response or being labeled un-American. What a tragedy. I suggest they stick to entertaining and leave the political debate to—horror of horrors—the serious and well informed.

I welcome a full and vigorous debate on whether to go to war with Iraq. But let's not give any more credence to liberals' whining that they are being suppressed. Both sides have ample opportunity, through numerous venues, to get their message out.

SUSAN MORYAN
Westfield, New Jersey

I WANT TO SINCERELY THANK James Wolcott. His article displayed almost as much anger as I feel about what the current administration is doing to our country. Thankfully, the recent anti-war demonstrations gave me some hope that there are an increasing number of Americans who do care.

MARY JANE ARTHUR
San Diego, California

I AM NOT YAWNING. I am alert and awake, supporting a group of leaders who aren't pro-war but, rather, pro-freedom, pro-America. If it takes dropping bombs on chemical-weapon stashes, I'm all for it. We will end this thing in a matter of hours and save more lives in the long run than will be lost.

JULIE IMIRIE
St. Augustine, Florida

MEMORIES OF A LEGEND

I FOUND LAURA JACOBS'S in-depth article on Gypsy Rose Lee ["Taking It *All* Off," March] mesmerizing. In 1944, when I was a precocious seven-year-old, Gypsy moved next door to us, into the huge house on East 63rd Street that is so well described in Ms. Jacobs's story. When the new mistress of the house, in all her brunet vivacity, made her entrance into the yard, I asked my mother who she was and what she did. I received a vague, veiled reply that told me nothing. I then queried the young teacher at my day school, and I can still remember the shy smirk on his face and his nonreply.

I was rapt and obsessed. Lee's gorgeously flamboyant sister, June Havoc, fresh from the Broadway musical *Mexican Hayride,* joined the ménage next door. All I was interested in for many years was this brand-new, fascinating thing called Show Business. And it all started with Gypsy and June.

CHARLES COCHRAN
West Palm Beach, Florida

I READ "Taking It *All* Off" with great interest, as I worked with Gypsy Rose Lee and, at a later date, purchased Witchwood Manor Farm, Gypsy's Highland Mills, New York, house.

You quote Kaye Ballard as saying of Gypsy, "She was Auntie Mame." She actually played the role in 1961 in the opening of that year's San Juan Drama Festival, which I produced. Not only did she give a wonderful performance and get excellent reviews, she proved what a terrific trouper and lady she was. The drama festival became the center of anti-American riots, and the theater was set on fire after the opening-night performance. We managed to get the theater in shape and were able to bring the curtain up on the following night. Gypsy's dressing room, shoes, and costumes had all been soaked by the firefighters. She took everything in stride, never complained, and continued to perform admirably. The audience, the crew, and the rest of the cast loved her.

BARRY B. YELLEN
Lancaster, New Hampshire

DUNNE VS. KENNEDY, CONT.

BENEATH THE VITRIOL, Dominick Dunne ["Round Two with the Kennedys," March] contests only two among the hundreds of facts in my *Atlantic Monthly* piece (www.theatlantic.com) describing his role in the wrongful conviction of my cousin Michael Skakel. But these and every other statement in my *Atlantic Monthly* piece were rigorously verified by fact checkers. The circumstances of his early friendship with Mark Fuhrman, which he now disputes, I took directly from Mr. Dunne's own published accounts. Mr. Dunne also challenges my statement that Michael Skakel never called himself a "Kennedy cousin," citing the title to Michael's book proposal which employs that phrase. But that proposal was written by author Richard Hoffman and its title chosen by book agent David Vigliano, who circulated the manuscript.

Mr. Dunne repeats his perennial falsehood, now engrained as truth in the public mind, that the Skakel family actively impeded the Moxley-murder investigation. As evidence, Mr. Dunne offers only his claim that a deceased police officer, Steve Carroll, once told him there was intimidation. But in Carroll's many published statements, he said the opposite. He told the *Daily News,* for example, that the Skakels were "so cooperative that there was a feeling that no one there could have done it." My article cites the many reporters who have seriously investigated Mr. Dunne's charge and found it to be false. *Insight on the News* described Rushton Skakel as "bizarrely" cooperative. He gave Carroll the keys to his two houses and permission to search them any time police saw fit. He also allowed police to question his children unaccompanied by counsel or adults, take their hair and blood samples, examine their medical records, and administer polygraph tests, as well as take soil from the yard, drain the pool, and much more. Of course, Tommy Skakel's lawyer ultimately insisted the family take prudent steps to protect his client, a minor who was targeted by investigators. The uncontested facts laid out in my *Atlantic Monthly* article show that, nonetheless, the Skakel family's cooperation lasted for 23 years.

In a typical exploitation of stereotype, Mr. Dunne describes me seating myself autocratically in the courtroom's front row. In fact, I sat quietly in an empty chair closer to the rear next to a reporter. The truth was easily ascertainable, but *Vanity Fair* has apparently waived its usually scrupulous fact-checking protocols for Mr. Dunne.

The absence of that discipline has emboldened Mr. Dunne to a long catalogue of reckless suppositions, each designed to satisfy his business formula for connecting celebrities to notorious crimes. Mr. Dunne has backed off his outrageous insinuation that Lily Safra was complicit in the deaths of



VA-VA-VA-VOOM
Gypsy Rose Lee in the movie *Belle of the Yukon,* 1944.


YVES SAINT LAURENT

her two husbands. And he is being sued by Gary Condit for his bizarre accusation that Condit caused a Middle Eastern sex provider to kidnap Chandra Levy and drop her body over the Atlantic.

For half a decade, Mr. Dunne accused my cousin Tom Skakel of having committed the Moxley murder. Then, without any apology to Tommy for the years of torment, Mr. Dunne led the lynch mob to convict his brother Michael of the same crime. My *Atlantic Monthly* piece shows how Mr. Dunne's badgering caused prosecutors and the press to ignore the much stronger evidence against other suspects.

Forty years ago, Joe Welch asked the question that broke America's mesmerization with Joe McCarthy: "Have you no sense of decency, sir?" The time for asking that question of Mr. Dunne is past. It must now be put to his various publishers and talk-show hosts.

ROBERT F. KENNEDY JR.
White Plains, New York

DOMINICK DUNNE RESPONDS: Sorry, everybody. I'm not going to get into a pissing match with Robert F. Kennedy Jr. I had my say in the March issue, and I stand by everything I said then. It seems pointless to continue. Nothing Kennedy writes about me is going to get his cousin Michael Skakel out of prison. Only an appeals court can do that. The utter absurdity of the notion that my "badgering caused prosecutors and the press to ignore the much stronger evidence against other suspects" boggles the mind. Kennedy is attributing a power to me that I simply do not possess. A telephone call to the brilliant prosecutor, Jonathan Benedict, would verify that I never had a single private conversation with him before, during, or after the trial—only a few exchanges of pleasantries in the corridor during breaks. I find it totally unbelievable that Michael Skakel did not know the title of his own proposal for a memoir, in which he is described as a Kennedy cousin. The book was largely about the Skakels' second-rate status in relation to their famous cousins, and Skakel was particularly hard on Robert Kennedy Jr.'s mother, Ethel Skakel Kennedy, and his late brother, Michael Kennedy. It is unfortunate that Kennedy's busy schedule kept him away from the trial—except for two quickie pop-ins—that convicted his cousin and sentenced him to 20 years. He didn't get to watch Judge John Kavenewsky, who was so scrupulously fair through the five weeks of the proceedings, or the intensity and seriousness of the 12 jurors, who were certainly Skakel's peers. As for my apologizing to Tommy Skakel, who had been the last person to be seen with Martha Moxley on that fateful night—roughhousing with her—he was a main suspect in the murder for years before I wrote a word about the case. Let's not forget that in the Sutton report Tommy and Michael Skakel both changed their stories after 16 years. If any apologies are owed, I would suggest they be made by Kennedy to Dorthy Moxley and her son, John Moxley.

BRAVO, DOMINICK DUNNE! His continued pursuit of justice in the face of opposition by the likes of Robert Kennedy Jr. and Gary Condit is beyond laudable.

I'm sure over the years he has been handsomely praised for his dogged preparedness, his courageous writing, his honesty, wit, and style. However, I believe that in his case praise and thanks certainly bear repeating. So, thank you again, Mr. Dunne, for answering the charges against you and others with the only thing that will ever adequately combat lies and not go out of style: the truth!

KAREN S. LANESE
Riverview, Florida

IT NEVER CEASES to amaze me how the Kennedy family continue to refuse to accept the blame for the ruin they cause.

These sons of privilege feel it is their entitlement to rewrite history for their own purpose. Mr. Kennedy's 14,000-word account in *The Atlantic Monthly* recounting the events leading up to the Moxley murder and the persecution of Michael Skakel by Dominick Dunne and others is absolutely astonishing. Did Mr. Kennedy forget that it was Mr. Skakel's own father who hired the investigators that uncovered some of the evidence that eventually led to his conviction?

J. D. STRAUS
Chicago, Illinois

IF THE BATTLE between Robert F. Kennedy Jr. and Dominick Dunne were in the courtroom, I'd vote to acquit Michael Skakel. Dunne simply did not address a number of substantive issues raised by Kennedy in his article in *The Atlantic Monthly*, including Skakel's coerced "confession," the location of the body, Skakel's alibi, and Ken Littleton's violent history with women.

Instead, Dunne got personal—petulantly personal. His comments regarding Kennedy's being an environmental lawyer ("not a position of sufficient consequence to warrant the self-importance that envelops him") and the Skakels' lack of success ("With all their worldly advantages, none has gone on to high accomplishments") strike me as pure snobbery, especially for a man who spends a lot of time with socialites whose only arguable contribution to society seems to be their endless ability to buy.

LESLIE J. MILLER
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

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AGENDA

VANITY FAIR **AGENDA**
ADVERTISING AND PROMOTION
EVENTS AND OPPORTUNITIES

CHRYSALIS—CHANGING LIVES THROUGH JOBS

Chrysalis is a nonprofit organization dedicated to helping economically disadvantaged and homeless individuals become self-sufficient through employment opportunities. Currently, Chrysalis helps more than 2,000 people change their lives through jobs every year. Founded in 1984 as a food-and-clothing distribution center serving homeless men and women in Los Angeles, the agency grew as it became clear that longer-term solutions would be needed to eradicate poverty and homelessness. Today, with its various programs and fund-raising efforts, Chrysalis's philosophy remains the same: a steady job is the single most important step in a person's transition to long-term self-sufficiency. For more information, visit www.changelives.org.

THE SILVER LINING SILVER LAKE FOUNDATION

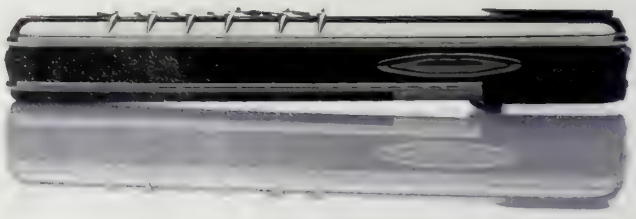
The Silver Lining Silver Lake Foundation is a nonprofit fund-raising organization that was created to bring together artists and musicians in events that inspire benevolence and goodwill in communities across the country. From its wildly successful music festival—which last year featured Elton John, Sting, and the Red Hot Chili Peppers—to its silent auctions of works by such artistic luminaries as Jeff Koons and Bruce Weber, the foundation provides valuable awareness and funds for organizations in need. For information, visit www.silverliningsilverlake.com.


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FANFAIR

31 Days in the Life of the Culture

May 2003



Breathtaking

Director Emanuele Crialese and
ress Valeria Golino, who stars in Crialese's
Respiro, out this month from Sony
ictures Classics. Photographed in Rome
on March 1, 2003. For review,
turn to page 94.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM RAKETE



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Jason Alexander and Martin Short in *The Producers*.

May

THE *PRODUCERS*' L.A. SWING, AN ORWELLIAN AFFAIR, AND A BOB HOPE CENTURY

TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDA

1
Brainiacs Susan Sontag, Andrew Sullivan, Jeane Kirkpatrick, Christopher Hitchens, et al. descend on Wellesley College to toast (where there is Hitchens, there is drinking) the George Orwell centennial.

2
Entertainment, Part Two: Broadway's monster hit *The Producers* opens in L.A., with Martin Short and Jason Alexander, and Fox releases the *X-Men* sequel.

3
New York's Mar Boone Gallery, which has displa luminaries such Eric Fischl and Barbara Kruger, continues showi the ethereal bloo of subdued colo by Eric Freeman Gallery murmur expensive eyew

4
The Look of Love—fresh interpretations of classic songs by Burt Bacharach and Hal David—opens on Broadway. Always something there to remind you.

5
Literary-hipster alert: James Frey reads his addict memoir, *A Million Little Pieces*, at L.A.'s Book Soup today, and (sometime this month) Riverhead Books publishes the paperback of Gary Shteyngart's satirical novel, *The Russian Debutante's Handbook*.

6
Eighty-one international, four-person teams bushwhack, mountain-bike, paddle, and dangle their way through the islands of Fiji, in the USA Network's *Eco-Challenge: Fiji*, from *Survivor* producer Mark Burnett.



8
Trevor Nunn directs Natasha Richardson in Pam Gems's new version of Ibsen's *The Lady from the Sea*, at London's Almeida. (Young woman married to middle-aged doctor has secret yearnings. She is Norwegian.)

9
The 10th Anniversary Race to Erase M.S., Century City, Calif. This year's co-chair: Tommy Hilfiger.

10
Around the turn the century, Lato Alton Huffman traveled out Wes with his homema 50-pound camer His photos are on view at Fort Worth's Amon Carter Museum.

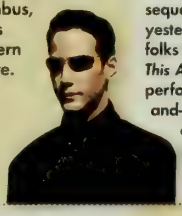
11
While Washington, D.C.'s Corcoran Gallery enters Day No. 2 of unreleased Robert Frank photos of postwar England, the nearby Arena Stage preps tomorrow's benefit show, "Dr. Thunderfinger," featuring Kitty Kelley.



13
The divine Bea Arthur turns 77. Acid wit has a moment.

14
"Diana Vreeland: From Fashion Magazine Editor to Special Consultant to the Costume Institute" is a lecture at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts. (Note to staff: Legs must look slippery and delicious!)

15
Jazzbird Dee Dee Bridgewater sends some smoke out at Columbus, Ohio's Southern Theatre.



16
Can they sustain the high level of excellence? The *Matrix* sequel released yesterday; today, the folks from NPR's *This American Life* perform in Portland; and—perhaps most critically—Tori Spelling turns 30.

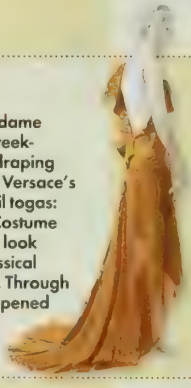
17
Just opened: a show of paintin by pioneering modernist Maurie Prendergast at N.Y.C.'s Adelson Galleries, and the 130-year-old Cincinnati May Festival.

18
Closing today: the Vermeer show at the Prado (northern lighting and maidens), the Titian show at London's National Gallery (crimsons, scarlets), and Off Broadway's *Tony n' Tina's Wedding* (tuxedos, cannoli).

19
Tuscany Can Be So Transporting: Elizabeth Ashley, Molly Ringwald, and Jayne Atkinson star in the Broadway adaptation of *Enchanted April*, which opened April 29.



20
From Madame Grès's Greek-inspired draping to Gianni Versace's chain-mail togas: N.Y.C.'s Costume Institute's look at the classical influence. Through August; opened May 1.



22
Things Being What They Are—which sounds like a companion play to Neil LaBute's *The Shape of Things*, but is actually a new play by Wendy MacLeod—at Chicago's Steppenwolf Theatre.

23
One Down, One to Go: Minneapolis's Guthrie Theater gets ready to close *Three Sisters* tomorrow, and Warner Bros. releases *The In-Laws*, starring Michael Douglas and Albert Brooks.

24
Ten artists from around the globe interpret the Huds River in Minetta Brook's show "Watershed," in a around Beacon, N

25
Transcendentally Shagadelic: Mike Myers turns 40, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, 200.

26
Guy Bourdin, the fashion photographer who worked for French *Vogue* from the mid-50s to the mid-80s, continues his moment in the sun at London's Victoria and Albert Museum through August.



28
PBS: four-time Oscar winner Charles Guggenheim's documentary *Berga: Soldiers of Another War*, about a Jewish soldier he met who died in a German salt mine during W.W. II.

29
Bob Hope turns 100. Jokes are told.



30
Washington, D.C.'s Corcoran Gallery opens "The Eyes of History 2003: An Exhibition of Award-Winning Photographs by White House Photojournalists."

31
Cincinnati's Contemporary Art Center unveils a ne building designed by Zaha Hadid.


NOTHING ELSE WORKS LIKE LASZLO WORKS
NOTHING ELSE LOOKS LIKE LASZLO SKIN
LOOK LASZLO
ERNO LASZLO
KS FIFTH AVENUE BERGDORF GOODMAN NORDSTROM HARRODS NEIMAN MARCUS HOLT RENFREW





HOT REELS

YOUTH OR DARE

Top, Better Luck Tomorrow director Justin Lin. *Above,* Cody Lightning, Sara Rivas, and Zooey Deschanel in *Manic.*

Teenage Wasteland

TWO ODES TO TROUBLED ADOLESCENCE, *MANIC* AND *BETTER LUCK TOMORROW*

It's amazing how, nearly 50 years on, *Rebel Without a Cause* is still doing service as a template for troubled-teenager movies. Take *Better Luck Tomorrow* and *Manic,* two new films that feature sensitive, misunderstood kids flirting with Big Trouble. Both movies are also well observed and well acted. The trouble—and this was the trouble with *Rebel Without a Cause*—is that neither film is able to resolve itself without resorting to lurid, unlike violence. (Not that we don't enjoy lurid, unlikely violence—we just prefer it confined to Joel Silver movies.) *Manic* is arguably the better of the two, the one whose characters get deeper under your skin. But alas, this is a movie set in a children's mental ward, so, even though the cast includes **Don Cheadle** and **Zooey Deschanel,** probably only three people will see it. *Better Luck Tomorrow* has the advantage, in a novelty sense, of being about affluent Asian-American teenagers. (Alternative title: *When Model Minorities Go Bad!*) It is also funnier, and flashier, as befits an MTV Films production, but, like *Manic,* it is underscored by an authentic sense of boredom, confusion, pressure, and despair. Though both are exhilarating at times, neither picture will prompt viewers over the age of 25 to want to remember their own youth with anything approaching honesty. **(Rating for both: ★★★)** —BRUCE HANDY



COMING ATTRACTIONS

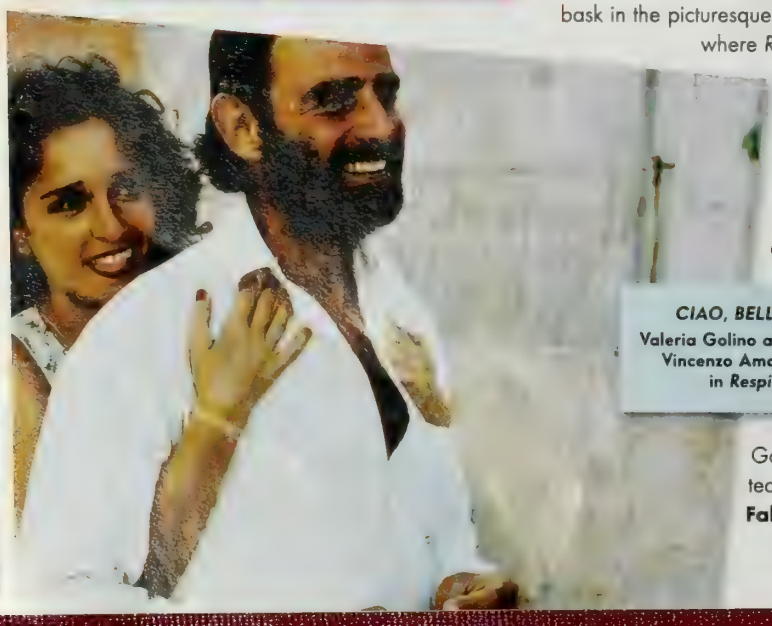
Famke Janssen and Halle Berry in X2.

Trailer of the month: *X2.* **Directed by:** Bryan Singer. **Starring:** Patrick Stewart, Hugh Jackman, Famke Janssen, Halle Berry, Ian McKellen, Anna Paquin, Rebecca Romijn-Stamos. **Coming to a theater near you:** May 2. **The dope:** Skins versus shirts has never been so bloody as humanoid mutants with ultra-specialized powers (ability to shoot fire from eyes, etc.) square off against special-ops-style warriors in lollapalooza battle to the death. **Hamlet versus Godzilla:** Silver-tongued Shakespearean leading men (Stewart and McKellen) lend stylish high-camp misterioso element to rock-'em-sock-'em Marvel Comics gorefest. **Mutants I'd like to mate with:** That scaly blue chick who slithers on her stomach and doesn't appear to be wearing underwear (Romijn-Stamos) and the chick with the bottle-blond hair and the air of S&M command (Berry). **Another sci-fi allegory on racism:** Merely because the mutants growl like wolves, can backflip 40 feet into the air, and have leathery dragon tails and stainless-steel talons, people fear and distrust them. It's irrational. **(Rating: ★★★★)** —WALTER KIRN

Little Italy

EMANUELE CRIALESE'S SICILIAN DRAMA, *RESPIRO*

The first few reels play like a neo-realist remake: dirty Italian streets, dark-skinned Italian urchins, mangy dogs, **Valeria Golino,** as the requisite free-spirited sexpot, wandering around town in a flimsy housedress worthy of **Anna Magnani.** Va-va-**Visconti!** *Respiro*'s loose story line concerns Golino's family as it struggles with her increasing eccentricity. (Free spirit or ... manic-depressive?) But the young writer-director, **Emanuele Crialese**—an Italian who studied film at N.Y.U.—seems just as happy to bask in the picturesque glories of Lampedusa, an island off the western coast of Sicily where *Respiro* was shot. Like Sicily itself, it is both grotty and magnificent. (Hollywood has for some reason largely forsaken the joys of the travelogue.) Golino, best known to American audiences as **Tom Cruise's** girlfriend in *Rain Man,* is nicely restrained here, declining to score easy pathos points even when the screenplay requires her to free stray dogs from the pound. (Objective-correlative alert!) But the movie really belongs to **Francesco Casisa** as the elder of Golino's two young sons. Straining to understand and protect his mother, he wears an angry, often impenetrable mask—which makes him a believable adolescent but does tend to undercut the film's emotional impact. No matter. Enjoy the scenery, the people yelling at each other in Italian, and the final shot, a weirdly beautiful image symbolizing community, rebirth, and God knows what else; as a happy ending per se it may not bring tears to your eyes, but as cinematography—kudos to cameraman **Fabio Zamarion**—it just might. **(Rating: ★★★)** —B.H.



CIAO, BELLA! **Valeria Golino and Vincenzo Amato in *Respiro.***



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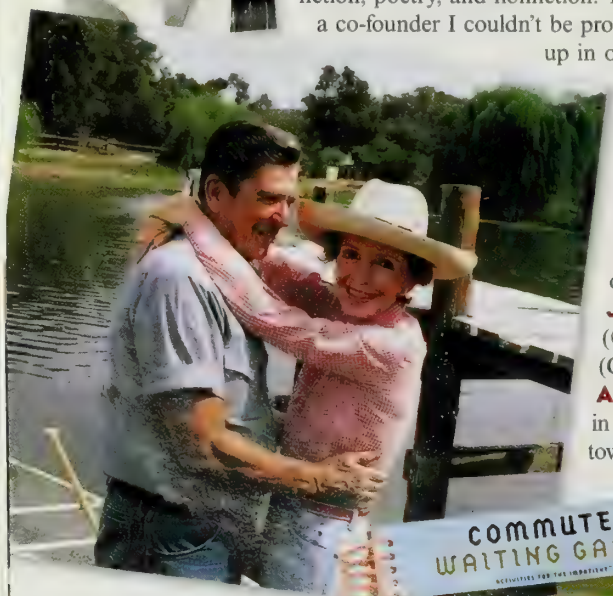
ELISSA SCHAPPELL

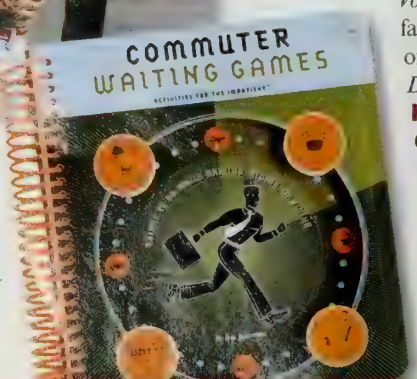


The present not scary enough for you? The fearless **Margaret Atwood** goes back to the future of *The Handmaid's Tale* in *Oryx and Crake* (Doubleday), but the world has been decimated by genetic engineering. The satirical stories in **Matthew Derby's** *Super Flat Times* (Back Bay) find the promises of technology welshed on.

Also this month: **Tom Robbins** checks in with his eighth impossibly imaginative novel, *Villa Incognito* (Bantam). A fierce childhood friendship with the boy next door inflames **Barbara Gowdy's** *The Romantic* (Metropolitan). The desire for human connection runs throughout **Alix Strauss's** dark and spirited novel, *The Joy of Funerals* (St. Martin's). Architectural historian **Christopher Gray's** *New York Streetscapes* (Abrams) builds tales of Gotham's buildings and landmarks. **Simon Doonan,** creative director of Barneys New York, sends up 20 unstoppably *Wacky Chicks* (Simon & Schuster). **Susan Fales-Hill's** mother, Broadway actress Josephine Premice, taught her to be bold and to *Always Wear Joy* (HarperCollins). The late **Caroline Knapp** explores why women want in *Appetites* (Counterpoint). In *Rough Amusements* (Bloomsbury), novelist **Ben Neihart** conjures A'Lelia Walker, the Harlem Renaissance's Queen of the Night, and the underground gay world that worshiped her. **Chip Brown's** *Good Morning Midnight* (Riverhead) plies the mystery that begins when a Capitol Hill speechwriter's life ends in suicide. For *The Innocents* (Umbrage), **Taryn Simon** compiles an unsettling portrait of justice subverted. **Anne Applebaum** dives into the *Gulag* (Doubleday), casting light on Soviet labor camps. **Robert MacNeil** goes *Looking for My Country* (Doubleday) and "finds himself in America." The definitive masterwork of modern Scandinavian architect Arne Jacobsen is preserved by **Michael Sheridan** in *Room 606* (Phaidon). Edited by the celebrated **George Plimpton,** *The Paris Review Book of Heartbreak, Madness, Sex, Love* . . . (Picador) collects half a century's worth of the venerable magazine's most outstanding fiction, poetry, and nonfiction. The upstart literary quarterly *Tin House* bursts into book publishing (and as a co-founder I couldn't be prouder) with **A. J. Albany's** excellent *Low Down,* a hipster's tale of growing up in old Hollywood with jazz pianist and junkie dad Joe Albany, and the fiction anthology *Bestial Noise* (Tin House/Bloomsbury). **Patti Davis** introduces **Harry Benson's** photo album *The President & Mrs. Reagan* (Abrams), but the love story needs no words at all. **Roger Rosenblatt** reports on his "inadequate life and yours" in *Anything Can Happen* (Harcourt). *My Anecdotal Life* (St. Martin's) finds **Carl Reiner** riffing on his past, in bits such as "Billy Wilder's Bratwurst." In her memoir, *The Nearly Departed* (Little, Brown), **Brenda Cullerton** describes her eccentric family—her mother gardening in only a bra and black satin panties, and her father stashing money in shoes. **Joseph McElroy's** eighth novel stars an *Actress in the House* (Overlook). **Jimbo Matison's** *So Crazy Japanese Toys!* (Chronicle) assembles an army of cataclysmically cool creatures. **Amy Sedaris, Paul Dinello,** and **Stephen Colbert** collaborate in *Wigfield* (Hyperion), a ripping satire of a Lake Wobegon–style town on the brink of destruction, with photos by **Todd Oldham.** *Vogue* editrix **Anna Wintour** and *New Yorker* fashion editor **Michael Roberts** come out of the closet as mad about *Manolo Blahnik Drawings* (Thames & Hudson). Learn **Hal Bowman's** Traffic-Sign Haiku, Airport Check-in Limbo, and other *Commuter Waiting Games* (Quirk). And in **Paulette Bogan's** charming *Goodnight Lulu* (Bloomsbury) a baby chick frets about night-night. Hmm, I think I shall take two. Who can sleep, anyway?









Counterclockwise from top: a room designed by Arne Jacobsen; "wacky chick" Susanne Bartsch; Ronald and Nancy Reagan at their ranch, 198_; *Commuter Waiting Games*; crazy Japanese toy Booska.


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SWIFT JUSTICE
Author Graham Swift, photographed in London.

Shining *Light*

SHADES OF *NOIR* IN GRAHAM SWIFT'S NEW NOVEL

English author **Graham Swift's** novels, including his best-known ones, *Waterland* and *Last Orders,* often feature the gradual unpeeling of a central mystery. His new book, *The Light of Day,* follows suit—it chronicles private detective George Webb's all-consuming relationship with a former client and the incidents leading to her husband's fatal stabbing with a kitchen knife still green with chopped parsley. Swift's hypnotic, elliptical style neatly showcases his characters' psychological depths, yielding a *noir*-ish stunner shot through with a brutal clarity; here the phrase "You look a bloody mess" works on two levels, one even less attractive than the other. Swift uses staccato, verbless sentences and one-sentence paragraphs to motor his tale, fully aware throughout of the gulf between deadpan and just plain dead.

Helming the narrative is a detective who specializes in "matrimonial work" and whose past does not evoke sunshine—he is an ex-cop, an ex-husband, and the son of an adulterous father. Unrelatedly, the author's own recent past is not uncheckered—Swift's winning of the Booker Prize in 1996 for *Last Orders* was controversial. (His earlier *Waterland* was considered far superior, if not a masterpiece, and *Last Orders'* structure and use of alternating narrators was thought a rip-off of **William Faulkner's** *As I Lay Dying.*) May any praise accorded his new tale of love and murder prove altogether less, uh, suspect.

—HENRY ALFORD

WORLD BEAT

The Vertigo Grill and Champagne Bar sits atop the Banyan Tree Hotel (21/100 South Sathorn Road), the highest spot in **Bangkok**.... The place to stay in **Udaipur, India,** is the Oberoi-owned Udaivilas (Haridasji Ki Magri) on Pichola Lake... **New York's** hottest new restaurant is the Carriage House (136 West 18th Street), designed by Studio Gaia.

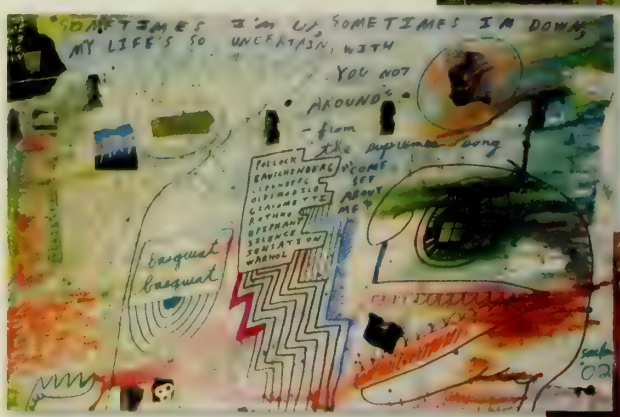
The Art of Healing

JON SARKIN'S KINETIC VISION



Like a rapper's clarion call cutting through a D.J.'s sample-happy turntable, artist **Jon Sarkin's** clear-eyed vision peers back at you from the multi-syllabic jumble of his collage-addled canvases. Sarkin's stunning talent calls to mind a kind of **Twombly** with a twisted sense of humor. A basket-case **Basquiat. Rauschenberg** as Rorschach test. And yet, his is a singular aesthetic. A respected chiropractor from Hamilton, Massachusetts, Sarkin had his whole world change in 1988 when he heard a "wet snap" inside his left ear while bending down to pick up his golf ball during a weekend game. The medical nightmare that ensued—an unsuccessful operation to repair his acoustic nerve, a debilitating stroke, a two-month coma—unleashed in him an ability to harness the vividness with which he now views all that surrounds him. Would Sarkin—who once thought in physiological terms about healing others—say that art itself can heal? "I think my healing ability now is more effective. As a chiropractor, I could heal only one person at a time. Now I'm more inclusive, more encompassing. Before, I had to use a sharpshooting bullet. Now I can use a shotgun," he says, evoking the incongruity of his violently soothing images. "I believe in the dualities of life. My work is moving as well as upsetting." The artist, who is the brother of *V.F.*'s features editor, **Jane Sarkin,** has lived the kind of inspirational existence one usually sees depicted in the movies, and, indeed, Paramount Pictures has purchased the rights to his story. **Tom Cruise** has long expressed an interest in portraying him. Sarkin's work—along with that of painter and printmaker **Hamilton D. South III**—will be on display at the Diane Von Furstenberg Studio in New York City from April 25 to 27.

—KEVIN SESSUMS



ART AND SOUL
***Above and left,* two collage works with mixed media by Jon Sarkin, both 2002; *below,* the artist in his studio.**




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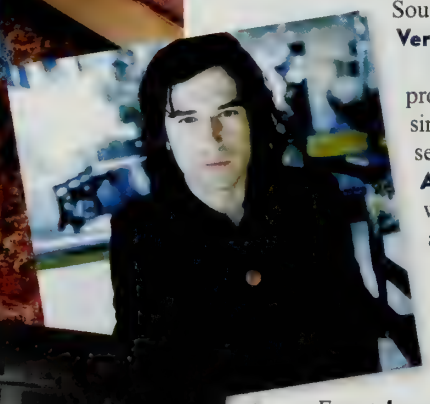
HOT TRACKS

LISA ROBINSON

SI NON OSCILLAS NOLI TINTINNARE.
["If you don't swing, don't ring."]
—Sign outside the Playboy Mansion.

Good news for those fed up with neo-soul stars who sing in the key of L and meander hopelessly around the scale in vain search of a melody: **Macy Gray's** knockout *The Trouble with Being Myself* has surefire smash ballads and funkified fun. And the timeless **Isley Brothers** (featuring Ronald Isley) get on the good foot with *songs* on *Body Kiss.*

Come Fly with Me: O.K., so she's not subtle, but **Courtney Love's** raucous yelling is a welcome relief on her new punky, rock 'n' roll CD. Recently known more for his substance abuse than his natural talents, **Evan Dando** has finally—with the help of Jon Brion and other pals—made the intimate and ironic *Baby I'm Bored.* On her forthcoming album, **Jewel** takes a left turn with new beats and tougher lyrics. **The Eels'** *Shootenanny!* rocks. **The White Stripes'** *Elephant* was recorded in two weeks, with pre-1963 equipment, and possesses all of their now trademark, pure, infectious, joyful noise. For fans of hard rock: the Rick Rubin–produced, Soundgarden-ish debut from **Manmade God,** and **Verbena's** *La Musica Negra.*



Just in Time: **Liz Phair's** long-awaited new one is provocative, sexual, and strong. Former Lone Justice singer **Maria McKee's** lovely voice is back after a seven-year absence on *High Dive.* You'll be hearing **Annie Lennox's** crystal-clear voice everywhere soon with *Bare,* her first studio album in eight years. And after a 10-year hiatus from solo recording, **Patti** (E Street Band) **Scialfa** releases the much-anticipated follow-up to her terrific 1993 debut.

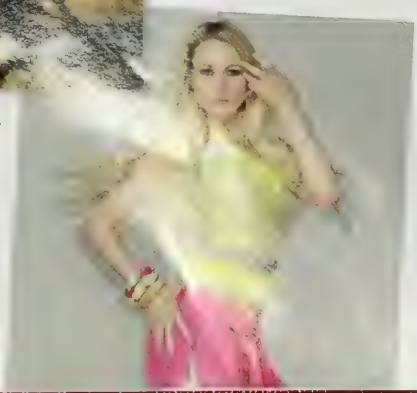
In the Wee Small Hours: **Pete Yorn** balances his sensitive singer-songwriter side with his macho, Springsteen-ish rocker side on the really good *Day I Forgot.* **Leona Naess** has fiancé Ryan Adams and a gorgeous, new, eponymous CD. Surfer sensation **Jack Johnson's** *On and On* is chock-full of stoner rock and reggae. From the arty, serious, British music scene comes the Velvet Underground–influenced, two-CD set of rare, early tracks *The Complete Works Volume I* from **Spiritualized.**



Gotta Right to Sing the Blues: **Etta James** says it right at the beginning of her tough *Let's Roll:* the blues is her business, she's open for business, and business is good. Kudos to **ZZ Top,** who on *Mescalero* have changed not one thing about their ragged, husky boogie style. **Mavis Staples** brings her magnificence to the spiritual *In Times Like These.* Blues rocker **Chris Whitley,** hailed as the "next big thing" in the late 1980s, has never stopped recording good, authentic work; that tradition continues on *Hotel Vast Horizon.* **John Hiatt & the Goners'** new one is the rousing *Beneath This Gruff Exterior.*



Coming Soon: The soundtrack to **Rob Zombie's** horror movie, *House of 1000 Corpses,* has cuts from the Ramones, Buck Owens, and Slim Whitman, as well as a tour de force collaboration from Zombie and Lionel Richie on "Brick House." Former Whiskeytown singer **Caitlin Cary's** latest solo work is *I'm Staying Out.* **Blur's** *Think Tank* is funkier and less pretentious than previous efforts. On *Escapology,* **Robbie Williams** does those big, old-fashioned, catchy, British production numbers that attempt to justify his rumored huge cash-money advance. **Prince Paul's** *Politics of the Business* is hip-hop with humor. On *Other Ways of Speaking,* **Russell Crowe & 30 Odd Foot of Grunts** are melodic, sincere, and romantic. Also out: **Mars Volta, Jay-Jay Johansen, Yo La Tengo, Trey Anastasio, John Eddie, Soozie Tyrell, North Mississippi Allstars,** re-releases from **Dinah Washington, Chet Baker, Erroll Garner,** and **Count Basie's** *Chairman of the Board.* Ring-a-ding-ding: no one understands a life like Frank's.



From top: Macy Gray, Pete Yorn, E of the Eels in the studio, the Isley Brothers' new CD, and Jewel.

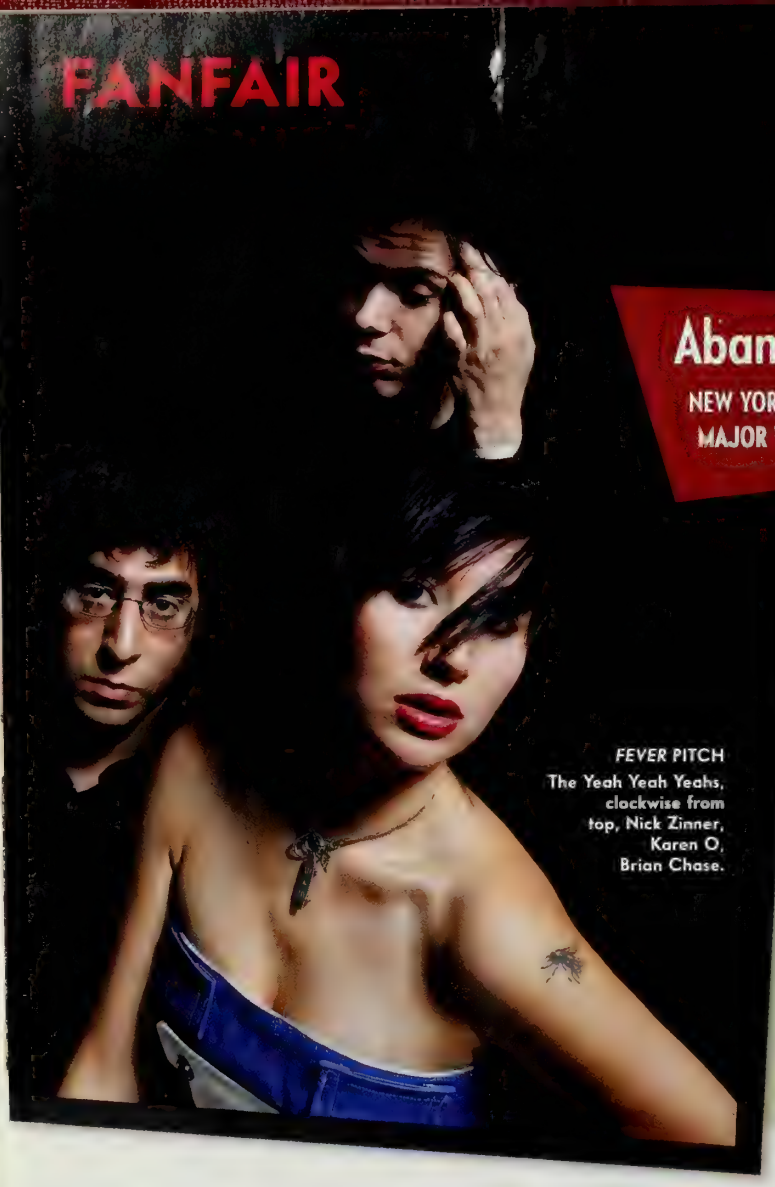


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FEVER PITCH
The Yeah Yeah Yeahs, clockwise from top, Nick Zinner, Karen O, Brian Chase.

Abandon All Hype

NEW YORK'S YEAH YEAH YEAHS GO MAJOR WITH *FEVER TO TELL*

This month's arrival of the Yeah Yeah Yeahs' first full-length record, *Fever to Tell,* has been preceded by a yearlong ritual of press hype, two EPs, a bidding war, and tales of onstage abandon by the band's singer, **Karen O.** But as we take their measure, they get to take ours, too. It turns out the world beyond Williamsburg, Brooklyn (the transplanted center of New York rock, where the trio formed), has been full of curiosities. Along with a growing number of Karen O look-alikes who turn up at their shows, they've fielded unintentionally existential questions (one interviewer asked whether they'd still be a New York band if they didn't live in New York) and entertained themselves with observed quirks of their expanded horizons. "In France, they say the Yee Yee Yees," says guitarist **Nick Zinner.** "But the best is Australia. They say the Yeeah Yeeah Yeeahs." Like the Birthday Party, a band whose dark and revolutionary spirit they invoke, the Yeah Yeah Yeahs are known for putting on compelling, often surpassing performances. A lot, they like to say, is up to the gods. "I have an obsessive-compulsive relationship with the stage, and there are some mannerisms and habits I flow in and out of," explains Karen O, with the demure understatement of one whose mannerisms and habits have brought her extensive bruising and a reputation for immodest exposure. Self-parody and self-consciousness are specters that must be banished for the spell to work. "We want to be a force to be reckoned with, to shock and defy expectation," she adds. "I keep my eye on the first five rows. We feed off each other, they provoke me, and sometimes the whole audience goes nuts." —EDWARD HELMORE

Transsexuals, Klansmen, and Tenors

LONDON'S ROYAL NATIONAL THEATRE BRACES FOR *JERRY SPRINGER: THE OPERA*

This spring, visitors to the Royal National Theatre on London's South Bank will make the acquaintance of a transsexual love quadrangle, a diaper fetishist, a housewife who dreams of a career in lap-dancing, and a Klansman with a secret passion for flower arranging. All these characters and more will tell lurid personal stories and squabble on the set of a TV talk show, prompted by the questions of a smarmy host and the heckling of a restless, foulmouthed studio audience. Most crucially, every word will be sung in high-classical style. The production's name? *Jerry Springer: The Opera.* **Richard Thomas,** the British composer and comedian who devised this hilarious outing, developed an addiction to *Jerry Springer* when it was airing on late-night cable in the U.K. "It completely changed my sleeping patterns," he recalls. "One night, there was a particularly violent and abusive episode, and I thought, Hang on a second. There's eight people screaming at each other, you can't understand a word they're saying, the audience is baying for blood. It's perfect for opera!" First presented in workshop form at London's Battersea Arts Centre in early 2001, *Jerry Springer: The Opera* immediately drew praise from critics and theatergoers. In its fully staged version, it was the hit of last year's Edinburgh Fringe Festival; among those packing the house was Mr. Springer himself (he loved it). Director and co-writer **Stewart Lee** believes the key to the show's success is that "it doesn't trivialize his guests. What makes this both funny and moving on a good day is that it dignifies their emotional struggles." Lee and Thomas are noncommittal when asked about their creation's E.T.A. on American shores. Still, given the awed reaction *Jerry Springer: The Opera* has received so far, its crossover to the country that invented tabloid TV seems inevitable. In the meantime, Thomas is considering a follow-up—about **Judge Judy.** —MAC RANDALL



TABLOID MAESTROS
Stewart Lee, top, and Richard Thomas, whose *Jerry Springer: The Opera* opens this month at the Royal National Theatre.



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Golden Eero

WAS EERO SAARINEN THE REAL MASTER OF 20TH-CENTURY DESIGN?

Philip Johnson once noted that each of the buildings of modernist **Eero Saarinen,** a contemporary of his, represented "violently different attitudes." And it's true: one would be hard-pressed to tell that Black Rock, the elegant and restrained CBS headquarters in Manhattan, was designed by the man responsible for the wild curves of the TWA terminal at J.F.K. To the doctrinaire pushers of the International Style—the boxy glass-and-steel look of the mid–20th century—Saarinen's looser approach to design was impure. In the mid-1950s, **Ludwig Mies van der Rohe** set a standard for the way corporate and institutional architecture was supposed to look, and Saarinen, for the most part, deviated from that standard.

Eero was the son of **Eliel Saarinen,** the great Finnish architect who led the Cranbrook Academy of Art, in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. Father and son practiced together from 1936 to 1950, and then, after Eero won the competition to design the St. Louis Gateway Arch (his design beat one by Eliel), the son established his own practice, which attracted some of the great talents of the day, including **Kevin Roche** and **Cesar Pelli.** A new book, *Eero Saarinen: An Architecture of Multiplicity* (Princeton Architectural), by **Antonio Román,** illustrated with photos by **Ezra Stoller,** among others, shows the breadth of Saarinen's work from the 1940s until he died suddenly of a brain tumor in 1961. Photos of buildings as radically diverse as Yale's Ingalls Hockey Rink, with its humpback-whale profile, and the sprawling, steel-framed Deere & Company headquarters in Moline, Illinois, which has a spectacular atrium, illustrate an oeuvre of staggering originality—arguably approaching that of **Le Corbusier,** whom Saarinen counted as a main influence, along with his father. (It is tempting to think that, had he lived to an old age, Saarinen might have surpassed Le Corbusier.)

Though each of Saarinen's buildings may seem different, there is a strong, unifying theme which binds them—what Saarinen referred to as "total architecture." In this spirit, he approached every project with a style for the job, taking into account the site and, especially, the people who would use the place. This was a far cry from the tendency to shoehorn sharp-edged steel-framed boxes onto every building site. Some have called Saarinen a modern Mannerist because of his ability to break free of rigid styles—yet there is no label that may be safely applied to him. He was the maverick genius of his generation.

—MATT TYRNAUER



Double Trouble

FASHION'S LATEST DARLINGS, PROENZA SCHOULER

The department-store buyers who showed up unannounced one morning at the Chinatown home of Proenza Schouler (the most promising new team in fashion) were hardly the first to beat a path to the battered metal doors. But they were certainly the first to find this two-man company wandering around in pajamas. "We work hard and we play hard," says the Miami-born half of the design team, 24-year-old **Lazaro Hernandez.** The other half, **Jack McCollough,** who happens to be an ex-Deadhead, laughs. "Yeah, but the real partying is out of our systems. Now we're just focusing on what we're doing." What they're doing—creating exquisitely sophisticated, original women's clothing—is precisely what has even the most jaded fashionistas teetering past Chinatown's fish markets in Jimmy Choos. "We're into this idea of a whole new generation," explains Hernandez. "But our moms are our clients, too." Their moms (whose maiden names are on the label) met for the first time at their sons' fall runway show in February, a show that marked their third collection since they graduated as Designers of the Year from Parsons School of Design last May. "Life is all highs and lows," says McCollough, who lost his apartment across from the World Trade Center on September 11. "And success can be bittersweet. But right now we're definitely on a high." —BRENDA CULLERTON

TAKE TWO *Far left and center,* a sampling of Proenza Schouler's fall show; *near left,* the designing duo Jack McCollough and Lazaro Hernandez.

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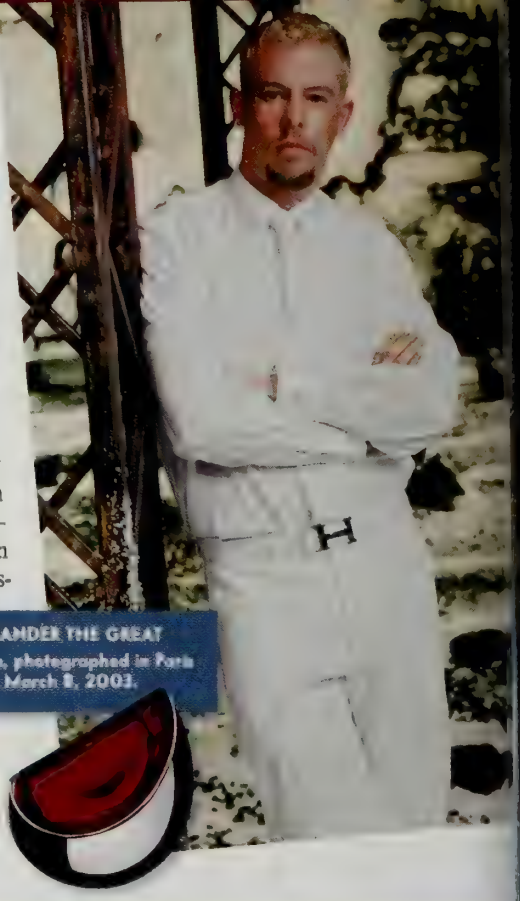
Magic Kingdom

THE NEW SCENT OF ALEXANDER McQUEEN

What, in God's name, is that smell?

That—in case you like it, or in case you don't—would be **Alexander McQueen's** first fragrance, Kingdom, due out this month. And as far as McQueen is concerned, he doesn't care either way. "You have to take it or leave it," says McQueen, who got so fed up with even the informal focus-group testing they did around the office while cooking up the scent that he decided to swear off any more opinions. "I wouldn't want to walk into a room and have every woman wearing my fragrance," says McQueen, who has long made his preference clear—that only highly individualistic women need apply to wear his clothes. "Smell is an incredibly personal thing." And a powerful thing. So it's no surprise the iconoclastic McQueen—who learned to sew clothes on Savile Row and to rip them on the London streets—wants his Kingdom to rule whatever room it invades. As strong and sinuous as an anaconda—and about as subtle—the scent manages to amass such far-flung and very heady notes as sandalwood, bergamot, cumin, neroli, ginger, jasmine, and myrrh. All in an intriguing silver-and-red glass bottle that suggests a beating heart suddenly cloven in two. That's cloven, mind you, not broken. The heart of a McQueen woman would never be so fragile.

—DAVID COLMAN



ALEXANDER THE GREAT
McQueen, photographed in Paris on March 8, 2003.



HOT LOOKS

Prepare for a day of ogling the Corsican cabana boy at Le Club 55's beach with **Frédéric Fekkai's** leave-in soy-and-milk-protein-drenched Rx Reparative Spray for vulnerable hair.... **Anna Sui's** new Dolly Girl scent is inspired by her collection of dolls' heads.... **La Mer** has teamed up with **Lambertson Truex** to create the most divine sea-foam travel tote, filled with creams, cleansers, and other goodies.... **Tiffany's** new lily-and-bergamot Pure Tiffany perfume comes in heavy glass bottles inspired by the store's cascades of jewels.

Haunted by the image of a stiletto heel as a boy, Christian Louboutin has been delighting the fashion world with his high-heeled (and always red-soled) creations since 1992, when he opened his first shoe boutique, in Paris. Hopping between homes in France and Egypt (and his Madison Avenue store in New York), he reveals a few of his favorite things.

MY STUFF
CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN



BEAUTY PRODUCTS
Shampoo **METROPOLITAN HOTEL (LONDON) STOCK**
Moisturizer **AIR FRANCE**
Razor **GILLETTE GII**
Perfume/cologne **FRÉDÉRIC MALLE BIGARADE**
Toothpaste **DIAMANT**
Soap **CARLYLE-HOTEL STOCK**

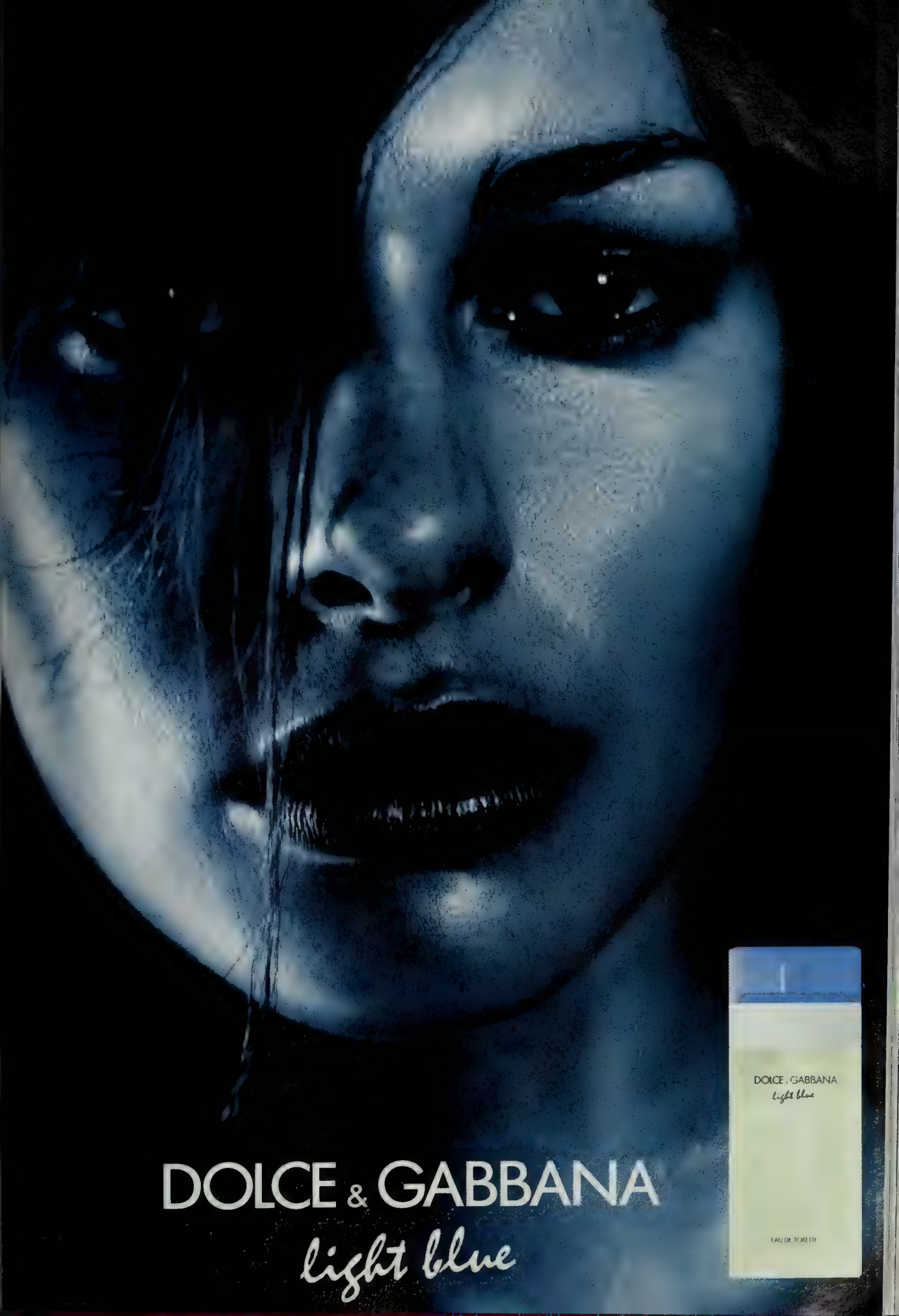
APPLIANCES
Refrigerator **ANY, BUT ALWAYS IN SILVER CHROME**

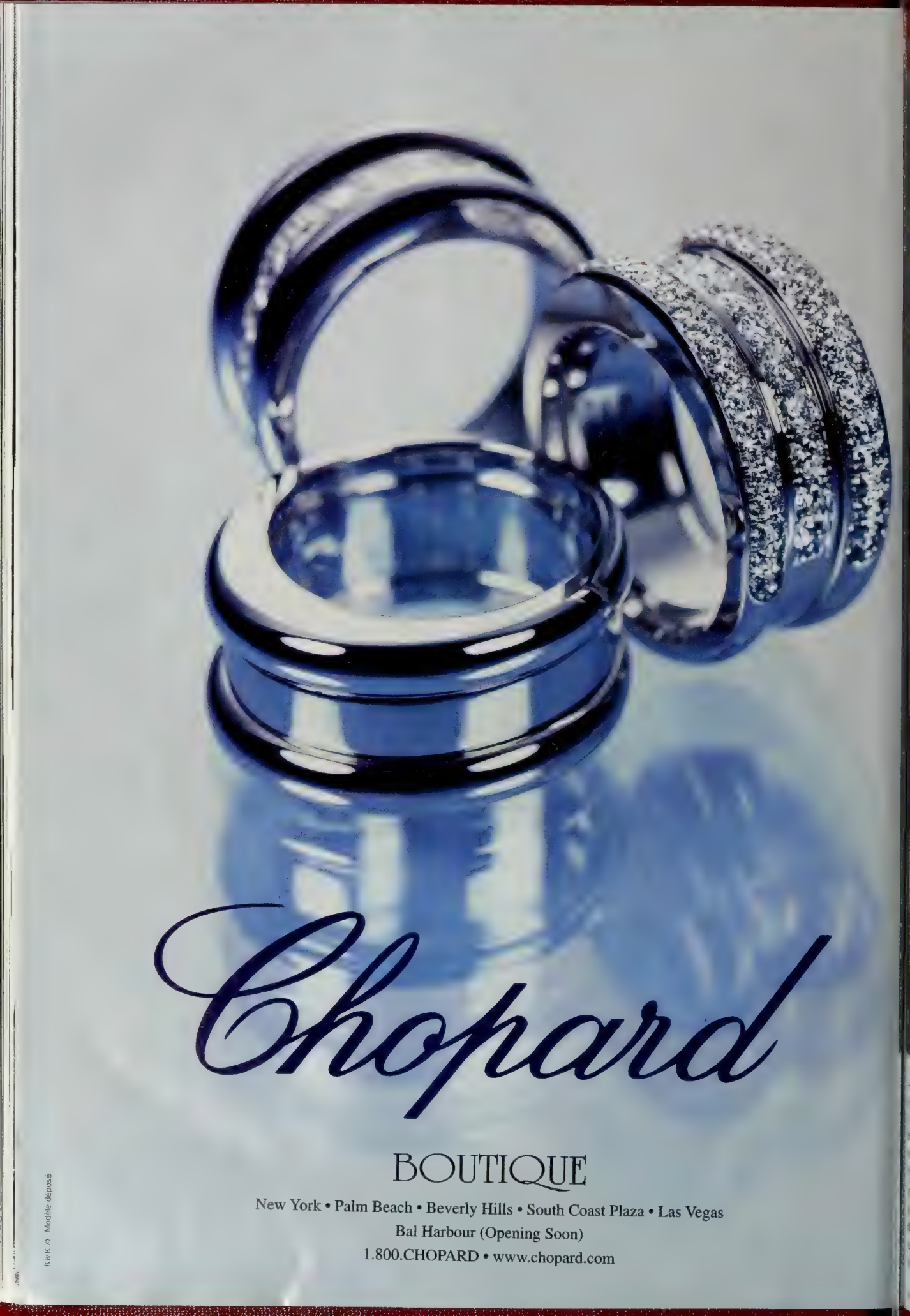
ELECTRONICS
Cell phone **NOKIA**
Computer **SONY**

CLOTHES
Jeans **LEVI'S 501, CORDUROY**
Sneakers **GAZELLE BY ADIDAS**
Watch **HERMÈS**
T-shirt **BELLA FREUD DOG PRINT**
Car **VESPA PIAGGIO**
Sheets **KHADI EMPORIUM, DELHI**
Shirt **JOHN MALKOVICH**
Tie **CHARVET**
Socks **CHARVET**
Shoes **CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN**

BEVERAGES
Bottled water **BARAKA IN EGYPT, EVIAN IN FRANCE, SAN PELLEGRINO IN ITALY**
Coffee **LIVANTO BY NESPRESSO**
Beer **STELLA**

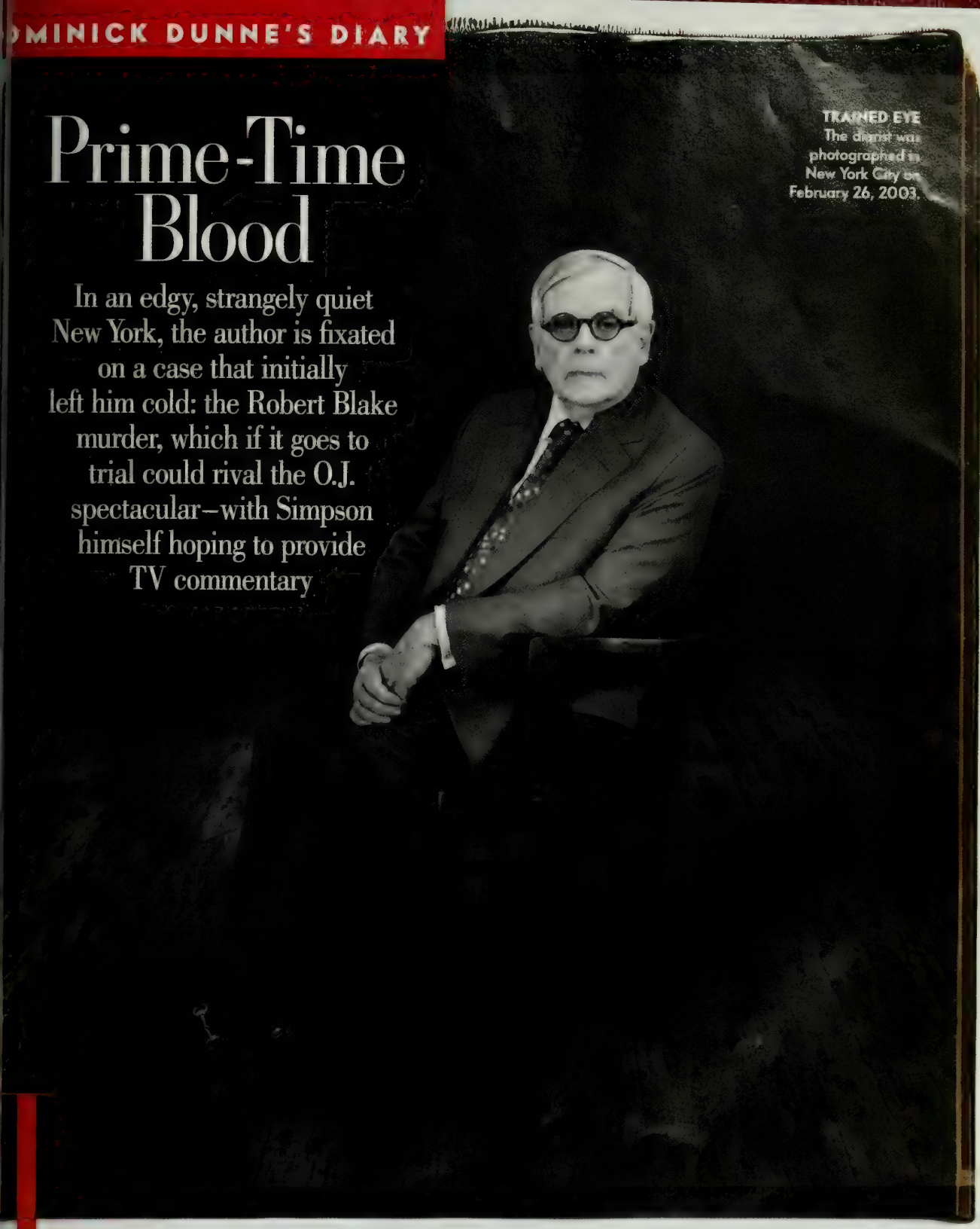
AND . . .
Coke or Pepsi? **COKE**
Burger King or McDonald's? **CAMEMBERT WITH MALOSSOL PICKLES**


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light blue
DOLCE & GABBANA
light blue
EAU DE TOILETTE


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Prime-Time Blood

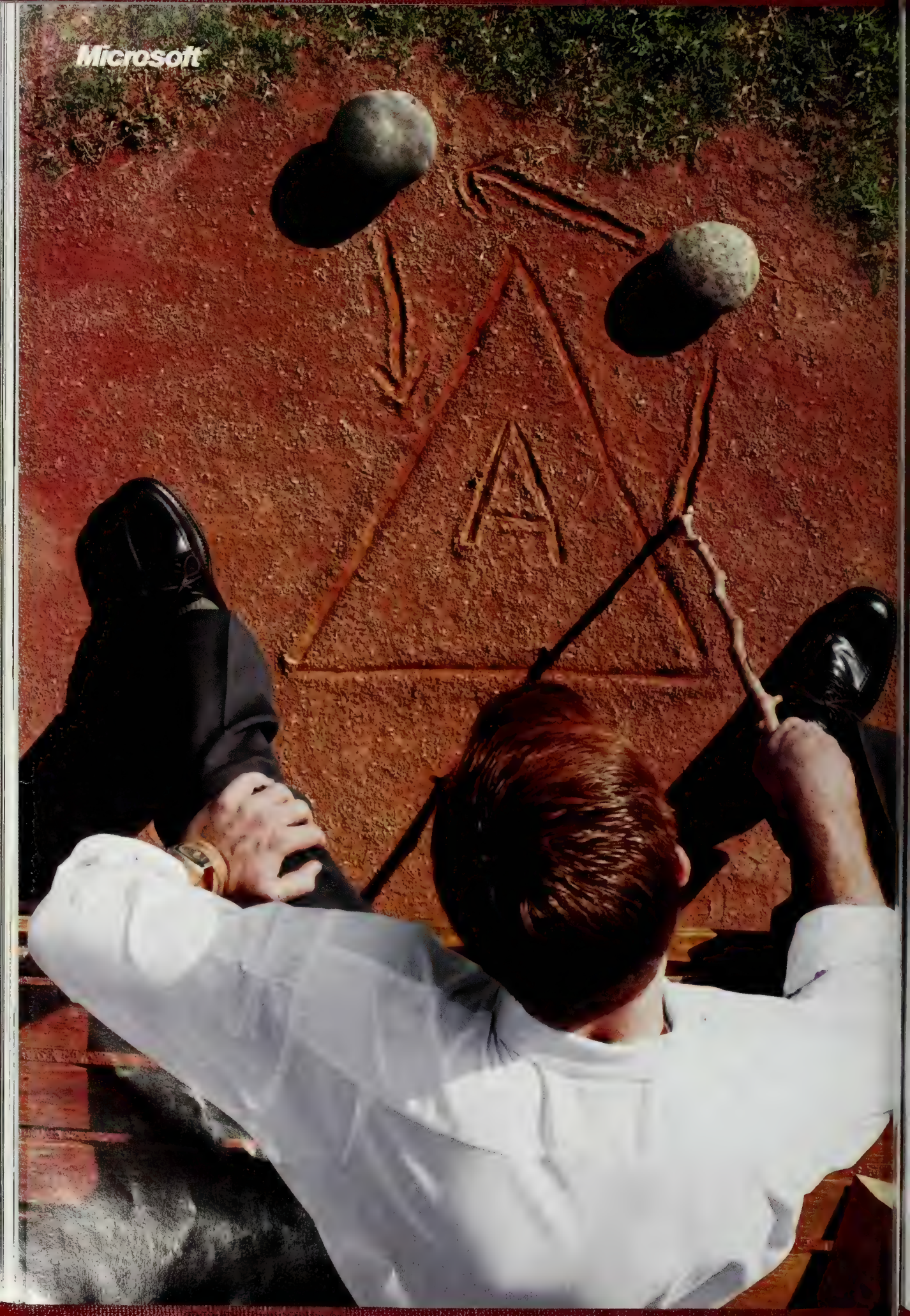
In an edgy, strangely quiet New York, the author is fixated on a case that initially left him cold: the Robert Blake murder, which if it goes to trial could rival the O.J. spectacular—with Simpson himself hoping to provide TV commentary



TRAINED EYE The diarist was photographed in New York City on February 26, 2003.

I have recently become absolutely riveted by Robert Blake, after having been not so fascinated by his wife's murder for the better part of a year. In other words, I'm fascinated by Robert Blake, not the Robert Blake case. Too low-rent, I used to say about the case. Has there ever been a more unsympathetic victim?, I used to say. Nearly one year after the shooting, Blake was arrested, put in jail, and denied bail. When I was in Monte Carlo covering the Edmond Safra case, I received a call from an old Hollywood publicist friend named Dale Olson, whom I hadn't seen in years. Speaking for Blake, he offered me a jailhouse interview with him when I returned from Monaco. I had to decline on the grounds that I am a victims' advocate and don't wish to honor or glamorize in any way a person charged with murder. But I was missing the point. I didn't realize that Harland Braun, a top Los Angeles defense attorney, had quit the highly publicized case because of Blake's insistence on talking to the press, against his advice. Jennifer Keller, the defense attorney who succeeded Braun, quit later for the same reason. Blake is now on his third defense attorney, Thomas Mesereau, for whom this is probably the case of his career. Like his predecessors, Mesereau is said to disapprove of Blake's determination to make himself available to journalists, but he nevertheless managed to guide his client like a

PORTRAIT BY MARY ELLEN MARK


Microsoft

During lunch, in the park, a brainstorm.

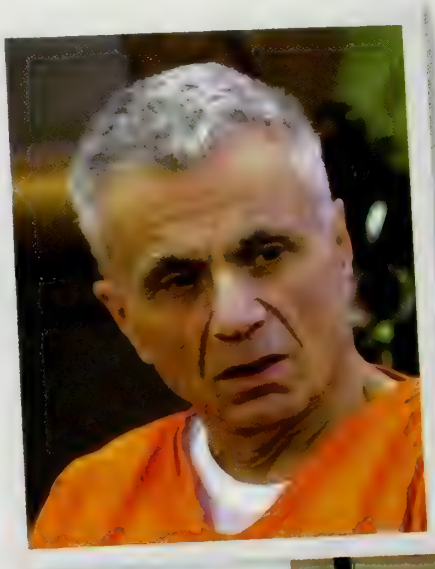
It's a laptop. It's a simple pad and pen. It's a Tablet PC.



Microsoft Windows xp Tablet PC Edition

master through the televised preliminary hearing while at the same time skillfully bringing to light the unsavory backgrounds of the two stuntmen and the former private detective who claimed that Blake had offered them money to "pop," "whack," or "snuff" his wife—the lingo varied, depending on which one of them was on the stand—and thereby discrediting them. There are rumors that when the case goes to trial the famous defense attorney Gerry Spence will be brought in to do the honors. Whoever ends up with the assignment, this courtroom case, planned and choreographed by the defendant himself, promises to be the most spellbinding television reality show since the trial of O. J. Simpson, whose cell in the Men's Central Jail in Los Angeles, by the way, Blake occupied while he was there.

It wasn't until February 26, when I watched Barbara Walters's jailhouse interview with Blake on ABC, that I began to see this case as a theatrical production, and a great one at that. The accused has been an actor since he was in the Our Gang films as a child in the 1940s. He once gave a truly inspired performance, in the 1967 film of Truman Capote's masterpiece, the spectacularly successful *In Cold Blood.* Capote, then at the peak of his powers, had mesmerized the American reading public by publishing the book in installments in *The New Yorker,* six months after Perry Smith and his partner, Richard Hickock, died by hanging for the brutal murders of an entire Kansas family named Clutter. Capote, enthralled by the horror of the thoughtless killings of an innocent family, gave up his glamorous New York life and moved to Kansas in order to play a role in his own book. He became intensely involved in the solving of the case with the Kansas authorities and had such access to the killers after they were caught that it has long been rumored that Capote kissed Perry Smith on the lips before he saw him executed for the crime. Being cast in the role of Smith by the acclaimed director Richard Brooks and endorsed by Capote, who watched over his best-seller like an obsessively protective parent, was the high point of Blake's career, and probably of his life. Later he starred in a successful television series called *Baretta,* but with *In Cold Blood* he had reached a height he never achieved again. Until now, perhaps.





COURT THEATER Robert Blake, *above,* charged with the murder of his wife, Bonny Lee Bakley, *right,* testifies in a court hearing in Los Angeles in January. In March, the judge released him on $1.5 million bail.

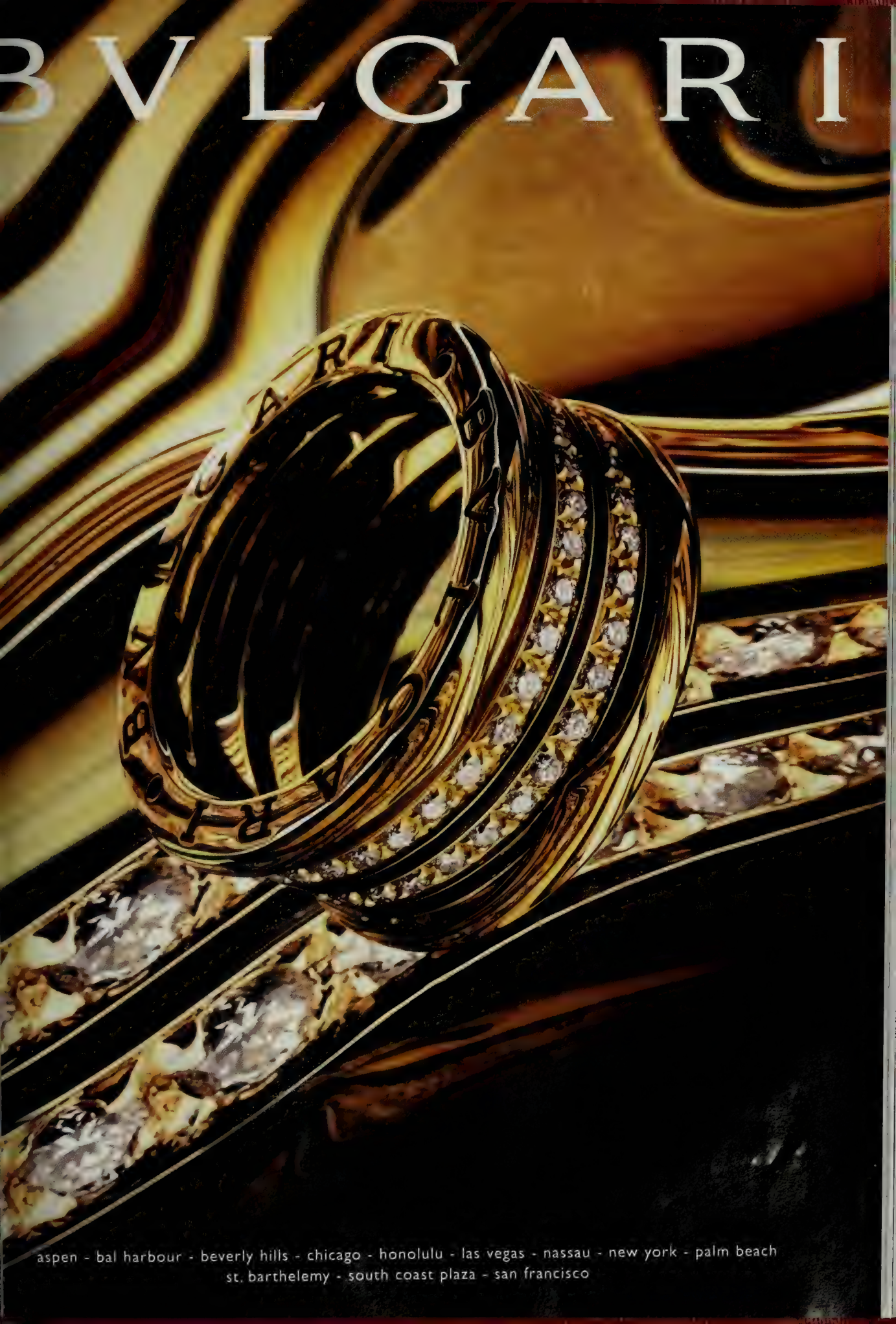
"They took away my past, my future. What's left to take?"

In the months of his incarceration, the 69-year-old Blake turned into an old man. His hair, once dyed jet black, is now white, and he has lost a noticeable amount of weight—I would guess 25 or 30 pounds. His face is deeply lined; "tragic" is the word that springs to mind to describe his look. For the Barbara Walters interview, he was in his orange prison uniform, seated in a room with bars behind him. This was prime-time television, and, old pro that he is, he didn't waste a second of it. I felt as if I were wat ing a movie, seeing an actor give a marvelous performance. De seems to be very much on his mind. Walters asked him, "W will happen if you are found guilty?" He didn't hesitate to re "How do you kill a dead man? What are they going to do to that they haven't done already? They took away my entire p They took away my entire future. What's left for them to ta Are they going to take my testicles and make earrings out them?" I was incredibly moved when he turned av from Walters and talked directly into the camera his two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Rosie, the sue of Bonny Lee Bakley, the scam artist Blake m ried to legitimize their child after DNA tests prov him to be the father. It is obvious that he worsh the little girl. He spoke to her as if he were speak from beyond the grave, giving her advice that s would receive sometime in her future. "Life i spectacular gift, Rosie," he said. "Don't ever sel short. I'll always be there with you. Get quiet a Daddy will be there right next to you."

The preliminary hearing, which started at t time of the Walters interview and ended on Mar 12, determined that there was enough eviden for the case to go to trial. In the courtroom, Bla dressed in a gray suit and white shirt, sat list ing to the testimony men who claim that offered them money kill his wife. His pie ing black eyes stared his accusers. He look little and thin and pa and angry, a black-ar white close-up on a co monitor. I could not st watching him. He h started to get fan ma One day, during a w ness's dramatic testimo he stole the scene by tently reading the messa on the inside of a gre ing card, ignoring the w ness completely. On Mar 14, Judge Lloyd Nash leased Blake on $1.5 milli

bail and placed him under house arrest. I have a feeling th Robert Blake is going to create an awesome on-camera drama b fore this story is over.

In New York these days, everyone is on edge. War is the ma topic of conversation. Terrorism is on people's minds. It's li it was after 9/11. Get out of New York, people say. They'll g the bridges and the tunnels. Start putting cash away, because t A.T.M.'s won't work. Credit cards won't work. Restaurants that a usually crowded at lunch aren't now. The stores are not full. there are a lot of parties being thrown, I'm not being invited them. I haven't spent so much time at home in years. The tow quiet. There's not even any good gossip. This downer atmosphe was lifted for me one day recently, however, when I had lunc at Michael's restaurant with my friend Dan Abrams, whom had met at the O. J. Simpson trial, when he was a young report



aspen - bal harbour - beverly hills - chicago - honolulu - las vegas - nassau - new york - palm beach
st. barthelemy - south coast plaza - san francisco

making his name. He now has his own show on MSNBC, and he is the chief legal correspondent at NBC. He's hilariously funny, and we always have a good time discussing the various trials that are going on. It's impossible for any two people who went through the Simpson trial not to discuss the latest on O.J. whenever they meet, because that trial was an overwhelming experience. Dan asked me if I had heard that O.J. was offering himself as a commentator to cover the Robert Blake trial on television. Dan's office had put in a call to Simpson's lawyer Yale Galanter in Miami to get O.J.'s comments on the Blake hearing. Galanter's response was that O.J. was in discussions with two networks about being a paid analyst on the Blake murder trial. That seems in keeping with the current mad state of the world.

After not hearing a single word for seven weeks about the rock 'n' roll genius Phil Spector, since the day after the actress Lana Clarkson was found shot to death in his 33-room castle in Alhambra, California, when he was freed on $1 million bail, we got the most startling crime news of the month. A rumor swirled that the authorities had decided that the 40-year-old Clarkson, whom Spector had met only a few hours before her death—at the House of Blues, where she was a hostess in the V.I.P. room—had accidentally shot herself in the head. Who was to say? There had been no witnesses, and Clarkson was dead. Moreover, guns, as Spector's friends all knew, were part of his lifestyle. Spector reportedly E-mailed friends, saying, "I told you so." Bill Craig, vice president of sales for Midem Music Conference, who knew Clarkson well, told me her friends didn't buy the story of an accidental death for a minute. A few days after the rumor surfaced, the police announced that it was unsubstantiated and that they would continue to investigate Clarkson's death as a criminal act.

Presumably, the last person to see Clarkson and Spector together that night was the driver of Spector's black Mercedes S430. Shortly after the pair entered the house, the driver, who was parked at the bottom of the driveway, heard a gunshot. (There was a report that multiple shots were heard, but police now say that was completely inaccurate.) The driver ran up the driveway as he was calling 911 on his cell phone, and he remained outside until the police arrived and began their investigation. Many other details of that night remain a mystery.



MIXED SIGNAL
Music producer Phil Spector, shown here in 1993, is still a suspect despite shocking rumors that the authorities had declared the death of Lana Clarkson in his house an accident.

I went to a screening of an hour-long documentary about me that is going to appear on Court TV late this spring. It was made by the Canadian Broadcasting Company in association with Canadian Bravo. It's an odd feeling to watch your life interpreted by people you don't know, and to listen to people you do know talking about you from their perspective. I'm feeling a little bit out of the loop these days as far as personal publicity is concerned, so the only people I asked to the screening were my son and my 12-year-old granddaughter. The best thing about it for me was watching my granddaughter react to her beautiful grandmother, whom she had known only as an invalid confined to bed. Some of my idols—Larry King, David Brown, Dorthy Moxley, Graydon Carter—said really nice things about me, and I was fascinated by a reporter I don't know at *The New York Times* named David Carr, who discussed my life and career very accurately, even the things about me he didn't like. But the coup of the program is the last section, "Mr. Dunne Faces His Critics." These included defense attorneys about whom I haven't written too nicely over the years—Alan Dershowitz from the Claus von Bülow case, Leslie Abramson from the Menendez-brothers case, Johnnie Cochran from the O. J. Simpson case—and a Canadian defense attorney I had never heard of, who apparently is a big deal in Toronto and who went on and on about me, sneering and contemptuous, as mean as a snake. The best way I can get even with him is not to give him any American exposure by printing his name in this diary. As for Leslie Abramson, she's as mad at me today as she was back in the early 90s, when the Menendez trial was in full swing and a favorite subject of the media. The attorney who surprised me was Johnnie Cochran, who had every reason to let me have it but didn't. He projected a classy, no-hard-feelings attitude and I suddenly became a fan.

Until this current period of my life, with its attendant lawsuit and bad publicity, I had no idea so many people disliked me. For some indication of this, you have only to read Robert F. Kennedy Jr.'s letter in this month's Letters section. A few weeks ago I had an embarrassing incident at Swifty's restaurant when I was seated on a banquette next to a famous woman whose family members I have written about. We were so close our elbows nearly touched, and her look was lethal. The lunch was a nightmare. Much more serious, to my mind, was an anonymous letter I received at my house in Connecticut. It was postmarked Phoenix, but that doesn't necessarily mean the writer lives there. There was no salutation. It read:

> You are a FUCKING ASSHOLE for what you wrote about my family member in Vanity Fair.
>
> Please know that I am going to put your two home addresses, your two unlisted home numbers, your fax numbers and your personal e-mail address on the internet for the whole world to see.
>
> The information will appear on a special website entitled "Dominick Dunne's Address Book". The web page will originate from another country and there will be no way you can trace it back to me. It will appear on March 15.
>
> Beware the ides of March.

I've always found anonymous letters upsetting. There is something so cowardly about them. I would be less than truthful if I did not admit to being frightened by ones like this. The detective who came to my house picked up the letter and envelope wearing rubber gloves and dropped them into an evidence bag. She told me there is a way such a Web site can be traced. As of this writing, nothing untoward has happened.

More and more I am tempted to give up crime and murder as my prime subject matter, but that would mean they won. □

The anonymous letter ended, "Beware the ides of March."

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VOWS, NOT VITRIOL
West Virginia Democrat Robert Byrd, 85, photographed in Washington, D.C., on March 5, 2003.

VANITY FAIR NOMINATES SENATOR ROBERT C. BYRD

BECAUSE he regretted supporting the notorious Gulf of Tonkin resolution during the Vietnam War and vowed never again to give a president unchecked power to wage war. BECAUSE the senator stuck to his principles, and this February, as war with Iraq approached, he stood virtually alone in condemning the administration for its saber rattling—and his colleagues for their haunting silence. BECAUSE his anger and reason echoed across the Senate (and then crackled across the Internet): "Calling heads of states pygmies, labeling whole countries as evil, denigrating powerful European allies as irrelevant . . . can do our great nation no good." BECAUSE he has called for additional funds for homeland security, warning that there are "hundreds of thousands of troops [in] . . . distant lands while the threat of terrorism is growing at home." BECAUSE he is a student of history, a singular expert on the Senate's rules and prerogatives, and a renowned orator, apt to quote American presidents, ancient poets, Roman emperors, the Bible, and the Constitution in a single speech. BECAUSE, despite briefly aligning himself with racists a half-century ago, he has changed not just in word but in deed: in the last Congress, he scored a 78 percent rating from the N.A.A.C.P. BECAUSE he once recorded a fiddle album and appeared on *Hee Haw*. BECAUSE after more than 50 years of service he is the 85-year-old dean of the United States Congress, winning more consecutive six-year terms in the Senate (eight) and casting more roll-call votes (16,000-plus) than any man (or woman) in the history of the Republic. —DEE DEE MYERS

PORTRAIT BY GASPER TRINGALE


THE NEW MEN'S FRAGRANCE
YVES SAINT LAURENT
M7
NORDSTROM

THE WIDOW ON THE HILL

When Hamilton Somerville Jr., owner of the 345-acre hilltop estate known as Mt. Athos, died suspiciously in late 2001, the eyes of Orange County, Virginia, turned to his pretty second wife, Donna, once the hospice nurse for his late first wife. Was she guilty of killing the man she'd comforted?

BY MICHAEL SHNAYERSON

BLEAK HOUSE *Below,* the Mt. Athos house, where Hamilton Somerville Jr. died; *inset,* Donna Somerville last February, after being charged with murder.

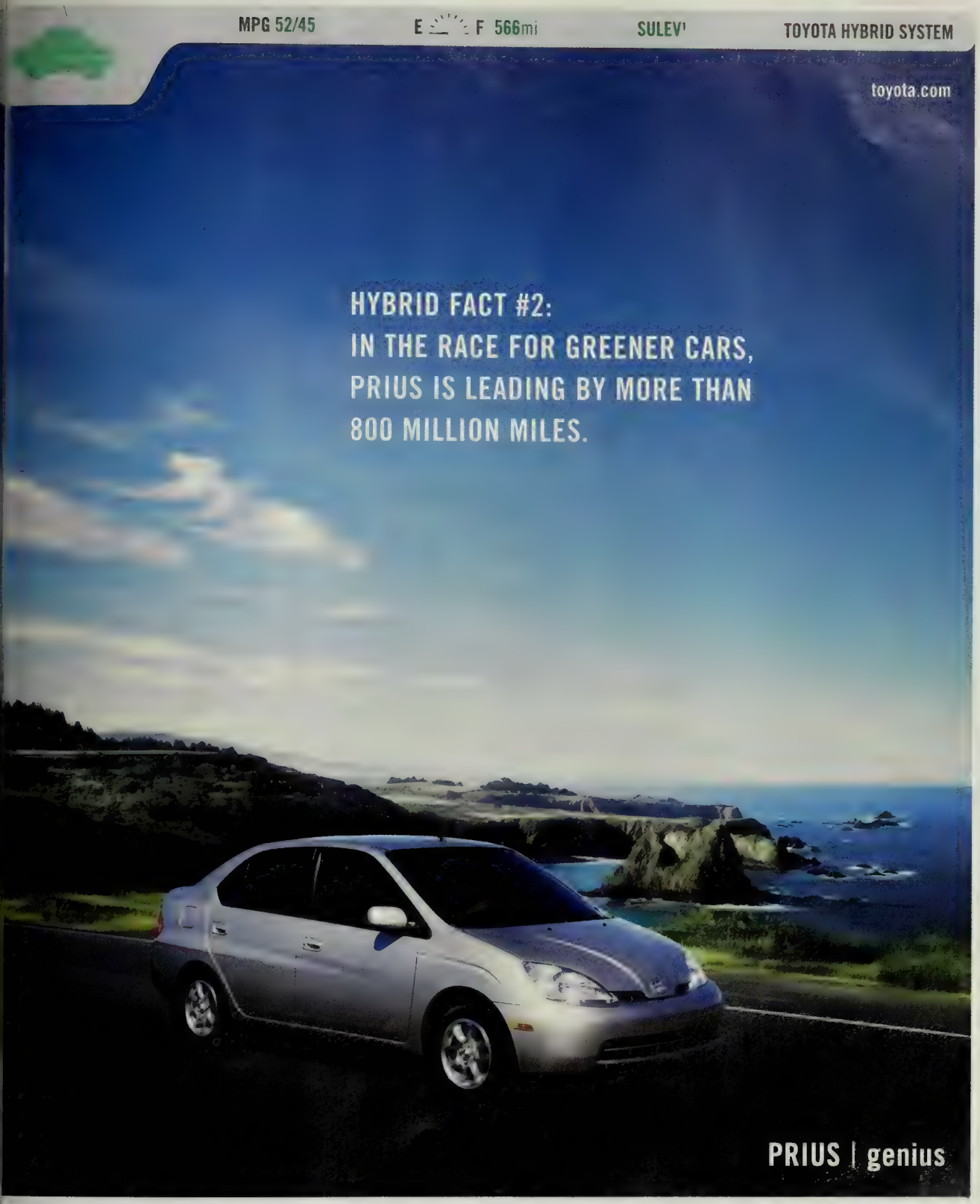




It lies little more than 75 miles southwest of Washington, D.C., and yet Virginia's Orange County seems a world and time apart. Large horse and cattle farms grace the rolling hills. Winding drives lead up to antebellum homes with columns and front porches, where country squires once surveyed their vast plantations. It is a realm of quiet money, not given to rumors of murder. Yet nearly 18 months after the untimely death of Hamilton Somerville Jr., 57, a gentleman farmer from an old Virginia family that was related to the duPonts, the county remains abuzz with the mystery of what happened at Mt. Athos, his 345-acre estate in the pastoral hamlet of Somerset.

By day, the hilltop house at Mt. Athos is obscured by trees. After dark, however, its lights can be seen from the Somerset Center Store, down at the rural intersection that constitutes the town. At about nine on the night of November 13, 2001, Wanda Donivan, one of the women who take turns managing the store, called her sister Sarah Rogers. "Something's wrong up on the hill," she said. "It's all lit up."

Rogers's boyfriend, Tony Garnett, a 39-year-old farmworker and close friend



he first mass-produced vehicle in the world to combine a super-efficient gasoline engine with an electric motor that never needs to be plugged n. Double the average mileage of conventional vehicles, with up to 90% fewer smog-forming emissions.[2] And, since 1997, over 100,000 owners ave been putting it through its paces, covering millions of miles.[3] The gas/electric Prius. One revolutionary vehicle that can really go the distance.



ed on 2002 EPA estimates city/highway mileage. Actual mileage may vary. Cold 50 mpg. Based on hybrid models and model year. Based on hybrid models and model year. Based on hybrid models and model year

of Ham Somerville's, called the house but got no answer. Alarmed, he drove up to find a grim assemblage of police and rescue-squad cars. Somerville, he was told, was dead in his upstairs bedroom. He had apparently choked to death. Donna, Somerville's wife of 10 years, was upset, but managed to express to police sergeant James Fenwick that she wanted her husband cremated immediately.

Plans for cremation were duly made, then halted at the last minute by a suspicious family member. An ensuing autopsy revealed that Somerville had died from an overdose of morphine and codeine. His doctor, Michael Silvester, had not prescribed those drugs, and indicated that Somerville had no physical condition that would have required them.

In the ensuing months, investigators interviewed more than 80 people but issued no charges. Stories swirled, many of them about Donna Somerville's history as a hospice worker: she had tended to Ham's first wife in the end stage of her cancer, then to Ham's mother in her last days. At Christ Episcopal Church in nearby Gordonsville, the matter was too touchy even to discuss. Ham and Donna had been stalwart members of the church, and, in the wake of her husband's death, Donna remained a member of the vestry. On Sundays, she often served as a chalice bearer at Communion, passing the wine that represents Christ's blood from one kneeling parishioner to the next. Many of the parishioners were, to say the least, confused.

At about four P.M. on this past Valentine's Day, the case took another dramatic turn. A lone police car rolled up to the house on the hill. The Black Widow of Orange, as some had come to call her, was handcuffed and charged with first-degree murder. For both those who had always suspected her and those who continued to believe in her innocence, one question hung above all. What evidence had led the investigators to make their arrest at last?

Sleepy and forgotten as it appears, Orange County and its environs have been discovered of late. Affluent northerners have settled in, refurbishing the old 19th-century homes and acquiring livestock. So far, neighboring Albemarle County is a greater lure for celebrities, among them actress Sissy Spacek, novelist John Grisham, and music star Dave Matthews, but recently playwright Sam Shepard and actress Jessica Lange bought a big farm right down the road from Mt. Athos.

The newcomers to Orange County seem incongruous with the area's more established families, such as the Scotts and the duPonts, but all are welcome at the fall steeplechase races at Montpelier, President James Madison's homestead—the year's social and sporting highlight. That includes the working farmers who still make up much of the county's citizenry and live by the salt-of-the-earth values of their forebears.

Ham Somerville Jr., all agree, embodied the best of both landed gentry and working farmer. He had grown up at Mt. Athos and inherited the property, but he also loved caring for it. "The soil on that place was the blood that ran through his veins," says his middle daughter, Alita. A big, portly, good-natured man, he maintained 40 or so head of cattle and worked outside from sunup to sunset. Nearly every day, he came down to the Somerset Center Store for lunch, greeting the ladies behind the counter with quips and loud laughter, then ambling back to the store's communal lunch table. He was a generous man, quick to lend his tractor or to hire a farm hand who needed work. As a recovering alcoholic, he had helped a number of neighbors stay sober; at Christ Church, his strong bass was a mainstay of the choir. From all he did, he had reaped a wide circle of fiercely loyal friends. "I don't think they came any finer," says Sheriff C. G. Feldman, who sometimes sat at the lunch table himself. "He was just a super guy."

If Ham had a flaw, his friends and family agree, it was naïveté. His mother and grandmother had raised him to think the best of people no matter what, and he did. He was, perhaps, naïve in his emotions too. That, say friends, is what may have led him to marry the attractive hospice worker who'd attended his first wife, Sidney, and to do so less than a year after Sidney's death. Even when gossip about Donna Ecochard Somerville's friendships with local men began to pervade the county, says a neighbor, "he thought the sun rose and set on her."

"DONNA COMES OUT WEARING A FUR COAT AND SAYS, 'I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU.' SHE OPENS THE COAT, AND SHE'S NAKED UNDER IT."



UNKINDEST CUT Ham and Donna celebrate their wedding on August 17, 1991. The marriage was Donna's fourth.

The stone pillars that mark the entrance to Mt. Athos stand less than half a mile down two-lane Route 20 from the Somerset Center Store. Distinctively red-brown in hue, the stone they were carved from was quarried on the property a little more than a century ago. The pillars originally supported a grandiose gatehouse above. Past them, up a milelong winding drive, once rose the county's most ostentatious home, an odd juxtaposition with the property's name. The original Mount Athos is on a peninsula in northern Greece, jutting into the Aegean Sea and dotted with 20 monasteries, a spiritual place cut off in every way from the material world. Virginia's Mt. Athos is cut off now by something more mundane: a NO TRESPASSING sign put up by Donna following her husband's death.

After a few graceful turns, the driveway passes a pond set off by three large, ornate Japanese teahouses. A century ago, topped by copper flying fish and ablaze with the then still-rare marvel of electric lights, they provided a backdrop for lavish evening parties. Now they sag and tilt in grievous disrepair, a poignant, somewhat spooky sight.

The original mansion is long gone, hav-

Dear Ketel One Drinker
Thank you.

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ing burned down only three years after it was built. In its stead is the sizable two-story stone-and-wood farmhouse where Ham Somerville grew up. From the front door unfolds a panoramic view of the Blue Ridge Mountains to the west. The greenery at the front is untended, however, the windows dusty, the screen door rusted and locked. As his friends attest, Ham was the sort of man who preferred tramping directly from his truck in the driveway to the kitchen door in back.

One day late last summer, the back door was opened by a handsome woman of 50 in a light-blue pullover and white slacks. At the time Donna Somerville had short-cropped blond hair framing silver-rimmed glasses—recently she's darkened it—and a nurse's calm demeanor. According to several locals, she had lost considerable weight since the start of Sheriff Feldman's investigation; she looked quite slim that day. Behind her, in the doorway, flitted the shadowed figure of her 18-year-old daughter, Johanna, whom, according to Alita, Ham adopted not long before he died.

If Donna was surprised to see a reporter at her door, she betrayed no indication of it. Graceful and poised, she said she would be more than happy to discuss the circumstances of her husband's death at some point—just not at the moment. She did allow that she had had a tough year. "A friend told me, 'When you're going through hell, keep going,'" she said. "So that's what I'm doing." Politely, but firmly, she reminded her visitor of the NO TRESPASSING sign at the front gates. The conversation was over.

Behind the house lay a large, square concrete foundation. Like the front pillars and gatehouse, and the teahouses by the pond, the foundation evokes a ghostly echo of the past. From it once rose the Gothic and bizarre tower of Mt. Athos, a high, round lookout from which the estate's most colorful owner would gaze down, literally and figuratively, at his neighbors. A turn-of-the-century Wall Street speculator, Walter George Newman had brilliant visions of what Mt. Athos could be, and, for a while, the money to make them real. But he would end up, like Donna, a haunted figure on the hill.

Sooner or later, so would everyone else who lived here.

"HAM SOMERVILLE WAS VULNERABLE AND LONELY," THEORIZES A FRIEND. "HE JUST WANTED A WOMAN ON THE MOUNTAIN."



THIS OLD HOUSE Built in 1899–1900, the original house at Mt. Athos could be seen for miles before it burned in 1903.

Colonel James Madison Sr., father of the fourth president, had bought the land in 1790. After his death, it passed to one of his grandsons. Walter George Newman had about as much in common with these prior owners as a stableboy would with a horseman. Newman had begun, in fact, as a local stableboy before setting out for New York City, where he somehow insinuated his way into the good graces of New York governor Roswell P. Flower. As local historian J. Randolph Grymes Jr. learned, an initial investment made at Flower's suggestion yielded $18,000. Before long, Newman was a millionaire, the owner of gold, silver, and copper mines. The Copper Man, as he'd come to be known, returned to Orange County and in 1899 bought the Mt. Athos property. Then he ordered up, for $500,000, the most expensive house ever built in the area.

Mt. Athos was designed to stir envy and awe, and in that it succeeded. A electric generator, rare for the time, could power the 500 lights that lined the winding drive and illuminated the gatehouse and teahouses, as well as the huge stone-and-wood mansion on top of the hill. At night the house could be seen for miles around—it was the highest house in the county, because Newman had had the crest of the hill raised by five feet to elevate it above neighboring Somerset Plantation. According to Grymes, when Newman came down by train from New York, the Copper Man had his arrival heralded by a trumpeter so that crowds would know to gather for the silver coins he'd throw as he disembarked.

Less than three years after its completion, on January 16, 1903, the house at Mt. Athos burned to the ground. So, on the same night, did a house Newman owned near a gold mine in North Carolina. The Copper Man had just gone through an acrimonious divorce, and both properties had been in his wife's name; he was in court fighting to get them back when they mysteriously burned. Newman went on to marry a second time, building a new house atop Mt. Athos. But he got caught passing out to would-be investors a bogus endorsement of one of his gold mines on stolen U.S. Senate stationery. On the eve of a 1914 Senate inquiry into the matter, Newman's Gold Hill Consolidated Co. stock was trading at 62.5 cents a share; almost overnight it plummeted to 6.25 cents per share. Four years later, at 58, Newman died far from home, in New York's Hotel Chatham.

By 1929, Mt. Athos was in the hands of Marion duPont Somerville, a wealthy neighbor and horsewoman whose family had bought Montpelier, just down the road. The current house was built in the 1930s. Marion had married a Somerville—Ham junior's uncle, Tom—and so the two families became intertwined. But the mar-

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riage was an unhappy one. In the ensuing divorce, Tom got Mt. Athos, which included an adjoining property, Glen Valley.



The Somervilles were a long-established family in Orange County, whose English forebears had been planters, horsemen, and ministers. So no one was surprised when Tom's brother, Ham senior, married Henrietta Howard Donaghy, a Philadelphia Main Line woman with a family fortune. Ham senior's new mother-in-law bought Mt. Athos from Tom and bestowed it upon the newlyweds as a gift. And so began the estate's next sad chapter.

Ham senior, father of the recently deceased, had a troubling tendency to go on drinking binges. Henrietta often had to take her husband to the hospital to dry out. Family lore has it that Ham senior finally offered to grant his wife a divorce, taking little or none of her money. Eventually he lived in a room beside the Inwood Restaurant in nearby Gordonsville, dying poor but apparently sober. When Ham junior went to clean out his father's room, he found a box of full Jack Daniel's bottles, each with an unbroken state seal dated December 25 of a different year: Ham senior's private testament to his years of abstinence.

FAMILY TIES
Top, Marion duPont and her second husband, the actor Randolph Scott, 1936; Ham junior with his parents, center, and with his first wife, Sidney, and their three children, Sara, Alita, and Ginger, 1972, above.

Locals recall Ham junior fondly as a stocky kid who hung out at the Montpelier store in suspenders and knickers. After two years of college, he dropped out, and eventually worked in landscaping. He married Sidney Brainard, a descendant of an old German family, who came with a two-year-old daughter, Ginger, from a first marriage. Soon the Somervilles had two daughters of their own, Alita and Sara. For a time they lived "over the mountain," west of Orange County near Harrisonburg. Sidney ran a flower shop, painted oils and watercolors, and loved to cook and entertain. "She was a jolly party girl," recalls one local. "Really fun to be around." Except when her mood swings kicked in.

"My mother beat the living crap out of [Ham junior] in public," recalls Alita. "She put him on the ground and beat him senseless, and he never raised a hand to her." Only years later, when Alita was diagnosed as being bipolar, did Sidney realize she herself might be similarly afflicted.

Eventually Ham junior realized that he'd inherited a disease himself. He wasn't a binge drinker like his father, but his alcoholism steadily worsened. In the mid-1980s he went through a 28-day rehab program. He also became a pillar of Christ Episcopal Church. "He needed that," says a friend, Johnny Rogers. "It took the place of alcohol for him."

Ham's mother, Henrietta, was still living at Mt. Athos when Ham and his family moved into the Glen Valley farmhouse next door. Four years later, Sidney was diagnosed with breast cancer. By the summer of 1990, she had declined severely enough to be in bed, on medication, under the care of a doctor, a nurse, and a hospice worker named Donna Ecochard Scott.

Alita Somerville met Donna, her future stepmother, for the first time in July 1990, when Alita came home from college. She had been upstairs attending her mother and came down to Glen Valley's Great Room to see her father engaged in earnest conversation with an attractive woman who was wearing a robin's-egg-blue tank top, a tight short denim skirt, and sandals. Instead of sitting across from Ham, she was sitting up on the bar, with her legs spread at about his eye level, recalls Alita.

"I'm Alita Somerville," said Ham's middle daughter coldly. "And who might you be?" Alita was stunned to learn that this was her mother's hospice worker.

Alita feels sure that her father remained faithful to Sidney until her death. And she has no reason to think that Donna's care of her mother was anything less than professional—Sidney was closely monitored by doctors and nurses. But as a licensed hospice worker, Donna did administer high doses of prescription morphine by pump to Sidney at the end of her life, when she was in considerable pain. And at least one other visitor found Donna's behavior with Ham disquieting. "When Sidney was on her deathbed, I remember seeing Ham in the doorway, and Donna caressing him," says a family friend. "Ham was unaffected, but I could feel that Donna was being flirtatious. Very inappropriate—too touchy."

With his wife's death on September 3, 1990, Ham turned his attention to his mother, Henrietta, who was now dying of cancer, too. Ham assured her she was in the best of hands, however: Donna would be her hospice worker.

"Ham took Donna to a Christmas party after Sidney died," recalls one friend. "And he told me a story about that party. He said that he asked his mother if Donna could wear her fur coat to the party, because Donna had asked to. His mother agreed. When they got back to Glen Valley, Donna comes out wearing the coat and says, 'I have a surprise for you.' She opens the coat, and she's naked under it."

Henrietta died on January 14, 1991. Unlike Sidney, she was fairly mobile and alert into the last week of her life. She needed an oxygen pump, recalls one of her granddaughters, but not morphine. Thus, her death was "more a surprise" than Sidney's: "kind of sudden," says one of Ham's daughters. In her will, Henrietta left her estate, after expenses, to her "beloved son Hamilton Albert." Now Ham owned Mt. Athos, as well as Glen Valley, a trove of family heirlooms, and a fair amount of cash.

Seven months later, on August 17, 1991, Hamilton Somerville and Donna Jean Scott, née Ecochard, were married at the Orange County Circuit Court in a civil ceremony. "Ham was vulnerable and lonely," theorizes a friend. "He just wanted a woman on the mountain."

The marriage was Ham's second. For Donna, who had just turned 39, it was her fourth.

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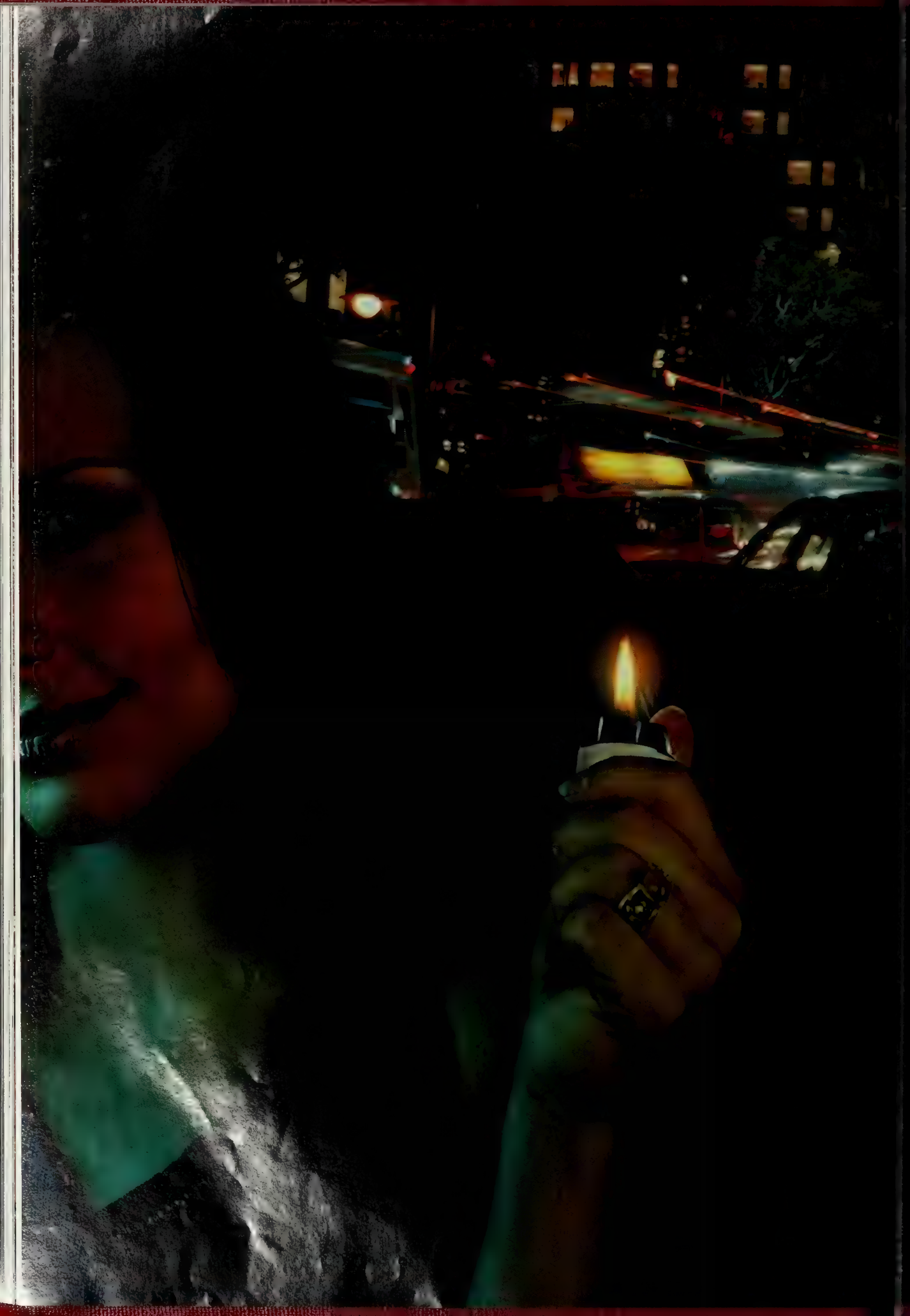
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According to what she told the Somerville daughters, Donna had grown up the black sheep of a blue-collar family in Paramus, New Jersey, and left home before her 18th birthday on the back of her first husband's Harley-Davidson. The Harley got her to Orange County, where she divorced its driver and married her second husband, who at some point became disabled. Her third husband was a Vietnam vet who lived in a trailer. With him she had her daughter, Johanna. Meanwhile, Donna had become a registered nurse, which entitled her to do hospice work.

Donna's past and the circumstances of her courtship with Ham put off a number of the old, horse-country types whom Ham and Sidney had entertained. One by one, they drifted off. "After Sidney died, we just saw him at church," says one old friend gently. "We did wonder who they played with." Ham could not have been unaware of the snubs, but he was not the sort of man to fret about them. Besides, he was in love. "We'd go out as a foursome, and they'd be holding hands," recalls another friend. "At the start, she'd go farming with him," recalls yet another friend. "She was his companion."

"YOU'RE TRYING TO TELL ME YOU WERE IN THE ROOM BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHY, AND YOU WERE PERFORMING CPR AND YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HE HAD."



SISTER ACT Alita Somerville Miller, center, at her wedding, with her sisters, Sara, left, and Ginger, June 2, 2002.

Perhaps inspired by Ham's religion, perhaps in search of a more accepting social circle, Donna got seriously involved with her husband's church, Christ Episcopal in Gordonsville. She became a member of the altar guild and a lay minister. Along with her to church each Sunday came Tom May and Ben Armistead, a middle-aged pair who now lived in the Glen Valley house. According to one of Ham's daughters, Sidney had instructed Ham to draw up a trust after her death that allowed Armistead and May to stay on as tenants at the farm. To whom Glen Valley would ultimately pass, however, was an intriguing matter of interpretation.

May and Armistead may have felt the property was theirs. In a six-page feature on Glen Valley in *Virginia Country: Inside the Private Historic Homes of the Old Dominion*, a coffee-table book written by Betsy Wells Edwards and published in 1998, the pair are said to have bought Glen Valley in 1990. ("Gracious hosts, May and Armistead think nothing of entertaining even as many as 100 friends for a buffet following the November hunt races at nearby Montpelier . . . ") But the two were simply trustees of the property, along with Ham. The Somerville daughters, meanwhile, assumed Glen Valley would one day be theirs. "The trust was drawn up because Mom wanted someone to take care of the house until we were of age," says one Somerville daughter. "There was a verbal understanding with our father that it *would* go to us some day. We talked about it on a regular basis."

Yet the trust agreement never mentioned the Somerville daughters, and in 1998 the trust was terminated. Glen Valley was declared to be owned by Ham and Donna together, and though May and Armistead stayed on, they seem to have done so without any guarantees. With Ham's death, that suggests they remain there strictly due to Donna's good graces.

One friend recalls both Ham and Donna as being "a little Christ-bitten," evangelical. Despite this, in the first year of their marriage, Donna startled one of the Somerville daughters with a surprising show of physical affection for a plumber who was working at Mt. Athos. The plumber's wife had just died of cancer, and she was, as one daughter puts it, "still warm in the grave" when Donna summoned the plumber for repairs. The Somerville daughter came over from the guesthouse to see Donna and the plumber "kissing, through the kitchen window." Later, she observed them holding hands down by the pond. (Donna Somerville's attorney did not respond to repeated requests from *VF* for comment.)

By now all three Somerville daughters were off on their own. Yet they came to feel that Donna resented their phone calls and occasional visits. "There were constant blocks," recalls one daughter. "One was 'You can't bring your dog'—that became the excuse." Donna, Alita believed, was reading her letters to her father. When she tried E-mail instead, she says her missives somehow failed to reach him. A request by Alita to be married at Mt. Athos was rebuffed by Donna on the grounds it would involve too many people.

The daughters felt Donna had done more than push them away from their father. She had robbed them of their past. "My mom and dad and the three of us, along with my grandmother, were a family," Alita explains. "When Donna came into the picture, it all got invalidated. We weren't allowed to talk about that life anymore, and the minute we brought up any of those relationships, like mine with my grandmother, Donna would tell me how it never really happened, and she was much closer to my grandmother in her last months than I had ever been. That's what's really painful for the three of us, that from the minute Donna entered into our lives, 21 years of family history was invalidated."

Undeterred, and apparently happy, Ham worked hard to make the farm prosper. Before or after his chores, he liked to relax on his back porch with one or another of his A.A. buddies, smoking Camel Lights and drinking coffee. He "sponsored" (as they say in A.A.) Tony Garnett, a farmhand who lives in a modest house next door to Mt. Athos, and never turned on him when Garnett fell off the wagon. Another A.A. buddy, Johnny Rogers, often went to Ham for financial advice; despite his raggedy clothes, Ham knew a lot about stocks from managing his own portfolio. When Rogers needed work, Ham gave him that too. With these friends and others,

Donna was a generally cheerful presence n the background, though she had little atience with Ham's smoking. In trying to oad him into stopping, one friend recalls, he would say to Ham, "I just wish you'd urry up and die and get it over with."

The women at the Somerset Center Store, however, noticed Donna's behavior with a succession of local men. he seemed to "zoom in," as one observr puts it, on the newly divorced or widwed, offering comfort that seemed to inolve a lot of touching. To the astonishnent of the women behind the counter at ne store, she often expressed her particuir brand of sympathy even when she came n with Ham. "Ham would start walking o the back," recalls one observer. Sudenly, "Donna and [another man with er] would be all over each other."

One memorable Saturday, Ham, Donna, and three local men tramped into the tore and sat at the lunch table in back. The women behind the counter were agog: Donna had been physically affectionate, at ne time or another, with each of those nree men at the store. "I've seen her with er hands on people's legs at the table," bserves one of the managers. In all, the tore managers count at least four men vith whom Donna flirted at the store.

Certainly, Donna showed an unusual lair for forthrightness. "Three years ago, n front of the store," recalls Sarah Rogers, ne of the store's managers, "Donna says o me, 'Ham gave me herpes.' I was hocked that she'd tell me that. She said ne first year they were married he'd had n affair and given it to her." In any event, Rogers says, "no one talked about it, beause we loved and respected Ham."

By the summer of 2001, life on the hill ad become more complicated. Lance Clore, a local man in his mid-30s going hrough a divorce, had begun working on regular basis at Mt. Athos. Clore had ved in Somerset his whole life and was vell liked. Another young man, Jeff Carenter, had moved into the guest cottage t Mt. Athos. Carpenter was working as he farm manager for Diana Dodge, of the Detroit Dodges, over at nearby Nokomis Farm, and Dodge was building him a ouse on her property; Ham let him stay t Mt. Athos until the house was finished.

According to the ladies at the Somerset Center Store, Donna was affectionate with oth Clore and Carpenter at various times t the store that summer. "She was physial with both of them," Rogers says with sigh.

At Donna's instigation, Clore joined the Christ Episcopal Church. He became a thurifer, in charge of swinging the censer. One observer at the store came to feel that Clore and Carpenter were "in competition with each other" for Donna's affections.

Ham seemed oblivious to Donna's apparent improprieties, and some of his A.A. buddies did not know quite how to approach him about them. Alita did notice, on a rare visit to the hilltop house in July 2001, that her father and Donna appeared to be sleeping in separate bedrooms. Yet if things "weren't too good" in the marriage, as Ham confided to one friend, he saw no reason not to fraternize with the hired man and the tenant. Just weeks before Ham died, an old friend saw him having a jolly dinner at a local restaurant with Clore and Carpenter. "Men's night out," he declared.

Then came the first of Ham's mysterious episodes.

Unquestionably, Ham's lifestyle put his health at risk. He smoked a lot; at the early-November races at Montpelier, he got out of breath just walking around the grounds. Despite his daily work on the farm, he was at least 40 pounds overweight, yet continued to eat fatty foods. "At the church pancake dinners," says one friend, "we'd fight for the bacon." Still, the first setback seemed to come in a somewhat peculiar way.

Two weeks before he died, Ham awoke feeling groggy and disoriented. When he tried to walk, he got dizzy and took, as he told a friend, "two steps forward, three steps back." His arms and legs seemed not to work. He stayed in bed until he felt better, and eventually the feeling came back into his limbs. He had no lingering paralysis, he said, just a sense of being generally run-down, as if he had the flu. Donna took his blood pressure, but Ham never went to a doctor.

On the night of Sunday, November 11, Ham had another episode. "He's very groggy, like he won't get out of bed," Donna told Johnny Rogers when he stopped by unannounced for coffee on Monday morning. "Sit here and I'll go see if he's up."

A few minutes later, husband and wife both came down. As Ham entered the kitchen, he staggered. He told Rogers he didn't remember falling asleep the night before.

Ham managed to get down to the store that day for lunch, but he looked unwell and talked of flu symptoms. The next day—Tuesday, the day of Ham's death—Jeff Carpenter went to the store for lunch and reported that Ham was in bed. Early that evening, Lance Clore visited the store and said that Ham was still in bed.

At exactly 8:44 P.M., a call came in from Mt. Athos to the 911 Emergency Center in Orange County. A rescue squad was immediately dispatched. Sergeant James Fen-

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wick, first to arrive on the scene, raced upstairs to find Ham unconscious. Fenwick tried to revive him with CPR, as did an emergency medical team that arrived soon after. But Ham was unresponsive, and after 45 minutes, the rescuers gave up.

Tom May and Ben Armistead had rushed over to Mt. Athos when Donna discovered Ham "blue" in the face. Now Clore and Carpenter were downstairs, too, along with a handful of police officers. Donna had been frantic when she called May and Armistead, according to one report, but now seemed calmer. Along with calling the Somerville daughters, she reportedly phoned the Preddy Funeral Home and had one of its directors come up to remove Ham's body for immediate cremation.

Alita Somerville returned to her home in Pennsylvania at about 11:30 P.M. to find a message on her answering machine from Donna: "Call home." Of the three daughters, Alita had had the prickliest relationship with her stepmother. Now Alita listened to Donna's voice again on the machine. It had an "every-day-of-the-week sound," Alita says. She first thought that perhaps Donna was just calling to discuss plans for Thanksgiving—though her stepmother had already made clear in a letter to Sara that the daughters would not be welcome to stay at Mt. Athos for the holiday; they would have to stay at the nearby Holiday Inn Express. "But then something got hold of me," Alita recalls, "like a breeze that comes through the window. I thought: Something's wrong."

"What happened?" Alita demanded when Donna answered the phone.

Donna sighed.

"Tell me what happened," Alita persisted.

"Your father's dead," Donna said.

"Somehow I knew that," Alita said. "How did it happen?"

"I don't know."

"Where were you?"

"I was in the room trying to revive him, and I called 911, and they couldn't revive him."

"How did he die?" Alita demanded. "What was he doing in bed so early that night?"

Alita thought Donna sounded vague.

"So you're trying to tell me you were in the room but you don't know why, and you were performing CPR and you don't know what he had, and there were clocks in the room but you don't know what time it was."

Before the conversation ended, Donna mentioned that Ham would be cremated because "that was what your father wanted."

Alita thought: Not so fast.

Because cremations in Virginia cannot occur without a signed death certificate from a medical examiner, which takes about 24 hours, Donna scheduled Ham's for Thursday morning. Grimly, Alita worked the phones all Wednesday, first persuading an elderly uncle that something had to be done, then contacting a local attorney.

Thursday morning at about nine, Alita finally reached Tim Sanner, the Commonwealth's Attorney for Orange County. Sanner, a short, bald, earnest man given to dark suits, heard her out and contacted the undertakers at Preddy Funeral Home. He told them he wanted to have an autopsy conducted on Ham Somerville Jr. At 9:30, the undertakers postponed the cremation.

It had been scheduled for 10.

By early Thursday afternoon, family members had begun to gather at Mt. Athos for the funeral later that day. Sara and Ginger arrived before Alita. They found Donna visibly upset, as one family friend puts it. Later, she would tell them she had wanted a quick cremation only to keep a family secret: the genital herpes Ham had allegedly passed on to her. He had often cheated on her, Donna reported. She and Ham had been in couples therapy, she added, to resolve their problems.

Alita encountered a cool reception when she walked into Mt. Athos. May and Armistead seemed tense. So did her sisters, who shuddered at the thought of an autopsy for their father.

Peter Howe, a lawyer who worshiped with the Somervilles, asked all three daughters into the sunroom with Donna. Because a psychiatrist and old family friend, Dr. John Eagle, was also on hand Alita suspected she might be accused of acting irrationally due to her bipolar disorder. Firmly, she told Dr. Eagle that she was under medication and under a doctor's care. And he knew, she said, she was also an alcoholic. But she was a staunch member of A.A.

In the meeting Donna announced dramatically that "someone" had demanded an autopsy, and that this was reprehensible—a total invasion of her late husband's privacy. Worse, Ham's body would be carved up. Sara and Ginger clutched each other, too horrified to speak.

"Now, wait a minute, Donna," Dr. Eagle interjected. "You know that's not what happens. You're a hospice nurse." Dr. Eagle turned to the daughters. "If your dad was lying there in a casket after an autopsy, you'd never be able to tell."

An overflow crowd gathered for the funeral at Christ Episcopal Church later that afternoon. The prevailing sentiment, along with grief at Ham's untimely death, was sympathy for Donna. There was no coffin up front nor an urn of ashes. Ham's corpse was en route, as the service began, to the county medical examiner.

An uneasy lull hung over the hamlet. Then, in mid-January 2002, came the shocking results of the toxicology report and the verdict that Ham had died from high amounts of morphine and codeine found in his stomach. Overnight, many locals who had consoled Donna drew back in horror and anger. "People also felt they were deceived," says one churchgoer of Donna's frequent professions of grief. "She had broken down and sobbed in front of them."

A scattering of Donna loyalists wondered if Ham might have committed suicide. The police, too, began asking friends if Ham had ever talked of ending his life. The queries were met with disbelief. "Ham and I were going to go to England to look at cathedrals this summer," says one close friend. "I just can't imagine him wanting to kill himself." Months later, Jeff Carpenter put it more succinctly from the doorway of

GOSSIP CENTRAL
The Somerset Center Store. Ham often ate lunch at its communal table, where locals gathered.




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his newly built house on Diana Dodge's farm. "I knew Ham Somerville," he said, still shaken by the events of that night, "and Ham did not kill himself—that's for sure. So you can put two and two together."

An accidental overdose seemed just as unlikely. "My dad was not the type to take pills," Alita says. "And he never would have taken morphine or codeine—especially those—because he'd seen what they did to his wife in her last stages of cancer."

So far, the source of the drugs remains a mystery. Some months before Ham's death, Donna had become a volunteer at the Hospice of the Rapidan in nearby Culpeper. But a spokesperson for the hospice explains that, as a volunteer, Donna had no access to drugs from the hospice, and no authority to prescribe them through a pharmacy. She could only help administer drugs prescribed by a doctor.

What, in any event, would have led Donna to murder her husband? As more than one local observes, Donna could have demanded a divorce and secured at least a few million dollars. Or perhaps not. In the search warrant executed for Mt. Athos on January 8, 2002, investigators applied to look for "correspondence or personal records of Hamilton A. Somerville Jr. pertaining to his desire to terminate his marriage to Donna J. Somerville."

Undeniably, Ham's death has left Donna a far wealthier woman than any divorce settlement would have. Aside from modest trusts already set up for his daughters, Ham left his entire estate to his wife. Thus, Donna has acquired much more than land and money. "She has generations of family art, jewelry, china, and furniture," says Alita bitterly. "Paintings by famous Philadelphia artists of ancestors who helped settle Philadelphia. Jewelry and silver that was earmarked for each of us by our grandmother. A pocket-watch collection on my father's side of the family, some from the railroad, which my father's family helped build. And family-history books: we have volumes thousands of pages thick. These are books that started in Europe and traveled across the ocean by boat. And we'll never have them."

When the results of the toxicology report were made public, Donna stopped going to the Somerset Center Store. But to the consternation of many of her fellow parishioners, she remained active at Christ Church. Often she went to both Sunday services, accompanied sometimes by Lance Clore, who reportedly continued living up at Mt. Athos. (Carpenter had moved out of the guesthouse at Mt. Athos soon after Ham's death.) Sometime last spring, the local bishop intervened, requesting that Donna stop assisting in Communion. About the same time, she stopped giving readings. But she remained on the vestry, an elected post, and lobbied hard to have the church's fall picnic held at Mt. Athos. Peter Howe, the senior church member who had aided Donna in the days after Ham's death, reportedly helped put a stop to that.

Among Donna's staunchest supporters at the church were its reverend, Ted McConnell, and his wife, Anita. Then, in early December, McConnell startled his congregation by announcing his imminent departure for a new posting in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. Was it a coincidence, parishioners wondered, that McConnell was leaving soon after the convening of a grand-jury investigation to consider murder charges against Donna Somerville? At the minister's hastily arranged good-bye party, Donna amazed many present by sitting on Clore's knee.

A first grand jury ended inconclusively. By the time the jurors reconvened on February 14, and Donna was arrested, what was out that the evidence included wiretaps. "Wiretaps didn't give us the whole story," Sheriff Feldman said after Donna's arrest. "I don't think any piece gave us the

DONNA ANNOUNCED DARKLY THAT "SOMEONE" HAD DEMANDED AN AUTOPSY, AND THAT THERE WAS A TOTAL INVASION OF HER LATE HUSBAND'S PRIVACY.



MARKED MAN Ham at the Glen Valley house, next to Mt. Athos, in 1986. Donna inherited both after his death.

whole puzzle. What we've got is a accumulation of 15 months of hard investigative work. We feel very comfortable with what we've got." At the Central Virginia Regional Jail, Donna was held for six days until bail was set at $300,000, with a trial date still to be set.

Of the other characters in the story, Jeff Carpenter seems to have satisfied the police that he knows nothing about how Ham died. Certainly his cheerful demeanor, when he was pulled out of the shower at his new house at Nokomis Farm one morning, seemed unlike that of a murderer. Lance Clore, though moody, brooding, strikes all who know him as incapable of foul play. (Clore failed to respond to two calls from *V.F.* for comment.)

Then there is the Glen Valley duo of Tom May and Ben Armistead. Both are still members of Christ Episcopal Church: Armistead is the choir director, May the organist. Both also work in adult-care facilities, Armistead as an administrator. Reached by phone, May declined to comment to *V.F.* A subsequent call to Glen Valley was not returned. There is no evidence that anyone other than Donna was involved, but Sheriff Feldman stresses that the investigation is ongoing.

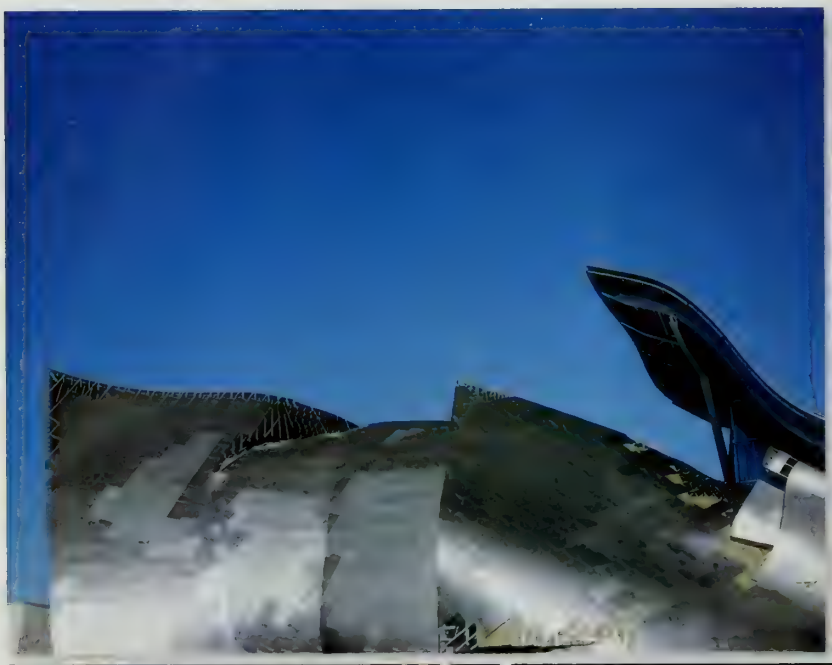
A few locals still believe in Donna, if only out of principle. "Everyone is condemning Donna," says longtime dairy farmer Bill Roberts. "But I was taught that you're innocent until proven guilty."

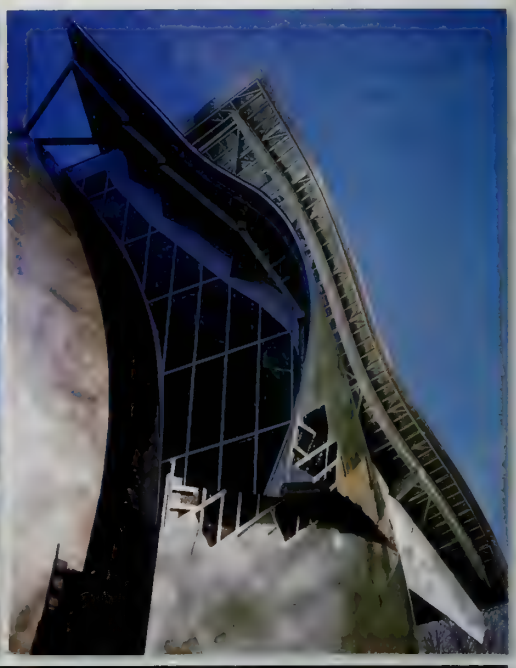
"If she is innocent," adds Johnny Rogers, "a lot of people are going to pay for their sin of treating her so badly." □

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HIGH GEHRY

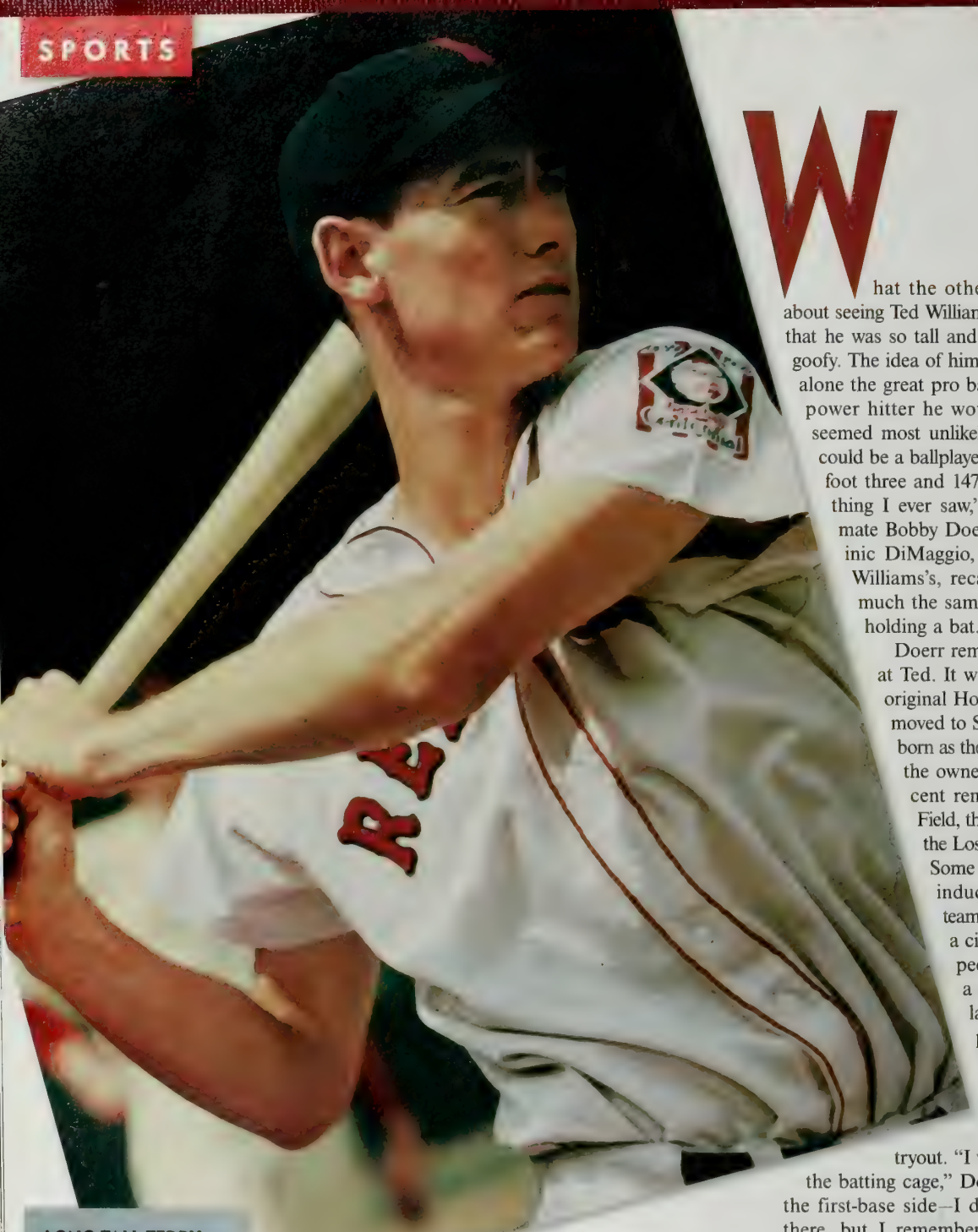
Top: the almost finished stainless-steel exterior of Bard College's arts center, by Frank Gehry. *Above:* a view of the lobby stairs; the concert hall.

Unlike his Guggenheim Bilbao, set on the banks of an industrial river, or Walt Disney Concert Hall, now under construction near L.A.'s Bunker Hill, Frank Gehry's Richard B. Fisher Center for the Performing Arts—which opens this month—is built at the edge of a forest on the campus of Bard College in New York's Hudson Valley. Situated on a knoll with the Catskill Mountains serving as a backdrop, the building is one of the few Gehry projects in an exurban setting. Soaring, undulating canopies of stainless steel, which make up the façade, seem to billow in an imaginary wind. Some of these forms bend back to envelop the bulky stucco-and-glass boxes which house the auditoriums. The rippling steel forms—Gehry's trademark of late—create an exhilarating, otherworldly counterpoint to the pastoral surroundings. "I designed this frontally, because theaters are approached frontally," says Gehry. "It wears a kind of stainless-steel mask." Leon Botstein, Bard's president, dreamed up the Fisher Center project and sought out Gehry, even before the opening of Bilbao. Botstein then worked closely with the architect in the planning of the center's 900-seat opera house–concert hall, created by Gehry in collaboration with Yasuhisa Toyota, the acoustician of the Walt Disney Concert Hall. (There is also a 200-seat "black box" theater.) Ambitions for the complex are lofty: for openers, at the end of this month, Botstein will conduct Gustav Mahler's Symphony No. 3, Racine's *Phèdre* will be performed, and in July, Leoš Janáček's *Osud* will be staged, with sets designed by Gehry. —MATT TYRNAUER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TODD EBERLE



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LONG TALL TEDDY Ted Williams in 1939, his rookie season with the Red Sox. He was so tall and skinny no one imagined he would be such a slugger.

ARTHUR GRIFFIN

The Lure of Ted Williams

Baseball great Ted Williams brought the same passion to fishing as to hitting, and for six decades he hit, fished, and argued with a man who understood (and forgave) his dark side, Boston teammate Bobby Doerr. With this excerpt from his new book, *The Teammates*, the author explores a glorious friendship in two sports

BY DAVID HALBERSTAM

What the other three remembered about seeing Ted Williams for the first time was that he was so tall and skinny, and looked so goofy. The idea of him as a pro ballplayer, let alone the great pro ballplayer and the great power hitter he would one day become, seemed most unlikely. No one that skinny could be a ballplayer, they all thought. "Six foot three and 147 pounds, the skinniest thing I ever saw," his friend and teammate Bobby Doerr remembered. Dominic DiMaggio, another teammate of Williams's, recalled his first glimpse much the same way: "Like a broom holding a bat."

Doerr remembered his first look at Ted. It was June 1936, and the original Hollywood Stars had just moved to San Diego and been reborn as the Padres, after Bill Lane, the owner, balked at a 100 percent rent increase for Wrigley Field, the ballpark the Stars and the Los Angeles Angels shared. Some San Diego politicians induced Lane to move the team south to what then was a city of less than 200,000 people. It was right before a game, just as the regulars were taking batting practice, when Williams, who had been playing for a local school, Herbert Hoover High, was brought in for a tryout. "I was standing right near the batting cage," Doerr remembered, "on the first-base side—I don't know why I was there, but I remember the scene distinctly. And here is this kid, and he is really skinny. You wanted to laugh—no one that thin could possibly hit. 'Let the kid hit,' Frank Shellenback [the team manager] is saying, because he's been told that by Bill Lane, who wants to look at Ted. The veterans are all grumbling—you know, we all wanted our batting-practice swings. No one thinks he can be a ballplayer, he's much too thin, and we've got a game in an hour or two, and he's not even going to play with us. So we're impatient, and there's a lot of resentment, a lot of muttering. And then he started to swing. And we all remembered that swing. You paid attention to the swing. He hit six or seven balls very hard,

Excerpted from *The Teammates*, by David Halberstam, to be published this month by Hyperion; © 2003 by the Amateurs Ltd.

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and all the veterans are starting to watch, and it's getting very quiet, and I remember one veteran player saying, 'That kid is going to be signed before the week is out.'"

Joe DiMaggio hit in 56 consecutive games, but he never won 33,277 arguments in a row, like Ted Williams, the champion of contentiousness



OUTFIELD OF DREAMS Joe DiMaggio, Williams, and Dominic DiMaggio, at Yankee Stadium, 1942.

They had, the four of them—Ted Williams, Dom DiMaggio, Bobby Doerr, and Johnny Pesky—played together on the Red Sox teams of the 1940s; Williams and Doerr went back even further: they had been teenagers together on the San Diego Padres of the old Pacific Coast minor league and played with Boston in the late 30s. All four were men of a certain generation, born right at the end of World War I within 31 months of one another—DiMaggio in 1917, Doerr and Williams in 1918, and Pesky in 1919. Doerr's middle name, in fact, was Pershing, after John "Black Jack" Pershing, the general who had led the American troops in Europe in the Great War.

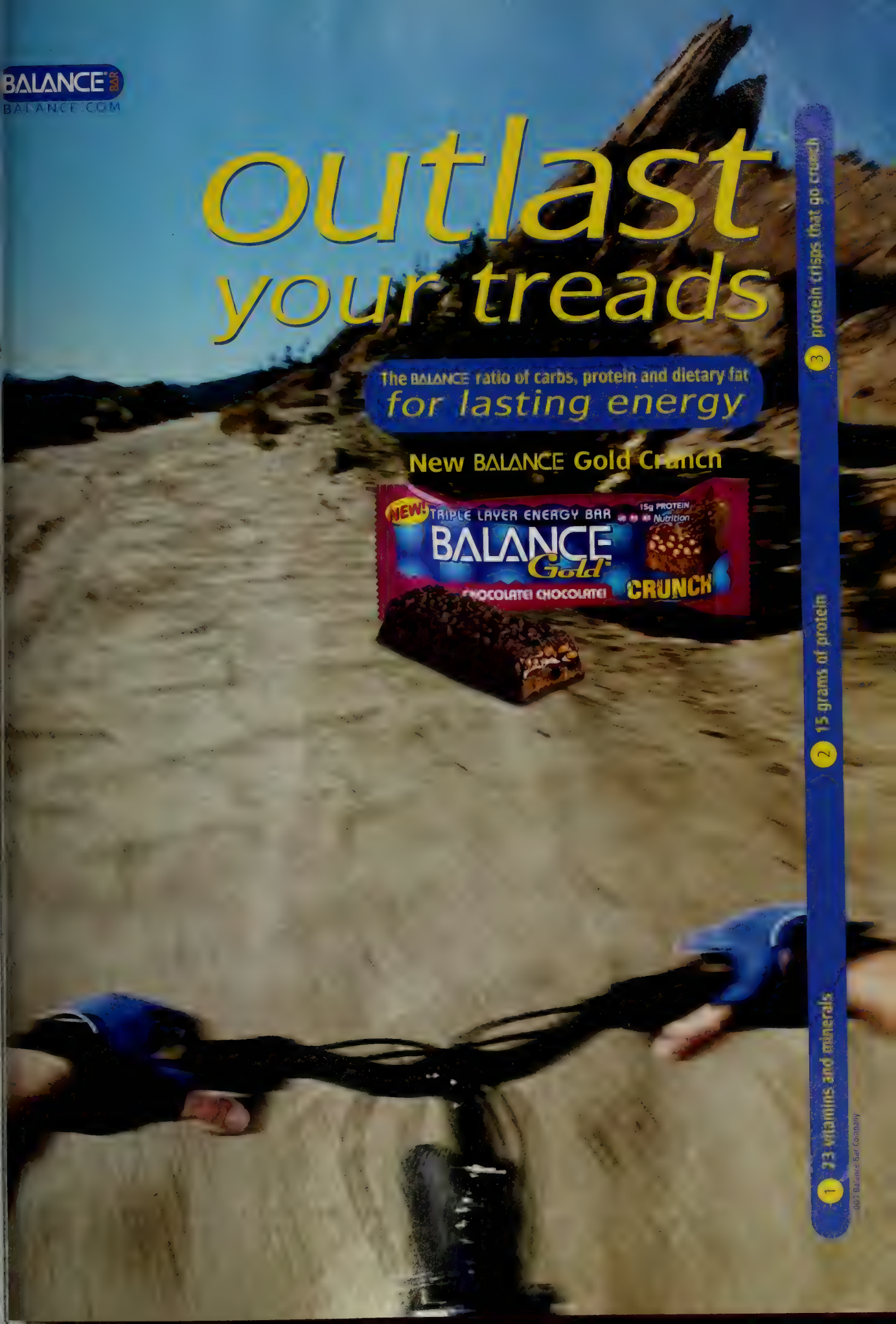
They were all special men—smart, purposeful, hardworking—and they had seized on baseball as their one chance to get ahead in America. They had done exceptionally well in their chosen field. Williams and Doerr were in the Hall of Fame. Many of the players from that era were puzzled that DiMaggio and Pesky had not been eventually inducted by the old-timers' committee, which took a belated second look at who had made the Hall and who had not. That was particularly true in the case of Dominic DiMaggio, who had been an all-star seven times; Williams himself believed it was a travesty that Dominic was not in the Hall. None of the four, most assuredly, had gotten rich off the game, not in the era they played in and not in the material sense, for the richness they had taken from it was more subtle and complicated. A couple years ago, Pesky and DiMaggio were together at the funeral of Elizabeth "Lib" Dooley, a beloved Red Sox rooter who was considered the team's foremost fan, having attended nearly every home game from 1944 to 1999, and John casually asked Dominic how much he had made in his best year. Forty thousand, Dominic answered, and then he asked John the same question. Twenty-two five, Pesky said.

They had, after all, grown up in a much poorer America, when career expectations were considerably lower, when the people who went off to college were generally the people whose parents had gone off to college before them. Two of the four, DiMaggio and Pesky, were the children of immigrants. In DiMaggio's home, Italian was still spoken, and Pesky's real family name was Paveskovich, as his Croatian parents were still known, at least to themselves if not to the larger world. Williams had grown up in what was ostensibly a traditional Scotch-Irish home—what name could be more American than Williams?—but in fact his mother, unbeknownst to most of Ted's friends, was half Mexican.

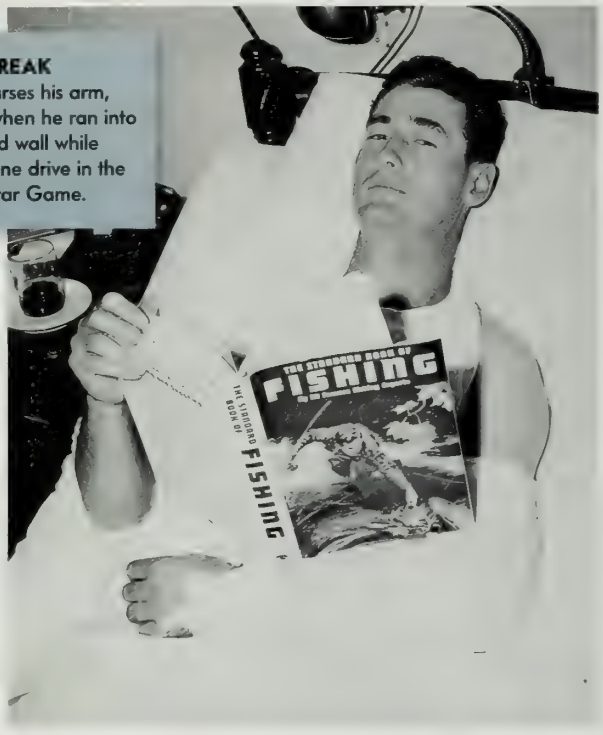
For their entire careers they were basically one-city, one-organization men. Only Pesky played for any team other than Boston, when, at the tail end of his career, he was briefly with Detroit and then Washington, but the others felt those years and those at-bats did not really count. "We were all lucky to play professional ball, and, even more important, to play in Boston, which was such a great baseball town and a good organization. We were like kids in the candy store," Pesky recalled. "We felt very lucky to be in Boston," Doerr agreed.

That was something unusual in baseball: four men who played for one team, who became good friends, and who remained friends for more than 60 years. Their lives were forever linked through a thousand box scores, through long hours of traveling on trains together, through shared moments of triumph, and, even more in the case of the Red Sox, through shared moments of disappointment. They were aware that they had been unusually lucky, not just in the successful quality of their careers but also in the richness of the friendships they had made. And they were all too aware that it was unlikely to happen again, that the vast changes in the sport, especially free agency, made rosters more volatile, while the huge salaries somehow served to lessen the connection among teammates rather than solidify it. They and others who followed the sport realized there was less continuity and community on teams. Of the Red Sox teams of the 70s it was said that, when the team plane landed, the players quickly dispersed on their own—"25 players, 25 cabs."

Ted was the most compelling personality among them, not just the best ballplayer—perhaps the greatest hitter of all time—but the most dominating personality as well, both generous and combative


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in the same instant, ever tempestuous, the man-child who dominated every conversation, who shouted others down, who never lost a single argument to anyone. Joe DiMaggio, Dom's older brother, might have hit in 56 consecutive games, a seemingly unrivaled record, but he never won 33,277 arguments in a row, like Ted Williams, the undisputed champion of contentiousness. Ted Williams never lost an argument, in no small part because he was bright and he marshaled his facts and argued well, but also because he shouted all the time and appointed himself judge and jury at the end of each argument to decide who won. He never lost an argument because he was Ted Williams. In his playing days, he would be there every day in the clubhouse, holding forth—the Ted Williams Lecture Series—at least a speech per day, orating and arguing at the same time. "I can," John Pesky said 60 years after he heard the basic lecture for the first time, "still hear him telling us, because he said it again and again, 'You'll get one good pitch to hit. One good pitch. That's all. Don't count on more. So you better know the strike zone. And when you get that one good pitch you better hit it and hit it hard. Remember, just one good pitch.'"



TOUGH BREAK
Williams nurses his arm, shattered when he ran into the left-field wall while chasing a line drive in the 1950 All-Star Game.

For many years, the glue that held them together as friends was Williams; someone that great, one of the very best ever at what they all did, had rare peer power. "It was," Pesky once said of him, "like there was a star on top of his head, pulling everyone toward him like a beacon, and letting everyone around him know that he was different and that he was special in some marvelous way and that we were that much more special because we had played with him."

He might not, the other three teammates knew, be the easiest man in the world to deal with. He always did what he wanted and never did anything he did not. But to no small degree they stayed close because he willed them to stay close. In a way, they had become his family his real family, the one from his childhood, had been difficult, always causing him more pain than pleasure—and there was an awareness that Ted was always there for them. (This was true as well for some of Ted's other teammates, who were far less successful financially than Pesky, Doerr, and DiMaggio and who badly needed Ted's help later in life. If a former teammate was living near the poverty line, Ted would somehow find out and quietly make sure that he had enough money.)

When they were playing, Ted had been closest to Bobby Doerr. Bobby was five months older, but infinitely more mature, with an uncommon emotional equilibrium that would stay with him throughout his life. He never seemed to get angry or to get down. This stood in sharp contrast to Williams's almost uncontrollable volatility and meteoric mood swings. It was as if Ted had somehow understood the difference, that Bobby was balanced as he was not and that Bobby could handle things that he could not. Ted somehow understood that he needed Bobby's calm, and he seized on his friend's maturity and took comfort in it from the start.

A home video exists featuring Williams and Doerr, the two of them arguing about hitting in the middle of a fishing trip on the Rogue River in southwestern Oregon in 1987. It captures a wonderful moment, one of many chapters in the 60-year debate between Williams and Doerr over hitting. Whenever the subject arose, Doerr became, in Ted's words, "that goddamn Bobby Doerr," as in "I can't teach that goddamn Bobby Doerr anything about hitting. I don't know what's wrong with him. He just won't listen." The marathon debate had begun when they were young; even then Ted was the most passionate of hitters, and hitting was nothing less than a science for him. No one studied it as diligently as he did, and he never put comparable energy into, say, the science of fielding. Ted was in a class apart in the way he constantly scrutinized pitchers ("dumb by breed") and what they threw and when they threw it. In the precomputerized age, everything was categorized and everything was stored away. As such, he was rarely surprised by what pitchers threw; if anyone was surprised, it was likely to be the pitcher. Ted was immensely frustrated by the fact that Bobby, a very good natural hitter, was not as passionate about the subject as he was.

There were all too many games when Ted would ask Bobby what kind of pitch he had just hit, and Bobby would say that he did not know, he had just gone up there and hit the ball. Ted would say, Goddamn it! How could Bobby Doerr not goddamn know what he had swung at? And then Bobby would try to explain the difference between being a middle infielder, where you were in on every play or at least had to be ready to be in on every play, and being an outfielder, where the pressures were far less intense. Being a middle infielder drained you. Well, an answer like that was pure bullshit, in the loudly expressed opinion of Theodore Samuel Williams, but if Bobby Doerr wanted to go through life being a goddamn .280 hitter, instead of a .300 hitter, he had Ted Williams's permission to do it. (Actually, Doerr turned out to be a career .288 hitter.) All of their teammates knew of the debate, had witnessed it countless times, and could years later quote back Ted's side, if not Bobby's, which had often been drowned out.

What none of them knew, or at least knew at the time, was that Bobby Doerr was one of the few people who could correct Ted when he slipped out of sync with his own swing. Periodically, Doerr noticed,

"It was," Pesky said, "like there was a star on top of Ted's head, pulling everyone toward him like a beacon, letting everyone know he was differe t



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Ted would go on a bit of a long-ball binge, hungering for home runs instead of just going up there and swinging naturally. When that happened, he tended to drop his hands just before he started his swing, but he did not bring them back up as he normally would, and it would throw the swing off. If anyone else tried to talk to Ted about

At the crux of their ongoing debate, even more than Ted's feeling that Bobby should be more passionate, was the fact that Ted believed, actually he *knew,* you should always swing slightly up, as in: Well, of course, you should swing slightly up because the goddamn pitcher's mound, as everyone who knows anything

least it was with the smaller steelheads. He invited Ted to come out and see for himself. Steelheads, it should be noted, are anadromous rainbow trout, fierce game fish that are born and spawn in freshwater, but live in saltwater. They are more like salmon than trout, and are much prized by serious fishermen. Ted was interested in

"I can't teach that goddamn Bobby Doerr anything about hitting," said Williams. "I don't know what's wrong with him. He just won't liste





BAT MEN Williams and Bobby Doerr in 1949. *Inset,* Williams and Doerr on the Rogue River in Oregon, 1987.

at all about baseball except for Bobby Doerr knows, is 15 inches higher than the plate. (It was lowered to 10 inches after the 1968 season, when pitchers appeared to be overpowering hitters and the M.V.P.'s in both leagues, Bob Gibson and Denny McLain, were pitchers.) What was even worse, even more trying, was that he, Ted Williams—the last man to hit .400 in a season, as he and everyone else knew, and therefore he did not have to mention the fact—had been trying to explain this simple fact to Bobby Doerr for all those years and Doerr still did not listen, still insisted on that stupid, level swing of his. All that Doerr would do was answer that his swing worked for him. Which was obviously a terrible and inadequate answer. Well, then, maybe someone else could do something about Bobby Doerr, because he, Ted Williams, was going to wash his hands of Bobby and that sorry flat swing.

But Ted could never quite bring himself to let the matter drop, as the video proved. Ted had called Bobby that year and asked how the steelhead fishing was out in Illahe, Oregon, where the Doerrs had a rustic home. Bobby said it was good, or at

going after the big steelheads; Bobby said that might be more problematic, but that they would give it a shot and go out on the Rogue River, considered a great river for steelheads. Ted, in time, showed up, his three marriages by then over, and he was with a wonderful lady named Lou Kaufman, a kind and forgiving person with whom he had lived since the mid-70s. She was much admired by most of Ted's old friends and was, by consensus among them, the woman in Ted's life who seemed to understand him best and who could calm him down most readily when one of those instant moments of pure anger had been triggered. She was thoughtful and truly loving—and she seemed, I once thought, when we were all three together for a day back in 1988, as much parent to him as lady friend.

On this trip Ted was, Bobby thought, quite hyper—really revved up—and, as sometimes happened when he was in such a state, he was particularly hard on Lou. Practiced at how to handle this situation, she deflected much of his anger, pretending as if it were not really there. By contrast, Ted was respectful to Monica Doerr, as always, in part because she was Bobby's wife, and in part because she never bought into his baseball fame and whatever right it bestowed on him to be temperamental. She did not treat him as the Great Ted Williams, but just as she would any other friend of Bobby's.

Bobby thought Ted was edgy because several of Bobby's buddies were coming down to fish with them, and Ted was anxious about meeting them, wondering if it would work out all right with these strangers—like a little boy uncertain how he would do with new acquaintances. But then he met them and decided they were O.K., and he began to relax. He was loud and voluble nonetheless, and on their second day on the Rogue he started nicking away at Bobby on the subject of hitting. "You always chopped at the ball," he said. "No,

his swing, he would explode, but Bobby could, though he had to do it in private. It all had to be done very deftly, phrased carefully, a loving suggestion, never a criticism. Even so, the fact that Ted would listen to Bobby reflected the unique trust he had in him. Doerr was, in fact, very astute about Williams as a hitter. For instance, in 1941, the year Ted hit .406, Bobby noticed that he had made a slight adaptation in his swing because he had chipped a bone in his right ankle during spring training. Every day Williams would have the ankle wrapped, and he favored it throughout the season. Because of that, Bobby believed, Williams as a [illegible] hitter was favoring his right, [illegible] and staying back a little more. [illegible] swung and so he hit an inordinate [illegible] of sinking line drives just past the [illegible] baseman into right field.


SKYY
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I didn't chop," Doerr countered. "I never understood why you chopped at the ball so much," Ted answered, thus turning the disputed point into a fact. As the argument continued into the third day, they decided to have a hitting clinic, right there on the banks of the Rogue. When they took their morning break, Williams and Doerr, in their grubby fishing clothes, agreed to present their respective arguments. Fortunately for posterity, one of Doerr's friends had a video camera. The other men gathered around, and ground rules were set: five minutes for each man to make his case. First, Ted gave his view of hitting, that the pitcher's mound was up, and so you had to swing slightly up, 12 percent to be exact. (If this was true, Bobby had sometimes teased him, what about curveballs, which broke down? Should they be hit with a 45-degree upswing?) Then it was Bobby's turn: he believed too many hitters swung over the ball precisely because they were swinging up. Patiently and modestly, he laid out his case, while, in the background, Ted tried to distract him, arguing, haranguing, doing everything he could to break Bobby's concentration.



CATCH OF THE DAY Williams brings in a bonefish in the Florida Keys, 1955. He owned a house there for 30-odd years.

Anyone watching the video had to wonder what it must have been like for other fishermen on the Rogue that day, floating down the river in search of steelheads and coming upon this boisterous party on the bank, and hearing an overpowering voice echoing up and down the river, and looking up to see a tall, older man wearing baggy old clothes, shouting to everyone and then taking practice baseball swings. Any other fisherman witnessing this must have been utterly puzzled by the scene—batting practice on the Rogue River during steelhead season?—and then realized, even as his boat swept by and went a little farther down the river, what it was all about and that that large, rather voluble man was Ted Williams—yes, Ted Williams—holding a riverbank hitting clinic.

Fishing, as much as baseball, had always brought Williams and Doerr together. A couple of neighbors—in particular, a man named Les Cassie, whose own sons weren't much interested in fishing—had taken Williams fishing as a boy, and he had loved it from the first, the solitude of it, the way it enabled him to escape from other pressures at least temporarily, and, perhaps most important for Williams, the chance it offered to seek perfection and to excel in yet another arena. Bobby Doerr had also been pulled toward the outdoors since boyhood, and when he had played with the Padres, Les Cook, the team trainer, kept photos of the Rogue posted on his notice board. Cook fished the river in the off-season and often talked with Doerr about how beautiful the river was, and how good the steelhead fishing was there. So when Bobby was 18 years old, still a minor-leaguer, he went there with Cook, and he knew from the first day he saw it that he had found an outdoorsman's paradise. In time, borrowing a little money from his father, he bought 160 acres there, and for the next 60 years he never emotionally left the area.

Bobby Doerr loved Ted Williams. Knew all of his faults and loved him just the same. It was a rare thing to go back that far with anyone, let alone a teammate, and to share so much history with him, Doerr believed. As two young, new players on the Padres they had bonded first because they both liked going to movie Westerns, especially ones starring Gene Autry or Hoot Gibson. Doerr soon became Ted's confidant, the one person he could always turn to. Later, when they were both on the Red Sox, and Williams struggled to deal with fans and the media, and on occasion with some of his older teammates, he and Doerr would often arrive in a city by train and check into the hotel together. Williams, restless and edgy—always high-strung from the pressures that went with being a superstar, from the additional pressures to excel that he put on himself, and, Doerr guessed, from the nature of his emotional wiring—would want to go for a walk, but only with Doerr. If another player wanted to join them, Ted would, more often than not, simply go back to his room. Being close to Ted in those years had given Doerr a special sense of the pressures that are suffered by a star on a great team.

It was a cherished friendship for both of them. But that did not mean it was ever easy. There were going to be wonderful days with Ted, and there were going to be stormy days as well—tempestuous was the word that Bobby used for his friend. There were going to be things Ted did that you simply could not explain to other people, who would find the changes in his behavior inexplicable. Sometimes for no apparent reason he would simply explode at you, and it made no difference what you did or said; if you were there when one of those moods hit, then it was simply your bad luck.

That extended to fishing with him, whether in Oregon or back in the Florida Keys during the 30-odd years that Ted had a place there. Part of it was that he was always both a perfectionist and a purist, as much in his fishing incarnation as in his baseball one. Everyone knew that, including Carl Yastrzemski, the talented ballplayer who had replaced Ted in left field for Boston in 1961, two men playing one position for one team from 1939 to 1983 (minus Ted's years in the service). Back when Yaz was playing, Ted still went to spring training as a hitting instructor. Hearing that Yaz liked to fish, Ted invited

"Watch out when you fish with Ted," Billy Goodman, a former teammate, warned Doerr. "You won't even be able to get in the boat the right way



Miguel Arteta,
independent film director

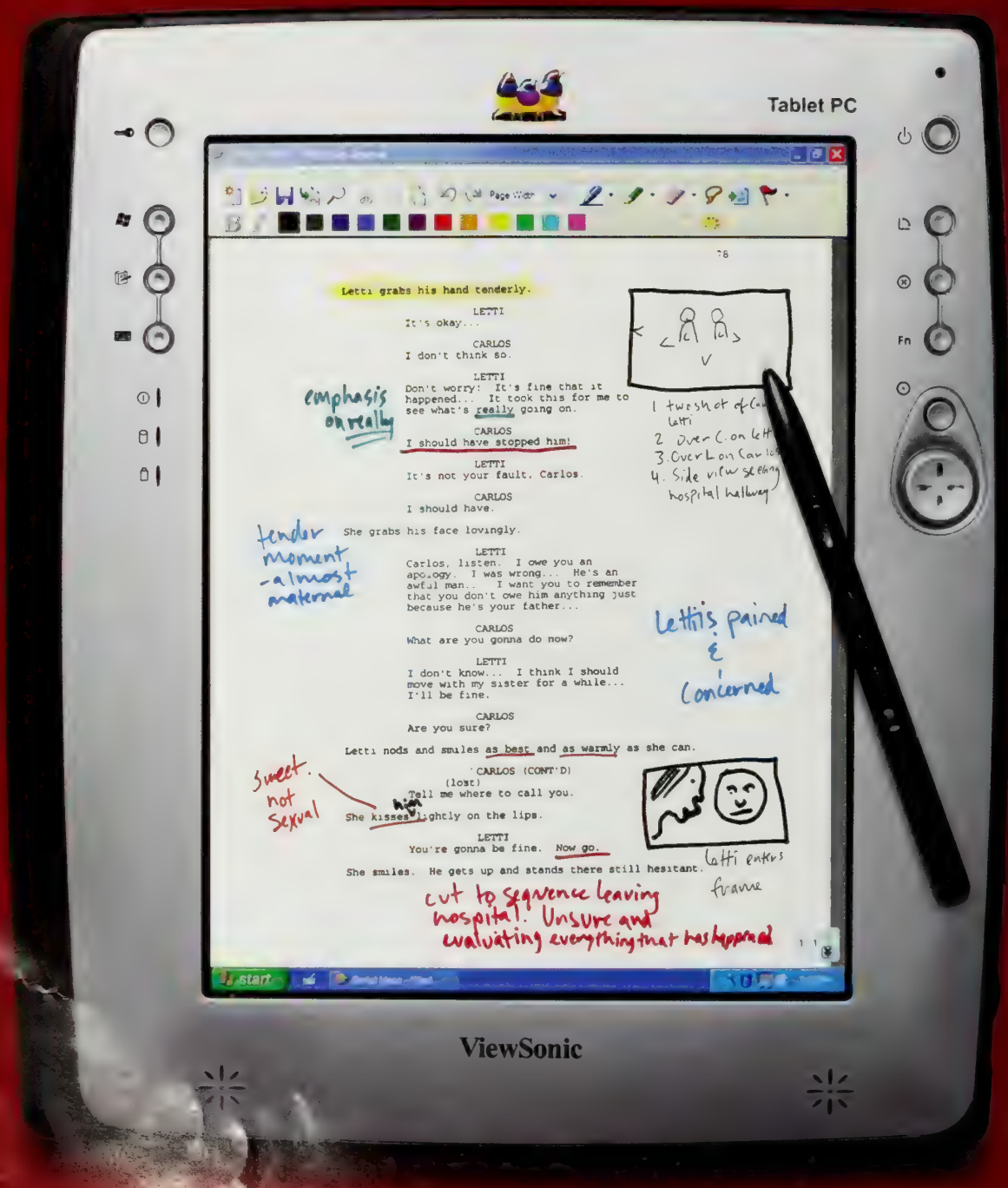
eta maxed out 16 credit cards for feature debut, *Star Maps* (1997); film garnered widespread critical claim. He and his collaborators Matthew Greenfield and Mike hite followed up with an ode to ession, *Chuck & Buck* (2000), and e darkly comedic *The Good Girl* 02). The director is photographed on Sunset Boulevard.

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him to go fishing. At the appointed hour, Yaz showed up at the dock where Ted kept his boat, albeit carrying a cooler. "What's in the cooler?" Ted asked. "Some beer," Yaz answered. "There's no beer drinking allowed on my boat," Ted said. "O.K.—see you, Ted," said Yaz, who turned away and went home. Ted's old teammate Billy Goodman, who for a time had lived near Ted in Florida, used to warn Doerr about fishing with Ted. "Bobby, watch out when you fish with him. You won't even be able to get in the boat the right way—you're sure to do something wrong." (In fact, to Billy Goodman's eternal shame, he had done something quite egregious: on a very hot day in the Keys when Ted was supplying everything else—boat, rods, lures, and lunch, usually an apple—and Billy's one responsibility was to bring a thermos of ice-cold water, he had forgotten the water. That, given the brutal heat in the Keys, was not a misdemeanor; it was perilously close to a felony.)

"We all remembered that swing," Doerr recalled of batting practice in 1936. "One veteran player said, 'That kid will be signed before the week is out.'"

One of the worst days of Bobby Doerr's life had been spent fishing with Ted in the Keys. It was in Islamorada in 1961 or '62, before the developers had found and overbuilt the area; it was still one of the great light-tackle fishing venues in America, especially good for tarpon and bonefish. Bobby had been scouting for the Red Sox, looking at a catcher named Carl Taylor, who lived in Key West. Taylor was the half-brother of Boog Powell, the big, powerful first-baseman of the Baltimore Orioles, and the price on Taylor was going to be around $50,000, a lot of money in those days. So the scouting process was serious business. Bobby was going to be in the Keys for a few days, and Ted invited him to come by and do a little fishing. The tarpon fishing, Ted told him, was very good just then.

Here it should be noted that Bobby Doerr is a first-rate fisherman, a man who takes the sport with appropriate seriousness. Any man who built one of his two homes in the most remote part of Oregon because of the steelhead fishing and who went there regularly before there was even a road into the area is someone who has obviously made fishing a singular priority. By Doerr's own estimate, and he is an uncommonly modest man, he was not as good a fly-fisherman as Ted—almost no one he ever knew was. "Ted was so big and powerful that he could always put the fly 20 feet farther on a cast than I could," Doerr recalled. But Doerr could obviously handle a fly rod with exceptional skill, and the best evidence of this was that Ted always looked forward to fishing with him.

On this day, they arose in Ted's very comfortable home in Islamorada (spotless, everything perfectly cared for, and everything put away, as if to stand in direct contrast to the grim, messy home he had grown up in), and Ted said that he would do the eggs if Bobby would do the grapefruit, and, almost as an omen of what was to come that day, Bobby had cut the grapefruit improperly. There, in the home of one of the last great perfectionists in America, he made one great circular sweep with the special grapefruit knife, thus separating the fruit from the rind, but he stopped there, and, regrettably, he did not cut the grapefruit into little sections! Ted didn't explode at Bobby, but he did say something sharp about it, and there was no doubt that Bobby had transgressed, that he had failed the grapefruit-cutting test, the first but by no means the last test of the morning. Then they went to the dock for the boat that Ted used—a small, flat boat, about 14 or 15 feet long, with as little draw as possible, because so much of the fishing in the Keys is sight fishing and you have to pole the boat in very shallow water. Bobby had had to borrow a pair of tennis shoes for the day, and he tracked some dirt onto the boat as they got in. Ted shouted at him, Goddamn it, why can't you wash your shoes down? It was not a good sign. Billy Goodman, it turned out, had been a prophet.

To go after tarpon, they were using a new casting reel that Ted had been working on for Sears—he had been hired as a fishing expert and adviser for the company. As soon as they got out into the water there were very big tarpon all around them, rolling on the surface, some of them, it seemed, well over 100 pounds. Ted was poling the boat, and Bobby was fishing, standing on the seat, on top of a tackle box, which they were using for extra height in order to spot the fish better.

Earlier, before they went out, Ted had been pushing to use spinning reels, which were more modern and less likely to have snarls, but Bobby, somewhat of a traditionalist, suggested the new casting reel, it being a more modern version of the kind of reel used before spinning reels were invented. They soon spotted a very big fish, and Bobby cast out to it, and as he did he sensed that the line in his reel was for some reason too loose, even though he had checked it earlier. Line too loose in a reel was a genuine problem because it could easily snarl, creating a complicated knot inside the reel, thus stopping the line from feeding out when a big fish began its run. Bobby tried to tighten the line, thought he had succeeded, and now made a perfect cast. The fish, a big tarpon, at least 80 pounds, maybe more, hit the lure and jumped twice and then went down deep, part of its run, but there was a backlash in the reel, the line quickly knotted, and the fish broke off. Ted simply exploded—at Bobby, the line, the reel, and the fish.

Bobby, something of an expert on Ted's language, had never heard anything like it before. There was an explanation, of course: here was the perfect day, the perfect fish, and Ted was being the perfect host, not fishing himself but putting his best friend on to a giant fish; everything had been perfect, and yet failure had resulted. Ted hated failure—for complicated reasons it was more threatening to him than it was to most men. Days like this—fish that big and eager to hit so readily on the first cast—did not come that often; it was far too easy for something to go wrong. Thus, in his anger, he began shouting that Bobby with his goddamn reel had really screwed up. This was a violation of the cardinal rule of fishing: when two men are fishing together and one of them breaks off on a big fish, the presumption is that the man who loses the fish feels bad enough as it is, and does not need to be taken to the woodshed.

They did not see any more groups of tarpon rolling like that, but they did spot individual tarpon, lying on top of the water motionless, looking at a distance like giant logs. Soon they moved in on another fish, but the angle was bad, and Bobby cast poorly, missing the chance to lead the fish properly, and spooking it in the process. The tarpon raced off into other waters. This provoked more X-rated language from Ted, and Bobby had a sense by then that, surrounded by giant fish or not, this day was going to be a first-rate disaster, one that he would long regret.

Just then they spotted another huge tarpon lying in the water, but the problem with this fish was that, given the angle of the sun, it was impossible to tell which end was the head and which the tail, a critical factor if you are trying to cast just above

the head. So Bobby cast, and this cast, unlike the previous one, was perfect, except for one thing: he had cast to the tail, which spooked the fish. At this point Ted was apoplectic. A brief, heavily expurgated summation of his tirade was that Bobby goddamn Doerr did not know a goddamn thing about fishing, that he had taken shots at three goddamn giant fish—goddamn trophy fish—and screwed each one up, spooking two and breaking one off, though a child could have caught all three.

At that point Bobby's back began to hurt—he had a chronic bad back, which had ended his baseball career earlier than he had wanted. Standing on the tackle box seemed to be making it worse, so he stepped down, fervently hoping that they would not see another tarpon for the rest of the day. But then Ted started shouting for him to get the hell back up there, because there were going to be more goddamn fish. And regrettably there were. For right at that moment, they spotted the biggest tarpon of the morning. Perhaps 150 pounds. Just lying out there. Bobby's fatigue and dismay were replaced by the eternal optimism of all fishermen, that the last cast of the day will bring the biggest fish.

Bobby made a perfect cast, thanking the gods for that. As the lure moved near the tarpon's mouth, Ted said, "Give it a twitch," and Bobby did. The fish seemed to be eyeing the lure more closely. "Give it another twitch," Ted said, and Bobby did. The fish hit the lure hard and took off. Then it jumped, majestic, bigger than they had thought, and took off again. And then the line broke. Bobby was sure that he had done everything right, that the drag was set correctly on the reel so that the line was not too tight, and that he had handled the fish perfectly in their brief but exciting encounter, with a solid but nuanced tension point on the line. But the line had snapped anyway. What had happened, he decided later, was that the backlash on the first cast of the day had somehow weakened the line somewhere and created a stress point, causing it to snap later. Whatever happened, it occasioned the worst verbal assault on him yet.

It was an awful day. One of those days that stand out in a long and wonderful friendship for all the wrong reasons. Here they were, trying to do something that was supposed to give them both pleasure, but everything had gone wrong, and it had put their relationship to an acid test. Had Bobby Doerr been anyone else, someone not as balanced, someone not as comfortable with himself, someone who didn't understand Ted so well, it might have ended the friendship.

"What's in the cooler?" Ted asked Carl Yastrzemski. "Some beer," Yaz answered. "There's no drinking allowed on my boat," Ted said



REEL PLEASURE
Williams in 1956; he was happiest on the water, but fishing with him could be a harrowing experience if things didn't go right.

HY PESKIN

But Bobby understood the complete context. That was Ted. They had been friends for some 25 years, and Ted loved him. What you had to do at moments like this was simply get through it and put it behind you.

What he also understood was that the person Ted was hardest on, excepting perhaps his wives and children, was himself. Up until then Bobby had thought there were two Ted Williamses: a sunny, joyous, generous one who could not wait for another day of life, especially if it involved a game of baseball or a fishing expedition; then there was the impatient and explosive Ted, unable to control his moods, as grown men were supposed to. For the first time, Doerr decided there might be even a third Ted Williams, someone even darker and more volatile, with even less self-control. They went to the house, and that night Ted said, "I guess I was a little tough on you out there today." That, Bobby thought, was as close to an apology as one was ever going to get from Ted Williams.

Perhaps I should note here that I had a sixth sense about scenes like this taking place on the water, and though I am a very serious fisherman and get great pleasure from my time on the water, I had concealed the fact that I am a fisherman from Ted Williams when we met for the first time, in 1988. There was a reason for this: I am skilled with old-fashioned casting reels and with spinning rigs, the chosen tackle for light saltwater fishing

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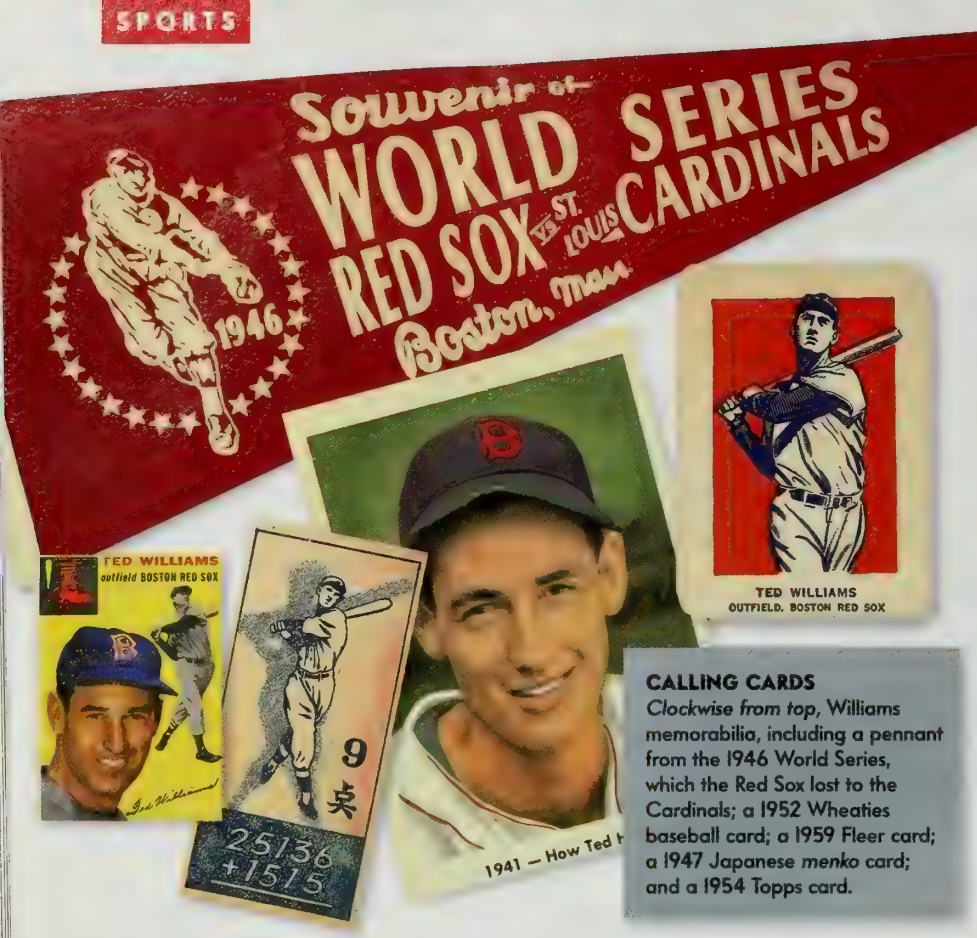
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CALLING CARDS
Clockwise from top, Williams memorabilia, including a pennant from the 1946 World Series, which the Red Sox lost to the Cardinals; a 1952 Wheaties baseball card; a 1959 Fleer card; a 1947 Japanese *menko* card; and a 1954 Topps card.

(bluefish and striped bass) off Nantucket, where I have a summer home. But I am not good with a fly rod, which surely would have been Ted's preferred instrument, especially if we had gone for bonefish, which I had pursued on earlier trips to Islamorada without much success. Fly-fishing demands a far greater level of skill than spin casting. I came to it relatively late in life, and I do not get much chance to practice. I grade myself a C+ practitioner, although occasionally I fish for a week or so and get myself up to B–, but then inevitably I slip back.

I was interviewing Ted for my book about the 1949 pennant race between the Yankees and the Red Sox, *Summer of '49,* and I knew if I told Ted I fished he would insist we go fishing first (his terrain and area of expertise) and do the interview second (my terrain and area of expertise). Somehow I [illegible] ahead. Though I did not yet know the story of Bobby Doerr and [illegible] imagine one just like it, with me fishing like a donkey. Then [illegible] take me seriously as a reporter and h[illegible] an. My grade as writer would [illegible] C+ I got as a fly-fisherman, or perhaps it would be even worse, for I might unravel under the pressure of his cold and unsparing eye. Perhaps the interview would be canceled entirely. It was all too great a risk to take. And so I was secretive about it and waited until the very end of our long day together, and then, as we were parting, I slyly mentioned that I was a fisherman. Well, goddamn, why hadn't I told him? he exploded. We could have spent the day fishing, and done the interview the following day. Yes, I said, it was a shame we had not gotten our priorities right, but maybe next time . . .

Ted was a big kid who had never aged. . . . I was alternately dazzled and then almost exhausted by his energy and his gift for life

My day with him had been magical. Because Ted Williams had remained properly wary of all reporters, the people he called "the Knights of the Keyboard," the visit had been midwifed by our mutual friend, Bobby Knight, then the basketball coach at Indiana. (I was probably Knight's most unlikely friend, as he was mine, but he had a fascination with the military and with Vietnam, and I had one with college basketball.) The fact that Bobby had vouched for me got me over the moat, and so it was that one morning I was ready at eight at an Islamorada motel, as ordered, when Ted came by, exactly on time, banged on the door, took one look at me, and shouted, "Well, you look just like your goddamn picture—let's go."

I got the first Ted Williams, as Bobby Doerr would see it. What I remember most clearly was the joyousness and the zest for life. There was a great deal of talk about hitting, much of it about his failure to get that goddamn Bobby Doerr to swing slightly up. For a brief time, Ted even worked on my swing—he was kind enough to say that he saw some promise in it. I am six feet three, and I swing lefty, but I think that pretty much took care of any similarities between Ted and me. Ted also, I should point out, wanted to talk politics, and he was considerably more conservative and more hawkish than I. (He seemed to have far greater belief in the effectiveness of airpower used in underdeveloped countries than I did.) And since in those days the great issue of American foreign policy was the degree of intervention in places like El Salvador and Nicaragua, he wanted to argue, which he did, in favor of going there and wiping out anyone who was in our way, and he brushed aside my arguments that neither of these countries posed very much of a threat to the security of the United States of America. I am sure that he won these arguments, because he had, after all, never lost one before.

I have spent no small amount of time in retrospect trying to figure out why it was so glorious a day. Part of it was the matchup—here I was at 54 dealing with a great figure of my childhood, in a scenario that allowed, indeed encouraged, us both to be young again, me to be 12 and him to be 28; part of it was a sense that he was special as a man and that he was, like it or not, a genuine part of American history (something I suspect that he had come to believe in some visceral way himself, but did not know exactly how to articulate); part of it was that he had lived his life in an uncommonly independent way, according to his own norms and beliefs and not those of others; part of it was the fact that at 70 he was still one of the best-looking men in America; but most of it, I decided later, was that he gave so much. It was the unique quality of the energy level—I have rarely seen it matched. He gave more than he took. In the age of cool, he was the least cool of heroes. Rather, he was a big kid who had never aged and had no intention of aging; I was alternately dazzled and then almost

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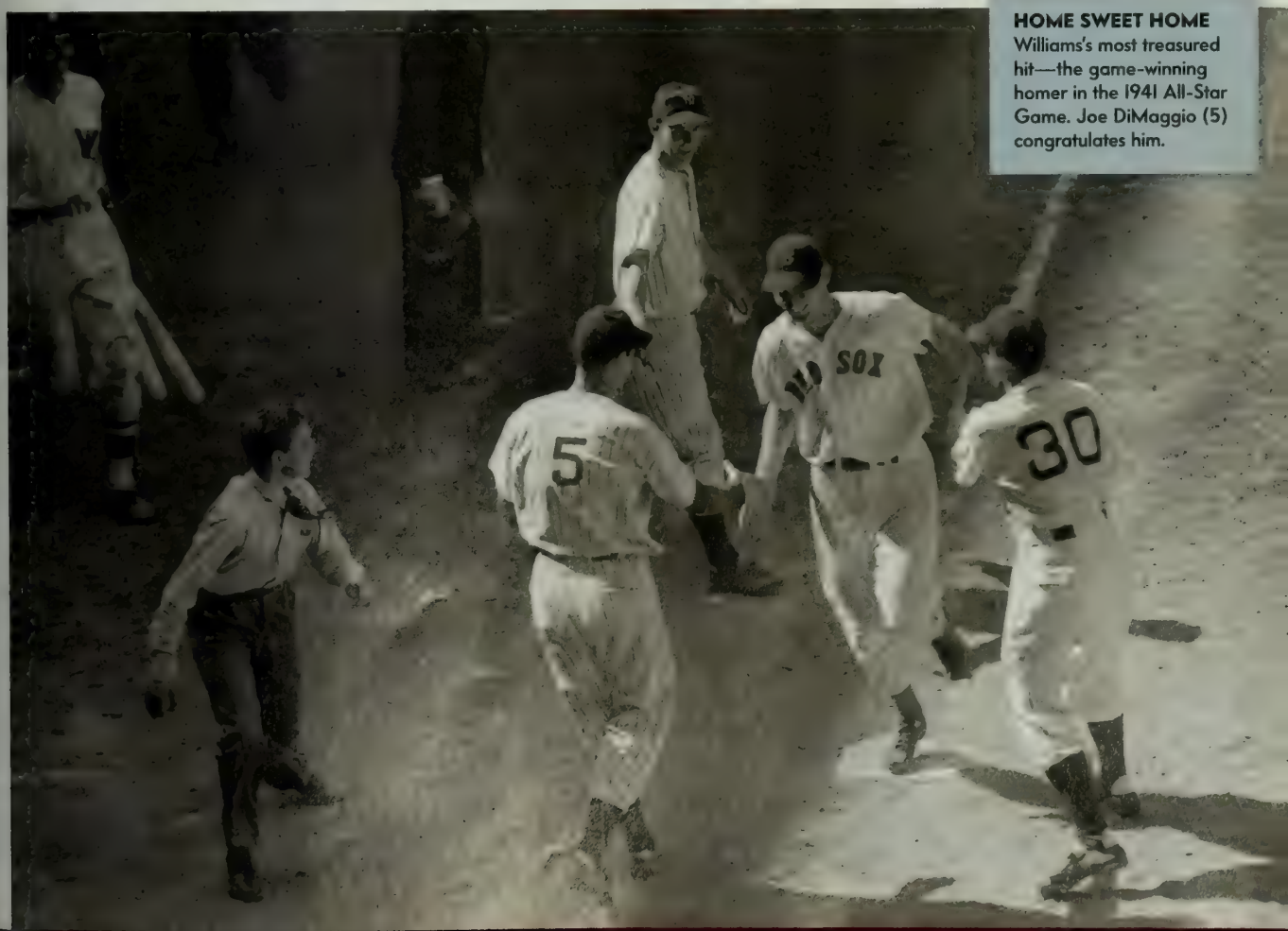
exhausted by his energy and his gift for life.

I have this view of him now, and it was beginning to form back then, that it had all come around to him because he was not a modern man, had always gone his own way, always outside the bounds of contemporary society, and had been so absolutely true to himself. He did not wear ties to tie-certified events. He had crash-landed his plane in Korea once because he thought that there was a better chance to preserve his body that way than if he parachuted out, which might have been harder on his legs. It was a bet, and he had won. He always, if you think about it, bet on himself. He did not go around doing things that would make him popular; instead, even when there were things about him that were appealing, he tended to keep them to himself. He was always his own man.

I think in that sense the .406 is special and defining, not in that he was the last man to accomplish it, but, much more important, because of the way he did it. On the last day of the season, Boston faced the Philadelphia Athletics in a doubleheader; Ted's average rounded out to .400, and manager Joe Cronin had offered him the day off. But Ted Williams did not round things out, and he had played, getting six hits, and taken the average up to .406. Somehow that stands in contrast to so much in today's world, where there is so much hype and where too many athletes who are more than a little artificial have too many publicity representatives and agents, all of whom, it strikes me, would have told their client to sit it out, rather than risk losing millions in endorsements (and in all too many cases the client would have listened). Instead, he had just gone out and done it, long before the Nike people figured that slogan out, that they could make lots of money selling the idea of doing it to millions of Americans who did not just do it. There was an alabaster quality to the decision, and would have been, I think, even if he had gone hitless. The idea of Ted Williams choosing anything else seems inconceivable.

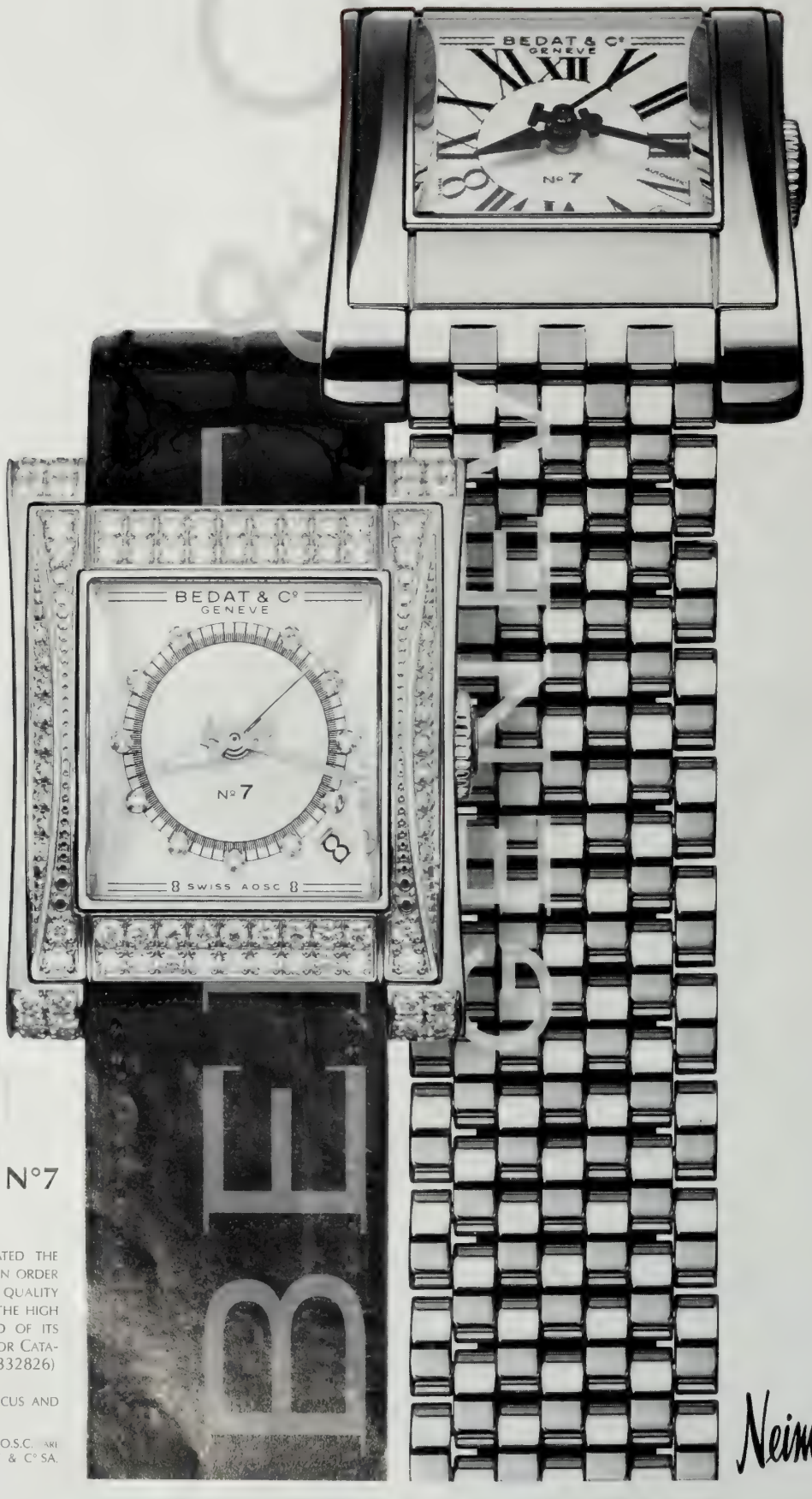
In August 1946, when I was 12, and the Red Sox were making their extraordinary run to the pennant, I had seen Ted play; it was a moment when they were all still young and seemingly immortal, and they had all returned from the war to find that their skills had not deserted them. That summer, my family was still living in Winsted, Connecticut, where we had lived during World War II, and my father was finally back from the war, and it was a big event for us, driving down to Yankee Stadium, in celebration of my brother's 14th birthday. Ted had hit two home runs that day, as had a Yankee catcher named Aaron Robinson, soon to be traded to the White Sox for Eddie Lopat. One of Ted's two home runs had been the hardest ball I have ever seen hit, both then and in the ensuing 56 years, an imperial shot into the third deck in right that seemed to be rising even as it smashed into the seats. And so we were sitting there, 42 years later in Islamorada, and I described that moment, and he looked at me and smiled broadly and said just two words, "Tiny Bonham," which was the name of the pitcher who had served up the ball. Later, it struck me that I had failed slightly as an interviewer by not asking what the count was and what kind of pitch Bonham had thrown. Surely he would have known the answer. □

can hear him telling us," remembered Pesky, "'You'll get one good pitch to hit. And when you get that one good pitch you better hit it and hit it hard.'"



HOME SWEET HOME Williams's most treasured hit—the game-winning homer in the 1941 All-Star Game. Joe DiMaggio (5) congratulates him.

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Elizabeth Banks

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 27, actor. **PROVENANCE:** Pittsfield, Massachusetts. **DUCK AND COVER:** Unlike the rest of us, she was fully prepared for life under the threat of terrorism: "Pittsfield's a General Electric town. Back in the day, we were No. 4 on the hit list for nuclear bombing because G.E.'s major defense systems were there." **GOOD THINGS COME IN THREES:** After a busy 2002 (with roles in *Spider-Man*, *Catch Me if You Can*, and *Swept Away*), Banks shares the spotlight this summer with Tobey Maguire, Jeff Bridges, and Chris Cooper in *Seabiscuit*. "I'd grown up going to the racetrack in Saratoga [New York]. I don't know how many other actresses can read the *Daily Racing Form*, but I can." **ACTUALLY, YOU SLID INTO ACTING:** "I literally fell into acting. I was an athlete and I broke my leg sliding into third base. I needed something to do after school because I couldn't go to practice anymore." **GUESS WHAT SHE HAS IN COMMON WITH THE PRESIDENT?** "I'm a total cliché—cheerleader, National Honor Society, and all those sorts of silly things. I applied early to Penn and got in. I was going to go to law school—the only reason I'm still acting is that doors keep opening and I keep walking through." —KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES WHITE

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIVING WRITER

Neal Pollack on the Campaign Trail

THEY CROWDED INTO THAT CAVERN OF A HALL IN WARREN COUNTY, Iowa, the thick-necked union stevedores bumping up against the gurus staring into their little, twinkling BlackBerrys, the cameramen slouching, yawning—this was another paycheck for them, the video equivalent of covering a high-school football game—and the earnest College Sophomores for Peace, nodding, cheering, taking notes, ready to be of service, ready to *organize,* to make democracy *happen,* under the same tent as the farmers, who were always looking for an angle, and all about them the sagging, concerned faces of the Volkswagen-driving middle-aged, who had seen their revolution co-opted and then turned on its head and then their country taken away from them.



The crowd stood as one and cheered as Howard Dean pounded the lectern. They *were* America singing. Dean felt them surge. He could practically hear the gurus whispering to him in the car after the speech. "You got 'em, Howie," they said in his mind. "On caucus day, they're yours."

But at the core of his populist soul lay a kernel of doubt watered by a sprinkle of indecision. What kind of man was he, Howard Dean, who sought to become president of the United States? How could he, born Horatio Dinotti, son of the last tenement of Montpelier, his grandfather a ragman, his grandmother a ragwoman, hope to slay the vicious Republican dragon that had enslaved America? All the striving, all the focus groups, all the ribs eaten in tents in counties that were really too small to have fairs: what did it all mean?

These are the questions that I, as a reporter, hope to answer. The race for the presidency is on, and I'll be slurping at the trough. I've covered wars, stadium-concert tours, coups, even car shows, and have proved that my talent for writing narrative nonfiction can be applied to any topic. But the campaign is the brass ring, the Shroud of Turin, the Loch Ness monster, that elusive grail of reportage, a chase that leaves few careers intact.

Well, I'm going to be different, because I can be, and because I'm *on fire* right now. In February, I sat on a bus in New Hampshire with a guy from *Newsweek.* There were no candidates. In fact, none were scheduled to arrive for a month. But I wanted to get the feel, the smell, the taste, so that when the candidates and their people began trudging across the idiosyncratic snow, I'd already have a half-dozen scene-setting paragraphs ready.

"The campaign trail is a truly mysterious beast," I said to *Newsweek* Guy. "And I will tell the truth about what it does to men."

"Hmm," he said. His cell phone rang. "No way!" he said into it.

"What?" I said.

"Kerry's having prostate surgery!"

I darted from the bus, not knowing where surgery would take place, or when. But there, staring into John Kerry's face as they wheeled him out of the operating room. Would the hospital release the X-rays? If not, I'd have to steal them.

Joseph Lieberman, former vice-presidential candidate *Joe* Lieberman, sits at his desk in the Hart building. It's a large desk, a firm desk, made of wood. He's been sitting there all day. Or maybe not. But he's definitely been sitting there since I got to his office. He's gotten up only twice, once to shake my hand and once to give me a little neck rub, which I asked for. He has strong hands, but small. I like to know what a candidate's hands feel like.

"John Kerry says he's a little bit Jewish," I say. "How do you respond to that?"

"Let me tell you a secret," Lieberman says. "I'm one-eighth Roman Catholic."

I yawn. Lieberman's face contorts into a visible panic.

"Um," he says. "One-*quarter* Roman Catholic?"

John Edwards of North Carolina: He's young, he's handsome, and he's progressive. He's a great advocate for the workingman in a world of out-of-work men. He says the Bush administration isn't prepared for another terror attack. He's boring me to death.

"You don't care about any of my policy ideas, do you?" he says.

I take a sip of hard lemonade. "Nope," I say.

A campaign aide leans in and whispers in the candidate's ear. Edwards rolls his eyes. "Are you sure?" he says. The aide nods.

"I have something for you," Edwards says.

"Fire away," I say.

"It's a terrible secret that, until now, has remained hidden from the public."

"Shoot," I say.

"No one knows this, not even my closest friends: I've recently re-discovered my Roman Catholic heritage."

"Lieberman tried that one already."

"I'm a Sunni Muslim," he says.

"Nah."

"I have gout."

"Got to go," I say.

John Edwards stands. His face is nothing but rage. "Goddammit!" he says. "What does it take for a man to become president of the United States?"

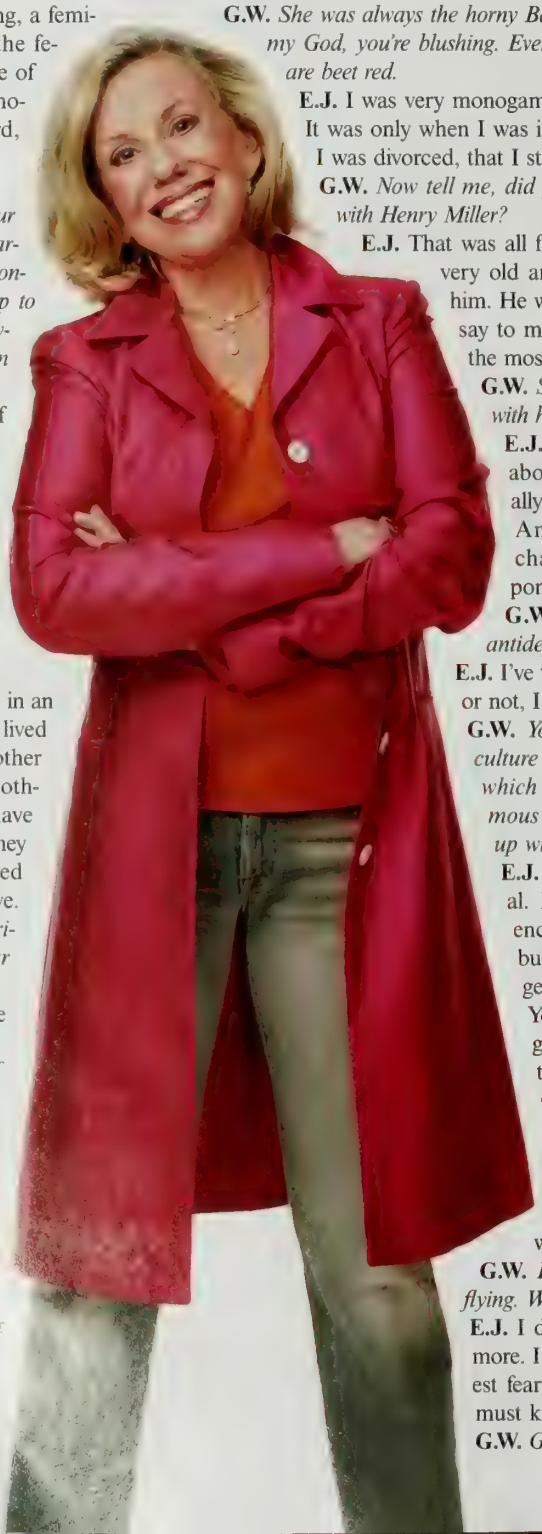
ILLUSTRATION BY ROSS MacDONALD


ALTOIDS
ONE BAD MOTHERPUCKER
THE CURIOUSLY STRONG SOURS

GEORGE WAYNE Q&A

The Jong and the restless

With the amorous adventures of her heroine Isadora Wing, Erica Jong introduced the phrase "zipless fuck" into the pop-culture lexicon in 1973 in her novel *Fear of Flying,* which has sold more than 12 million copies. With her own well-publicized romances, and epigrams such as "Monogamy is impossible among interesting people," Jong, a feminist activist, has nonetheless been called the female Henry Miller. On the eve of the release of her new novel, *Sappho's Leap,* she takes a moment to reflect on college days at Barnard, Prozac, and George W. Bush.



George Wayne: *G.W. is quite impressed with your Sappho—with the regal bearing of your latest narrator. "So many stories about me. My legend confused with the legend of Aphrodite. Did I leap to my death for the love of the handsome ferryman? Did I love women or men? Does love even have a sex?" Very interesting.*

Erica Jong: It *is* very interesting. You know, if you are lucky enough to love, why quibble about what sex your lover is? That was said by a wonderful Irish writer called Nuala O'Faolain. She had lived with men and women, and she was asked if she was a lesbian. And she said, "If I am lucky enough to love, why should I quibble about the sex?" I always thought that to be so beautiful.

G.W. *I thought Sappho was a lesbian.*

E.J. I think Sappho wasn't really, but she lived in an age when bisexuality was unremarkable. She lived when women had tender relationships with other women, men had tender relationships with other men, and they also married in order to have children. This was in pre-Christian times, so they didn't think of it as something to be ashamed of. They didn't have the hang-ups that we have.

G.W. *How extensive was the research here, Erica? Did you sink your teeth, or, rather, your tongue, into the subject wholeheartedly?*

E.J. I did. I could spend my whole life in the library, reading.

G.W. *Your first and most successful piece of fiction was published exactly 30 years ago—*Fear of Flying. *Do you think you could ever have another novel so capture the imagination of the general public?*

E.J. *Fear of Flying* was read by people who didn't usually read novels. It captured the voice of women who wanted to seize their sexual fantasies. All that was very new in 1973. It was the book that women would give to their boyfriends and say, "You have to read this!"

G.W. *You were born on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. You're quoted as saying, "When I first saw Woody Allen's* Hannah and Her Sisters, *I thought he was writing about me."*

E.J. I went to the High School of Music and Art. I was a painter in those days. From there I went to Barnard.

G.W. *No, darling, from there she "zipless fucked" her way through Barnard.*

E.J. You said it.

G.W. *She was always the horny Barnard girl, that Erica Jong. Oh my God, you're blushing. Even with all that makeup on, you are beet red.*

E.J. I was very monogamous back then. I *am* blushing. It was only when I was in my 30s and early 40s, when I was divorced, that I started wildly experimenting.

G.W. *Now tell me, did you have a sexual relationship with Henry Miller?*

E.J. That was all fantasy on his part. Henry was very old and disabled by the time I met him. He was in a wheelchair. He used to say to me, "I lie in bed all day having the most delirious sexual fantasies."

G.W. *So why exploit your relationship with him by writing a book about it?*

E.J. The reason I wrote a book about him is I felt that he was really misunderstood, this important American writer. I wanted to change the view on him from pornographer to serious writer.

G.W. *Does Erica Jong take any antidepressants?*

E.J. I've taken Prozac. Whether it works or not, I can't tell you.

G.W. *Your most noted gift to popular culture is the Jongism "zipless fuck," which is all about carefree, anonymous sex. How did you ever come up with the phrase?*

E.J. It is very much a Platonic ideal. It's about having this fantasy encounter in which there are no buttons, no zippers; you meld together and become one person. You have a perfect fantasy orgasm, and then you part. That's the zipless fuck.

G.W. *Does Erica Jong own a vibrator?*

E.J. Not lately. I've tried it, of course, but it never seemed to be a substitute for the warmth of the human being.

G.W. *Erica Jong once had a fear of flying. What's her latest fear?*

E.J. I don't have a fear of flying anymore. I don't have any fears. My greatest fear is of George W. Bush, if you must know, blowing up the world.

G.W. *G.W. thanks you, Ms. Jong.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SCHAFER. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

DOWN WITH LOVE

"Gives new meaning to the term 'the strong silent type.'"

"The most convincing performance as a bottle of gin I've ever witnessed."

"*Down With Love* stars Tanqueray and a bunch of other actors whose names escape me."

"I laughed. I cried. I had a Tanqueray and Tonic."

"Stylish... Sophisticated... Distinctive. Five red seals."

Starring the DISTINCTIVE



also starring
RENÉE ZELLWEGER



with
EWAN MCGREGOR





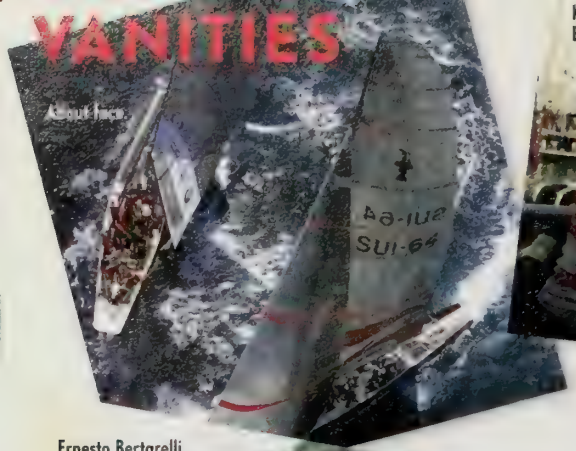
and DAVID HYDE PIERCE



and
of course
SARAH PAULSON

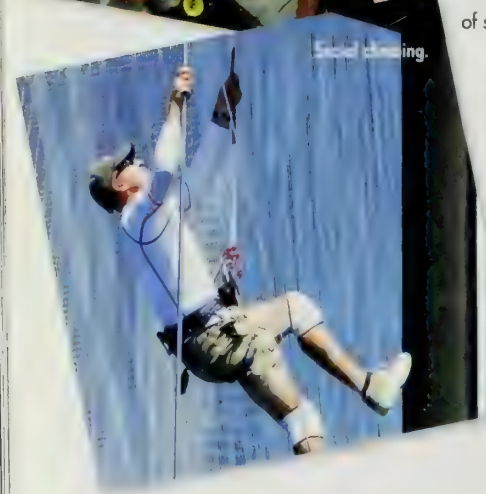
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Ernesto Bertarelli

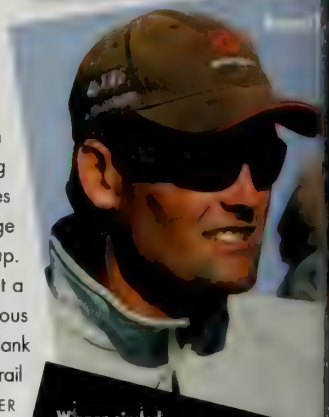


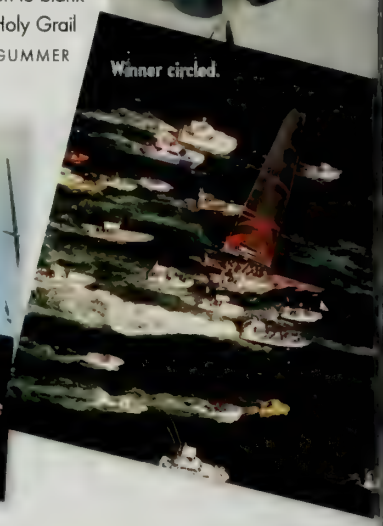




Kirsty and Ernesto Bertarelli







Louis Vuitton Cup

Despite the fact that the best-known Swiss sailors to date have been the shipwrecked family Robinson, Alinghi, backed by Geneva biotech magnate Ernesto Bertarelli, blew through the Louis Vuitton Cup—including the spanking of fellow billionaire Larry Ellison with 4–0 and 5–1 victories in the semis and finals, respectively—thereby earning the right to challenge two-time defending champ Team New Zealand for the America's Cup. "Heresy!" shrieked Kiwis when Bertarelli pulled a Steinbrenner and bought a crew of all-stars, most notably Auckland's own Russell Coutts, the victorious America's Cup skipper in 1995 and 2000. Coutts and company went on to blank his former mates, 5–0, and for the first time in its 152-year history the Holy Grail of sailing is bound for a (landlocked) mantel in Europe. —SCOTT GUMMER



Louis Vuitton's Yves Carcelles and Oracle's Larry Ellison.

NIGHT TABLE READING



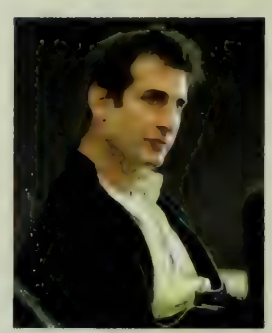
JOYCE MAYNARD
author, The Usual Rules. A Novel *(St. Martin's)*

The Pursuit of Alice Thr
by Elinor Lipman (Random House). "I was lucky enough to get my hands on a copy. Lipman's a compulsively readable writer, but much more than entertaining, she is brutally funny, and deeply wise about a subject that seems to me the most important: why people do what they do, and the surprising nature of love."

DAVID KIRK
author-illustrator, the Miss Spider *books*

The Amber Spyglass, by Philip Pullman (Del Rey). "The final installment of Pullman's 'His Dark Materials' trilogy. As the father of three daughters, I was hardly surprised to see that it's a headstrong little girl who saves the world from annihilation."





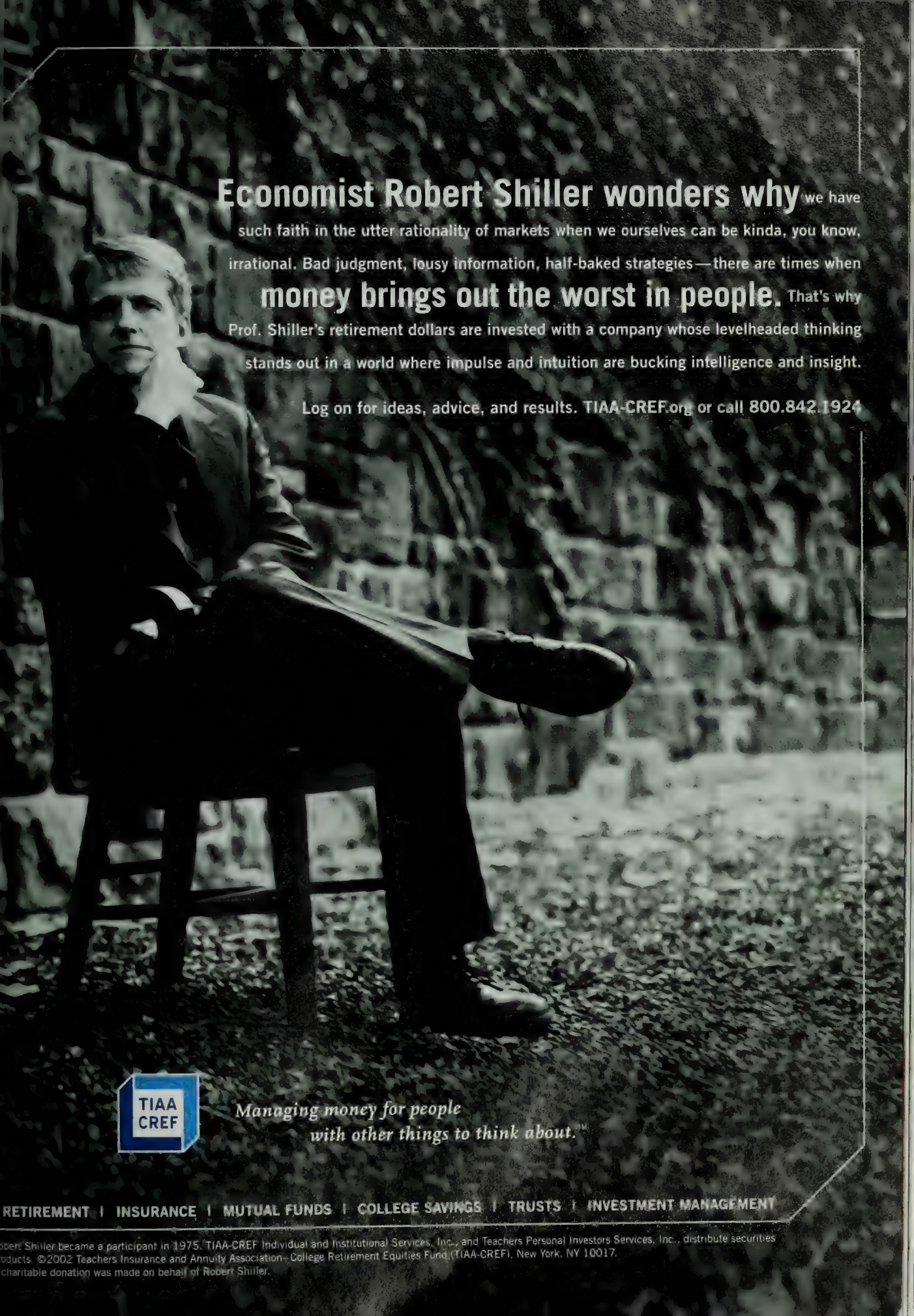
JON ROBIN BAITZ
screenwriter, People I Know

Blood Rites: Origins and History of the Passions of War, by Barbara Ehrenreich (Owl). "As the Bush administration hurls us into war, this is a vital book. It's an unblinking study of war's bloodlust, carnage, and mechanics. The last few pages, entitled 'Fighting War,' are an utterly coherent and seemingly doomed plea for anti-war activism."

CAROLINE KENNEDY
author, A Patriot's Handbook *(Hyperic*

Miracle at Kitty Hawk: The Letters of Wilbur & Orville Wright edited by Fred C. Kelly (Da Capo). "It's one of the best books I have read a long time, and this year is the 100th anniversary of their flight. Thes letters show the power of believing in y dream and the hard work it takes to make it come true."




Economist Robert Shiller wonders why we have such faith in the utter rationality of markets when we ourselves can be kinda, you know, irrational. Bad judgment, lousy information, half-baked strategies—there are times when money brings out the worst in people. That's why Prof. Shiller's retirement dollars are invested with a company whose levelheaded thinking stands out in a world where impulse and intuition are bucking intelligence and insight.
Log on for ideas, advice, and results. TIAA-CREF.org or call 800.842.1924
TIAA CREF
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obert Shiller became a participant in 1975. TIAA-CREF Individual and Institutional Services, Inc., and Teachers Personal Investors Services, Inc., distribute securities oducts. ©2002 Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association–College Retirement Equities Fund (TIAA-CREF), New York, NY 10017.
charitable donation was made on behalf of Robert Shiller.



Except for doing press for his latest movie, *Love Actually*, Hugh Grant is taking a break to rethink his life: the filmmaking grind, the tabloids' hostility, the lack (at 42) of one wedding and a family. DAVID KAMP gets beneath the charmingly urbane skin of Hollywood's most underappreciated romantic-comedy star for a discussion of Grant's hilarious B-picture beginnings, his search for Ms. Right, and why he's not the character he plays

Runaway Bachelor

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ • STYLED BY BRUCE PASK



HOT TEAS

Hugh Grant, photographed at the Savoy in London on February 21, 2003. He says that he enjoys playing cads because in real life he is "full of poison and jealousy."

A capacity crowd fills the Royal Palm Ballroom of the Radisson Lido Beach Resort in Sarasota, Florida, where the attendees of the Southern Thoracic Surgical Association's annual meeting are getting their reward for three days of intensive seminars: an audience with Hugh Grant, movie star. Though his hair has gone white, it's every bit as thick and tousled as it was in his *Four Weddings and a Funeral* days, and a few lady surgeons in the ballroom are noticeably vaporous in his presence. After an introduction from the association's grinning, nervous director, Grant strides briskly up to the lectern. "I'm terribly sorry to disappoint you," he says. "I know that your first choice, George Clooney, spurned you in favor of the podiatrists' convention down the road at the Hyatt. Horrid man. What's more, he seldom bathes—Julia Roberts told me that. Well, I'm afraid you'll have to make do with me. And at least I am *clean.*"

This is all charming nonsense, needless to say. The gathered physicians are delighted with Grant, and he will be paid $3 million for this appearance. In the 31 years since he made his last film, in 2003, his stock as a public figure has skyrocketed. Every halfway presentable young actor who comes along is posited by the press as "the new Hugh Grant," and to his adoring public he represents a vanished, much-lamented era when words were as important as images in the movies, and not all films were required to include a martial-arts sequence and a depiction of actual coitus. His speech to the surgeons, a well-rehearsed mixture of self-deprecating anecdotes and moviemaking recollections, augmented by a presentation of old film clips, lasts barely 20 minutes, though he takes care to work in mentions of the Narwhal Trust, his foundation devoted to the preservation of the endangered tusked marine mammal, and the House of Balenciaga, for whom he serves as "international goodwill ambassador" in exchange for an annual stipend rumored to be in the eight figures. Grant fills out the remainder of his scheduled hour by opening the floor to questions. As usual, a great many of them concern





FULL OF DRIVE

Golf enthusiast Grant tees off on the roof of the Savoy. He says he would love to write a novel, but at the first invitation to play golf, "I'll be off."

Elizabeth Hurley, whose early fame as Grant's girlfriend was long ago eclipsed by her status as the ravishing unwed mother for whom King William gave up the throne, paving the way for Harry's coronation . . .

Well, it's not a *totally* far-fetched scenario. This was more or less how Cary Grant, to whom Hugh is sometimes compared, lived out his last decades—traveling the world, acting as a well-compensated spokesman for the Fabergé cosmetics company, serving on the boards of MGM and Western Airlines, working on his tan, attending ball games, remaining impossibly handsome, and resisting all entreaties to return to the screen. And the truth is, Hugh Grant, who will turn 43 this year, doesn't know how much longer he wants to go on making movies. "Imagine what it's like, at 42, to be sitting in Hair and Makeup," he says. "It's fucking ridiculous! I think it's all right if you've written the film and you're directing it; there's some kudos and cool to that. But to be *wheeled on,* a char-monkey at the age of 42—"

I interrupt and tell him that he's being absurd, that actors like Tom Courtenay are still doing great for-hire work in their 60s.

"But, you see," he says, "they're *real* actors. They *love* their work. I never have. I kind of hate it. In fact, I hate it quite a lot—all acting, but especially movie acting. I'm fine at the beginning of the day, when it's a wide shot; I'm quite relaxed and good. But by the end of the day, when it's the same scene you're still shooting, and it's you in close-up, and the entire focus is on you—now you've got to repeat the little amusing thing you did earlier. And it's so brutally difficult to do that, because you're not feeling relaxed anymore. You're trying to repeat something you caught, by sort of instinct, eight hours ago. And you're probably running out of light. You've got to wrap at seven—huge pressure. Just misery. And because, 9 times out of 10, you never really get it as good as you had it before, you go home feeling disappointed and frustrated. And that accumulates over the weeks and years, and you just think, Oh, I don't need this."

Not a moment after unbosoming this complaint, Grant becomes mindful of the kind of response it might engender ("If that silver-spoon pervert Hugh Grant thinks acting is so awful, he should try working a real job like the rest of us!"—A. Shrewpulence, TX), and backpedals somewhat: "Oh, I don't know. I hate it when an actor moans. Really, my CONTINUED ON PAGE -





BIG GAMBLE

Grant plays poker at the Savoy. He is currently taking a hiatus from acting: "I have called my own bluff, because I said, 'I'm refusing everything, I'm not doing anything for months and months.'"



BAGHDAD'S CR

Saddam Hussein's [illegible] sons terrorized Iraq. Uday, 38, a sadistic megalomania[illegible] a ruthless schemer, [illegible]lized his way to the top. With new intelligence from rece[illegible]



THE BRUTE'S BIRTHDAY

Uday Hussein, a son of Saddam's, takes a sword to his cake on his 33rd birthday, June 18, 1997. He is seated in a wheelchair after being shot at least eight times in an assassination attempt.

UEL PRINCES

rvived his father's wrath and an assassination attempt. Qusay, 37,
fectors, DAVID ROSE reveals how each inherited a different side of Saddam

At his Baghdad palace and country retreats; in his offices at his newspapers, TV stations, and Iraq's infamous Olympic Committee; in the trunk of any of his hundreds of cars, Uday Hussein, Saddam's eldest son, likes to ensure that the tools for inflicting what Arabs call *falaqa* are always close at hand. They consist of a wooden club and a heavy wooden beam, with plastic straps at either end: as two bodyguards hoist the beam onto their shoulders, the victim dangles by the backs of the knees, with legs secured by the straps, and head and bared feet pointing toward the floor. With the soles thus set at a convenient height, Uday uses the club to beat them mercilessly: 20, 30, 50 times. Afterward, says one who has witnessed many such beatings, the victim is made to dance, "to get the circulation moving again," a time of purest agony.

Those made to suffer this punishment are not enemies or political prisoners, but Uday's friends—members of his entourage of business cronies and high-school classmates—and sometimes, most shockingly, women he plans to seduce. "You can get it if you turn up a little late for a meeting because of traffic," says the same source. "If he says come at 9:30 and you come at 9:37, you get one *falaqa* for every minute. Afterwards, you can't walk. He does it to a girl if she says she doesn't want to go out with him, or if she finds another boyfriend, or is late or reluctant. She will often piss herself, screaming." Uday warns his victims not to flinch while the *falaqa* is being administered. "If you move, you get your leg broken."

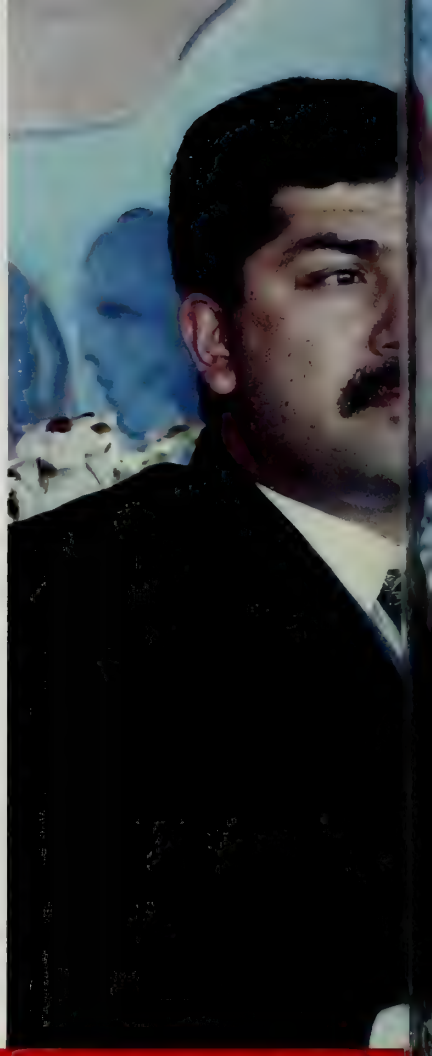
In the traumatized country that is Saddam Hussein's Iraq, the most visible manifestations of the dictator's power have for some years been his elder sons, Uday, who turns 39 in June, and Qusay, 37 in May. Since the 1991 Gulf War, Saddam has kept himself largely hidden, moving furtively from palace to palace, seldom spending consecutive nights in the same bed, and often relying on body doubles for public appearances. But Uday and Qusay are everywhere, perfectly embodying in their very different personalities the two sides of their father's conflicted nature—Uday the unstable, capricious megalomaniac, the sadist who kills on a whim; Qusay the ruthless strategist and organizer, the enforcer who kills when it is the way to achieve measured and rational objectives.

These contrasts explain their differing positions within the Iraqi state. Uday remains an officially sanctioned robber baron—his wealth bloated by billions of dollars of stolen commissions on sanctions-busting trade deals—and Iraq's media magnate, the controller of at least six newspapers and several TV and radio stations. But although he is the nominal chief of the Fedayeen Saddam ("Saddam's Martyrs"), a chillingly brutal militia, his only formal government role is as head of Iraq's Olympic Committee. Qusay, on the other hand, has moved with skillful efficiency to the top of Saddam's apparatus of terror, and is now in overall charge of military intelligence and all of Iraq's competing secret police forces: the Amn al-Khass, or special security organization; the Mukhabarat security and intelligence service; and the Mudiryat al-Amn al-A'ma, or general security organization. Next to Saddam, Qusay is the most powerful man in Iraq.

Through interviews with two recent Iraqi defectors who were longtime members of the brothers' circles of intimates, and with others who watched them grow up, *Vanity Fair* has learned new details of their lives. Both defectors have been debriefed by Western intelligence: one by the Pentagon's Defense Intelligence Agency, the other by the British Secret Intelligence Service, M.I.6. Officials say both defectors are regarded as reliable sources on the inner workings of Saddam's family and regime.

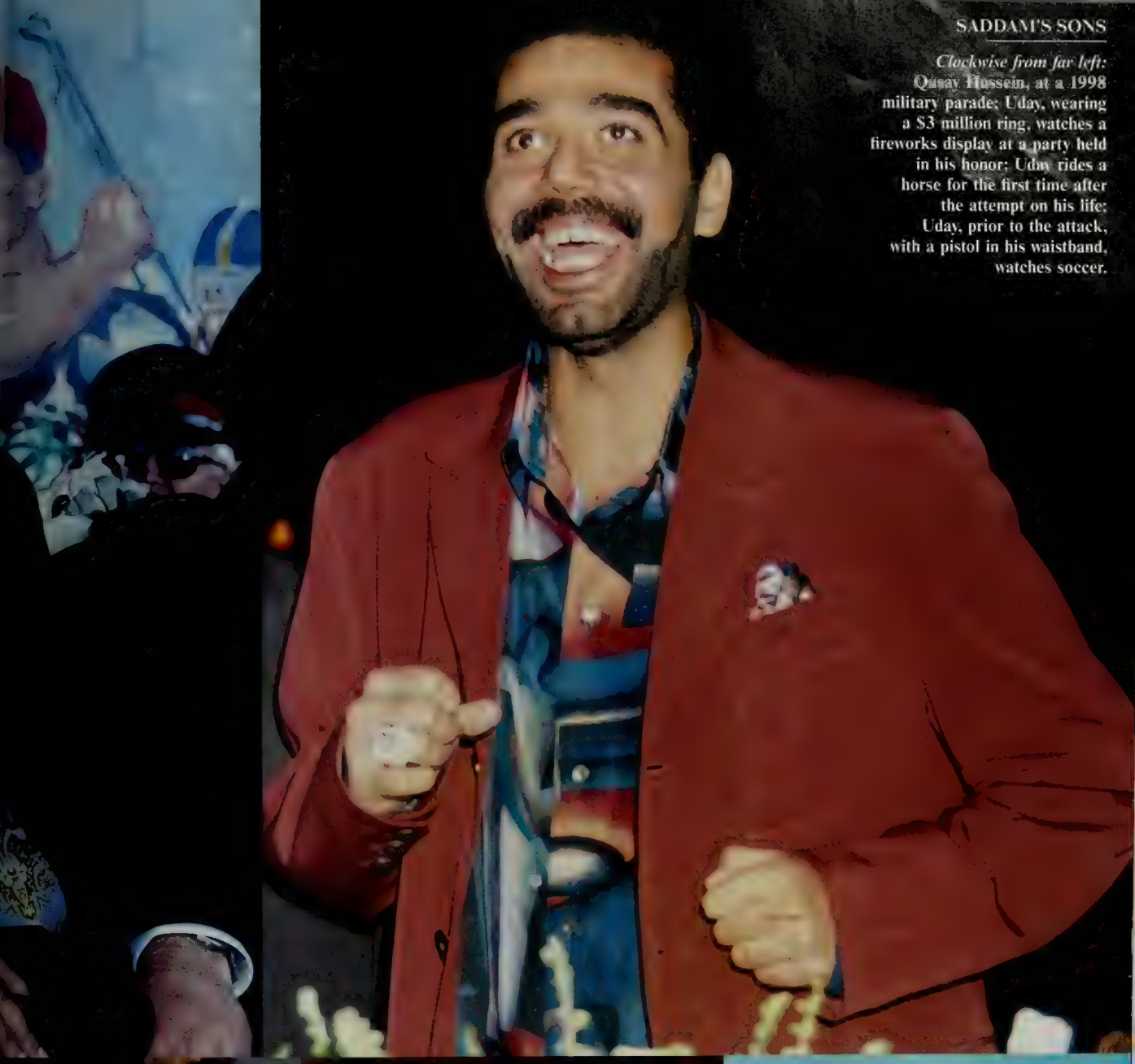
During my interviews with both men, in central London, and at a safe house run by the anti-Saddam Iraqi National Congress, with a breathtaking view of the waterways and domes of Istanbul, one observation occurred to me repeatedly. Through their proximity to Saddam's sons, both defectors had effectively involved themselves in instances of terrible cruelty. Yet they seem palpably wounded, victims struggling make sense of horrors endured, rather th former perpetrators pining for their va ished power. I believed, in other word their protestations that their friendshi and involvement with Uday and Qus had been essentially coerced.

As the interviews proceeded, I began realize why. In Iraq, the country the Ira writer Kanan Makiya called a "republic fear," the fear is greatest at the center, wit in Saddam's own family and those close to it. Friendship with Uday and Qusay, one of the defectors puts it, "isn't lil friendship to you or me. To them it's ever thing: business, social life, girls—everythin You can't live a normal life and be the friend. You are involved with everything."



"UDAY WOULD SEND SLIPS TO HIS BROTHE ASKING FOR PEOPLE TO BE KILLED OR ARRESTED. QUSAY WOULD MAKE SURE [OF IT], WITH NO QUESTIONS ASKED."

Clockwise from far left: Qusay Hussein, at a 1998 military parade; Uday, wearing a $3 million ring, watches a fireworks display at a party held in his honor; Uday rides a horse for the first time after the attempt on his life; Uday, prior to the attack, with a pistol in his waistband, watches soccer.







Uday's case, that means intermittent experience of the *falaqa* and other punishments, from a head shaving by one of his bodyguards to days or weeks of torture and imprisonment. With either brother, it could mean a trip to witness a beheading. "Until the moment I left, I thanked God every morning when I woke up still alive," one defector says, "because I could be killed at any moment and there would be no reason. The policy of these people is that if you know all about them, and you want to leave them, you have no chance to stay and live in Iraq. You die or you run."

One of the themes of the propaganda issued on behalf of Iraq's self-styled "uncle," Saddam Hussein, is that of the dictator as family man. As Uday, Qusay, and their three sisters were growing up, the Iraqi media frequently published photographs of the children playing with their doting father. According to the defectors, who knew the boys at school, these images were a sham. Saddam spent much of Uday's infancy in prison, the result of a botched coup attempt in 1963, the year before his son was born. Saddam's release and Qusay's birth in 1966 made little difference. At first, Saddam was busy with the successful coup by his Baath Arab Socialist Party in 1968, and then, as the country's vice president, he was busy enlarging his power base.

A year after becoming president, in 1979, he launched the eight-year war with Iran, in which a million people died. "Uday's father was usually absent, and there was no one to control him," one of the defectors says. "It was not like a normal family." In an average year, Uday would see Saddam just three or four times. But his mother, Saddam's wife and first cousin, Sajida, adored her firstborn son. "He demanded things and he got them," the defector adds. Years later, whenever Uday bought himself diamonds—a regular event—he would make sure to buy at least one for Sajida.

Like their sisters, Uday and Qusay attended the Karakh elementary school in Baghdad, where Sajida was principal. Arras Karem, now the head of intelligence for the Iraqi National Congress, was a fellow student and knew them both. "Every Thursday there was this ceremony," he recalls. "The pupils would gather, and a soldier with a Kalashnikov would raise the flag while we sang the national anthem; afterwards he would fire a burst into the air. Then the best student from each class would be called to the front and given an award. It was like the movie *Groundhog Day.* Every week, Uday was always the best." While Uday reveled in this attention, his younger brother preferred to remain in the background, quietly revealing his preference for organization and leadership. "Qusay always had the same gang of kids with him," Karem says. "They used to tie pampas grasses round their heads and carry sticks for fighting. He was always late for class."

Karem is a Kurd, for whom Arabic is a second language. One afternoon, he overheard Saddam's daughter Raghad complaining to her mother about one of her teachers. He understood the beginning of her remark—"If you don't tell the bitch to fuck off, I'll . . . "—but not the Arabic phrase which followed: "*Shug kussha.*" Karem asked his father, a stern disciplinarian, what it meant. "He slapped me hard and told me never to say such disgusting things again." Somewhat later, Karem acquired a translation: Raghad had threatened to rip out her teacher's vagina. At the time, the girl was seven or eight. "It gave me something of an insight," Karem says. "This CONTINUED ON PAGE 214

Spotlight

DANCE MENAGERIE

Truth, beauty, transcendent love, eternal order: these are the verities of classical dance. Still, if you can make a ballet the kids will see a second time (not to mention year after year, like *The Nutcracker*)—Eureka! You've got your future audience in the gate. It isn't easy, though, holding your own against Gameboy and the Cartoon Network.

This May, the New York City Ballet has a try at the tricky genre. Resident choreographer Christopher Wheeldon, having shown he can tell a story with his backstage ballet, *Variations Sérieuses* (a sort of *All About Eve* meets *A Midsummer Night's Dream*), is taking on *Carnival of the Animals,* a charm bracelet of a score by Camille Saint-Saëns. "It seemed like a perfect choice to be made into a children's ballet," Wheeldon says, "because there are many vignettes, quite short, and they're light and fun. And some of them are silly, and some of them are quite beautiful." But what's the story? As a boy, Wheeldon wrote an essay about being locked in London's Natural History Museum overnight. This idea is the basis for a verse narrative written by the actor John Lithgow, who is also an author of children's books. (Wheeldon and Lithgow met on the musical *Sweet Smell of Success.*) "John wrote each animal as a character from the boy's life," Wheeldon explains, "coming to life in a fantasy-type state." Lithgow will be part of the action—sharing the stage with NYCB lights Jenifer Ringer and Carla Körbes—and is preparing for the challenge by taking dance classes in L.A. And Wheeldon's challenge? "Finding the right way of dealing with the elephant so you're not insulting a prima ballerina." —LAURA JACOBS

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN HUBA

STYLED BY ANKA ITSKOVICH. MEN'S SHOES BY ALLEN EDMONDS AND DUNHILL. WHEELDON'S CLOTHING BY PAUL SMITH. HAIR PRODUCTS BY BUMBLE AND BUMBLE. MAKEUP AND GROOMING PRODUCTS BY HELENA RUBINSTEIN, LAURA MERCIER, AND L'ORÉAL. HAIR BY MATTHEW MONZON. MAKEUP AND GROOMING BY KIM CARRILLO. SET DESIGN AND PROPS BY JOCELYNE BEAUDOIN. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

CARNIVAL ATTRACTIONS

The cast and creators of the New York City Ballet's *Carnival of the Animals*, clockwise from top left: Carla Körbes, P. J. Verhoest, Jenifer Ringer, choreographer Christopher Wheeldon, and writer and narrator John Lithgow. Photographed at NYCB's rehearsal studios in New York City on February 24, 2003.





A MATTER OF TRUSTS

The Pritzker family at Jay Pritzker's office in Chicago, 1994; from left, Nicholas, Robert, Jay, Thomas, and Penny. *Opposite,* Liesel Pritzker in the 1995 movie *A Little Princess. Insets:* front-page stories about the family dispute from the December 11, 2002, *New York Times* and *Wall Street Journal.*

Shattered DYNASTY



Jay Pritzker quietly built a $15 billion empire of more than 200 companies, including Hyatt Hotels Corp., and a network of 1,000 family trusts. But one of the patriarch's final deals before his 1999 death, designed to bind his heirs closer, unleashed a torrent of anger, greed, and betrayal, culminating last fall in a $6 billion lawsuit by his 19-year-old niece, Liesel. SUZANNA ANDREWS charts the destruction of a great American fortune

Knives Drawn for a $15 Billion Family Pie

By JODI WILGOREN
with GERALDINE FABRIKANT

CHICAGO, Dec. 10 — Jay A. Pritzker, the aging
of Chicago's wealthiest and leading philan-
ic family, called a meeting in June 1995 to hand
embers of the next generation an important
randum, outlining the Pritzker principle that
money should be shared among them and
ing a triumvirate to replace him at the em-
elm.

after Mr. Pritzker's death in 1999 and a nasty
between the triumvirate and the other cou
blueprint was torn up last year and
ret plan to carve up the $15 billion
next decade, most likely taking pu
the Hyatt hotel chain, and handing
.4 billion purse.

cousin who was left out of that pact,
n 18-year-old movie actress and free
University, has sued

other members of that generation, who are decades older. It contends they are treating her and her 20-year-old brother, Matthew, like members of the fifth generation who are closer to their ages.

"The Pritzker family will no longer be the major factor it was," said Leon Danco, chairman of the Center for Family Business, a Cleveland consulting firm that advises family businesses on
and governance. "The dissolu
attribute of human
powerful fa
dis

Pritzker Family Dispute Leads To Breakup of $15 Billion Empire

made, and denied speculation that the

It is a simple moment that stands out most vividly in the memories of Jay Pritzker's friends—a moment during his funeral which did not seem to them remarkable at the time, but which in retrospect was the last time they saw his family united. "It was a very cold day and there was snow," one friend recalls. Because of the weather, many guests had not been able to make it to Chicago that day in January 1999; still, nearly 1,000 mourners had shown up at the Emanuel Congregation to pay their respects, forcing the police to barricade part of North Sheridan Road to make way for the limousines. Chicago's mayor, Richard Daley, had come, as had the former congressman Jack Kemp, the real-estate billionaire Sam Zell, and the advice columnist Ann Landers, along with scores of investors and businessmen with whom Pritzker had dealt in the decades during which he amassed one of the largest fortunes in America. The former director of the National Gallery of Art J. Carter Brown, who, before his death last year, chaired the jury of the famed Pritzker Architecture Prize, was there. And so were representatives of the countless hospitals, cultural groups, and charities to which Pritzker had, before he died at the age of 76, given hundreds of millions of dollars. "The temple was filled," says one of Jay Pritzker's friends.

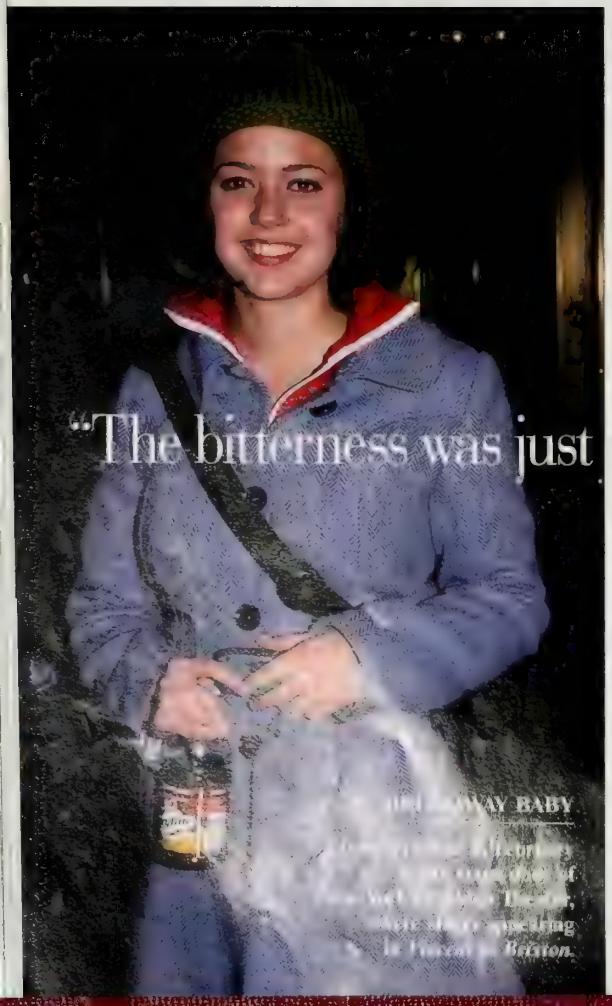
At the front of the synagogue, taking up several rows of seats, were almost all of the 52 living members of the Pritzker family. For many of the mourners, it was the first time they had seen so many of the publicity-shy clan in public. Intensely private, they are rarely photographed or interviewed, almost never seen. Marian "Cindy" Pritzker, Jay's wife of 51 years, and his younger brother and business partner, Robert, were seated in the front row, flanked by Jay's three sons, Thomas, John, and Daniel, and his daughter Gigi. With cousins surrounding them in a protective phalanx, they formed a tableau that Jay Pritzker, friends say, would have loved. In life, they say with sadness now, nothing was more important to him or gave him more joy than his family.

All three of Jay's sons spoke at his funeral that day. They spoke about his passions for skiing and buying companies, and about how much they loved him. "I've lived a privileged life, and truly the greatest privilege was getting to know Dad in my adult years," said Daniel, a rock musician, who is now 43. "Growing up was kind of like having Chuck Yeager and John Glenn for a dad," said John, now 49 and an entrepreneur in San Francisco. And then Tom, Jay's oldest son, stood up to speak. It was Tom, now 52, to whom Jay had passed the torch; Tom controlled the family's empire—including its crown jewel, the Hyatt Hotels Corp., the Pritzkers' web more than 200 privately held compani vast tracts of real estate, and some 1,0 family trusts, all of which, taken togeth are said to be worth $15 billion, if n more. His father, Tom told the crowd, "I lieved a man's only immortality com from the values he instilled in his childr The country has lost a great man. I' lost my father. I've lost my partner. I've l my best friend." As he spoke, Tom beg to cry.

The day of his funeral was the last tir that many of Jay Pritzker's friends saw l three sons together. The moment that stic in their memories is how lovingly his so spoke of their father—because what th did next would surely have destroyed hin

The first hint of trouble can last November. Just befo Thanksgiving, Robert's 1 year-old daughter, and Jay niece, Liesel Pritzker—a C lumbia College freshma and an actress who starre alongside Harrison Ford as the president daughter in the 1997 movie *Air Force O* and who is currently appearing in th Broadway play *Vincent in Brixton*—filed lawsuit in Chicago against her father an all the Pritzker cousins. Setting off an e plosion of publicity, she accused her fami of looting her trust funds and those of h 20-year-old brother, Matthew, in a way th was "so heinous, obnoxious and offensiv as to constitute a fraud." The amount money which Liesel claimed was take from her was staggering—$1 billion—an she not only demanded it be returned, b asked the court to award her $5 billion punitive damages. It was a stunning law suit, not just because of the money i volved, but also for the questions it raise about the Pritzkers. What could have hap pened within a family, people asked, tha would lead a young woman to sue her 7 year-old father and go public with suc ugly accusations?

As Liesel's case moved forward, brought to light something more disturb ing. In a confidential agreement made i 2001, Jay Pritzker's children, his niece and nephews, and his cousin Nichola had decided on a 10-year plan to brea up the family's business empire and spl the assets among themselves. Each c those who participated in the agreemer would reportedly get an equal share—es timated at $1.4 billion. Liesel and he



terrible. It was sibling rivalry taken t

The Pritzker Dynasty

Nicholas
1871–1957

Harry
1893–1957

Jay's father, who got the family into investing. In his 80s he would still race around making deals.



Abram Nicholas (A.N.)
1896–1986

Jack
1904–1979

The family patriarch, e adamantly believed the family fortune ould remain intact for philanthropy and investments in its businesses.



Jay
1922–1999

Jay's brother, his daughter Liesel says, has drained her trust funds and donated some of the assets to the Pritzker Foundation for far less than their value.



Robert
1926–

Accused her father and cousins of fraud after her brother Matthew heard that a family agreement would shortchange the two of them.



Nicholas
1945–



Jay's cousin and part of the ruling triumvirate with Tom and Penny. Cousins and siblings accuse the three of siphoning off family money.

Gigi
1962–

Daniel
1959–

John
1953–



John and Daniel, who didn't end up in the family business, accused their brother Tom of arrogance and shutting them out.

James *1950–* **Linda** *1953–* **Karen** *1958–* **Matthew** *1982–* **Liesel** *1984–*

Donald
1932–1972

Thomas
1950–



Jay's eldest son and his anointed successor, Tom has tried in vain to appease his brothers and cousins by dividing up the family empire.

Penny
1959–

Anthony
1961–

Jay Robert (J.B.)
1965–



Penny, the first woman to rise in the family empire, is at odds with her brothers, Jay Robert and Anthony.



Nancy
948–1972

he 10th power," says a friend. "It was horrible, just horrible."

rother were the only cousins not includ-d in the secret pact.

If outsiders were shocked by the fami-'s decision to rip apart one of the great merican fortunes and dismantle a busi-ess empire that had taken four genera-ons 100 years to build, they have been orrified by the bitter feuding within the mily that led to the agreement. Led by ay's two younger sons, John and Daniel, ey say, one group of cousins turned on e other, pitting brothers against sisters, ousins against cousins, and forced them o do what Jay Pritzker had expressly told his family he did not want them ever to do: grab the family's money for themselves. "It's sad and a little bit disgusting," says one old family friend. "As far as I'm concerned, the kids are assholes," says another close friend of Jay's. "Jay agonized over the last 10 years of his life how he was going to leave this, [and] all I can say is he would be spinning, *spinning,* with embarrassment in his grave if he knew how these children have handled it."

Other wealthy families have struggled over the fortunes built by their fathers and grandfathers—the Rockefellers, the Binghams, the Kochs, among them—but few people expected that the Pritzkers would fight, and certainly not so "viciously," in the words of a family friend. Few families had been as close as the Pritzkers. They were each other's best friends, people who knew them say, and their fortune was built on this closeness. "The family was kind of The Family—one for all, all for one," says Bruce Leadbetter, a Dallas investor who worked with Jay for nearly 30 years. They shared an 860-acre family farm, pooled their money, and their trusts were interlinked. They really liked one CONTINUED ON PAGE 231



ROSENQUIST'S

With [illegible] heart and ambition on his sleeve, James Rosenquist hit N[illegible] and soon [illegible] ferment of talent—Lichtenstein, Warhol, Oldenburg, [illegible] space and scale, and lifting commercial imagery to ne[illegible]

INGRID SISCHY meets the dashing 69-year-old wh[illegible]

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TODD HIDO



SIZE *DOES* MATTER

James Rosenquist and his 2002 painting *Joystick*, which measures 17 feet by 46 feet. (In other words, you could lay it on the ground, line up a football team, run for a first down, and still have canvas to spare.) Photographed at his home in Aripeka, Florida, on February 20, 2003.

BIG PICTURE

rk City in 1955, got a job painting billboards in Times Square,
—that became the Pop-art movement. His vast canvases nailed the 60s *Zeitgeist*,
tract heights. With a major Rosenquist retrospective opening this month,
sion, skill, and stories explain his towering impact





"Painting is probably more exciting than advertising—so wh

"When things become so peculiar, so frustrating or strange, I think it's a good time to start a painting," said James Rosenquist recently, while we were watching the news together. By his criteria, then, this should be a golden age for art. We'll see. In the meantime, what's certain is that this is once again a moment in which people are hungry for Rosenquist's work after a period in which it has felt as if he were on the periphery rather than at the center of the action. The painter himself seems almost amused by the vicissitudes that come with being an artist. As he says, speaking from the vantage point of his 69 years, "It's not an uphill grind. It's up, down, up, down, et cetera. That's what makes it interesting. It's not like you're climbing a hill all your life—not like in some corporations, where you might end up at the top only to get fired."

Rosenquist's "comeback" is due to a variety of factors. Pop art itself is enjoying yet another major renaissance in the art world and the culture in general. (There's even a new fashion magazine called *Pop*.) The new Pop-aholism—most subversive in the work of the brilliant multi-media artist Takashi Murakami—is omnipresent not only in galleries and on runways but in music videos, interior and graphic design, the look of television, and (welcome to the hall of mirrors) advertising itself, which was part of Pop's original subject matter. As with the first go-round, some of these impulses may be a response to prosperous times (or, in the current instance, recently prosperous times); once again there seems to be a desire among artists and other creators to make commerce work *for* one rather than *against* one. And so the resurgent interest in "the founding fathers" of Pop art. (Although plenty of women are part of the current landscape, the story of 60s Pop—or at least of the stuff that made it to the surface—is a male-dominated one.) Andy Warhol is more copied, more quoted than ever. Roy Lichtenstein's comic aesthetic is all the rage in the world of graphic design. As for Rosenquist, his art is reverberating with the *Zeitgeist* in a whole bunch of ways. People haven't always acknowledged it, but his work's influence on several subsequent generations of artists, from Jeff Koons and David Salle to Damian Loeb, is obvious. For other artists, who are looking for a way out of the apathy that has been so pronounced in recent times, Rosenquist's history of integrating politics and sociology into his art is also inspiring. But that's not all. There are veins of abstraction, Surrealism, and photo-realism in his work—areas that are also of high current interest. Quite a few roads taken by younger artists lead back to Rosenquist.

All this and more renders the timing of the new Rosenquist retrospective—organized for the Guggenheim Museum by the curators Walter Hopps (who knows this story inside out, since



MAKE ART, NOT WAR

[illegible] canvas with aluminum, 10 ft. by 86 ft.); the painting has been called the *Guernica* of the 60s. *Far left: Promenade of Merce Cunningham,* 1963 (oil on canvas, 5 ft. by 5½ ft.).

houldn't it be done with that power and gusto, that impact."

he was there from the beginning) and Sarah Bancroft—just about perfect. The exhibition opens this May in Houston, at both the Menil Collection and the Museum of Fine Arts. After that it is scheduled to travel en masse to the New York Guggenheim in October, and then eventually to the Guggenheim Bilbao. The show, which includes never-before-seen preparatory collages, will offer a chance to assess Rosenquist's place in art history beyond the usual one-dimensional categorizations; among other things, it will allow viewers to see his connection to abstraction rather than perpetuate the idea that his work was a total rejection of it.

Rosenquist was never a laid-back kind of guy. Whereas Warhol and Lichtenstein were cool and ironic, sometimes even opaque, Rosenquist was always hot to trot. He was hard-living, jazzy, and, when he arrived in New York City in the mid-50s, ready to turn the town on its ear. (As a leftover from the old days he still says, "You dig?") He is hilarious on the subject of the what-will-the-neighbors-think? attitude that is such a characteristic of today's careerist artists. (First question at a typical panel discussion: 'How do I get a gallery?'") "I'll tell you what I've encountered," Rosenquist told me. "I've gone to cocktail parties with successful young artists and nobody says a peep. It's like *shhh,* hush, hush. I remember going to a party with Bob [Rauschenberg] and his boyfriend. They'd shout, 'We can't leave the party yet! Because if we leave, there won't be any more party!' The artists in my group weren't afraid to make fools of themselves. Young artists today are so careful to seem smart, and they don't want to let their hair down."

Rosenquist, an artist who has spent his life getting under the skin of images, feels no such need to protect or inflate his own—which makes him not only a gust of fresh air but inspiring and touching. As he knows only too well, he is one of the last of a legendary generation. When he talks about this, one feels how much he misses his deceased contemporaries: "I used to say that my old friends are libraries of worthless information to keep my sanity. But I can't call them up for a recipe anymore. Roy Lichtenstein's gone. Andy. Donald Judd. Dan Flavin. I guess it happens to everybody. Who do I go to for stuff like 'How do you make rabbit-skin glue again?'" (The reference is to a traditional method of coating stretched linen canvases with a glue literally derived from rabbit skins; John Singer Sargent's paintings are a good example of how this rather stinky process can enrich a sense of depth.)

It's a long way from Grand Forks, North Dakota, where Rosenquist entered the world in 1933, to the life he made for himself after he moved to New York. In the flush years right before he was born, his parents, both pilots, had had schemes for the family to start a small airline business that would fly the mail route between Grand Forks and Winnipeg. This went the way of all Dust Bowl dreams when the Depression hit. After



SIGN PAINTING

Detail of *Paper Clip*, 1973 (oil and acrylic on canvas, 8⅗ ft. by 18⅞ ft.). Rosenquist's Pop epiphany came one day in 1957 when he was driven "nuts" painting whiskey ads.

"I first noticed him on the street," says Robert Rauschenber



LA VIE EN ROSENQUIST

The painter in his Broome Street studio, New York City, mid-60s. He is working on *Big Bo*, a portrait of a musician Rosenquist once saw in Texas.

He looked like such a unique person . . . like a blond angel."

hat, Rosenquist's father tried to eke out a living working a string f jobs that included pumping gas. The family was constantly hav- ng to pick up and move. Rosenquist, an only child, became his nother's favorite date, whether going with her to movies and age spectacles or just staying home and listening to the radio. ut there was nothing Rosenquist liked better than drawing by imself, covering long rolls of cheap wallpaper with crayoned war cenes. (One sees this pleasure played out over and over on an dult scale in the vast horizontal paintings that have been such n important part of his art.)

The family eventually put down stakes in Minneapolis, where his father had found employment at Mid-Continent Airlines during the war and where Rosenquist finished high school and went to the University of Minnesota. But the curious young man wasn't bout to stay put for long. In the summer of 1951 he answered an d in the local paper for a traveling sign painter and got the job—nd therein lay the seeds for a whole new chapter in art history. irst, though, Rosenquist would live an adventure that sounds ke a cross between *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* and *ust for Life*. Painting signs on grain elevators, gasoline tanks, nd billboards by day, and whooping it up by night, Rosenquist nd the rest of his itinerant crew (many of whom were ex-cons) orked their way across Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, North akota, and South Dakota. He remembers, "I had some very arry, strange experiences out there." The job (which included ainting Phillips 66 signs and Coca-Cola ads) allowed him to ave enough money to head to New York in the fall of 1955, hav- ng earned a one-year scholarship to the Art Students League. His rst eyeful of Midtown bustle, following a night at the Y.M.C.A. n 34th Street, made a real impression: "I had breakfast and nen I stuck my head out the door. I thought, Whoa! I'd better ave another cup of coffee before I go out on the streets here!"

After that second shot of caffeine he marched over to the eague and declared, "I'm here now!" I asked him if the place rupted in cheers, and he laughed. Even though they hadn't ex- ctly been waiting for him, soon the new guy was getting every- ing he could out of this longed-for opportunity; Hans Hoffman, ne famous teacher of abstraction, was gone by then, but Rosen- uist learned from many other renowned faculty members, in- luding George Grosz, Will Barnet, and Edwin Dickinson. But he as broke by spring and his scholarship was up. He became a ind of boy Friday for a while before going back to his earlier rade—sign painting. First, though, he had to join the Internation- l Brotherhood of Painters and Allied Trades union. "They asked, Whaddya wanna join this union for? There's no jobs for yew,'" osenquist recalls, slipping from his ever-so-slight Fargoese accent nto a broad New York patois. "I got up and made a speech. I aid, 'I'm ready to recognize the rights of all the older gentlemen ere, and I'm willing to take my turn.' They replied, 'All right, id, bring your initiation money around Thoisday.'"

The artist was basically on his way. For the next three or so ears, he worked painting billboards and marquees, mostly around imes Square, often at dizzying heights. (His assignments includ- d giant likenesses of the stars of the day, including Gregory Peck nd Jean Simmons; for an audition, he had had to render Kirk ouglas's head.) At night and on weekends—whenever he could—e did his own work. He also joined a drawing class organized by couple of new friends who were eager to take art in new direc- tions, Jack Youngerman and Robert Indiana, whose name was Bob Clark at the time. Claes Oldenburg, who would also be counted as an important early Pop artist, took the class, too.

For Rosenquist, the question of what to do in his own work was the big conundrum, as it is for many artists starting out. One leg up: thanks to his day job he had free paint, bringing home rejected mixes. "I'd take the billboard colors that were considered wrong—the paint that was thought of as too dirty for the neck in an Arrow-shirt ad, for example, or for beer. I'd paint a big glass of beer and the salesman would come in and say, 'We can't accept it. There's not enough hops in that glass.'" Rosenquist, never one to miss an opportunity for irony, called the resulting work the "Wrong Color" paintings. These canvases are mostly abstract, but there's also evidence of the artist's experience as a sign painter. In one of the strongest works from that time, 1959's *Astor Victoria*—named after a theater, the marquee of which Rosenquist had often painted—most of the letters *E* and *W* boldly enter the pictorial space. This transitional work is surprisingly powerful.

While Rosenquist was trying to find his voice as an artist he was also soaking up a lot of atmosphere. There were favorite hangouts along the waterfront—including a bar known as Keller's, where Rosenquist and his pals would go to get "blind." Sometimes after work, Rosenquist and a few buddies would check out the gallery openings on 57th Street, where there was plenty to look at (and also plenty of free wine). And then there was all the action downtown. The first time he made it to the Abstract Expressionist gang's famous "Friday Night Club," he walked into Jackson Pollock's boozed-up wake. "People just kept getting up and saying, 'Jackson Pollock will live with us forever.' Finally, de Kooning gets up and says, 'Goddammit, *no!* He is dead. He is six feet in the *ground!*'"

Rosenquist wasn't an art snob. When he first got to town he would often stand on line to try to get into some of the TV shows that were being taped around Times Square. He has fantastic stories about what he saw, including Elvis three times on the Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey show. Rosenquist's favorite anecdote, though, is about Jack Kerouac's appearance on *The Steve Allen Show*. The artist recalls, "They announced, Ladies and gentlemen, tonight we're going to have the so-and-so dancers, the so-and-so jugglers, and Jack Kerouac of the Beat Generation. This guy comes out of the wings with a three-day growth of beard and a long overcoat and a curl in his hair and he sits down. Steve Allen says, 'Tell us, Jack, what is the Beat Generation?' Kerouac says, 'Nothing.' And he left and never came back. He was so cool."

Rosenquist is one of the great raconteurs, and by all accounts he always has been. He's a true charmer, and a looker, and no doubt these attributes served him well as he tried to invent a life for himself as an artist in the big city. (As a young man he looked like he could have starred in the road company of *Oklahoma!*—tall, blond, and fit as could be.) He seems to have gone everywhere, met everyone; he even scored a job modeling for a Volkswagen ad. Of all the people he came across in the early days, it was Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg, both a few years older than Rosenquist, who made the biggest impression. He gives them the most credit for his evolution as an artist because of the way in which their work empowered his own experiments. Johns and Rauschenberg were, of course, CONTINUED ON PAGE 228

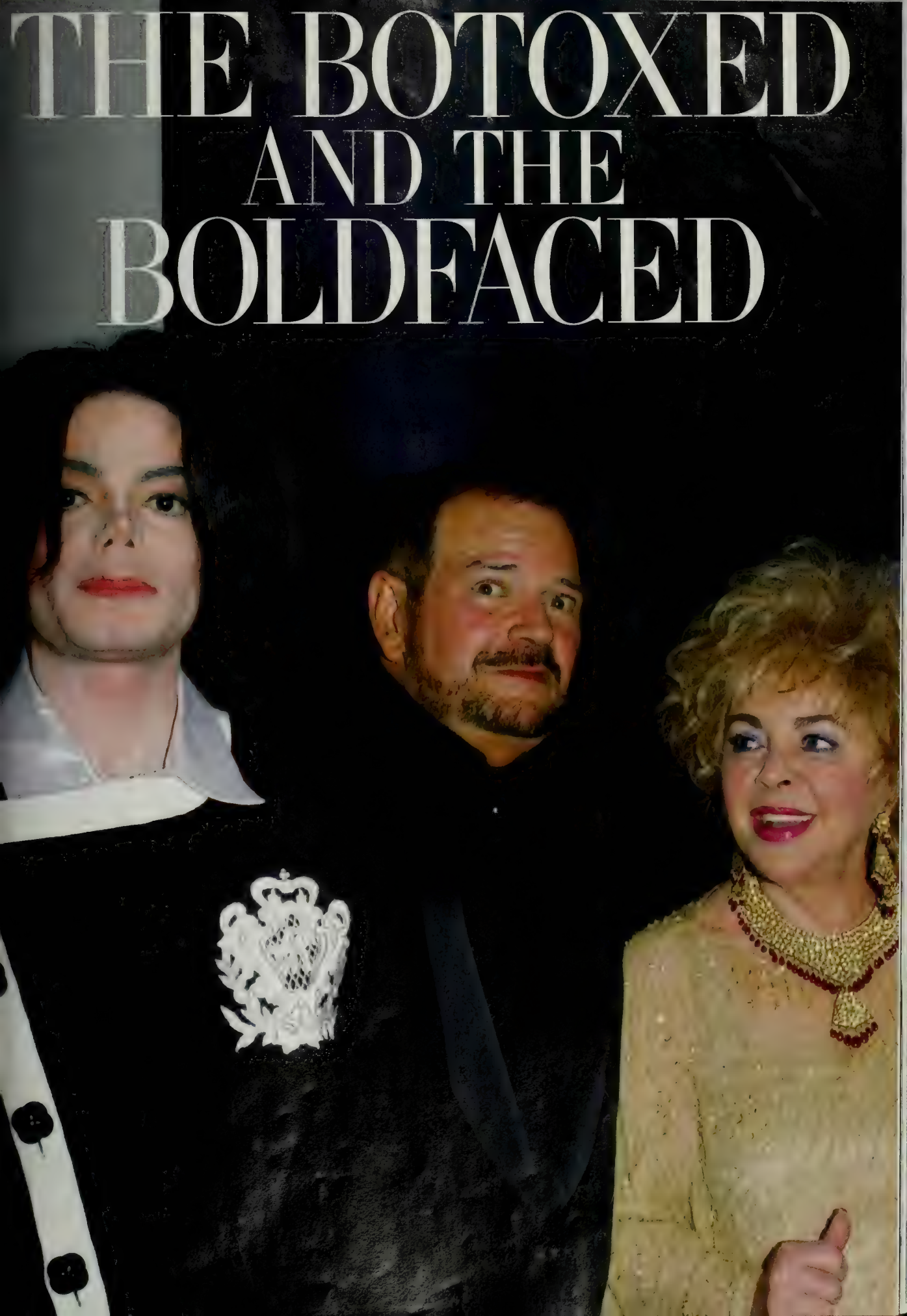
Much of Hollywood is in thrall to Botox's wrinkle-banishing magic, and others get injected for headaches. But Irena Medavoy, wife of a powerful producer, is suing Dr. Arnold Klein—dermatologist to stars including Michael Jackson and Elizabeth Taylor—along with Allergan, the pharmaceutical giant, for what Medavoy claims was a disastrous overdose. NED ZEMAN reports on a case that could bring frown lines back



DERM WARFARE

Mike and Irena Medavoy in the late 1990s. *Opposite,* Michael Jackson, Dr. Arnold Klein, and Elizabeth Taylor at an AIDS benefit last year in Laguna Beach, California.

THE BOTOXED AND THE BOLDFACED



The dermatological hot zone in Los Angeles is on Roxbury Drive in Beverly Hills, specifically at 435 North Roxbury, the medical building that houses so many of the city's biggest dermatologists and plastic surgeons—or "derms" and "plastics," as the natives say. Four thirty-five North Roxbury is where Hollywood goes to dye. Or peel. Or nip. Or tuck. Or bleach or flatten or shrink.

Oftentimes, Hollywood goes to the second floor of 435, to the bustling corner office of Dr. Arnold Klein, although practically no one ever calls him that. To his friends he's just plain "Arnie," the menschy power derm; to his colleagues, and to the so-called beauty press, he's the King of Collagen or the Botox King—that is, when he's not known as the doctor who employed Debbie Rowe, who bore two children, Prince Michael and Paris, to Michael Jackson, whose own epic dermatological journey owes at least something to Arnie Klein. As a character said in the 1990 movie based on Carrie Fisher's book *Postcards from the Edge,* "Klein—he does *all* of them."

For decades Klein's clients included a striking, vigorous woman named Irena Medavoy, although she didn't always go by that name. Medavoy, 44, is the surname of her current husband, Mike, who happens to be one of the more powerful, well-connected men in Hollywood, having run three movie studios during the past quarter-century. Like so many women in Los Angeles, not to mention an increasing number of men, Irena attempted to turn back the creeping tide of age, and her mode of time travel came courtesy of Botox, the miraculous injectable drug that reduces or eliminates even the hardiest wrinkles, albeit temporarily.

That's not all it does, doctors have lately been discovering. Botox also seems to remedy another unfortunate by-product of Hollywood living, the killer headache, thereby offering double-truck relief to Irena, who for several years had suffered from migraines. But, she says, she got far more than she had bargained for at the hands of Dr. Klein, thus setting the stage for the most extraordinary civil litigation in recent memory, in which one of the most prominent Hollywood wives has charged the town's most prominent dermatologist with, in essence, reckless Botoxing. It has become an increasingly bitter melodrama, one that would be damn near hilarious were it not for the fact that, after her last treatment by Arnie Klein, Irena Medavoy suffered months of excruciatingly debilitating pain, she says.

Whether Botox and Klein are in any way culpable for Medavoy's suffering remains an open question, and Klein's spokesman in this matter, the famed Hollywood attorney Howard Weitzman, sharply disputes Medavoy's claim, if not her initial symptoms. "I don't question her motives," Weitzman says shortly before doing just that. "Motive in the filing of civil suits is generally money. Financial reward or gain. So I think her motive is pretty clear." That opinion is shared by an even bigger fish in this tank, Allergan, Inc., the billion-dollar pharmaceutical giant that makes and markets Botox. The company calls Medavoy's suit "frivolous" and a "tactic for financial gain."

Naturally, this assessment doesn't sit so well with Medavoy. "I feel like Jane Fonda in *The China Syndrome,*" she often says these days. "This is my Three Mile Island. I'm telling the truth. It happened to me. But they want to destroy me. This lawsuit is about holding Allergan and Klein accountable for their failure to disclose the risks involved with Botox for migraines. They put profits before people. And if I don't sue, they'll keep doing what they're doing. And it's not right. They used me as a guinea pig. Without my knowledge or consent."

Because everyone in Hollywood is friends (as the Medavoys, Klein, and the Weitzmans once were) or ex-friends (as the Medavoys and the other three now are), the mutual *j'accuse* has created a rift in Beverly Hills, which has divided more or less equally between the Arnie camp and the Irena camp, with both sides digging in for trench warfare. Some of the Medavoys' friends no longer go to Arnie; some of Arnie's cast suspicious eyes on Irena, watching her every step along Rodeo Drive for signs that she's healthier than she says she is. Beyond seating arrangements at the Grill, however, the case involves an even bigger issue, with potentially staggering legal, medical, and financial implications—not only for Irena and Klein, but for the entire Botox-industrial complex. Last year alone the drug earned Allergan $4[illegible] million, with sales swiftly increasing this year, thanks to deft marketing, hungry consumers, and doctors who view the drug as a gloriously benign cash cow—more so now that it has carved out a niche in the booming headache-treatment market.



"I feel like Jane Fonda in *The China Syndrome,*" says Irena. "This is my Three Mile Island."

It is, at the very least, compelling that many of the doctors treating headache with Botox are neither neurologists nor internists; many are dermatologists, like Klein, and plastic surgeons, some of whom have been known to administer the drug in beauty salons and at "Botox parties." Already hotly debated in medical circles, runaway Botox-mania has pitted derm against derm on the mean streets of Beverly Hills. The last word about its side effects has yet to reveal itself, which is why William Gold



OTOX BLUES

lockwise from top left: **Irena and her iend Donna Estes Antebi at a *V.F.* olden Globes party at the Medavoys' ome, January 18, 2003; Irena Medavoy, ée Gerasimenko, in a photo from the 980 Swimsuit Issue of *Sports Illustrated;* r. Klein at a movie premiere in urbank, California, last summer.**



man's saying about Hollywood also applies to the potential risk factors of Botox: Nobody knows anything.

Like many discoveries, Botox's was accidental. Back in the 1820s a swashbuckling German doctor named Justinus Kerner began dabbling with botulinum, the insidious bacillus of botulism that for centuries had killed poor souls who ate food contaminated with it. Death by botulism is, by any standard, a particularly ghastly way to go, being marginally preferable to death by Ebola only because it kills you even faster. Your muscles deaden, you lose control of bodily fluids, and you feel as if a bomb has exploded your entrails. Your lungs fail, you can't breathe, and you die. Although an antitoxin now exists, the last fatal domestic outbreak, in 2001, killed a Louisiana woman who ate home-canned food—the most common source of botulism.

Kerner endeavored to make botulism our friend by harnessing the bacterium's muscle-weakening qualities for therapeutic use. His work laid the foundation for the discovery that the toxin could be used to relieve muscle spasms—specifically, by blocking the release of acetylcholine, a neurotransmitter that tells muscles when to contract. Over the decades, doctors came to use it to treat ocular problems as well, and by the early 1980s research by a San Francisco doctor named Alan Scott had attracted the attention of an ambitious married couple who lived in Vancouver, Alastair and Jean Carruthers, the former a dermatologist, the latter an ophthalmologist.

Having transported a vial of toxin across the Canadian border, Jean began injecting her patients, mainly for muscular disorders of the eye, and the results were as swift as they were successful. One day a patient asked Carruthers, "Why aren't you injecting the frown area between my eyebrows?"

"Because you're not spasming there," she replied.

"But when you inject there, I get this lovely, unworried, untroubled look, and my family really likes it because I don't walk around looking grim."

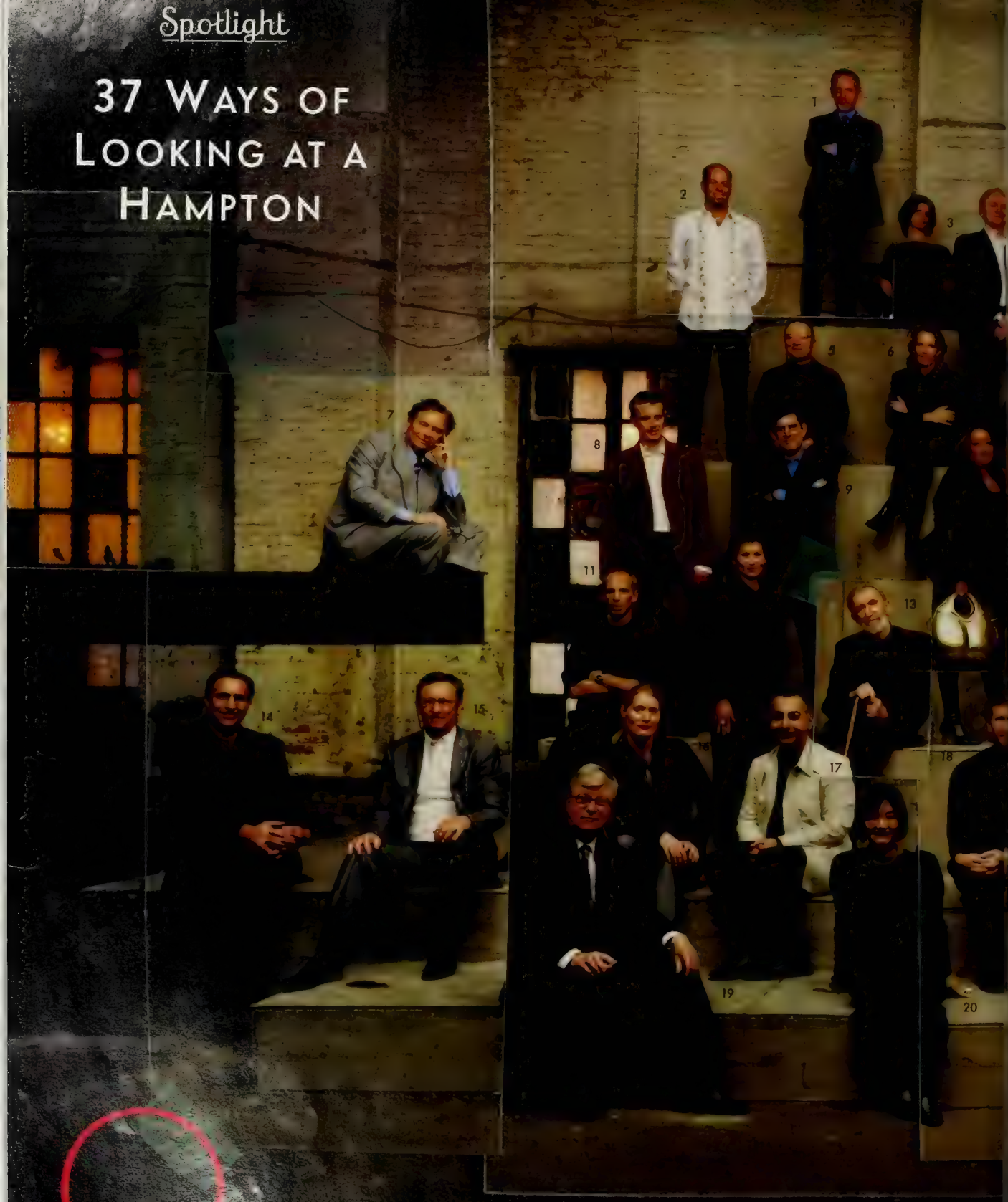
That night over dinner, Jean revealed her patient's observation to Alastair, who promptly ignored it. The next day, undaunted, Jean injected their assistant's face with a small dose of botulinum. For weeks, despite ringing phones and cranky patients, the assistant looked as serene as the day is long, and one of the many delicious tidbits to be gleaned from the Botox saga is that Patient Zero was a Canadian office worker named Cathy Bickerton. Still, Alastair blithely notes, "it took us a while to convince people to allow us to inject deadly poison into them to get rid of wrinkles." Nevertheless, by 1993 he was addressing the American Academy of Dermatology, a gathering that effectively served as the toxin's coming-out ball—an epochal moment marred only slightly by the loud chorus of skeptics crying, as Alastair recalls it, "No bloody way!"

By then the toxin had assumed a commercial and far less creepy name—Botox. In 1989 the U.S. Food and Drug Administration had approved it for treatment of crossed eyes and uncontrollable blinking, and in 2000 for a neurological movement disorder known as cervical dystonia. In 2002 it was approved for a single cosmetic procedure: reduction of glabellar lines—a fancy way of saying the "frown lines" that appear between or just above the eyebrows. Needless to say, the cosmetic procedure got all the press and generated most of the cash, which soon started coming in hand over fist, especially in and around Beverly Hills, where wrinkles and death are pretty much synonymous, and where "anal bleaching" is not unheard of.

Into the Botox windfall stepped most of Hollywood's top derms, among them Arnie Klein, the marketing whiz who'd been one of the architects of the collagen-mania that swept Hollywood in the mid-90s, when actresses suddenly pouted with lips the size of Michelins, thanks to injections of the gelatinous protein. When Goldie Hawn parodied the trend, in 1996's *The First Wives Club,* she had Arnie Klein written all over her face—literally: the film's producers flew Dr. Klein to New York and put him up in the Sherry-Netherland, where he regularly inflated Goldie. He was in on the joke, up to a point. "Here in Los Angeles, we've all seen *Peter Pan* a few too many times," Klein later said. "[But] if we had movie houses filled with actors and actresses who were ugly, no one would go."

Spoken like a true native, although Klein isn't one. He's from Mount Clemens, a blue-collar exurb of Detroit, where his family ran a spa famous CONTINUED ON PAGE 223

37 Ways of Looking at a Hampton



...ons could a subdivision become a cause célèbre ... completion, the Houses at Sagaponac will be the ... the Case Study houses introduced martini modernism ... the 1950s. At the very least, the 37 houses will offer ... from the architectural Viagra that defined the Hamptons ..., and make the area safe, once again, for cutting-edge design. Richard Meier acted as curator for developer Coco Brown and invited an all-star roster of architects to design modestly scaled (by Hampton standards) houses on small lots within a 100-acre parcel north of the Montauk Highway. Most were designed as floaty sculptural objects with veils of glass and ribbonlike floors. (Michael Graves'

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONAS KARLSSON



ARCHITECTS OF THE HOUSES AT SAGAPONAC PROJECT

(1) Robert Kahn. (2) Clark Stevens. (3) Deborah Berke. (4) Steven Harris. (5) Michael Rotondi. (6) Anabelle Selldorf. (7) Coco Brown, the project's developer and organizer. (8) John Keenen. (9) Terry Riley. (10) Zaha Hadid. (11) Daniel Rowen. (12) Hsin Ming Fung. (13) James Ingo Freed. (14) Stephen Kanner. (15) Richard Gluckman. (16) Mies Grybaitis. (17) Marwan Al-Sayed. (18) Thomas Phifer. (19) Harry Cobb. (20) Nanako Umemoto. (21) Victoria Meyers. (22) Anthony Ames. (23) Tom Harrahan. (24) Lindy Roy. (25) Alan Ritchie. (26) Michael Graves. (27) Laurie Hawkinson. (28) Henry Smith-Miller. (29) François De Menil. (30) Mojgan Hariri. (31) Gisue Hariri. (32) Calvin Tsao. (33) Zack McKown. (34) Stan Allen. (35) Richard Meier. (36) Shigeru Ban. (37) Dean Maltz. Photographed in Building No. 11 at the Brooklyn Navy Yard on November 8, 2002.

wee little temple is a notable exception.) To compensate for the ack of million-dollar views, some architects created artificial land- capes that redefine the very notion of "weekend." A swimming ool penetrates the façade of the house designed by Lindy Roy nd merges with an indoor waterfall. Others reach upward to attain iews of the distant and ineffable sea itself. The house by the Dutch firm MVRDV hovers above the treetops like a rain-forest spa. So far, there has been more gossip than construction. Ground has been broken for only one of the houses. A slumping market hasn't helped, and the signature designs are pricey (just over $1 million to $4 million), considering their lots feel more like backwoods suburbia than beachfront bliss.

—ALASTAIR GORDON

When Gianni Agnelli died in January at 81, the honorary chairman of Fiat was revered in Italy for his industrial might and famous everywhere for his unparalleled style. But beyond the dazzling women—Pamela Churchill, Anita Ekberg, Jacqueline Kennedy—and the jet-set arsenal of sports cars, villas, and yachts, he was an enigma. Talking to the inner circle, which included David Rockefeller and Henry Kissinger, JUDY BACHRACH examines the triumphs of a legend, and the tragedies of a man



La Vita



AT THE HELM

Gianni Agnelli on his yacht *Capricia*, 1975. *Opposite*, Agnelli at the Turin Fiat factory in 1956, when he was spending much of his time on the Riviera, romancing Pamela Churchill and others.

Agnelli

"I want to die like an old soldier, on his horse," the great Italian automobile tycoon Gianni Agnelli told his niece Marella Caracciolo. This, as it turns out, was one of the few wishes denied him at the end of a brilliantly flamboyant, mercurial, and indulgent life, one navigated by turns with charm, cunning, vast wealth, and, above all, a ruling aesthetic sense that never failed him. It is fitting that as the fallen king of Fiat he should, the day after his death, lie in state in a blond-wood coffin in a room above Lingotto, the former Fiat plant in Turin, which was Agnelli's hometown. Behind the coffin is a painting of the Madonna, and beyond this, one can see not only the blue hills that clasp the lovely city, with its 17th-century colonnaded streets, but also the flapping bedsheets and dark overalls drying on various balconies across the street.

In a few hours, at the funeral service in the pale Turin Cathedral (renowned for housing the famous Shroud of Turin), a young soldier will take out his trumpet and play "Silenzio," which is how Italians honor their dead officers. Indeed, there is a subtle military undertone to the entire proceeding, as though a battle was imminent, which it is, in a sense—the empire is crumbling. "My grandfather was the *scudo*—the shield—for the Italian people," explains Lapo Elkann, who is 26 and who was groomed, like his older brother, John, to manage the now precarious fortunes of Fiat.

All one hears now, however, are the sounds of shuffling feet as thousands of mourners—ordinary Fiat workers, many of Sicilian origin—file through until five in the morning. No one expected so many. One by one, they make the sign of the cross, then touch the coffin, garlanded by white peonies and roses, the handiwork of the fragile, black-garbed widow, Marella Agnelli, who stands by it. Hands are pumped so hard that some of the relatives will have blisters the next morning.

"*Coraggio,*" these workers murmur. Or, more ominously, "Don't abandon us!"

The handsome chamber, sitting high up in the North Tower of Lingotto, is cool and brash, encircled by an outdoor track, where workers used to test new cars—the glamorous Fiat 509 of the 20s, for instance, and then the Topolino—for the company that is still the biggest private employer in Italy. Once, Fiat produced the most popular cars in Europe. It was Fiat and Agnelli who put Italy on wheels after World War II, turning it into the fast-paced, industrialized, style-crazed country it now is.

Agnelli, whose family fortune was once estimated at $3.1 billion, embodied that new Italy. His was the tanned, craggy face that symbolized its most recent renaissance, the postwar "Italian miracle," which made it the fifth-most-important economic power in the world. He reigned over an empire that included not just Fiat but also Ferrari, Maserati, Lancia, and Alfa Romeo—the last ripped from the teeth of Ford in 1986. Into his fiefdom he swept Italian newspapers and an Italian department store, a large chunk of Club Med and a robotics firm, Chateau Margaux vineyards and tractor factories purchased from the United States, an aviation plant and a soccer team, an insurance company, and a slice of the publishing house Rizzoli.

There was nothing he couldn't get and no one he couldn't seduce, once he set his mind to it. During the Cold War, Agnelli, an unabashed lover of America, nonetheless blithely greeted Nikita Khrushchev and made deals with the Soviet Union; in the late 70s he did much the same with Colonel Muammar Qaddafi, at the very time Libya was quietly sponsoring terrorists. This, however, was never held against Agnelli for long, and he endeared himself to banker David Rockefeller and the Kennedys.

But his particular gifts for seduction and acquisition were most potent with women. He romanced Jackie Kennedy, who wanted to marry him, Pamela Churchill, who also wanted to marry him, and, at the height of her glory, the voluptuous film star Anita Ekberg, to whom he gave nothing more than transient affection and an inexpensive bracelet from Bulgari, which she proudly showed off to her dismissive Italian friends.

There are certainly plenty of wealthy and famous mourners who will come to pay their respects on this cold day. Silvio Berlusconi, the billionaire prime minister, for instance, will soon drive up in a German Audi, of all things (for which he will be roundly booed by the crowd of 100,000 who line the streets). The Agnelli relatives are frankly a bit worried abo this huge outpouring. Will there be dist bances on this terrible day? Will one the 8,100 about to be laid off from F try to exact revenge? But the workers turns out, seem almost as grief-stricken Marella Agnelli.

"*Il re,*" the Italian people called Agn li—by which they meant the king not o of Fiat but of all Italy, and perhaps l yond. He had nothing in common w our bland American C.E.O.'s, interest solely in conjuring quicksilver fortune pallid figures, faceless until the day their indictments. "He was a universalis Agnelli's close friend Henry Kissinger plains. "He is hard to figure out by co parison with some of the people you s in this period. He was an Italian patr and a great European and an Atlantic and a great believer in friendship wi America. And people will tell you all tha incompatible, but it's not."

Now Agnelli is de at 81, after a lo and painful strug with prostate ca cer. And, frank there is no one take the king's place. His world has di with him. Fiat is in a bad way, bleedi money, hit by mounting debt—once es mated at almost $14 billion—and falli sales. Last year it suffered losses totali almost $4.6 billion. Certain Agnelli in mates believe Fiat Auto will likely ha to be sold off. It was something Agne would have done anything to prevent—a in fact did, to the sorrow of some of his lations, who are now considerably less ri as a result. By January, Fiat shares h dropped about 80 percent since 1998. Fi debt has been downgraded to junk statu

"He didn't care that everyone's asse were going down," says his niece Prisc la Rattazzi. "He cared that people in Tur kept their jobs. This is an Italian thin Italians don't fire 10,000 people. He de nitely didn't want to see the writing on t wall."

"He would like to be remembered the man who did not sell out," his nephe Lupo Rattazzi, 50, explains. "He used say, with scorn, 'Look at those Englis automobile companies, like Rover, Roll Royce—they sold out to everyone!' He fe several families in Europe had surrendere He wanted to keep Fiat in the hands the Italians—and the Agnellis."

So, as the years passed, Agnelli preferre to ignore the brutal economic realities the auto business, concentrating instea along with his wife, on other areas of exi

"I did suspect she would divorce him. Someone so unfaithful . . . How else could it end?"



FORMAL AFFAIR

Agnelli and his wife, Marella, in Rome in 1961 at a party given for President Kennedy.


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TYLISH LIVES

) Gianni with his grandfather Giovanni, 940s. (2) Villar Perosa, the Agnelli state in the foothills of the Italian Alps.) Gianni admires a Fiat 2100 in e 1960s. (4) Marella, unidentified iend, Gianni, and photographer Benno raziani, Italy, 1962. (5) Gianni holds urt in the 1960s. (6) Gianni escorts Lee adziwill from Maxim's, in Paris, 1968.) Jackie Kennedy and Gianni on a boat ear Ravello, 1962. (8) Gianni, right, n the tarmac in Saint-Moritz, 1971; the g brace was the result of a 1952 car cident. (9) Gianni (standing) entertains arella, her brother Carlo, and guests his villa La Leopolda in 1957. (10) lm star Anita Ekberg and Gianni leave ostaria dell'Orso, Rome, 1959.



tence. You have only to enter one of his many homes to see where his heart was. The rococo Villar Perosa—the family estate, with its view of the Italian Alps—where the gallery of chinoiserie is lined with light floral silks and green-and-gold painted panels of leaves and birds. Or the Villa Frescot, on a hill overlooking Turin, its rooms designed by Renzo Mongiardino and its Francis Bacons propped willy-nilly against basement walls. Or the simple lines of an old monastery on Corsica that the Agnellis converted into a country house.

"You say, 'My goodness!' You can't believe these are the houses of very rich people," says Oscar de la Renta. There are, in fact, Louis XVI tables and Géricaults, but next to them, he says, "also masses of wicker, the cheapest things you can buy."

But members of the family know how much work and trouble went into creating such deceptively simple effects. "You see, everything they did had to be lovely and perfect—it was part of their own myth, the one they created and played out their whole lives!" says Marella Caracciolo. "The whole cult of aesthetics," she continues, "of having the best life. And the best food. And the best art. And the best wine. Everything had to be the best in the whole world!" And her aunt, Marella Agnelli, "played along with this completely. The idea of creating the perfect home, the perfect flower arrangements, every piece of linen—perfect.

"And all that's over," concludes the niece. "That's the world that is over."

One can see remnants of it, though, simply by taking a glass-enclosed elevator to the floor above the room with the coffin at Lingotto. Here, in a small museum, lies an assortment of perfections unrelated by time or country of origin: a Modigliani voluptuary wearing only a sly, secret smile; two robust bathers by Canova; a portrait by Renoir of his delicious young wife, barebreasted. These works, donated by Agnelli to Turin, are housed in an airy construction designed by Renzo Piano. Above it is a flat sun-drenched roof called a *tappeto volante*—a flying carpet.

Indeed, of all the images that come to mind when one thinks of Agnelli, the flying carpet is the one that is perhaps most apt. He never could stay in one place, never could bother seeing a movie in its entirety, never finish a book, or—most of all—confine himself to one woman.

He was in certain ways a shy, remote man, whose armor of burnished cynicism kept everyone at a distance from his personal drama. This is made quite clear by Cardinal Severino Poletto during the funeral. Not long ago, he explains, the two men met for the first time.

"What shall I call you?" the cardinal asked Agnelli.

"You can call me 'Avvocato,'" replied Agnelli, referring to his most popular nickname, the one everyone in Italy, even close friends, called him. It means lawyer—an interesting choice, since, although he went to law school, he never passed his final exam. "It is," the dying Agnelli added, a note of irresistible candor creeping in, "my stage name."

When Susanna Agnelli, known as Suni, opens the door to her Roman apartment, with its view of the savage horses of the Piazza del Quirinale, all one sees is her older brother. It is stamped there on her face—the defiant nose, the cast of the jaw, the cool, appraising look in her eyes. A tall, imposing woman of 80, she was Italy's first female foreign minister, in the mid-1990s. But she was above all the younger sister of Gianni, whose own apartment is just a few floors below hers.

She seems to be expecting him still to drop in. In her view, he was, as her son Lupo puts it, "the man who could do no wrong, basically. An idol-worshiping relationship."

Her first words confirm this, while laying open—as she clearly means to—all his flaws. "The only thing I can say about my brother, really, is that he was a perfect brother." She holds up a hand. "That doesn't mean at all that he was a perfect businessman or that he was a perfect husband or a perfect Christian or a perfect financier, just a perfect brother." In fact, "we understood each other so well he didn't need to speak. Nor did I need to speak. Just understand each other."

In any case, I venture, Gianni never spoke much about himself in a personal way, considering it, perhaps, undignified.

"Not undignified. Inelegant." This is followed by an unexpected bark of laughter. Then Suni's eyes fill with tears.

From childhood the two had essentially each other. The rest of the family, however important, were, by comparison, bystanders. There was Giovanni, the imperious grandfather, a friend of Henry Ford's, who founded the Fiat company (known then as Fabbrica Italiana di Automobili Torino) with a small group of investors back in 1899. There were other siblings: Clara, Maria Sole, Cristiana, and the youngest, Umberto, who was 13 years Gianni's junior, and Giorgio, who died at 35. There was a cold and difficult father, Edoardo,

who was killed in 1935 in a seaplane accident when a propeller cut open his head. Gianni was 14 at the time.

And there was an unrestrained, barely domesticated mother, Virginia Bourbon del Monte—half American, the daughter of a prince, and a great beauty. But impulsive and defiant. Inside her 30-room palazzo, Virginia slept on black satin sheets; all around her were tapestries, statues, indifferently painted views of Venice, and a large, steamy portrait of someone she insisted was Queen Christina of Sweden (but who likely wasn't).



"My mother was very American, in the sense that she was not the usual kind of mother you would have had," says Suni with a stab at understatement most exceptional in her. "I think," she adds thoughtfully, "because of her American blood."

You mean because your mother was so flighty, I suggest.

"Yes." The old lady nods briskly.

In fact, after her husband's death, Virginia took as her lover the writer Curzio Malaparte, in an affair so flagrant that it prompted the grandfather Agnelli to seize custody of her children. In despair, Virginia appealed to, of all people, her father-in-law's chief ally, Mussolini. It was a shrewd and successful move—Mussolini liked to give orders, even to old Agnelli, who was a card-carrying member of the Fascist Party, a purely commercial decision in his view. Their alliance was to make Agnelli's fortune and earn him the title of "senator for life" from Il Duce. The Italian military became a robust consumer of Fiats when World War II broke out, and there were, in addition, numerous meetings between Fiat officials and the Wehrmacht, which also turned into a valued customer.

A few years later Virginia died in a car accident, her neck broken. Beside her, according to one biography of Agnelli, was her chauffeur, trouserless. Gianni, who was 24 at the time, set up house in Turin with Umberto, just 11, and their English governess. Indeed, the older brother became, as Suni Agnelli tells me, Umberto's surrogate father. One month later, in December 1945, the prominent grandfather, too, died, by this time utterly friendless, embittered, and roundly despised. Mid-war, Italy had executed an expedient turnabout, fastening its allegiance to the victorious Allies, and consequently the old man's mercantile transactions with the Fascists were recollected with disgust. As Gianni would later recall with considerable emotion, "Nobody was there at the funeral except family members."

The results of all this family upheaval would be so devastating and far-reaching that their effects can be felt to this day. Umberto would grow up "always in the shadow of this charismatic person, Gianni," according to a family confidante. He is hardworking and newly prominent these days, indeed is now the Fiat chairman. But until his brother's death, Umberto's role in the parent company was subdued.

A decade ago, Umberto's desire to attain the chairmanship his aging brother wished to relinquish was thwarted by the dubious banks. "He was very resentful," continues the confidante. "Always the little brother who never found his own way, basically." (Six years ago, Umberto was dealt a far worse blow: his talented son, Giovannino, the designated heir to the empire, died at 33 of stomach cancer.)

As for the lingering memory of the flighty, half-American Virginia, "Gianni never spoke about his mother—well, not to me," says Nicola Caracciolo, Agnelli's brother-in-law. "I think he thought his grandfather was right to take the children away."

So, did Gianni Agnelli, recalling perhaps the antics of his own mother, secretly despise the many women he seduced?, I wonder.

"Maybe there was something like that," Caracciolo concedes.

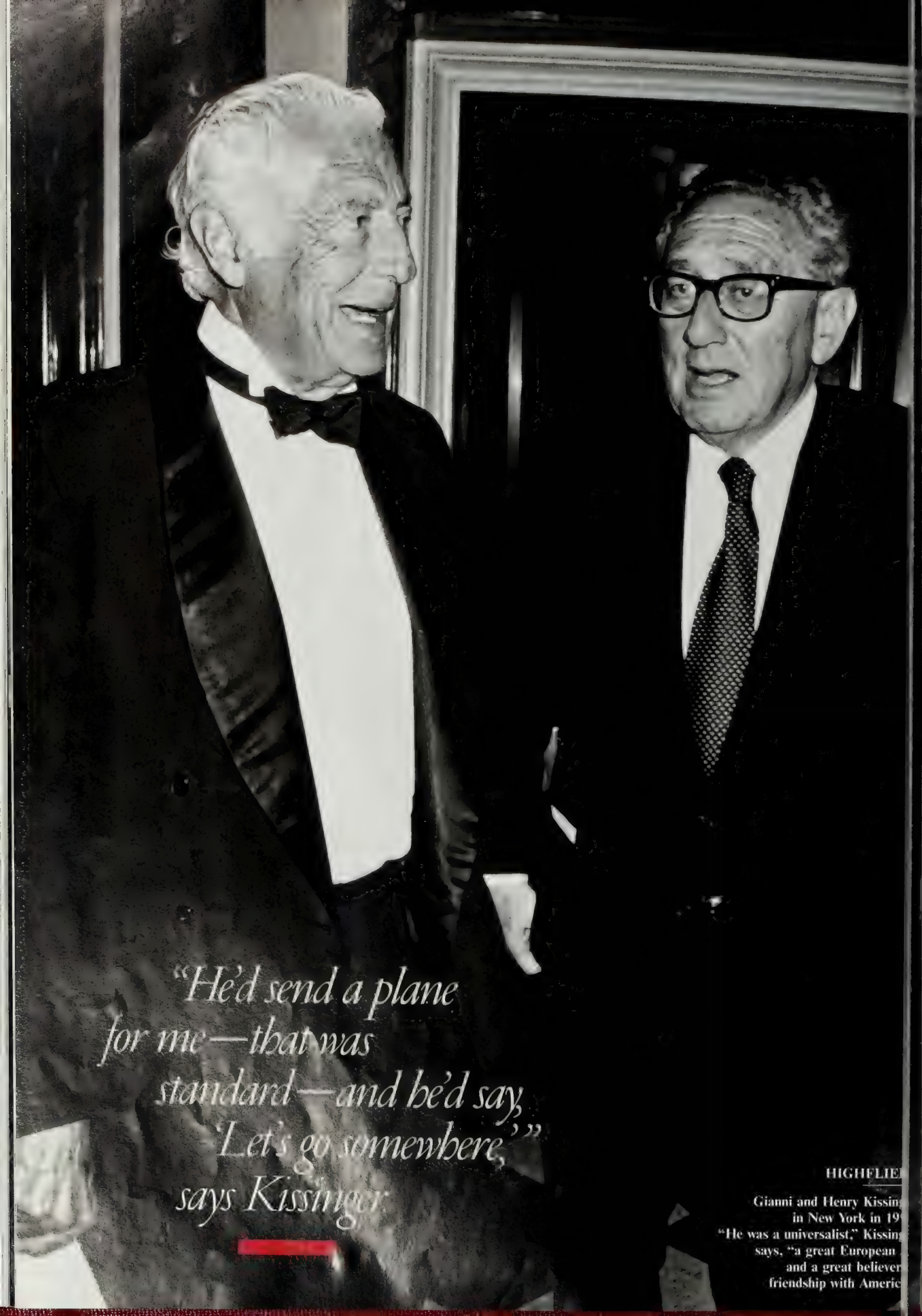
As it turns out, there was a lot of the grandfather in young Gianni; he was every bit as opportunistic as the old man, only



"Jackie Kennea went around looking for a ric husband, and she wanted to marry him.



Marella and Jackie Kennedy in Ravello, 1962. *Inset,* from left, Jackie Kennedy, Gianni's sister Suni, photographer Benno Graziani, Prince Stanislas Radziwill, and Gianni in Ravello, 1962.



"He'd send a plane for me—that was standard—and he'd say, 'Let's go somewhere,'" says Kissinger

HIGHFLIE

Gianni and Henry Kissin in New York in 19 "He was a universalist," Kissin says, "a great European and a great believer friendship with Americ

finitely more farsighted. In the winter of 941, at 22, he distinguished himself fighting for Mussolini on the Russian front, as, in fact, wounded twice. By 1943, however, he turned up, speaking wonderful nglish, as a valued liaison officer for the mericans.

"It was just, you know, normal; it was othing exceptional," explains his sister uni, who had herself been a nurse on n Italian hospital ship and then drove n ambulance for the Allies. No need for ong discussions between her and Gianni n the interesting subjects of allegiance r Fascism. The world had changed. And then we switched sides," she says imply.

On the whole, Gianni was pleased with is decision. In the first place, America was roving very successful, a quality Agnelli lways respected in countries and people. n the second, says Suni, "Gianni was extremely grateful to the Americans for having saved Italy. And that is something he epeated always: 'Without the Americans ve wouldn't exist.'"

The old senator had said, 'You behaved bravely. Take a few years off,'" Agnelli's old friend Roffredo Gaetani explains. He, too, invariably refers o Agnelli as "l'Avvocato," despite their ong association (as in "I was and will always be proud to call myself one of l'Avvocato's men"). "He took a few years off," he ontinues, "and then a legend was born."

In fact, "a few years" is a considerable nderstatement. Having fought hard, young Gianni was ready to play hard, and he spent he two decades after 1945 deftly avoiding teady work. While Vittorio Valletta, a brual manager, ran the car company, Gianni vent straight to the South of France, where e dropped $100,000 on La Leopolda—a 8-room villa originally owned by Belgium's King Leopold—and equally impresive amounts on gambling and recreational rugs, including cocaine.

Everyone in those newly carefree days vas either at La Leopolda or in the vicinity: he playboy Porfirio Rubirosa, the reckless acecar driver Alfonso de Portago, the novie tycoons Jack Warner and Darryl Zanuck, the young Kennedys, the Sicilian rince Raimondo Lanza, described by a amily friend as "incredibly mad and dashng and Gianni's mentor."

"I think Gianni was discovering life," ays Countess Marina Cicogna, an old riend, who saw a lot of Agnelli in 1953, vhen he was receiving an annual allowance of $1 million. This enabled him to arrive in style, as Cicogna recalls, with "a very extraordinary-looking motorboat and cars." The young man was in hot pursuit of Cicogna's friend, the actress Hedy Lamarr. "It was a great time because you didn't have all the media attention you have now," she observes. "And then all the Greeks started showing up in the South of France," by which she means Stavros Niarchos and his boat the *Eros*. Also on board were Aristotle and Tina Onassis, the latter soon to catch the eye of Lanza. "Easy, fun, and glamorous, you know," Cicogna concludes. "Fun and games, nothing terribly serious."

Fun and games, however, was not at all what flame-haired Pamela Churchill, the former daughter-in-law of Winston Churchill, had in mind when she set her blue eyes on Agnelli. He was an intriguing choice: a handsome, dark figure with an eagle's probing gaze. He also had a fastidious, if quirky, sense of style: his gold Cartier watch fastened over his shirt cuff, the collars unbuttoned on his crisp shirts. She was a woman who played for keeps (as an assortment of men, including film producer Leland Hayward and American statesman Averell Harriman, would later discover). And after she moved into La Leopolda, it was her intention to turn Gianni, who, as Cicogna explains, "was a young man who hadn't had much international experience," into a second husband.

To this end, no effort was spared: introductions were made to important associates, among them an invaluable Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. Junior got the Fiat distributorship for North America, according to Pamela Harriman's biographer, Sally Bedell Smith, and Fiat, in turn, got a huge postwar loan from the U.S. government. And Pamela herself underwent a remarkable transformation, converting from Church of England to Roman Catholic—and, even more to the point, from gauche to smart.

"I saw Pamela before she became elegant. She arrives in Capri, which is very informal, you know—you wear slacks and espadrilles at the most—and she is looking terrible in big lizard high-high heels and a terrible, huge amethyst necklace around her neck," recalls one Agnelli friend. "Well, within one year after she meets Gianni, she is wearing Balenciaga and magnificent jewelry. She is," this friend observes succinctly, "the only woman that Gianni ever spent money on."

The problem with Pamela's matrimonial ambitions was twofold. First, Gianni's sisters couldn't stand her. "I never thought she would have been a good wife for Gianni," says Suni, who decided her brother needed an Italian wife of considerably more limited amorous experience and acquisitiveness. The second difficulty was Gianni himself. On August 20, 1952, he was casually embracing a gorgeous 21-year-old named Anne-Marie d'Estainville at La Leopolda when Pamela walked in. Highly incensed, she hurled at the couple an object which d'Estainville would later vaguely describe as "something."

The pair retreated to Agnelli's Fiat station wagon. Gianni, reportedly high on cocaine, drove down the Lower Corniche at such an alarming speed that near the Cap Roux tunnel he slammed straight into a butcher's truck. His right leg shattered in seven places. From then on it was never the same. True, Agnelli continued to pursue life as ardently as ever—sailing boats, skiing, chasing women—but his leg remained encased in a permanent brace, never wholly functioning, and he spent many years on painkillers.

"Sometimes he would walk over something. It would cut him, and he wouldn't know, because he had no feeling in the foot," says Cicogna. "He was a very brave man. I never heard him once complain."

Another thing changed as well. The Agnelli sisters prevailed upon a young friend, Princess Marella Caracciolo di Castagneto, a former *Vogue* model and a winner of the Miss Florence title, to visit their dear brother, convalescing in the hospital.

The girl was in many ways a perfect applicant for the role they had in mind. Marella's Midwestern mother and grandmother were expatriates of considerable intellectual breadth—Henry James and Ezra Pound had pride of place on the shelves of the Florentine palazzo they had acquired. Her paternal lineage was impeccably Neapolitan—albeit, as Marella's brother delicately puts it, "not very rich, regrettably," their great-grandfather the Duke of Merito having steadily sold off his land near Puglia to pay for "balls and horses and galas."

Moreover, Marella was no Pamela-style adventuress. Her father was a diplomat, and she had grown up in a fine Roman house in Trastevere, directly across from the more impressive medieval palazzo owned by the Agnellis. She had a melodic voice and a swan's neck, and she fell wildly in love with the injured playboy.

As for Gianni, it's hard to say. He had grown into a cynic, not one to mistake ardor for enduring affection. "Yes, I know," Suni says mildly. "My sisters and I used



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PATRIARCH OF THE PEOPLE

(1) Gianni leaves the Roman nightclub Jackie O with model Ramona Ridge, 1981. (2) Gianni, actress Elsa Martinelli, and a friend, 1960s. (3) Gianni's son, Edoardo, Carlo Caracciolo, and Gianni, 1980s. (4) Gianni in a Fiat Bianchini, with auto executives Alberto Pirelli, Vittorio Valletta, and Giuseppe Bianchi. (5) Gianni's sister Suni Agnelli, at her palazzo in Rome on March 10, 2003. (6) Umberto Agnelli with son Giovannino, 1982. (7) Gianni, Oscar de la Renta, Marella, and socialite Annette Reed at Malcolm Forbes's 70th-birthday party in Tangier, 1989. (8) Gianni's grandsons Lapo and John Elkann at a Formula One Grand Prix race, 1999. (9) Mourners at Gianni's funeral in Turin, January 26, 2003.



to say to each other, 'So, who do you think Gianni was really in love with?' It's difficult to say."

So who was his great love?, I ask.

"I'd rather not say."

"In love?" Gianni bellowed at Suni the first time she suffered such an affliction. "I thought only maids fell in love!" Nonetheless, he married Marella in November 1953, at which time she was 27—and three months pregnant.

Pamela was abandoned, certainly, but not without parting gifts. Agnelli gave her a Paris apartment and a Bentley. For her part, Marella got one of the most difficult husbands in a nation renowned for difficult husbands.

Did you think your older sister made a good match when she married?, I ask Nicola Caracciolo, who is 71.

"Mmmm ... yes and no," comes the bleak response. "I was a bit concerned how things would turn out. In some ways, it was a very, very good match. In some other things ... " His voice trails off.

You mean Gianni was wild, I say.

"Exactly," says Caracciolo. "My mother was worried. She asked, 'Are you sure?'"

How comfortable Marella remained with her decision is open to question. For much of her marriage she hadn't a moment's peace, worrying about Gianni and his women. She poured out her anxieties to, among others, the advice columnist Ann Landers (whose comment on the subject, once out of earshot of Marella, was "That's how Bulgari stays in business"). When Marella was pregnant with Margherita, her second child, Agnelli took up, it is said, with Princess Laudomia Hercolani, an Italian noblewoman who "had the social and the intellectual position to be a threat," says a friend. The princess herself has denied this. However, a close friend says, "I think that was the most difficult moment in their marriage."

She was far from the only woman who appeared by his side. Anita Ekberg came and went. The actress Silvia Monti, who ultimately married industrialist Carlo de Benedetti, was, say friends, also seen with him. Jackie Kennedy went sailing with Agnelli in 1962—MORE CAROLINE, LESS AGNELLI, read the angry telegram Jack Kennedy sent his wife on this occasion, which was notable for a fair amount of kissing, caught on film by the paparazzi. And Kennedy's son, John, it was whispered in malevolent circles, looked a lot more like Gianni than Jack.

Nor did Jackie's interest subside over time. "At a certain moment, the freshly widowed Jackie Kennedy went around looking for a rich husband, and she went to Turin and wanted to marry him," Gaia Servadio, once a very close friend of Agnelli's, tells me. "This was before Onassis came along. I know it's true. She wanted him to divorce and marry her." And, Servadio adds, "it would have been ideal. In a strange way, he would have liked to have her. He didn't, though. Well, because things are like that in this life."

Marella spent a fair portion of their wedded life trying to undermine her husband's libidinous desires. "Marella always found ways to keep Gianni under check," reports an old friend. "In the early years of their marriage he had a bachelor pad with a cot bed in the Grand Hotel in Rome. Marella moved a lot of furniture and a big bed into this bachelor pad—the kind of stuff that made him uncomfortable, so it would no longer be so much of a bachelor pad, if you see what I mean."

Family members marveled at Marella's forbearance. It is absolutely true that Italian husbands permit themselves far more leeway in love than their American counterparts, and their smart wives tend toward indulgence, or at least a blind eye. But even by Latin standards Agnelli's amorous excursions (never highly rated by his partners, according to Roman gossip) were considered excessive.

"When I was a kid, I did suspect she would divorce him," recalls Lupo Rattazzi, Suni's son. "Someone so unfaithful ... I thought, How else could it end but divorce? But that was because I didn't understand the depth of the relationship."

And, indeed, the marriage endured, but not without significant damage to everyone, friends included. It was observed, for instance, that "Marella also had tremendous charm—like Gianni," as one friend notes. "But I would say that in front of Gianni she was so intimidated. And so nervous. And always edgy." Another damaged soul was the couple's firstborn, Edoardo, who, says a friend, "felt neglected by his father." The young man eventually killed himself. "Marella," says another friend, "was more a wife to Gianni than anything else. Her greatest concern was her husband."

Intimates who welcomed Gianni to their houses when he arrived with what they called "a fling" were swiftly told off by Marella, who had a wounded woman's uncanny knack for discovery. "Gianni comes to my house with a girlfriend. He arrives

and says, 'Where's the spaghetti?' Well, what am I supposed to do?" wails one former friend. "But Marella—we never really repaired the rift after that."

So these friends, like it or not, had to choose sides.

"In the beginning it was Marella and Gianni I was friends with," says London columnist Taki Theodoracopulos, a longtime member of the Agnellis' inner circle. "But I think somebody like me who did the same bad things as Gianni—it's difficult to stay friendly with both. So I was a Gianni friend for the last 45 years."

"Tell me what happened last night," Gianni would exhort Taki. "Were the tarts pretty?"

"You shouldn't get the wrong idea—they weren't whores. He always called all girls 'tarts,'" Taki explains. "That was just one of his Agnelli-isms."

Fiat was doing just fine without Agnelli at the helm, when it was run in the 1950s and early 1960s by the ironfisted Valletta, who kept the unions at bay. Valletta was five feet one and produced cars to match. Under his careful watch, the minuscule Fiat 500 dominated the Italian market, mainly because of its price.

"Basically this car, when it came out, cost 500,000 lire [around $500]," explains the political scientist Franco Pavoncello, who is dean of Rome's John Cabot University. "The issue of quality was not really as important as the issue of availability to the masses." (The Fiat 500 had other fine qualities as well: during years of housing shortages "many of us first kissed a girl in a Fiat Cinquecento" was Berlusconi's delicately worded recollection.)

But in 1966, when Valletta was 82 and about to retire, Agnelli announced that he was replacing him. Agnelli was 45 at the time, and it was the perfect moment: Fiat produced 1,741,000 cars, 64,800 trucks, and 50,558 tractors that year—quantities that amounted to 6 percent of the world market. It had just unveiled the best-selling Fiat 124 and the dynamic little Dino Spyder.

"I started at the top," Agnelli used to say, with characteristic irony. But Italy wasn't big enough for him. That same year he opened a car plant at Togliattigrad in the Soviet Union, destined to produce 660,000 cars a year—and the best part of the deal, as far as Agnelli was concerned, was that the Italian government helped finance the project.

Within two years Fiat factories were opening all over Eastern Europe, where labor was cheap and ornery unions nonexistent. Nor would he stop there: in years to come Fiat popped up in Argentina and Brazil. So delighted was Agnelli by the degree of Fiat's worldwide incursions that he felt duty-bound to proclaim (this, alas, 18 months before Soviet tanks rolled into Czechoslovakia in 1968) that it was his "firm belief" the Cold War was over.

Agnelli's firm beliefs generally coincided neatly with his expansionist business plans, but it is also true that he had a passion for internationalism—if not for accurate prediction. There were certainly occasions—his championship of a unified Europe was one—when he shelved self-interest. A European Union, after all, spelled the certain end of protectionism in Italy, and with it the equally certain advent of competitive foreign cars.

"He always gave the impression of having a clear vision of the future," says Ferdinando Salleo, Italy's ambassador to the United States. "I was around when he was very instrumental in organizing a gigantic Italian economic mission to the then Soviet Union to strengthen Gorbachev." Salleo was impressed—an entrepreneur who cared about something more than instant profits? Who worried about the fate of Mikhail Gorbachev?

In a delicate pause in conversation it is obvious the ambassador is offering implicit comparisons with American tycoons. "That kind of family capitalism which is typical of Italy, it may have good sides and bad sides, but at least it gives rise to this type of leadership and vision. It was here in the old times, people like J. P. Morgan and old Rockefeller and Andrew Mellon." Smiling, he draws on his cigar. "I don't say they were angels."

No one ever observed Agnelli wearing a halo. In November 1976, recalls an old friend, she found herself lazily discussing with l'Avvocato the idea that rich men have the power to order assassinations, and Agnelli, as interested as always in other people's notions, asked, "Which bad people would you like to see murdered?"

"Qaddafi," came the immediate reply. "Because he's so terrible."

Agnelli looked thoroughly amused, but his tone was thoughtful. "Even bad people can be useful," he casually observed.

Within days, this friend recalls, "I find out Qaddafi saves Fiat by buying a good portion of it."

Fiat was going through one of its periodic crises just then, desiring greater expansion but paralyzed by a lack of fresh capital and devastated by skyrocketing prices. Who wanted to invest in Italy? T left was terrorizing the country—bands Red Brigades abducting and murderi industrialists to such an extent that Agn li let it be known that he had a cyani capsule fitted under one of his teeth (whi no one these days seems to believe). In a event, l'Avvocato was more than ready deal with the Devil.

"Would one of you like to try and gue what I have to say?" a delighted Agne asked members of the press in 1976, rig before providing them with fresh headlin almost 10 percent of the Fiat auto grou had just been sold to the Libyan dictat in a $415 million deal. This sum was interesting as the name of the violent ne partner, since, as Alan Friedman poin out in his 1989 biography of Agnelli, "Li ya was offering more than three times tl price it would have paid had it simp bought Fiat shares openly on the Mila stock exchange." In return, Libya was get two seats on the Fiat board and a se on its executive committee.

Consternation and outrage resulte needless to say. In vain did Agnelli's me insist, as Furio Colombo (then chairma of Fiat USA) does today, that Libya ha no hand in Fiat policy and that there wa "no moment" when this was even conten plated. Qaddafi was by no means as activ in terror networks as he would soon b come, but he was well on his way, active helping Middle Eastern militants. Wh Washington wondered, did the "wild ma of the Middle East," as Anwar Sadat Egypt called Qaddafi, need Fiat? (Ther was at least one answer: Abdullah Saud then the chairman of the Libyan Ara Foreign Investment Company, claimed h country was interested in a lot of what Fia had to offer, armaments included.)

This matter didn't seem to concer Agnelli. He was totally unrepentant abou his maneuver—an attitude maintained to thi day by his nephew Lupo Rattazzi. "Tha deal was the most brilliant that we've eve done," he says. It was an era, Rattazzi re calls, "when nobody wanted to touch Fiat. Besides, as far as the car manufacturer wa concerned, "those Libyans behaved fantast cally"—meaning they didn't attempt to con trol company policy. "Qaddafi was probabl a lunatic dictator, but, look, somebody wa rescuing us for just a minority position!"

Around the time Qaddafi was suspecte of having had a hand in the 1985 bombing of Fiumicino Airport in Rome, however the administration of President Ronald Reagan proved considerably less ecstatic about the alliance. In May 1986, Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger intervene



"In the early years Gianni had a bachelor pad in Rome. Marella moved in a lot of furniture ... so it would no longer be so much of a bachelor pad."

BARED AT SEA

Gianni jumps off his yacht near Saint-Tropez, 1977, the year after he sold 10 percent of Fiat to Libyan dictator Muammar Qaddafi.

personally, blocking a Pentagon order from Fiat. That got Agnelli's attention. "If Fiat is blacklisted, that could be a big problem," he said. "Sure, I'm concerned."

And within no time at all Fiat bought back those Libyan shares for $3.1 billion, thus giving the Libyan dictator more than a $2.5 billion profit.

"If you consider Qaddafi, he made good money," Colombo concedes, gently comparing it to "the way you buy an apartment at $100,000 and sell it at $1 million." Nonetheless, he adds, the payoff to Qaddafi "was not a burden to the company." (As indeed it was not. Mediobanca, a uniquely Italian bank, beloved by the local oligarchy, gave Agnelli's holding company more than $1 billion to buy out Libya, at the miraculously low interest rate of 2.6 percent.)

"It was a necessity at that moment," Suni declares coolly, and then she delivers perhaps the truest reason for her brother's 10-year marriage to a brutal dictator. "Yes, to get the infusion of cash. But without having the whole of the left of Italy against us."

Nor are such rationales confined to family. Criticism of Agnelli in the press of his home country was almost nonexistent. He owned the Turin daily *La Stampa,* and his company owned a fair portion of Italy's largest-circulation daily, *Corriere della Sera,* in either of which one would have been hard-pressed to discover a discouraging word. "That would be ridiculous," says Colombo, who used to be a columnist for *La Stampa* and is now the editor of another well-known newspaper. "Like asking if *The New York Times* ever published something attacking the Sulzbergers. No, of course not!" In addition, he adds, many Italian journalists get substantial discounts on Fiats.

Across the Atlantic, David Rockefeller appears equally sympathetic. "I felt it could have led to a constructive commercial relation with Libya," he says blandly. His good friend, after all, "was a pragmatist. Absolutely."

Agnelli himself was particularly proud of this attribute. "I am always on the side of the government," he told his brother-in-law. Any government. He wasn't picky.

"I hope you capture the fact we are dealing here with someone exceptional," says Henry Kissinger. He met Agnelli more than three decades ago, at which time Kissinger was "determined not to be charmed." This resolution didn't last long.

Being an Agnelli friend meant discarding mere existence, with all its tedium and demands, and being ushered into a world of pure pyrotechnics. At one's disposal were the red sailboat *Capricia;* the black racing yacht *Stealth,* equipped with matching black sails; a helicopter; a specially designed Ferrari with three seats in the front; a silver Ferrari with the license plate "1"; a metallic-blue Testarossa Spyder, of which there was just one in the universe.

"When I was in Europe, he'd send a plane for me—that was standard," Kissinger continues, "and he'd say, 'Let's go somewhere.'" That could mean anywhere at all: a trip to the Piedmontese Parliament so Kissinger might view the place where Count Cavour, the father of Italy, used to sit, or to a local castle that was holding an exhibition on the Piedmontese role during the Crimean War, or to a gallery hung with Canalettos, a particular favorite of Agnelli's.

It could also mean putting up with Agnelli, who liked to get up at five A.M., prodding awake guests to admire the sunrise, after which they were herded to some local Mediterranean fish market. On the other hand, a guest might also end up, as David Rockefeller did, at the Maranello racetrack, only to endure a "nerve-racking" ride with Agnelli driving at 150 m.p.h. in a Ferrari. This experience was followed just hours later by a sail around the Bay of Naples, "where, unfortunately," Rockefeller recalls dryly, "we hit the rocks with a bang."

With social friends, Agnelli never discussed business. "We were all like keys in a pigeonhole, like you see in hotels," explains former Italian senator Mario d'Urso. "He had a hole for Fiat, a hole for family, a hole for wife, a hole for friends. He kept everything in its proper place."

But that place was endlessly shifting. "Well, why don't we go to Paris? Somebody's going to give a party," Agnelli suggested to his doctor and friend, Cornell Medical's Dr. Isadore Rosenfeld, who had flown to Italy seven years ago to care for him.

"I said, 'Look, Gianni, I just arrived. I'm kind of tired—I'll just rest up here, go to bed,'" Rosenfeld recalls.

"I have an idea," said his host cryptically. An hour later a helicopter landed in the Turin garden, and the next thing the doctor knew they were on the deck of Agnelli's yacht, near Monte Carlo. The two sailed down to La Reserve at Beaulieu, where they dined. Then they returned to the yacht.

"Where are we going now?" asked the exhausted doctor. Agnelli simply held up his hand. "Get a good night's sleep" was all he said. "And I woke up and we were in Corsica!" recalls the doctor.

However, behind the backs of his acquaintances—or sometimes even to their faces—the mask of the perfect, collected host dropped, and there were bursts of savagery. Of his former son-in-law, the writer Alain Elkann, for instance, he once remarked, "As you know, I don't like Jews so much, but if I were Jewish, at least I would be proud of it. He isn't." An astonishing statement, since Elkann had written a book with the chief rabbi of Italy on the meaning of being Jewish.

"You always say you're a self-made man," Agnelli mocked d'Urso, whose proud bo this is. "The next time, make yourself bett Perhaps Agnelli was ultimately suspici of those who had fastened their lives his. Toward the end he began re-examin some of these associations. "I have friends," he bluntly stated. "Except my fa ily and Suni."

"Terrible, terrible," d'Urso recalls, bit his lips. "But by that time most of his frie had died. We were the leftovers."

But such lapses tended to be overlook There was an indefatigability to Agnelli's p sion for guests, the resources he applied their well-being.

"The important thing to remember he never made any demands on his frienc Kissinger concludes. "You didn't really kn you were being offered things."

The problem was, this craving for comp ionship extended only to accomplish adults. Agnelli was awkward and reme with children, whose doings didn't inter him—those of his son, Edoardo, include The boy was in every way his father's opp site: fearful, unathletic, exquisitely sensiti He had a movie star's dark, captivating loo "And Gianni loved this about him, th he had this beautiful, beautiful son," reca Marella Caracciolo.

But the son grew up aimless, a Prin ton dropout, and finally a drug addict, rested for heroin possession more than decade ago. Edoardo, says his uncle Nicc Caracciolo, who became close to the bo "sort of considered himself a Muslim. Y could imagine him as a young man out a Dostoyevsky novel. He was searching f something that would lead to a justificati of life. The moral path. The search for Goo The problem, he adds, is that Agnelli's on son "was never capable. I mean, if you lea the beaten path, you must have the capa ty to work out *la vita morale.*"

"Crazy Eddie" he was called by the Ita ian press after he gave an interview in whi he announced his intention to take over Fi He then expressed his hope that his fath would "prepare for his succession in th correct manner."

"He was a man," Caracciolo conclud sadly, "of many questions, very deeply fe but no answers."

On November 15, 2000, Edoardo plunge more than 200 feet from a viaduct know locally as the Bridge of Suicides. Under h brown corduroy suit he was wearing his p jamas. His car, a dark Fiat Croma, parke at the side of the highway between Turin an Savona, was still running when they foun him. Agnelli was summoned to identify th broken body of his boy. Marella was in Ne York just then, seeing, among others, th de la Rentas.

Agnelli called Annette de la Renta ver

rly that morning. "He told her to go to arella at their New York apartment so she ouldn't be alone when Gianni called," says car de la Renta.

At seven A.M., he continues, his wife took walk with Marella in Central Park. Ma-la was very calm.

"When I was little, my father told me a ory about Santa Chiara of Assisi, who lost friend in similar circumstances," she told nnette. "And then Santa Chiara heard a oice. It said, 'Chiara, do not despair. Be-use between the bridge and the water, I as there.'

"Now I know," Marella concluded quietly, vhy my father told me that story."

To this day Marella believes her son died ccidentally. This consoles her. After all, ys her brother, Edoar-o had done everything o make her think this ay. He had just the ay before called the entist to postpone an ppointment. He had ven made plans to visit n uncle in Tuscany for ne coming weekend. ometimes Caracciolo onders, "Maybe he ent there and just lost is equilibrium." Or naybe, he adds wearily, Edoardo just said, 'To ell with it.'"

L'Avvocato, however, ustained no comforting lusions. "I felt that was ne end of Gianni as the erson I knew. I felt he ad completely changed," Marina Cicogna eclares flatly. "He had to see Edoardo un-er the bridge."

Agnelli got plumper. He, who had al-ways been so fastidious in dress, no longer eemed to care. He had never been an op-imist—he was too intelligent for that. Now ne seemed not simply sad but, as a friend ays, "more remote from life than ever."

He was, without knowing it, dying.

"I detected his prostate cancer eight years ago," Dr. Rosenfeld explains. "He had urgery, it was removed, but it had already had ome impact. It was an aggressive tumor."

By this time Agnelli, having gone through wo heart surgeries, was simply honorary chairman of the company. The younger grand-son, Lapo Elkann, would eventually—at l'Av-vocato's personal request—work for Kissinger. His older, more serious-minded grandson, John Elkann (who would graduate at the top of his class in engineering management from Turin Polytechnic, after which he worked for G.E.) was being carefully groomed to take over.

But take over what?

"The world is such a mess, my dear," Suni says when I ask her about the future of Fiat and the prospects of John Elkann. "Who's going to hand over what? To whoever? Really, it's in a mess."

Fiat cars, according to Gianluca Pediconi, an equities analyst at Credit Suisse First Boston in Milan, "now have around 30 percent of the Italian car market." That's down, he adds, from 35 percent last year and 50 percent 10 years ago. In Europe as a whole, Fiat commands only 8 percent of the market. The styles of its newer cars, most notably the higher-priced Stilo, have not enchanted consumers. In the United States, with its rough weather and salty roads, the temperamental cars don't have a market at all.

The difficulties for Fiat began in the last decade, when, as the political scientist Pavoncello notes, European markets were flooded with Japanese and German cars. "Then they were hit by two sides: the Volkswagen, the Mercedes, and the Volvo on the upper level, and by Japanese on the lower level—Toyota, Honda," he says.



OH, BROTHER

Suni and Gianni in Argentina, 1978. "He was a perfect brother," says Suni. "That doesn't mean at all that he was a perfect businessman . . . a perfect husband or a perfect Christian or a perfect financier, just a perfect brother."

True, by then Fiat had gobbled up almost every snappy Italian car in sight: Lancia, Ferrari, and Alfa Romeo, which is doing particularly well. But, says Pavoncello, "the Lancia doesn't really compete with the Mercedes. The Punto can't compete with Datsun and Nissan."

By the end of the 1990s, when Fiat's annual sales had fallen to 2.5 million vehicles, says Valerio Castronuovo, who wrote a book on Fiat, the company realized it needed "to establish a strategic alliance." After all, Renault had fallen into bed with Nissan, while the Germans got Rolls-Royce.

This very nearly happened with Fiat. Just two years ago there was a seriously contemplated marriage with DaimlerChrysler, which would have bought out Fiat completely for what one Agnelli-family intimate claims was $13 billion. But Agnelli left that suitor at the altar. "What can I say?" he remarked. "I trust the Americans more than the Germans."

"Here's the nutshell," says this friend. Agnelli "understood very well the perils of clinging to the auto business. But again, this contradiction! This loyalty! If we had unloaded to DaimlerChrysler, it would have been, he said, a '*brutta figura.*'" This is the classic term for just about the worst crime an Italian can commit: looking bad in the eyes of society. Agnelli knew that the sale of a 100-year-old Italian car-maker to the Germans would have made him appear treasonous.

Many of his relations, however, feel it would have been well worth the embarrassment. "The failure to merge basically destroyed $10 billion of Fiat-shareholder value, or more," says the friend. "Sure, it's killing the relatives. Of the family equity value, $1.3 billion has been destroyed. They are now worth about $2 billion." But there are more than 70 relatives who hold shares, and these days, in order to maintain the support of the creditor banks, they've had to put up $270 million of good-faith money, which some can ill afford.

Instead of grabbing billions in cash, Agnelli entered into a peculiar deal with General Motors—designed to stave off the loss of his car company—which some experts believed advisable. Two years ago G.M. bought 20 percent of Fiat Auto. In exchange, Fiat received 6 percent of G.M. (a stake which Fiat has already sold off, according to Pediconi), as well as the option to sell off the rest of Fiat Auto to G.M. as early as 2004.

The problem is, says the equities analyst, "we are hearing G.M. doesn't want to buy. Last year Fiat Auto's negative cash flow was $2.1 billion, and obviously this is a pain for G.M."

So at the moment there is a general suspension of breath. There are currently long

Gianni Agnelli

deliberations between G.M.'s C.E.O., G. Richard Wagoner Jr., and the Italians, who are talking about a $5.4 billion recapitalization plan, but G.M. is clearly balking even at this: "We've made it clear there is no decision to participate in recapitalization," says a G.M. spokeswoman. Some of Fiat's most precious jewels are in the pawnshop, or about to be: 38 percent of its profitable Ferrari and more than half of its consumer-finance arm, Fidis. Up for sale is its most profitable business, the aviation firm Fiat-Avio. "It's kind of the only option available," says an insider. "G.M. could litigate the agreement if Fiat Auto is in too bad a shape."

Obviously, l'Avvocato saw where all this was headed. "There's a report that I died—it appeared in the paper yesterday," he wryly confided to Rosenfeld during those last months. "And the Fiat stock went up!"

Not that he was ready to acknowledge his own mortality. In his last month of life, he bought crates of Brunello wine, made plans for the purchase of a new vacation home, near Marrakech, spent hours deliberating the specs of a splendid new boat.

It was observed, nonetheless, that there was a softening of character. When the old man's favorite dog, a husky named Balto, leapt off the balcony of his country estate, Agnelli had the animal flown for treatment to Switzerland, where he visited the dog. He was particularly tender toward his wife. "They used to walk close together, and he would take her arm, and she would lean on him," Marella Caracciolo tells me. He also lavished enormous attention on his grandsons John and Lapo Elkann—Fiat's future, as he supposed.

"I thought it was very cruel to tell him he was going to get better," Suni Agnelli says flatly. "And he believed it. He thought it was true. One day he said to me, 'I went to this doctor in America, and the doctor said, "You have cancer and it's very serious. Do you want to fight it or not?

"And he said, 'As if this were an optio I have no option.' And at that moment thought, Well, it *is* an option. But I didi say it." That was a year ago.

By last May, Agnelli was with Marella New York for one of his last treatments. H received what Rosenfeld calls "the late anti-cancer therapy, monoclonal antibodi and chemotherapy." But as things turne out, it was too late for that. He was in co siderable pain, although to the last denyi it to everyone.

"He was terribly brave, Gianni," his sist concludes. "A *guerriero.*" A warrior.

On January 24 of this year he slippe into a coma at home in Italy. Hours later h was dead.

To the end, however, he never uttered word of complaint. "L'Avvocato told m 'Never speak about your own pain, keep for yourself,'" recalls his friend Roffred Gaetani.

Then Agnelli added the simple truth "N body can help you." □

Hugh Grant

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 174 life's lovely. I'm rich and my life's luxurious. But, above all, all I feel is nervous exhaustion. I fell into being a successful actor truly by mistake, so I'd never really desired being stared at, and that can be quite wearying after a bit. My mother, just before she died two years ago, grabbed my hand and said, 'Just promise you'll take a year off.' And I think she may have been right."

Grant's personal life, long neglected, sounds like it could use some sorting out. He's somehow managed to accumulate four homes in West London, including a "Dr. Evil–type penthouse" in South Kensington that he's never bothered to move into. "I bought it slightly drunk, to be honest," he says, brimming with buyer's remorse. "It's extremely high-tech; if you want to take a bath, you have to use the computer." In this same vein, he owns a speedy midlife-crisis-mobile he hardly ever drives, an Aston Martin Vanquish that he was goaded into buying by Nicholas Hoult, his 12-year-old, carloving co-star in last year's *About a Boy.* Constitutionally incapable of J.Lo flashness, Grant prefers to "swish around London in my anonymous Mercedes" and to live in the damp, rickety Chelsea town house he bought in the aftermath of his breakup with Hurley, though he still maintains ownership of the house he shared with her ("where she now lives with her 20 nannies") and his original London flat.

Hugh's mum would be delighted to know that her work-addled son currently has no projects lined up. He recently finished work on a film called *Love Actually,* the directorial debut of Richard Curtis, the screenwriter behind Grant's hits *Four Weddings and a Funeral, Notting Hill,* and *Bridget Jones's Diary.* Aside from promoting that film when it comes out later this year, Grant has zero professional obligations—a bold move for someone who commands upwards of $10 million a picture. "I have called my own bluff, to a certain extent," he says, "because I said, 'I'm refusing everything, I'm not doing anything for months and months'—and suddenly confronted 40 years of my future. From a diary that was chockablock to a diary that's empty—quite an alarming moment." How long this hiatus will last, he has no idea: months, a year, years. When we meet, late in February, he's three weeks into his new life as an idler; the last bit of actual work he did was an intensive round of promotion for the European release of *Two Weeks Notice,* his romantic comedy with Sandra Bullock, which performed middlingly in America last year. Thus far, elective unemployment agrees with him. "It's amazing," he says. "All the old pleasures of life that dropped away—like reading books, seeing friends, playing a bit of golf, just sort of breathing—have been very luxurious. You immediately start thinking, Oh, yeah, I used to be *that* kind of person, with all kinds of interests."

Among those interests, he says, is writing: "The people who know me best say, 'For Christ's sake, you've done your acting thing, now go and write some!'" More than most actors, Grant has some claim to fun tional literacy. He went to New College Oxford, can offhandedly recommend con temporary novels for you to read (his cu rent lit picks: Michel Houellebecq's *Platform* and William Boyd's *Any Human Heart*), an was a writer of sorts before his movie caree took off—as a member of a postcollegiat comedy troupe called the Jockeys of No folk ("We did a Nativity play in the style the old Ealing films"), and as an adverti ing copywriter for radio. "Brylcreem wa one of our big clients," he says. "The stu you put in your hair? Very 50s, and the wanted to bring it back. We did a series 1950s sort of spoof ads that would go alon the lines of [*excitable mid-century newsread er's voice*] 'Here we are in the heart of Lon don's swinging Soho district, and we aske this man how he keeps his hair so smart Or 'Here we are in the cockpit of a Boein 737 jet! I say, Captain, you're looking ver well groomed!' It was all like that."

Grant could very well turn out to have gift for comic novels and amusing mem oirs, as his spiritual forebear David Nive did, but the problem for now is that h can't muster the discipline to devote him self fully to finding out. "If I was just a li tle more energetic, or, perhaps, a lot mor energetic, and really knew that on Monda morning I would sit down at nine A.M. an begin my novel—albeit a shit one—I'd qui acting right now, this instant," he says. "M problem is that I know that at 9 A.M. o Monday morning I'll still be in bed, and I' get up at 10, and then someone'll call an say, 'Come and play golf,' and I'll be off.

uld spend 10 or 20 years doing that. That's e only reason that will keep me acting. ecause otherwise, I'm gonna drift."

Three cheers, then, for sloth and procrastination, the writer's banes. I hapen to like Hugh-Grant-as-movie-actor. If at declaration has a whiff of defensiveness out it, it's because liking Hugh Grant is ot really considered cool. This is particularly true in his native England, where wide swath of the population views him s a pompous irritant and his Richard urtis–written films as an affront to what ngland is truly about—namely poverty, ot, and sausage rolls. Grant and Curtis, ou see, have specialized in bright, peppy mantic comedies about the upper middle class, and for this they have received a orough pasting. "Maybe not in America much, but here, there's always a certain mount of sneering—ou know, 'Life isn't ally like this!'" Grant ays. "Curtis World, ey call it—where peole fall in love and like ach other and make kes."

Four Weddings and Funeral, the first proper Curtis World film, as a watershed for British cinema and, not coincidentally, for Grant imself. Before the mov's 1994 release, British lms tended to skew in ne of two directions—e stiff-collared period pic or the damn-you-hatcher socialist tirade f the Stephen Frears variety: "the white-nen-suit school or the grunge school," as Grant puts it. With his achingly pretty ooks and Oxford pedigree, Grant was a atural for the former category, and there ere worse ways to supplement his income s a comedy-troupe member and ad copyriter. He began his feature-film career as Merchant Ivory boy (the 80s equivalent f a Ziegfeld girl) in *Maurice,* an opulent daptation of E. M. Forster's novel of omosexual love at Cambridge in the Edvardian era. "I got the job completely under false pretenses," says Grant, "because ames Ivory had seen my troupe's revue—e'd seen something on tape—and thought was going to bring a lot of humor to the ole. Of course, I brought absolutely zip humor to it."

Maurice was an auspicious start to an cting career he had never seriously contemplated, but, like such other Merchant Ivory oys as Julian Sands, Rupert Graves, and ames Wilby, Grant soon found himself struggling. For every semi-prestigious film like Ken Russell's *The Lair of the White Worm,* there were three half-cocked, mortifying movies of the sort Grant calls Europuddings—"where you would have a French script, a Spanish director, and English actors," he says. "The script would usually be written by a foreigner, badly translated into English. And then they'd get English actors in, because they thought that was the way to sell it to America. Of course, these films didn't sell in America, because they were appallingly translated. You'd be saying extraordinary lines like 'Deep down in the lake there is slime and lichen—that is how you are, Mary!' Things that made literally no sense at all: 'Put that back, shave-pig!' You'd say to the director, 'You know, in English, we don't actually say "shave-pig."' And the German in question would say, 'Yes, you do!' Obviously, the word exists in German—it's one of those compound terms, meaning, I suppose, someone who is badly shaven."



TAKING THE CUE
Grant plays snooker in the Billiards Room of the Royal Automobile Club in London on February 21, 2003. He worked in a comedy troupe and as a radio ad copywriter before his breakthrough as a movie actor.

Life as king of the Europuddings was, initially, "hilarious"—Grant was paid decent money, got to travel to beautiful locales, and came home with amusing stories to tell his friends. And it was while working on one such 'pudding, *Remando al Viento* (*Rowing with the Wind*), that he met Elizabeth Hurley, with whom he would be an item for 13 years. (He was playing Lord Byron; she, Mary Shelley's naughty stepsister.) But by the time he reached his early 30s, Grant looked in the mirror and saw an aging B-picture hack, a man en route to becoming his generation's Simon MacCorkindale. "That's why I walked up the steps to the audition for *Four Weddings* with such a heavy tread," he says. "I was thinking, This joke's worn thin. And it's just humiliating now to be an actor who goes up for jobs and most of the time doesn't get them. And then, of course, almost to my horror, I did get the job."

Four Weddings and a Funeral, which was originally marketed as a vehicle for its American star, Andie MacDowell, was an altogether different kind of movie from what Grant was used to: a smart, thoroughly modern comedy about an ascendant group of lovable bourgeois bohemians, unabashed in its desire to entertain. (Curtis's one previous movie feature, *The Tall Guy,* starring Jeff Goldblum and Emma Thompson, was even funnier, but in an eccentric, micro-British way.) To everyone's surprise, *Four Weddings* became the most financially successful British film ever, and, in the process, clued in us Americans to a revivifying London we didn't know about, where people wore purple-lined Ozwald Boateng suits, drank decent coffee, and sprinted purposefully through Soho while talking on their mo-byles—it was an augury of the new Blairite Britain that was taking shape. Grant, sporting the first hairstyle ever to consist entirely of tumbling forelocks, became a huge star, and women the world over fell for his character's adorable syntactic convolutions and perpetually apologetic demeanor. ("I really feel, uh, in short, to recap it slightly in a clearer version, uh, the words of David Cassidy—in fact, uh, while he was still with the Partridge Family, uh—I think I love you. And, uh, I—I just wondered if by any chance you wouldn't like to . . . Uh . . . Uh . . . No, no, no, of course not . . . I'm an idiot.")

But England is a country that tears down its successes like no other, and it wasn't long before Curtis World and its foremost citizen were being picked apart. "I think that because of the first successful film I did, backed up by *Notting Hill,* in which I again played a character who was quite diffident—the Richard Curtis character—I think that made me a target for guys who could have a go at me for being not butch enough," Grant says. "I was just playing a part, but people used to say, 'Oh, Hugh Grant's a

pussy.'" (Curtis seems much more able than Grant to take the criticism of their work in stride. "I always say that, if you go to a dinner party of 10 people, not all of them are going to like you," he says.) *Notting Hill,* from 1999, received some outright hostile reviews. One British magazine panned it as "the smuggest movie ever made"; Grant, in the same review, was singled out for his "lack of range" and for looking, at age 39, "frayed around the edges and, in truth, a little ropey."

I won't deny that Curtis World is too damned perfect to be real, particularly in the way it strikes an all-too-exquisite balance between carefree hipster gaiety and reg'lar-folks humility. (In *Four Weddings,* everyone quips marvelously and romps on manor-house lawns, but the clique's most fantabulous member, the bekilted poofter played by Simon Callow, is revealed upon his death to have been a self-invention from a grim, smokestack parish. In *Notting Hill,* Grant's humble bookshop owner stumbles into a fling with a gorgeous movie star played by Julia Roberts, but remains anchored by his coterie of appealingly ordinary friends, most of whom are struggling at work, and one of whom is wheelchair-bound.) But since when has social verisimilitude been a requirement of romantic comedy? Isn't frothy escapism kind of the point? The fact is, these movies (along with *Bridget Jones's Diary,* which Curtis helped Helen Fielding adapt from her novel of that title) are wonderful entertainments, and more power to Grant and Curtis for fighting the good fight on behalf of romantic comedy for grown-ups—a genre ignored by the powers that be but hungered for by the general public, which, in its ardor for non–Vin Diesel–oriented cinema, turned the endearing but artless *My Big Fat Greek Wedding* into a monster hit.

Love Actually will do little to tamp down the ire of Curtis World's detractors. Grant describes it as "balls-out Richard Curtis," meaning that it's even more guilelessly optimistic and life-affirming than the writer's previous works—and set at Christmastime, no less. He stresses that the movie is an ensemble piece with multiple narrative strands—"like *Short Cuts,* but a little more jokey"—and that he is but one member of a rock-'em-sock-'em cast that includes Liam Neeson, Emma Thompson, Colin Firth, Alan Rickman, and Laura Linney. But Grant's is the central story line, through which the others thread—he plays a newly elected British prime minister ("not based on anyone, I hasten to add") who falls in love with the girl who brings him tea—and it is his character who delivers the film's keynote voice-over. "The camera is on the arrivals gate at Heathrow Airport, and people are coming through and greeting friends, relations, mothers—kissing, hugging, all the stuff you actually see in airports," Grant says. "And the voice-over is saying, 'Everyone says the world is going down the tubes, and full of hatred and misery. But that's not the way I see it. You know, when the planes hit the Twin Towers, the last messages from those planes and buildings weren't ones of hatred and revenge; they were ones of love. So I think that blah, blah, blah. . . . Love, actually, is all around, as they say in the song.'" The song to which he alludes is not the "Love Is All Around" we Americans know from *The Mary Tyler Moore Show,* but the 60s hit of the same title by the British band the Troggs, whose original was covered by the group Wet Wet Wet for the soundtrack of *Four Weddings and a Funeral.*

Hmm, a lot to sneer at there: a smarty-pants allusion to one's previous work; a c'mon-people exhortation to believe in love; an utterly self-conscious deployment of that stock yuppie-boomer hedge word "actually." Even Grant was wary of plunging headlong into this kind of stuff again. Prior to *Love Actually,* he had determinedly chosen roles that were less sympathetic than those for which he'd become known. In *Bridget Jones's Diary,* from 2001, he was an unrepentant womanizer who embraces and casts aside Renée Zellweger's title character at whim. In last year's *About a Boy,* he was an unrepentant womanizer who preys on lovelorn single moms and contributes nothing to society, living off the royalties of a novelty song his father wrote. And in *Two Weeks Notice,* he played a vain, Trump-ish developer who thoughtlessly demolishes landmark buildings. "Hugh had a lot of trepidation that I was going to ask him to be the person he was in *Notting Hill* and *Four Weddings,*" says Curtis. "He'd really enjoyed *About a Boy* and *Bridget,* where he got to be bad, and he was quite firm with me on this one: 'You're trying to get me to play a puppy dog again.'"

"I said to Richard, 'I don't know that I really can go back to being that nice person—it maybe seems a little retrograde,'" Grant says. "But he kind of adjusted things, and we put a little more steel in the character."

"He can't be insubstantial and dithery as prime minister," Curtis says. "In *Notting Hill,* he was divorced. In *Four Weddings,* he was this 35-year-old, perplexed that he hadn't yet found love. Here, he's as far away from failure as you can be."

The big joke shared by Grant and Curtis is that the former, by virtue of the parts he's played, is assumed to have the personality of the latter, even though, as Grant says, "I am, in many ways, the reverse of Richard. I'm full of poison and jealousy. Virtually no milk of human kindness." This appraisal is seconded, more or less, by Grant's friend Eric Fellner, who, with Tim Bevan, has produced all of Grant's Richard Curtis film plus *About a Boy.* "He *is* Daniel Cleave says Fellner, alluding by name to Gran charming but reptilian *Bridget Jones* char ter. "I think Daniel Cleaver is quite a f representation of who Hugh is—though, he gets older, Hugh is starting to mor into some of his softer roles."

Grant is especially proud of his rece work in *About a Boy* and *Two Weeks Noti* and even Curtis says that Grant's acting ture may lie in "wicked parts." But, real Grant's wicked parts have been about wicked as Peter Rabbit; Bill the Butch and Hannibal Lecter they're not. In nea every recent film (even the uncharacter tic *About a Boy,* in which he crossed t Marylebone Road into Nick Hornby's dr North London), he plays a man who blithely witty and financially well off b emotionally remote—until the end, when breaks down and confesses his true feelin

When I put this observation to Grant, th his characters, good or bad, have a sameis ness to them, he seems crestfallen. (Thou there's less crest to fall than there used to b "The lazy journalist always says, 'Let's find a epithet for Hugh Grant,' and calls me 'flopp haired.' I haven't had floppy hair for thr years!") "I don't know," he says. "Maybe it's valid criticism. I look at a lot of actors and think, Yeah, that's pretty much him. With th exception of the Gary Oldmans and the Da iel Day-Lewises, I don't see massive chang in most film actors from part to part. But should just point out, in passing, that in *Abo a Boy,* from an English point of view, I wa actually doing just a teeny bit of acting ther Because the character is very North London not posh. There's actually an accent I'm d ing in that film." I explain to Grant that m comment wasn't intended as a criticism; I se him as a crack comic actor in the traditio of Cary Grant and William Powell, who pu their gifts to subtly different uses (Powell wa rakishly lovable as Nick Charles in *The Thi Man,* rakishly sleazy as Senator Melvin Ash ton in *The Senator Was Indiscreet*) while ca rying the same persona from film to film.

"Oh," says Grant. "Perhaps I'm being to sensitive."

Grant is sensitive about a lot of things The word "fop," which I trot out in th context of *Maurice,* sets him off even mor than "floppy-haired." "Let's discuss the wor 'fop,'" he says sternly. "Because, again, ba journalists always preface my name with th word 'fop,' but I assume they don't kno what a fop is. Do you know what a fop is?"

Yikes—I'm being gotcha'd! I mutter some thing about, you know, dandified Edwa dians . . .

"Well, no," he says. "I find it kind of exas perating. A fop is someone who takes tremen dous interest in his own appearance—'M

iistcoat, darling.' It's from the 18th century. id I've never played a character remotely e that. 'Effete' is another word that erro- ously gets used with me—which actually, of urse, means 'tired.'" I think he's hairsplit- g. "Effete" can also convey an air of deca- nce and self-indulgence—fair game for an tor who has played Lord Byron in a Euro- dding and played someone named Lord mes D'Ampton in a Ken Russell vampire ovie—and Grant's characters, if not literally ps, have frequently been dashing types hose period costumes and immaculately ilored morning coats suggest perhaps a ghtly-greater-than-ordinary interest in look- g good. Besides, he's sitting across from e—an actor on his year off, in the middle the afternoon—wearing a gorgeous navy- ue suit, custom-made by Richard James, of avy-napped, moleskinish material. And his ir is stiffened with styling product.

But I feel for Grant, because he's underre- ected as a performer, as comic actors often e, and because he's a decent fellow (who ter apologizes for "being defensive") over hom hangs a disproportionately large cloud tabloid malevolence—a circumstance di- ctly related to his blithe, pretty, too perfect ersona, which makes him a more welcom- g target than, say, Matt Damon in his hampion sweats and bent-billed Bosox cap. Our interview takes place in the London of- ces of Simian Films, the production compa- y Grant still runs with Hurley. The first ing he does upon his arrival is riffle through assistant's "in" bin of clippings from the ily gossip columns, just to see what's been ritten about him and his ex-girlfriend.) Even e Internet Movie Database Web site, which rmally exudes a bland reference-tool neu- ality in its cataloguing of film credits and bi- graphical data, is bitchy in its Hugh Grant try. Its "Trivia" section notes: "Grant was rrested for lewd conduct after cops found im with Divine Brown, a prostitute, in his ar.... Opted not to do a nude scene in *Four Weddings and a Funeral* (1994) when a make- p artist asked if he wanted definition painted n his body.... On the set of *Mickey Blue Eyes*, James Caan gave Hugh the nickname of Whippy, because Caan said he worried about everything like 'the little whippet dogs that get nervous and you got to put a sweater on them when they're cold.'"

"And the story about James Caan call- ing me Whippy is actually *my* story—I invented that!" says Grant. "The same with the nude-scene story. It's my delightful, en- chanting story I tell against myself. It wasn't even in *Four Weddings*. I think there was a BBC thing I once did where the makeup woman told me she once worked with an ac- tor who asked her to paint in some defini- tion. Which I then used against myself." Grant is at a loss to explain the ill will he elicits, and why, eight years after the fact, he still hasn't lived down the Divine Brown inci- dent, even while other celebrities, like Magic Johnson and Michael Douglas, have endured far less persecution for far more consequen- tial infidelities. "Maybe I am, in some way, obnoxious," he says. "That's all I can guess at. I must say, I watch myself doing inter- views on TV and I think, Yeah, that is sick- making. But, I mean, that may just be how everyone reacts to seeing themselves, like when you listen to your answering machine and you can't stand the sound of your own voice. I can't tell if I really am obnoxious."

Grant admits that his current withdrawal from movies is motivated partly by a desire to escape the pressures of being "stalked." But he also allows that his working life, which on recent films has involved "the whole caboo- dle—script development, the acting, and then the editing and the marketing," has kept him from maintaining any semblance of a roman- tic life, and that he's hoping to use his time off to find the girl of his dreams. "I'm ready, baby," he says. "I need to get married and have children. Put it this way: If I went to a party tonight and bumped into a fantastic girl—whereas three years ago it might have led to a short-term relationship, now I def- initely keep my thoughts open to the idea of settling down and breeding. Definitely." A re- union with Hurley, who would come with a ready-made son, Damian, is not in the cards: "She's with another guy, and, you know, we're good friends. But, no—that train has sailed, as Austin Powers would say."

It sounds like a line from a bad novel, but as dusk settles in and the room dark- ens, the handsome film star grows wistful. "I look around and I see my friends with children," Grant says, legs stretched out be- fore him, "and I think, Lucky them. Do you have children?"

"Two," I say.

"How old are you, bitch?" he says.

"Almost 37," I say.

"Yeah, you see? Young, married, happy. I'm not unhappy. I just feel that I have too much career, too little home life. My father, after we've had a couple bottles of wine, he always says, 'You know, children are really the best thing in life.' I don't disagree with him. My only comfort is the destruction of all my friends' marriages—I look around and 9 out of 10 are a complete fucking mess."

The subject returns to his frustration with making movies. Even if this current hiatus is short-lived, he says, he does foresee a time in the not too distant future when he'll quit for good. I tell him this strategy will do wonders for his public profile: Cary Grant and Au- drey Hepburn were never more beloved than when they were retired from film.

"The difference is, they gave up when people adored and revered them," Grant says. "For me, all they'd say is 'Hugh can't get another job.'"

With the interview concluded and good- byes exchanged, a song instantly pops into my head, written by another Londoner who's been spitted and rotisseried in his time, Elvis Costello. It's one of his more beau- tiful but less heralded songs, "I Want to Van- ish," and it goes like this:

I want to vanish
This is my fondest wish
To go where I cannot be captured
Laid on a decorated dish ...

I want to vanish
This is my last request
I've given you the awful truth
Now give me my rest. □

Saddam's Sons

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 180 was the language hat her father and mother were using at ome."

At the age of 11, Saddam's children trans- rred to Baghdad College, founded by the esuits, which was once among the most restigious secondary schools in the Mid- le East. Unusually for a new boy at a day chool, Uday was given a private room, per- onal tutors, and his own, well-stocked li- brary. At the age of 15, he began to drive himself to school, impressing his friends with the beginnings of his vast collection of cars: new Mercedeses, Ferraris, Bentleys, Jaguars, and the first Porsche Carrera in Iraq. By this point he was also collecting guns—not just weapons for his weekend hob- by, hunting, but machine guns and assault rifles. The lack of boundaries that character- ized his youth was apparent in other ways. "Even at school, Uday was obsessed with sex," says one of the defectors. "We used to visit prostitutes, Arab girls and Thais, not every day but once or twice a week. He didn't beat the girls in those days. By the age of 17 or 18 he was getting worse, think- ing more and more about girls and money."

Uday was pampered abroad as well as in Iraq. In 1980 he broke his leg playing soccer. Saddam arranged for him to have treatment in France, and to take a few friends with him. With bodyguards provid- ed by the then mayor of Paris, Jacques Chirac—who had dealings with Saddam while negotiating the sale of a French nuclear reactor—Uday spent three months

Saddam's Sons

with his entourage in a luxury hotel while receiving treatment from France's finest surgeons and physiotherapists, according to one defector. "What did we do in Paris?" asks the defector. "My God, what do you think we did? We did everything!"

Uday and Qusay had several friends in common. But Qusay had his own special circle, to which he has stayed fiercely loyal: a small group of the sons of the Baath elite. Those who know both brothers say that reports of rivalry between them are exaggerated, and that, despite Uday's tempestuous rages, sprees, and wanton killings, Qusay has always treated his elder brother with deference and respect. Just as he did when they were teenagers, Qusay will stand when Uday enters a room. But as the boys reached adulthood, the contrasts between them were becoming all too apparent.

Entifadh Qanbar, who now runs the Iraqi National Congress office in Washington, D.C., was on the fringes of the brothers' social scene in the 1980s. While the slaughter of the Iranian war unfolded, Uday and Qusay could be seen in Baghdad's clubs and restaurants with their friends and bodyguards, drinking champagne, cognac, or Johnnie Walker Black Label scotch. "Uday used to wear white suits and Italian designer clothes, like Versace," Qanbar says. "Sometimes he'd wear these disgusting jackets in lurid colors; he was completely addicted to showing off, to trying to look good, to being the boss, always very flashy. His bodyguards were running after him like a little prince. Qusay was completely different. He wouldn't look you in the eye, was always very polite, very quiet, though actually he was much better-looking."

Uday's show of bonhomie hid an emerging sadism. Qanbar, who owned a women's accessories store in Baghdad, recalls, "One day this woman came in—she was really gorgeous—and started hitting on me. I asked her out because she was just too beautiful to be left alone. We went on a date and she asked to come back to my place. She seemed very attached to me, very affectionate, but something made me suspicious. So when she went to the bathroom, I looked in her bag. She had this really expensive Smith & Wesson pistol. I asked her, 'What the hell's going on?,' and she breaks down and says she's Uday's girlfriend, that he'd picked her up at a party, given her a Merc, everything she wanted: all of a sudden, she was a queen. But then she goes on, 'He works out every day, he's really strong, and he can't fuck me unless he whips me. Imagine this: he beats me until he falls tired.' She said she'd escaped from his palace and he'd threatened to kill her if she ever left." Frightened for his life, Qanbar begged her to go and never come back. Later, he says, she managed to leave the country.

Qusay, too, had girlfriends. But even when on a romantic adventure, say the defectors, he was always sure to spend the night in his own bed at home. Married when he was only 20, in 1986, to Luma, the daughter of a general, Maher Abd al-Rashid, Qusay went on to have four children, and however arid the emotional climate of his upbringing, he appears to place his own family at the center of his life.

Uday was never to achieve this grounding. Like most of Saddam's inbred family, he married a relative, his cousin Saja Barzan Tikriti. Their union, in 1990, lasted 10 days before she fled to Switzerland. She has never spoken of what transpired. Later he married another relation, Hanan, the daughter of the sometime Iraqi defense minister Ali Hassan Majid. His failure to father a child may help explain his promiscuity. Once, says one of the defectors, after tests established he had an abnormally low sperm count, he abstained from sex for an unprecedented 10 days, in the hope that this would boost a subsequent test's results. The stratagem failed.

It seems likely that, throughout most of the 1980s, Saddam, together with the rest of Iraq, saw Uday as his natural successor. He may have been a little out of control, but this could be ascribed to youthful excess, and he did not lack talent. He had acquired an engineering degree from Baghdad University; fluent in English and accomplished in French, he has always read voraciously. In 1987, Saddam gave him his first official post, as head of the Olympic Committee, where he seems to have made an impressive start, raising its profile by turning it into a ministry for youth. (It was not for some years that a steady stream of former athletes, including soccer players, began to emerge from Iraq, describing how Uday would have them jailed or tortured for losing or performing badly.) But the events of October 18, 1988, were to ensure that this first government job would also be his last.

There are differing accounts of exactly how Uday murdered one of his father's closest friends, Kamel Hannah Jajo, who had worked for Saddam as a bodyguard, food taster, and pimp. Some reports say he hacked his throat with an electric pruning knife, although one of the defectors, who was with Uday before and during the attack, says he used a *mugwar,* a club he always kept in his car. The motive may have been the fact that Jajo had introduced the polygamous Saddam to his second wife, Samira al-Shahbander, who had recently given birth to a son, thereby threatening both Uday's position and that of his indulgent mother. There is, however, no doubt that it happened at a party on the Tigris River for Egypt's Fi Lady, Suzanne Mubarak, and *le tout* Ba dad, and that Saddam responded with a t rible righteous anger.

Followed by his own entourage, Uday fl the party and drove to the home of his un Adnan Tulfah, his mother's brother, w during his youth had given him the clos thing he got to paternal guidance. There learned that Jajo—though personally driven the hospital by Saddam—had died from l wounds, and that his father was now thre ening to have Uday killed. Instead, Sadda jailed Uday and his friends for 60 days Radwaniyah, a notorious prison north Baghdad. There, even Uday experienced t brutal norms of detention in Iraq.

"One day Uday hit a guard in the jai says one of the defectors, who was a fello prisoner. "Saddam had six soldiers fro the Republican Guard brought in to puni him—all from different units, so they didn know each other and it would be muc harder for Uday to track them down. Th beat him with sticks, so badly he couldn remember anything. We didn't see him f six days. When we did, he had blue bruis all over his head." In this darkest momen one member of Uday's family stayed com pletely loyal—Qusay. "He brought food the prison for us and Uday," the defect says. "He would ask the guards to let take a shower."

Eventually, Saddam forgave his son. few weeks after Uday's release from priso Saddam restored him to the Olympic Com mittee, gave him back his cars and the pa ace he had confiscated, and presented hi with a huge diamond ring. But the defect says that Uday was never the same agai and that the violence and anger which ha always lain close to the surface erupted fu force. "This was the turning point. After th he wanted to use all his power: to take a the money, all the women, hurt people. H wasn't nice before, but he was more norma he would go to parties, swim, take foreig trips. Not afterwards."

Qusay, meanwhile, was prospering. I 1989, equipped with a law degree and non of his brother's maniacal flamboyanc Qusay was asked by his father to begin h apprenticeship in his private office, unde the tutelage of his senior secretary, Hami Hamadi. "He taught him how to read off cial papers, and how to write comments says one of the defectors. After six month Saddam asked Qusay to join the special s curity unit, Amn al-Khass, working unde Hussein Kamel, who was the husband c his sister Raghad, as well as his cousin. I the spring of 1991, the regime's moment c deepest peril, when Saddam's armies wer driven from Kuwait and the Shiites an Kurds rebelled, Qusay demonstrated just ho well he deserved his father's increasing trus

One of the defectors stayed close to Qusay ɔughout those dreadful weeks. With his hority apparently crumbling, Saddam de- ed close members of his family to restore ıtrol, area by area. To Qusay was entrust- one of the most important—Baghdad, and ɔecially its vast Shiite enclave, Saddam y, which was in open revolt.

First, says the defector, Qusay softened up district by ordering the Republican ıard to shell it indiscriminately, without ard for civilian casualties. Then came ve after wave of arrests. "He rounded up ndreds and hundreds and herded em into warehouses. There the soners were stripped naked: men, ɔmen, and children all together. ısay questioned many of them nself. They were shot on the spot hey were not cooperating." In this ifada, Qusay believed, his family s sure to lose its power, and as a ult he became "utterly ruthless." ɔst of his victims were buried in ıss graves dug by bulldozers.

However much Qusay took care soothe his brother's feelings, Uday ɔk Saddam's transfer of affections rd. "Why has my father chosen ısay?" he used to ask the defec- s repeatedly. At the same time, e always remembers, when he was jail and had no power, who still ve him friendship and who didn't. ɔw he became like a wolf—to give lesson to the people who hadn't pported him."

The main object of Uday's attempt- ed revenge became his brother-in- v Hussein Kamel, Saddam's secu- y chief and, sources say, one of the y architects of Iraq's chemical- and clear-weapons programs. Uday's ɔls were articles attacking his relative in ıe of his newspapers, *Babil,* and personal mplaints to his father. Each man created s own intelligence network to spy on the her, with agents among their servants and ıards. "This is a very bad family," one of e defectors says. "One day Uday even und a bug at his home—it must have come ɔm Hussein Kamel."

Uday was growing fabulously rich in his vn right, siphoning commissions of 10 or) percent on every foreign-trade deal—illegal les of Iraqi oil, smuggled across the Per- an Gulf and into the United Arab Emir- es; imports in breach of United Nations nctions of everything from computers to eel. Hussein Kamel was a direct competi- r, with his own commercial networks, and day launched a searching investigation. One its leaders was Jamal Abu Zeinab al- urairy, a former Mukhabarat brigadier who efected from Iraq in 2000, whom I inter- viewed for *Vanity Fair* in Beirut. "When we were investigating Hussein Kamel's links with businessmen, we were operating like the Mafia," he says. "We arrested people, beat them up, because we had to reflect Uday's anger. We confiscated their wealth without a single legal document." Most of these victims were detained and tortured in Uday's private prison, an underground warren of rooms painted red beneath the offices of the Olympic Committee. Many subsequently died, part of a ceaseless stream of extrajudicial detentions and killings sponsored by Uday which al-Qurairy likens to "the flow of oil."



LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

Saddam Hussein with his eldest son, Uday, back in the days when they got along with each other. Uday was considered a likely future ruler of Iraq until a fateful night in 1988, when he allegedly murdered his father's closest aide, Kamel Hannah Jajo, in front of many witnesses at a party.

The feud with Kamel came to a head on August 7, 1995, the anniversary of the end of the Iran-Iraq war, a public holiday when Kamel knew most of Iraq's leadership would be at parties, getting drunk. Presumably through his spies, he also knew that Uday was about to deliver a damaging report to Saddam, accurately claiming that Kamel had stolen millions of dollars from the government by taking illegal commissions on weapons deals with Russia and Ukraine.

Hussein Kamel decided to flee, together with his brother Saddam, a colonel in Amn al-Khass, and their wives, Saddam Hussein's daughters Raghad and Rina, as well as their children and 15 friends and relatives. While Baghdad celebrated, we learn in Andrew and Patrick Cockburn's book *Out of the Ashes,* they sped across Iraq's western desert in a fleet of Mercedeses, crossing into Jordan before dawn. This was no pleasure trip, but a full-blown defection. Within a fortnight of his arrival in Jordan's capital, Amman, Hussein Kamel had given a press conference and announced his intention of toppling Saddam's regime. Much more damagingly, he and his followers met with both the C.I.A. and Rolf Ekeus, then the head of the United Nations weapons-inspection team. Their defection enabled Ekeus to prove that Iraq had a hitherto unsuspected biological-weapons program; in addition, they gave him the secrets of how other banned armaments had been successfully concealed.

For Saddam Hussein, the Kamels' defection was a devastating blow, delivered to the heart of his murderous, dysfunctional family. For Uday, however, it came as a blessing. On the very night of their flight to Jordan, Uday had been with much of the extended first family at a gathering near Baghdad. The reasons for its descent into chaos are complicated. But it ended with Uday spraying the room with bullets from a submachine gun. Several traditional Gypsy dancers and singers were killed outright. However, Uday's main target had been his uncle Watban, Saddam's beloved half-brother. He was hit in the leg and badly wounded—crippled for life, according to the defectors. Had the Kamels not fled, Saddam's wrath would have been as great as it had been after Uday's earlier public murder, in 1988. As it was, says one of the defectors, Saddam went to one of the huge air-conditioned parking lots where Uday keeps his cars, poured gasoline over 30 or 40 vehicles, and set them alight. But he also gave Uday a vital mission: to lure the Kamels and their families back to Iraq.

Uday's first approach—a visit to Amman two days after the Kamels' arrival—was a dismal failure. Fearful of an assassination, King Hussein refused to allow him to see his relatives. Afterward, says one of the defectors, Uday adopted a less direct method. Using an intermediary who was trusted by both his sisters and their husbands, he sent a series of secret messages to Amman, promising—in the name of their clan and Saddam Hussein—that if they would only return to the motherland they would be safe. In Jordan, after a few heady weeks during which

Saddam's Sons

he had been the center of the world's attention, Hussein Kamel was frustrated and bored. Ignoring the protests of his wife and brother, he wrote to Uday, saying they wanted to come home. On February 20, 1996, the caravan of Mercedeses drove back to the Iraqi border. Uday was there, waiting. He hustled his sisters and their children into cars in his own motorcade, leaving the Kamels to drive on into Iraq alone. Witnessing this scene, a Jordanian security official reportedly telephoned the royal palace in Amman. "He's finished," he said.

The story of the Kamels' bloody demise three days later at one of the family's homes in Baghdad could have come from one of the gorier ancient Greek myths. Saddam compelled his daughters to divorce their husbands, and then, in a symbolic gesture supposedly meant to convey that the ensuing fight would be fair, Uday had breakfast delivered to the Kamel brothers. "Uday sent guns in the cold boxes," says one of the defectors. Finally the house was surrounded by members of the Kamels' own clan, the al-Majids, who were also members of Iraq's presidential guard. The battle raged for several hours, leaving at least eight of the attackers dead, together with all the Kamels—Saddam and Hussein, their brother Hakim, two of their sisters, and four children.

According to the defector, this flagrant breach of tribal honor affected Uday deeply. "Afterwards he told people that Hussein Kamel died a hero. He didn't want to have him killed, because he'd given him his word." Both Uday and Qusay watched the start of the attack, but Qusay left within minutes, saying "he didn't want Hussein Kamel's son to think he had killed his father." At the end of that terrible day, Qusay took his sisters and their children into his own home and later built them mansions next door. Although he promptly took over all of Hussein Kamel's central roles in the regime, his relationship with the family survives: he has, say the defectors, become like a father to the Kamel children. As for his sisters Raghad and Rina, they blame Uday for the killings and have not spoken to him since.

Nemesis of a kind caught up with Uday 10 months later, on December 12, 1996. He was in the first car of a three-Mercedes motorcade, with his friends and bodyguards in the vehicles behind. For once, Uday was not driving. This saved his life. As the cars slowed to a stop at a busy intersection on Mansour Street, a gunman, who had been waiting there for hours, drew a Kalashnikov from a sports bag and opened fire, killing the lead driver instantly. Uday, according to the Cockburns, managed to crouch beneath the dashboard. Then, however, one of two further would-be assassins realized that their principal target was not yet dead and emptied his magazine into him. The attack was over in less than a minute, and the attackers—members of a then unknown opposition group, al-Nahda—ran from the scene, with a fourth member providing covering fire. They managed to escape in a waiting getaway car. But as Qusay deployed the full power of Iraq's secret state against them, one by one the gang was picked off—according to the Iraqi National Congress, its last surviving member was assassinated by Amn al-Khass agents in Iran in early 2003.

Uday was shot at least eight times, in the chest, abdomen, pelvis, and legs. Much of his left femur was reduced to useless and bloody fragments: for a length of four inches, there was effectively no bone at all. With him bleeding copiously, his survival seemed improbable, but one of his bodyguards, Ali Saha, who was traveling in the Mercedes behind, ignored the still-present gunmen and dragged Uday into his own car, in which he was rushed to a hospital. The Iraqi doctors there were unanimous: Uday might live, but he was unlikely to walk again. It was improbable he would ever be able to have sexual relations again. As he lay sedated, his widowed sisters celebrated. Alone of his close family, they did not visit him in the hospital.

Saddam's grief was heightened by guilt. He knew that the gunmen had been made aware of Uday's route that night because of a leak from Iraq's security services, and he suspected that the reason was revenge for the bloodshed he had ordered within his own family. He begged his aides to scour the world for doctors who might be able to prevent his eldest son from becoming a cripple. First a French team came: they kept Uday's leg wound open, in order to preserve the chance for a bone graft, but declined to try an operation in Baghdad. Uday agreed to be flown to Paris. At the last minute, fearful for his safety, he changed his mind.

Finally, *Vanity Fair* can reveal, the Husseins found their surgeon in Dr. Ulrich Holz, a renowned orthopedist and medical-school professor from Stuttgart, Germany. While Saddam sat in the operating theater, according to a defector, Holz replaced the missing femur with titanium. "He asked for no payment," says one of the defectors, who helped secure his services.

In a telephone interview, Holz confirms that he had performed the procedure. "How do you know about this operation?" he asks. "I'm not ready to talk about it. It was years ago and I don't have the patient's consent. What I did there was in the scope of any good trauma surgeon." How does he feel about treating a man who was known to have committed murders on behalf of a regime which had already been accused of genocide? "I have not heard this before," says. "I am sure there are many people the world who have killed, but a doc should not look upon the person, he sho look upon the problem." It was true he h not asked for payment: "Why should I? N mally in these Arab countries you don't a for payment. They pay you what they wa Saddam was very generous."

Holz did his work well. In time, Ud learned to walk again, albeit with a spec orthopedic boot, to ride a horse, and ev though with much greater difficulty th before, to have sex. As for Ali Saha, w saved Uday's life by pulling him from shattered car while the gunmen still hover and getting him to the hospital, in Janua 2003 he was arrested, while allegedly pla ning an escape to the autonomous Kurdi enclave in northern Iraq. One of the defe tors says he has word of his fate from a fa ily member who stayed in Baghdad: "Ud told them to cut out his tongue, cut off o of his ears, break his legs, and leave him the road. He had 20 years' service."

Uday's shooting was a second turni point in his life, after which he becan still more depraved. "After the attack Ud said, 'God doesn't want me to die. He wan me for a big mission.'" According to th defector, his faith is misplaced. "I thin God wants him to live for one reason: he will see for himself how much the Ira people hate him, and how much they wa to punish him."

His difficulty in performing the sexual a appears only to have intensified his priap urge to attempt it. Since his recovery in 199 the defector says, Uday has developed an o session with deflowering virgins: "He likes see the blood on the sheets. And if he's tak a girl's virginity, he knows she may end u on the streets as a prostitute, because no o else will touch her. Hundreds have been a fected this way. He likes joking about it wi his friends: 'Look at her, after this she'll be prostitute.'" His taste in girls—some as you as 12 or 13—spans Iraq's class structure. A cording to the defector, he has forced th principals of girls' schools in Baghdad's poo er districts to send groups of students his palace, where he will inspect their loo and arrange dates with those he fancies. ' the girls refuse, they are beaten. If they s the wrong thing or are late, they get *falaqa* Sometimes, the defector adds, Uday w spike a girl's drink with Rohypnol and ra her while she remains semi-conscious. "Sh wakes up next day and finds she's lost h virginity. Many times I've heard them cryin later they will try to phone him, but he wo answer. He never spends the night with woman. He will fuck her, then go next doo

On other occasions, Uday prefers to tak his pleasures among Baghdad's middle- an

per-class elite. "He devotes Wednesdays to 'elping' war widows and assisting girls who ınt to go to university," says the former ukhabarat brigadier Jamal al-Qurairy. "They 'n up in makeup and short skirts." Some- ıes he hits on married women, promising 'ors, such as getting family members out prison. "He never delivers," says one of e defectors, "and he's caused a lot of di- rces. The woman will say, 'I've got to get me to my husband now.' Uday gives orders the guards: 'Don't let her go.'"

Since the time of what his entourage eu- ıemistically calls his "accident," Uday's uelty has multiplied in other ways. He 'es the *falaqa* far more often, partly, says ıe of the defectors, because of his own dis- ilities, and his desire to see people with ımaged or broken legs. Other victims have 'en branded on the buttocks with hot ons. "Waiters, girls—anyone who he con- ders has committed a minor crime. Uday ls them, 'This mark is never going to go m your body, so you'll remember me un- the day you die.' Scream? You'd think ey were dying," says a defector. Uday's rate random killing has also increased. The fectors say at least one hapless friend has ed after being held down and forced to ink enormous quantities of pure distilled alcohol. Those who have crossed him in business have been shot twice, in the arm and leg, and allowed to bleed slowly to death: "He tells the guards not to give any treatment." On one occasion, a defector says, "we were out on a lake, fishing with grenades. After the explosion, the fish floated to the surface. There was a man swimming 200 meters away, and he went to get one of the fish. He didn't hear Uday shouting, 'Don't touch my fish.' Uday shot him."

One afternoon in 2000, Uday phoned the other defector and told him he would be picked up with two of his friends and driven to the city of Nasiriya, where they were to "report on what happened and learn by its example." They were taken to a barracks of Uday's militia, the Fedayeen Saddam, where four alleged traitors were going to be executed in front of a crowd of 300 officials. "They were hog-tied, carried in like sheep. One of them was accused of slandering Saddam. They pulled out his tongue with a fork, and cut it off with a pair of shears. Then all four were beheaded with a sword. It's very strange when you see someone decapitated: the neck collapses, exposing the shoulder muscles. Afterwards, Uday insisted on seeing me before I went home. He kept asking, 'What did you think? What did you think?' I couldn't sleep for days."

Qusay is sometimes directly involved in his brother's crimes. "Qusay is always willing to cooperate with his brother," says al-Qurairy, "either out of loyalty or tactics. Uday would send slips round to his brother, asking for people to be killed or arrested. Qusay would make sure Amn al-Khass would do this, with no questions asked." But in general, say the new defectors, Qusay's violence remains more discriminate, better directed. "All these things Uday does, Qusay does, too. But only as part of his job."

As *Vanity Fair* goes to press in March 2003, the fate of Uday, Qusay, and their father's regime is uncertain. By the time this article is published, all three may be dead.

For now, each broods on his exit strategy. One of the defectors describes a recent occasion when the two brothers, for the first time in his hearing, discussed their least-mentionable subject—regime change. "If anything goes wrong, I have my money," Uday said. "I will buy an island, be king on my island. My money will save me." Qusay looked at him quizzically. "If Saddam goes, I go with him. And if Saddam goes, nothing will save either one of us." □

Medavoy vs. Klein

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 197 for its mineral aths. Hardworking and precocious, Klein tended college and medical school at the niversity of Pennsylvania and completed internship and residency at Cedars-Sinai d U.C.L.A., respectively. That was when decided the future lay in Los Angeles, where, I quickly realized, they really need rmatologists," he said during a brief phone terview with *V.F.* Before long, Klein was a ng among kings, dermatologically speak- g, with such patients as Michael Jackson, izabeth Taylor, Nancy Davis, Carrie Fish- and director Penny Marshall.

Along the way, and notwithstanding his aggy, bearded appearance, Klein didn't come simply Hollywood's biggest derma- logist; he became its first *celebrity dermatologist,* a boldfaced name in his own right, rning up on society pages and at the sort fund-raisers Hollywood types inevitably scribe as "galas," several of which he spon- red. Klein's C.V. is chockablock with pres- gious affiliations, from his directorships at e American Foundation for AIDS Research d the Hereditary Disease Foundation to s associations with numerous medical jour- ls to his work with U.C.L.A.'s Fund for eatment of Women with Breast Cancer— hich, by the way, he co-founded. According to *Los Angeles* magazine, he has two spectacular houses in the area—a mansion in Hancock Park and an oceanfront place in Laguna Beach. Both feature white walls covered with Lichtensteins, Hockneys, and Ruschas, not to mention photos of Klein's famous friends and patients.

This being Los Angeles, celebrity patients are good for business, even when logic suggests they shouldn't be—Michael Jackson, for instance. It's unclear what Klein did or didn't do to the pop star's ever changing visage, but he definitely did *something,* evidently on the judicious side. In 1993, according to an affidavit police filed during their child-molestation investigation of Jackson, the star told Klein that he'd burned his own genitals with Benoquin, a bleaching product. "Dr. Klein told Jackson not to put Benoquin on his genitals," the affidavit duly reported. Three years later, in 1996, Jackson wed one of Klein's assistants, the fertile Debbie Rowe, who may or may not have helped business when the *New York Post* published a photo of her in Klein's office, topless.

In March, when *Harpers and Queen* magazine named Klein Hollywood's top Botoxer, it was old news. "Klein is very big," says another prolific Hollywood Botoxer, Dr. Paul Nassif. "Klein's *huge.*" He helped the F.D.A. determine the appropriate spots for Botox injection, and by last year he'd collagened or Botoxed more than 90,000 patients. "He has a ton of experience with Botox," says Jeff Roth, one of New York's most respected dermatologists. "He's widely considered to be a national expert on Botox. He's *very* well known, and he's actually a nice guy, too."

That's what most of Arnie Klein's patients say about him as well. "He's the most brilliant doctor in the world," Elizabeth Taylor announced at a recent AIDS benefit co-sponsored by Klein. "He has helped save my life. He's supposed to be a dermatologist, but he's so much more. I cannot tell you how many times he has seen me and said, 'Elizabeth! Off to the hospital!'"

Then again, Irena Medavoy used to praise Dr. Klein just as enthusiastically.

"I've never been sued and I've never sued," Irena says, sitting in the living room of her family's plush Beverly Hills estate, and here it should be mentioned that the Medavoys and the advertising staff of *V.F.* recently co-hosted a Golden Globes party at that address. [Editor's note: The impetus for this story in no way stemmed from the Medavoys, and no one who worked on this article, including the magazine's editor, attended the event.] She's wearing a simple sweater and pants, her hair is pulled back, and her crystal-blue eyes seem weary, rheumy even. "Arnie Klein was somebody I trusted, and

Medavoy vs. Klein

somebody who was my friend. And when this happened, *he didn't take care of me.*" She stops, fighting back tears, and re-arranges a plate of berries laid out by her assistant. "Klein conducted himself, at all times, above and beyond what was required of him by the medical community," says Howard Weitzman, a partner at the Proskauer Rose law firm and a celebrity in his own right, having represented John DeLorean, Ozzy Osbourne, and O. J. Simpson.

Although she passes for a California blonde and grew up in Los Angeles, Medavoy's Russian bone structure suggests her maiden name, Gerasimenko. Her mother was a nurse at U.C.L.A., her father an architect for Disney who worked on rides such as the Country Bear Party, among other attractions. Sociable and outgoing, Irena attended Hollywood High (with future actress Rita Wilson), working after school as a flunky at *The Hollywood Reporter.* She was always a looker, always robust, her worst ailments being the occasional headache and a little acne. As with any teenage girl in Hollywood, even the mildest pimples demanded prompt attention, and who better to give it than Arnie Klein? He treated her for years, during which time she became a successful model, featured in ads for Diet Pepsi and Sanyo, even showing up in *Sports Illustrated*'s 1980 Swimsuit Issue. She briefly dabbled in acting, appearing on *Dallas* and the sitcom *Night Court,* and with Ted Danson in a TV movie.

By the time Irena met Mike Medavoy, in 1993, they both were multiply divorced (not counting an annulment on Irena's side). Mike's exes included the litigious Patricia Duff; Irena's, former Fox Television chairman Harris Katleman and a fellow named Brock Ward, brother of actress Sela Ward. Mike and Irena married on Bastille Day 1995, in Saint-Tropez, and soon became one of Hollywood's most visible power couples, forever hosting fund-raisers for Democratic candidates, for a charity called Coach for Kids, and, in the wake of 9/11, for an industry task force for emergency preparedness. The airy foyer of their house is filled with photos of the Medavoys and Barbra Streisand, the Medavoys and Bill Clinton, the Medavoys and Larry King.

There isn't a photo of the Medavoys with Arnie Klein, though such photos may exist—somewhere. The three mixed easily, and Irena had rejoined Klein's cosmetic brigade, receiving occasional collagen shots and quarterly Botox injections—the standard Hollywood regimen for wrinkle management. Botox works for three to six months, depending on dosage and physiology; it's administered by units, each equaling precisely the dose it takes to kill a mouse. A typical cosmetic treatment is 20 units per "site." Although treating glabellar lines constitutes the only cosmetic use indicated by the F.D.A. and Allergan, doctors routinely inject other facial areas—crow's-feet around the eyes, laugh lines, and creases near the nose. Known as "off-label use," practices such as these have anecdotally proved as useful as they are gray. Because the F.D.A. requires rigorous clinical proof before approving a drug, one of the ways doctors gather evidence is through off-label use. That's how aspirin came to be used as a preventive for heart disease.

Over the course of three visits in 2001, Klein injected Medavoy with 63 units, 73 units, and then 65 units of Botox—higher than average doses, but not outrageously so. Aside from fleeting tenderness around her injection sites and brief flu-like symptoms, she experienced no side effects—which is typical of Botox patients, who rarely complain. (Usually, the mild injection pricks are as bad as it gets.) Medavoy says the trouble didn't begin until her last visit, on March 4, 2002—when, for at least the second time, Klein used Botox also to treat the migraines that had periodically bedeviled her over the past several years. Every month or so, a migraine could leave her bedridden for a day but lift by the next morning, thanks to Imitrex, a migraine-relief drug, prescribed by her neurologist.

It's starting here that accounts differ, sometimes wildly. According to Medavoy, Klein had asked, unbidden, if she had ever experienced headaches, and then summoned an assistant, who volunteered that Botox had reduced her migraines by 50 percent. Medavoy agreed to try the treatment, she says, and Klein began Botoxing her not just in the usual facial regions but in the back of her neck at the base of her skull and behind each ear. During the last visit, "I was leaning down there for a long time," she says, pantomiming being injected from behind. "Long enough for me to say, 'Arnie, it's too much.'" Weitzman says this "never happened, and [if it had] how would Irena have known [it was too much] unless she had an immediate reaction, which she didn't, according to her own statements."

The next day, Medavoy and her neighbor Jennifer Stallone took their children to Disneyland—Irena has a son, Nicholas, who was four at the time—where they rode the "teacups." As the week wore on, Medavoy says, she began to experience flu-like symptoms. By the end of the next week, she was in the emergency room at U.C.L.A., debilitated by crushing headaches, fever, blurred vision, ringing ears, respiratory problems, gastric distress, and difficulty in swallowing, known as dysphagia. When she had reported her symptoms to Klein, she says, he replied, "Oh! I did too much Botox. I shouldn't have done the cosmetic *and* the migraine. But don't worry. The pain will only last two or four days." Weitzman flatly denies that Klein made this statement.

Initially, Medavoy says, emergency-room doctors suspected pneumonia, then were flummoxed. "My head," she says, sighing, "It was like my neck could not support my head. Where he shot—where the injection shots were—I'm telling you, I'd never been so sick in my whole life, and I knew something was *wrong.* And I knew it was the Botox because the pain was in that area. I thought my head was gonna go . . . " She pantomimes her head exploding.

Later, Medavoy says, "I missed a Coach for Kids fund-raiser and a show I was taping with [actress] Cynthia Sikes York and Jennifer Stallone and Vanna White. I missed the *Vanity Fair* Oscar party, missed going to the Oscars. That Monday we were supposed to go to Maui—which I was looking forward to—with [founder of People for the American Way] Norman and Lyn Lear for a two-week vacation. I missed that. I missed our anniversary trip. We were going to spend the month of June in Europe, going to Paris and then on a boat in the South of France. I missed that. People had invited me to Aspen for August. I missed that."

Days after her Botoxing, Medavoy says, one of Klein's assistants left a message on her answering machine, relaying instructions from Klein to see a neurologist. That same week, Medavoy was driven to Dr. Andrew Charles, the neurologist who'd been treating her migraines. Klein hadn't consulted with Charles, who didn't like what he saw. "Why would you do this?" Charles asked Medavoy incredulous. "Why would you take Botox for migraines?" Weitzman says that his client's conduct was "perfectly appropriate given the circumstances. He's treated many others for migraines, with great success."

What Charles saw in Medavoy, he says, was an "intractable, medication-unresponsive daily, incapacitating headache that, in my view, was quite clearly related to the Botox. Because it was in the right time frame," i.e., only a few days after the injections. In the past, Medavoy's migraines, which Charles classifies as "garden variety," had always responded to medication. But not this one. "She was diffusely tender in the region where she was injected," Charles says. "She was in miserable shape."

The misery didn't cease—not for days, not for weeks. Medavoy says she was bedridden, unable to handle light, unable to do just about anything. She disappeared from sight, rarely returning calls. She spent nights sobbing in the arms of her husband, who assured her that she wasn't going insane. "Watching

ife is a refreshing view





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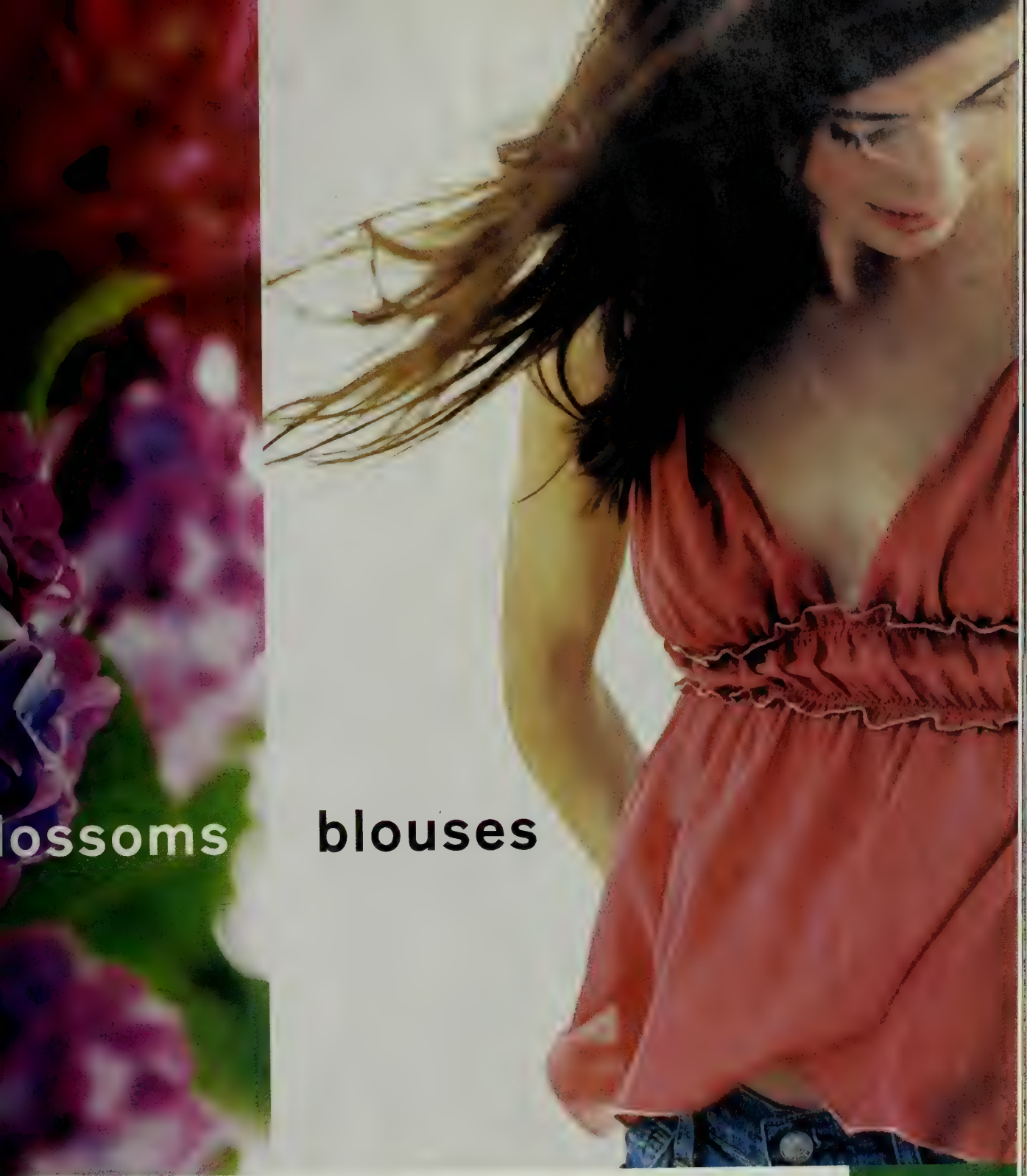
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ledavoy vs. Klein

y wife suffer through this period was not n," says Mike, who ran Orion Pictures and iStar Pictures before co-founding Phoenix ctures, whose titles include *The People . Larry Flynt* and *The Thin Red Line.* My wife and I lost a year of our lives. he's the love of my life, and this should ot go without some notice to people that ere are risks."

Klein stopped returning her calls, Irena says, brandishing a phone log to back her claim. After several weeks, Klein finally called back, she says, with a representative from Allergan, located just down the 05 freeway, in Irvine, on another extension. he Allergan person insisted that her symptms would abate in "two months." Five inutes later, she says, Klein phoned back one, postulating that her trip to Disneyland d made the Botox "go systemic"—another atement Klein denies making. That conversation, she says, was their last.

Two months became four months, with relief. "I've never seen anyone look sick," says Jennifer Stallone, who has cationed with Irena and their husbands, lvester and Mike. "She wouldn't even let e open the shades." This account is supported by three other friends, including Red arris, ex-wife of Chuck Barris, the *Gong how* host and self-styled C.I.A. assassin. For 12 years, I spoke to her every day," ys Donna Estes Antebi, who befriended ena in 1990, on Anguilla, and later introuced her to Mike. "Absolute night and ay," she says of Irena's sudden decline. When this happened—once she got into ed—I spoke to her less than three minutes three months. When I finally got to see r . . . I couldn't have been more shocked. thought she was going to die. She had lost pounds, was white and shaky. She could ardly stand. She could hardly speak. . . . he was so skinny and so frail."

Irena saw doctor after doctor. Her interst, Robert Huizenga, who once testified on behalf of O. J. Simpson, concurred with her eurologist. "Before this whole thing happened, she was at the top of her game," Huienga says. "She went from being very active and extremely functional to somebody ho was essentially bedridden, who basically couldn't get out for more than 15 minutes. . . . This was a major catastrophe." He dds, "We went into this tight circle of trying to make sure it wasn't anything else. It asn't cancer. It wasn't multiple sclerosis some kind of neuro-disaster. It wasn't me kind of psychiatric breakdown. It asn't some kind of weird infection. When l those tests turned up negative—and when mebody deteriorates very rapidly and very severely [after a medical procedure]—we were back to that. And most of the other experts here were thinking along those same lines."

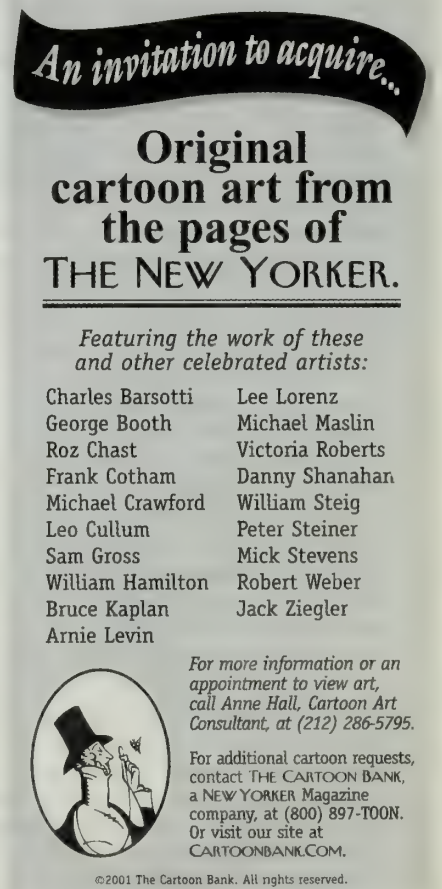
Here being U.C.L.A., the renowned teaching hospital where Arnie Klein happens to be a professor, and where two of his respected colleagues—Charles and Huizenga—blame Botox for Medavoy's suffering. For starters, Huizenga questions Klein's claim that Medavoy received 86 units of Botox that day. By his estimate, she received upwards of 110, but he doesn't know for sure. Plus, Charles says, referring to the drug's three-to-six-month window, "It happened within the right time frame, [and her most acute pain] lasted two or three months. She hit bottom at two months, and then she started to gradually improve." Early on, Charles says, he called Klein. "This is where things get a little sticky, because he's on the clinical faculty here. . . . I'm not in a good position to comment specifically about his involvement. But I can tell you that I would have liked to have been consulted prior to her receiving injections for headache, and that my conversations with him after the procedure were not particularly helpful."

"She couldn't do anything in the way of exercise at all," says Medavoy's physical therapist, who works with many Hollywood clients. "It would exhaust her immediately until around June"—at least three months after the Botox. "It was horrific. She looked like death warmed over. Her signs and symptoms were impossible to fake," the physical therapist adds. "At the base of her skull, and behind the ears and at her temples, they would be warm to the touch. Clammy at times. I could feel tightness, [and the injection sites] felt inflamed and irritated."

Glacially, after three to four months, Medavoy turned a corner, doing pool therapy, sharing quick meals with friends, picking her spots to socialize. "The first time I saw her was after three or four months," Jennifer Stallone says. "She came down, we chatted for a few minutes, then she went upstairs to bed. That wasn't the Irena I knew, believe me. It took months before she could do the simplest things, like shopping. And she still isn't anywhere near what she once was."

"Good days and bad days," Medavoy says today, nearly a year since her last Botox. "By October, I was able to go to a black-tie event." Fiddling with the plate of berries, she stares out the window and wonders aloud, "Why didn't Arnie Klein take care of me? He works seven minutes from here. Never in a million years would I have sued if Allergan and Arnie Klein had come over immediately and said, 'We want to help you. We want to learn from you.' Not a chance. But now, knowing the information I've





Medavoy vs. Klein

found out, it's what they do. They try to make you go away."

"Her description of events is inconsistent with what I know about Dr. Klein's conduct," says Howard Weitzman. "His general mode of conduct is exceptionally responsive to patients. I'm not certain at what stage he and Irena communicated less. My recollection is that she stopped communicating with him, rather than the opposite. Because she started to blame him."

Medavoy's lawsuit, which seeks unspecified damages, alleges that Klein committed malpractice by failing to get "informed consent" for Botox and its potential side effects, especially those stemming from off-label treatments such as hers. Although she signed a medical waiver provided by Klein, the waiver made no mention of serious side effects. She's also suing Allergan for product liability, calling Botox "an inherently dangerous product requiring proper directions and warnings to independent physicians and/or to patients." She says, "If Arnie had said, 'On a couple of occasions, there have been adverse reactions,' or had given me a research paper that said 'life-altering headaches,' I would have said, 'Let me think about this.'"

That she uses the term "life-altering headaches" is not accidental; it comes from an article published in the January 2002 issue of the *Journal of the American Academy of Dermatology,* one of the specialty's most influential publications. Aptly titled "Severe, Intractable Headache After Injection with Botulism A Exotoxin," the article cited four such cases, which together composed 1 percent of all the patients studied. This article forms the centerpiece of Medavoy's legal case, indicating that Botox *isn't* completely safe and therefore shouldn't have been administered without informed consent. After she fell ill, Medavoy says, Klein did acknowledge the four cases—a claim disputed by Weitzman.

If in fact Klein did know about these incidents, why didn't he inform Medavoy about them, pre-Botox? According to other patients who've been injected by Klein, he's never mentioned serious side effects to them, and when recently asked, "May I please have whatever I need to know before Botox?," a member of his staff handed over a glossy brochure that says, "Discomfort is minimal and brief." But closer examination of Allergan's own literature—widely available but not always given to patients by doctors—reveals "rare spontaneous reports of death . . . and/or other significant debility," as well as rare instances of "muscle weakness" that, while usually brief, "may last several months." Also, there have "been rare reports of adverse events involving the cardiovascular system . . . some with fatal outcomes."

Most of these indications were published in their promotional materials only after Allergan received a scorching letter from the F.D.A. in August 2001, some seven months prior to Medavoy's last treatment. "You minimize the side effects," the F.D.A. complained. "You fail to present all of the serious and important risks associated with Botox . . . omitting that adverse events may have a duration of several months and may be severe in intensity."

And yet many experts, including the doctors who published the aforementioned article, believe the toxin is a safe and effective treatment for a range of maladies, from rectal fissures to multiple sclerosis to migraines, especially. By some estimates, it would take roughly 3,500 units of Botox to kill a human. "It's not kryptonite," says Jeff Roth, the New York dermatologist, who also has a Ph.D. in molecular biology. "We're not injecting *botulism,* first of all. We're injecting a product of the botulism bacterium, in just the way that penicillin is a product of a mold. Most antibiotics are natural products of other micro-organisms, and Botox is qualitatively no different." Once injected, practitioners contend, the toxin "spreads" by no more than a quarter-inch. Even if it were accidentally injected into an artery, they say, the effect would be minimal—a fraction of what it takes to make a person seriously ill. "The key with Botox is that it's transient," says Dr. Andrew Blumenfeld, a headache specialist and Allergan consultant. "The medicine works from three to six months. By six months, your functionality returns to your baseline level. There is no permanent change."

Because reports of "intractable" headaches are few and anecdotal, goes the collective reasoning, they're clinically insignificant. Also, they may indicate that the *procedure,* rather than Botox itself, is the problem. "The medicine is only as good as it is injected," Blumenfeld says. "You can't produce an allergic reaction by injecting it incorrectly, but you could produce abnormal muscle weakness that might make headaches worse—if you don't do it the right way. I would argue that the technique is at fault when we inject for headache. If you inject all the way down to the bone, you can traumatize it, and that could produce a headache. No doubt about it."

Klein's technique is among the many issues Medavoy and her attorney Art Leeds are raising, citing the three injections in the back of her neck. In 2001, they point out, the F.D.A. warned Allergan that "injections into the levator scapulae"—a back muscle that runs up the side of the neck "may be associated with an increased ris of upper respiratory infection and dysph gia." Also, they dispute claims that Boto can't spread through a patient's body, a they suspect it did in Medavoy's, and he one need look no further than Allergan literature, which notes that studies "ma indicate spread of the toxin via circul tion" or "some action of the toxin at a thir central, or unidentified site." "There's n way it stays in that spot only," biochemi Nicholas Abrishamian was quoted as sa ing last year in *The Lancet,* a prominer British medical journal. "It works by cau ing damage to the nervous system. . . . The say 'minute' quantities are given for co metic purposes, which is true. But quan tity is not the only issue when it come to toxins."

Allergan isn't saying much, aside from i assertion that "the persistent condition which Mrs. Medavoy is claiming are com pletely inconsistent with our 20-year safet profile." This from Christine Cassiano, company spokeswoman. "We've *never* ha a report of chronic and persistent condition Botox has been used in millions of people so we feel very strongly about it."

The most compelling portion of Alle gan's statement to *V.F.* is the "never" par largely because it's not quite true, *V.F.* ha learned. In July 1999, in Yorba Linda, Cal fornia, a registered nurse named Debbi Sulzle had her "nasolabial folds"—crease near her nose—Botoxed. The next day, sh says, "I woke up and couldn't move m mouth, couldn't blink my eyes, and m face was virtually paralyzed." Within a week Sulzle says, she complained to Allergan "They told me that they'd never heard of before—but that it was going to get wors before it got better [because] the effect c Botox intensifies before it wears off." Sh detailed her symptoms in December 199 filling out a Patient Experience Report pro vided by Allergan. In a letter written tw years later, during which time Sulzle say she was often bedridden, Allergan claime that, because the F.D.A. had not specifica ly approved her treatment, "we are unabl to provide data on the safety of this particu lar use." Noting that "adverse effects follow ing Botox injections are transient," Allerga said, "We are very interested in followin your condition." Nearly four years after th treatment, Sulzle says, she's still recovering not nearly back to her pre-Botox condition which was "as healthy as a horse."

In December 2002, Karen Hicks re ceived a Botox migraine treatment in Sain Petersburg, Florida, where she runs a salo called the Hair Hospital. About 10 days a ter the treatment, Hicks says, "I could no stand up, and I spent the next five weeks i

d. For about a week I thought it was the , but I didn't run a fever or have nausea. ad extreme fatigue and pain in the neck d shoulder, which eventually traveled wn my back." In January, she says, Al- gan put her in touch with a physician ho basically tried to convince me that I d lupus or M.S. or some terrible disease." cks's physician, Hisham Hanai, confirms r symptoms and says a full workup vealed no such diseases. The symptoms ted two months, Hicks says, noting, "I'm ll not back to complete normalcy." Hicks mplained to Allergan five days before edavoy filed suit. Two weeks after that, lergan sent Hicks a Patient Experience port. Asked to explain the complaints by ilzle and Hicks, Aller- n's Cassiano says, "We're vare of both of those in- ances," and adds that oth were "ruled out by ysicians. There was no nk between their symp- ms and Botox." (While oting that Hicks's most cute symptoms abated ter a few weeks, Hanai ys he was never contact- l by Allergan.)

Clinical trials for three of Botox's numerous off-label uses, including migraine relief and sweat reduction, have entered the final phases in the F.D.A. approval process. The former may well be indicated by 2006. Allergan's profits are increasing in step with demand. Lasting all of 10 minutes, the simplest 20-unit Botox session with Klein will run you, at minimum, $640. That is, if you could get an appointment, which you can't. Assuming Klein doesn't get a discount from Allergan—for whom he's a consultant—he pays about $4 per unit, meaning he makes a hefty profit.

Though Klein is hardly the only derm in town using Botox to treat migraines, his subspecialty gives some colleagues pause. "There are no guidelines for this," says Dr. Harold Lancer, who may be Hollywood's second-biggest derm, and who treated Medavoy after Klein did. "We usually do not see patients for migraine headaches. A patient doesn't come into my office and say, 'Listen, Dr. Lancer, I want you to treat my migraine headaches.' That's never happened. Theoretically, if it did happen, I would send him to a neurologist." Though he won't comment on Klein, Lancer does offer elliptical thoughts about his kind: "It's a matter of pushing the envelope of safety. I don't think I ever had a God complex, and if I did, I outgrew it a long time ago. That's the way it is."

"I think it's fine for a dermatologist to treat migraines or anything else, as long as he's trained," says the founding father of Botox migraine therapy, Dr. William Binder, a plastic surgeon practicing in Beverly Hills, where he taught Klein to Botox. "I've done so much research and work in the area of migraines," Klein said during his brief interview with *V.F.* "I'm an academic, and I've been studying this for years. It's not as if I just said one day, 'Hey, I think I'll start treating migraines.' Quite the opposite. I learned by clinical experience."

The Arnold Klein case aside, the only thing everyone agrees on is that too many doctors with too much verve are dosing too many patients. Because any licensed prescriber can buy Botox, gynecologists, even podiatrists, are cashing in on a largely cosmetic procedure that's yet to save a single life. Manhattan's Dr. Roth says, "One patient told me her gynecologist called to tell her her Pap smear was fine, and, by the way, had she ever considered doing Botox?" Recently, Hollywood's Dr. Paul Nassif gained a measure of fame by administering the drug at Botox parties at the Palms Casino Resort in Las Vegas, where "patients" snacked and mingled while pressing gauze to their bloodied foreheads. "They're called *Botox education seminars,*" Nassif says, correcting the record. "Now I'm backing off from doing them because . . . I don't know. Maybe it's just not the best thing to do."



THE BRIDE WORE BOTOX
The Medavoys in Beverly Hills on July 7, 1995, the first of their two wedding days; they were married again in Saint-Tropez a week later.

In the meantime, the Klein-Medavoy imbroglio gets messier by the day, especially considering that all its parties are friends. Or were. "They're having me followed," Medavoy says. "In Beverly Hills. There's a parking service right between Rodeo and Beverly Drive, behind Frédéric Fekkai, Giorgio Armani, and Ralph Lauren." While she shopped one recent afternoon, two parking attendants noticed a man hiding in the bushes across the street, aiming a long telephoto lens. "What are you doing?" one of the attendants asked the man. "Just doing my job," the man replied, according to both attendants. When Medavoy got into her car and drove off, the attendants say, three cars with tinted windows screeched after hers.

Asked if he or anyone associated with Klein had hired men to tail Medavoy, Weitzman says, "People have been following her? O.K., well . . . " He laughs, throws his arms in the air, and says, "I suppose anything's possible." Either way, her shopping fuels Weitzman's central thesis that "she's out there all the time, rockin' and rollin' with the Stones and Bill Clinton." He's referring to a recent benefit concert attended by Medavoy and the ex-president, but he also refers to the Disneyland trip, wondering whether those teacups might be the source of her illness. "She appears to be cured by now. You and I should mend the way she's mending." He smiles. "She's one of the more beautiful women around, and has as much energy as anybody I've ever met."

"Mister Charm," Irena Medavoy calls Weitzman, but not in a good way. She and his wife, Margaret, no longer speak. When Weitzman ran into Medavoy at the Stones concert, he hugged her and said, more or less, "I hope you won't take this personally."

By the time this case goes to trial—*if* it goes to trial—Botox may be facing stiff competition. On February 28 an F.D.A. advisory panel recommended the approval of Artecoll, a collagen-and-plastic-based drug said to reduce wrinkles permanently. "The data is pretty convincing," said one of the panel members shortly before one of his colleagues stressed that 16 percent of the drug's users may experience an "adverse event," such as facial lumpiness. If all goes according to plan, Artecoll could hit Hollywood in time for Christmas. □

James Rosenquist

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 193 ahead of the Pop curve, and some of their art—Johns's flag and target paintings, Rauschenberg's three-dimensional *Coca-Cola Plan,* for instance—had already been causing a major stir by the time Rosenquist came on the scene. He remembers the two artists, who were a couple back then, being friendly to him. They, in turn, have vivid memories of their first Rosenquist sightings. "I first noticed him on the street," Rauschenberg told me. "He looked like such a unique person. He was absolutely not outfitted for Wall Street, and he looked like a blond angel. I stared at him a little bit and then went on my way. The next time I saw him he was knocking on my door."

This was 1960, and Rosenquist was wandering around the waterfront in Lower Manhattan searching for a place to rent. A man who worked at a sandwich store directed him to the building where Johns and Rauschenberg lived and worked on different floors. Tips were shared, including a connection to another plugged-in guy at another local store, and soon Rosenquist made a deal to take over Agnes Martin's loft in Coenties Slip, a seaport neighborhood where a number of other artists had found cheap pads, including Indiana and Ellsworth Kelly. Rosenquist had just quit the sign-painting business to focus on his own work—like Warhol, he'd also picked up some quick cash creating window displays for Bonwit Teller, Macy's, and Tiffany & Co.—and the pressure was on. "I didn't want to reiterate what was being done, like a second-generation abstract painter," he says. Instead, he pushed himself and broke through with *Zone* (1960–61), one of his first paintings to incorporate the types of techniques, perspective, and content he'd been working with on his commercial jobs. It took him a long time to arrive at the approximately eight-by-eight-foot canvas's final composition, which featured a woman's face, taken from a cosmetics ad, and a huge gray tomato; Rosenquist says that if curators X-rayed the canvas they'd find, among other painted-over images, "three cows and someone committing suicide."

I asked Jasper Johns if it had seemed unusual at the time for an artist to earn his living as a sign painter. Johns, always thoughtful, answered, "What was unusual was that he was an artist and a billboard painter, someone who was within two worlds, someone who came from both positions, who introduced one into the other." I asked Johns about the perspective and scale of Rosenquist's work. "He was seeing something—I think it was a result of the billboard painting—that was different from what the rest of us were already seeing. Of course, one relates some of it to other artists, too. Others had brought up the idea of wishing the viewer to be so close to their work that they couldn't see the whole thing, or to have the work so large you couldn't see the whole thing. That idea emerged more or less from several positions at the same time. It wasn't just Jim's idea. Other artists, like Barnett Newman, had some similar feelings. It must have been in the air, or about to be in the air. It certainly manifested itself very strongly." Johns gave me a kind of bottom line on Rosenquist: "At the time those works occurred, what was surprising wasn't how they related to other things. It was how they didn't."

The seeds of Rosenquist's signature approach were actually planted several years earlier, thanks to an epiphany. "In 1957," he says, "I was painting Schenley-whiskey bottles on every candy store in Brooklyn. One day, after painting about 50 bottles, I got tired of filling in the label, which was supposed to say, 'This spirit is made from the finest grains,' in script. Instead, I started to write, 'Mary had a little lamb, her fleece was white as snow,' on the damn labels. From the street you couldn't tell what it said, but when they took the ads down, they asked, 'What the hell is this kid doing?' That's when Pop art occurred to me. That's when I asked, What is this bombardment of advertising that's driving you nuts? . . . I thought, How can I use this method to show the emptiness and numbness of all this? I wondered how I could make a mysterious painting in which I painted huge realistic fragments of things, the largest of which would be recognized last. That was my idea at that time. Many of my fellow students were just copying de Kooning's calligraphy. I didn't want to be like everyone else, even if they laughed."

Many did laugh, or grumble that Pop art signified the end of civilization. (At a later symposium on the subject at the Museum of Modern Art, the opening speaker said, "Tonight we're going to bury the Pop." Rosenquist, who was there, remembers Marcel Duchamp in the back row, taking it all in with his overcoat pulled up over his ears.) For Rosenquist, 1960 and 1961 were busy years. He hit upon his mature style of painting, got married to Mary Lou Adams, a textile designer he met while at work in Times Square, and received many important visitors at his studio, not only artists but practically every dealer with good antennae, including Allan Stone, Ileana Sonnabend, Ivan Karp, Leo Castelli, and Richard Bellamy, who became Rosenquist's first dealer. Henry Geldzahler of the Metropolitan Museum of Art came by for a look-see, as did Robert Scull, the owner of one of the city's biggest taxi fleets and the collector who would be the first to buy a work fro Rosenquist. A one-man show at Bellamy gallery in January 1962 really propelled R senquist into the limelight. (It also sold out That fall, G. R. Swenson, one of the era most perceptive critics, wrote his landma essay, "The New American Sign Painters which first grouped Rosenquist, Lichtenste Indiana, Jim Dine, and "Andrew" Warho

Two years later, in a famous 1964 inte view with Swenson in *ArtNews,* Rosenqui explained his approach this way: "Comme cial advertising . . . is one of the foundatio of our society. I'm living in it, and it has suc impact and excitement in its means of in agery. Painting is probably more exciting tha advertising—so why shouldn't it be done wi that power and gusto, with that impact."

Both at home and abroad, the media we now all over Pop art, and many galleri and museums wanted to give the new h artists group or solo shows. As one of Lic tenstein's paintings put it, "POW!" The Po art "movement" was really an explosion work by many artists in both America an Europe, with roots in all sorts of art fro earlier in the century, including Cubism an Dadaism. There are other obvious antece ents, such as Marcel Duchamp's appropr ation of everyday objects (for instance, h famous 1917 urinal sculpture) and Stua Davis's paintings of commercial produc (including his 1924 rendering of a bottle Odol disinfectant). And then there's th role of photography—the work of Walk Evans, for example—which is intrinsic; wit out photography, there could be no Po But, as often happens, the mass media, hist rians, and even critics cut out a lot of th history that led to this new art and reduce it to a clean package. (The actual term "Po art" has been credited to the critic Lawren Alloway, who is said to have used it som time around 1954, but he has written that h doesn't know exactly when it was first u tered. He speculates that he probably used in conversation in the mid-50s in the conte of popular culture and work by a group English artists that included Richard Han ilton, whose 1956 collage, *Just What Is It Th Makes Today's Homes So Different, So A pealing?,* is such a hoot.)

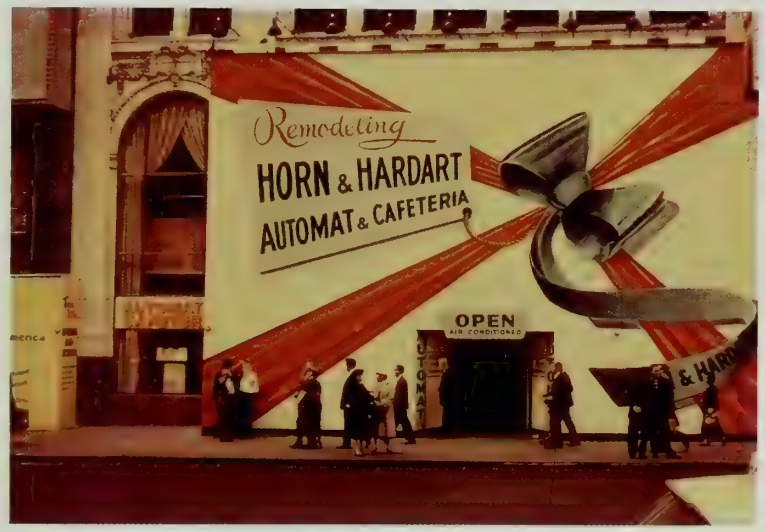
One of the best books on the subject t date is Lucy R. Lippard's *Pop Art,* publishe in 1967. In it she makes a critical stab at lis ing who really counts, telling the reader th "the New York five" are Warhol, Lichte stein, Rosenquist, Oldenburg, and Tom We selmann. Apart from some quibbling he and there, this judgment has pretty muc held up in the intervening years (as has th idea that Johns and Rauschenberg were vit precedents for American Pop artists).

Rosenquist had met Oldenburg in th late 50s, but he, Warhol, and Lichtenstei

idn't get to know each other until Pop ad already become a noteworthy phenomnon; though each was tapping into the *Zeitgeist* with works that would later be conected by critics, they were doing so indeendently. When the core group finally id spend time together they seem to have otten on like a house on fire. None of he old macho Abstract Expressionist fistiuffs for this group; while they were cometitive, they amused one another, too. Roenquist tells a funny story in this regard. He'd run into Warhol, who'd remark in his lightly ironic, famously flat tone, "Oh, ou're the greatest artist." Rosenquist would eply, "No, Andy, *you're* the greatest artist." And the two would continue to josh each ther this way until one gave up. (Rosenuist also enjoyed seeing other artists take Warhol's droll compliments seriously.)

Now that nearly four decades have passed, it's hard to believe that up until recently Rosenquist, Warhol, Lichtenstein, and the others were lumped together so definitively. The differences of vision, of style, and of content are enormous, even when they paint the same subject. Warhol's Marilyns, for example, are plainly iconic and glamorous, whereas Rosenquist's treatment of the actress is almost a deconstruction. He has also painted straightforward pictures, but Rosenquist's work often accumulates, morphs, and layers disparate images; the final results can be real head scratchers. He seems to like the fact that his work is so open to interpretation. In fact, he initially chose commercial images because he wanted a kind of blank slate. He told G. R. Swenson: "If it were abstract, people might make it into something. If you paint Franco-American spaghetti, they won't make a crucifixion out of it, and also who could be nostalgic about canned spaghetti? They'll bring their reactions but, probably, they won't have as many irrelevant ones."

Rosenquist clearly believes in art's ability to affect consciousness. When I visited him recently in Aripeka, Florida, a marshy, unspoiled hamlet north of Tampa, where he has produced much of his work since 1976, he said, "I want people to get my art, but I want to put them in a new mind-set." This isn't just talk. You can witness it in action in Rosenquist's strongest works. Perhaps the most famous example is *F-111*, an 86-foot-long multi-paneled masterpiece, completed in 1965, that melds domestic, commercial, and martial worlds—a little blonde girl under a hair dryer that resembles a soldier's helmet, a resort umbrella providing shade from an A-bomb blast. The painting, which has often been interpreted as Rosenquist's statement against the Vietnam War, has also been called the *Guernica* of the 60s. The artist's own description is more Rosenquistian, equal parts poetic and blunt: "It's a life-size painting of a bomber flying through the flak of consumer society; and a statement on all the money and power that buys war weapons to supply this society." The sheer ambition and thrill of this massive painting, even without the evocative imagery, make it a showstopper, a work that displays all of Rosenquist's talents, not least his mastery of drawing and painting—*F-111* would not succeed in the way it does without Rosenquist's sophisticated palette, his facility with perspective, and his willingness to experiment. With *F-111*, the sign painter had made a masterpiece out of signs.



PROTO-POP

A nice example of Rosenquist's day-job handiwork, 1958. Oblivious pedestrians miss out on electrifying composition and cheeky, subliminal dollar sign.

When the work was first shown at the Leo Castelli Gallery (which Rosenquist had joined in 1964), it caused a major ruckus. Speaking for skeptics, the critic Hilton Kramer called *F-111* an "irredeemably superficial" work that "leaves the spectator feeling as if he ought to be sucking on a popsicle." The controversy didn't hurt: *F-111* was soon traveling from museum to museum in Europe. By then Rosenquist had established himself as a true original, a highly conceptual painter who could perform a kind of alchemy with images. One sees this combination of mind and matter in unforgettable paintings such as *Blue Sky* (1962), *Air Hammer* (1962), *Promenade of Merce Cunningham* (1963), *Joan Crawford Says ...* (1964), and *Growth Plan* (1966). Sometimes his work reminds one of the Surrealists, in particular Magritte. What's interesting is how Rosenquist does and does not conform to the typical Surrealist strategies, where the imagery may be strange but there's still some sense of traditional perspective, as if one were looking through a window. Rosenquist, on the other hand, often wants to explode the frame.

By the late 60s, he had become one of the most in-demand artists on the contemporary circuit, and he used his success to help causes he believed in, as well as to have fun—including a nutty project commissioned by *Playboy*, a kitschy take on pregnancy that featured strawberry shortcake, a large sour pickle, and giant breasts with "surprised" nipples. As for the money that came with all this success, as Rosenquist now ruefully says, "everything went for peanuts." His point is well taken by the standards of today, when Pop art is being sold at auction for staggering prices. *F-111* sold originally for $50,000, of which Rosenquist got half. In 1996 it was bought on behalf of the Museum of Modern Art for a reported $5.5 million. But even in the 60s, sales of his work were healthy enough to allow Rosenquist to move his family—he now had one son, John—to East Hampton, where he lived for 10 years, joining a long tradition of East End artists including Pollock and de Kooning; like them, Rosenquist was drawn by the area's luminous light, a by-product of all the surrounding water. He was extraordinarily productive in his first years there, and when both the Whitney Museum in New York and the Wallraf-Richartz Museum in Cologne announced that they would put on retrospectives of his work in 1972, the future must have seemed set.

But before the celebrations could begin, Rosenquist's family went through hell and back. He was driving in Florida with his wife and son, who was now six, when their car was involved in an accident, injuring all three and putting his wife and child in comas for months; hospitalized in Tampa, they both eventually recovered, but with permanent reminders. The retrospectives went forward, but these were painful, difficult times for the artist. As he says, the medical expenses alone put him under intense pressure; the emotional costs, of course, were even worse. In 1972 he was also arrested in Washington for pro-

James Rosenquist

testing the Vietnam War. (While in jail he conceived of a couple of paintings which feature nails neatly lined up in rows, as if counting by hatch marks. "The idea was, Am I doing time or am I marking time?" Rosenquist recalls.)

The exhibitions kept coming and the work continued, but Rosenquist himself seemed to move more into the background by a certain point in the early 80s. You couldn't read about a big night out on the town without coming across Andy Warhol's name; Rosenquist had become a wallflower by comparison, though he did have a few high-profile friends. (He once told the actress Liv Ullmann he was working on a painting that would express "the sound of all the world's souls after the Earth has blown up." "Oh, *ja,*" she blandly replied, as if such concepts were commonplace. "She had been with Ingmar Bergman too damn long," Rosenquist says today with a laugh.) He had gotten divorced in 1975 and soon afterward started to build his modest compound in Aripeka. Since then he has spent much of his time working in Florida and commuting to Manhattan and, more recently, Bedford, in Westchester County, where his family lives in a white clapboard farmhouse down a dirt road. (In 1987 he married Mimi Thompson, a painter, writer, and curator who had also been an assistant editor at *Vanity Fair;* the couple has a 13-year-old daughter, Lily.) In the intervening years, Rosenquist has been industrious, working on commissions for all sorts of venues, including the Four Seasons restaurant in New York, a restaurant at the Stockholm Opera, the Palace de Chaillot in Paris, and, currently, a Starwood hotel in downtown San Francisco. And even though Rosenquist's art of the 80s and 90s has shown less obvious evidence of his old occupation as a sign painter, he has remained true to his complex pictorial approach.

Some of his most dynamic pictures of the early 80s, such as *Star Thief* (1980) and *Fahrenheit* (1982)—with imagery that includes symbols of glamour such as lipsticks and a fingernail that's been manicured to look like the tip of a fountain pen—have the visual sock-in-the-face quality of his 60s work, but with more of a sense of mystery. Other paintings are infused with palpable emotion, such as *Through the Eye of the Needle to the Anvil* (1988), a response to his mother's death in 1986, or *Gift Wrapped Dolls,* a group of oils about AIDS created in the early 90s. Quite often, though, his intentions have remained difficult to read. But even if he's no longer causing furious debate the way he once did, Rosenquist's love of painting, his understanding of scale, and his fascination with the space between abstraction and realism have never left him. (In this regard, he reminds me of Gerhard Richter, the German artist of the same generation whose paintings also have this constant swing between the two genres.) *Joystick* (2002) is a monster-size work, 17 feet by 46 feet, that has objects sticking out of the picture—there's a clear plastic rod with two ropes tied to a trapezoidal mirror. Altogether the painting evokes feelings of being high above the ground, perhaps like a child on a swing, or a passenger in a small plane. (When I asked Rosenquist why he enjoys painting such enormous pieces he answered, "Because they're a big workout." And for the most part he completes them without the help of assistants.)

Among Rosenquist's most ambitious recent works are the three paintings, each titled *The Swimmer in the Economist,* that he created in the late 90s for the Berlin branch of the Guggenheim Museum. They're much more intricate than the 60s work, but they remind me of it. In addition to classic Pop iconography such as lipsticks and household products, there are direct references to *F-111* as well as to Picasso's *Guernica.* These are bold, colorful, dazzling paintings—fascinating too, in the way one passage flows into another with real verve. Here you see Rosenquist using different perspectives, warping space with the kind of innovation that made certain early Cubist works so astounding and memorable. These paintings must have been challenging to pull off, but then Rosenquist likes that: "A real artist has to get a bigger and bigger kick out of his or her idea."

That's one thing Rosenquist is: a real, old-fashioned artist. I guess because he's been a big deal for so long I wasn't quite expecting the man I found at the Tampa airport—standing alone, waiting to pick me up. In this age of famous people being impressed by themselves and wanting to impress others with their material success, the mere fact that Rosenquist didn't dispatch an assistant to fetch me makes him unusual. This personal quality defined our time together as it defines his work. What makes both Rosenquist's art and the man himself so compelling is that each contains contradictory elements. Like painters of centuries past he'll work only with natural light, yet his subject matter has often been the fake. As Rauschenberg says, "He is always a surprise." The down-home and the futuristic coexist in Rosenquist's world, and spending time with him can be like landing in one of his paintings. One morning he baked us corn bread and scrambled some eggs; the night before, we'd driven to dinner at a local mall in his brand-new electric-hybrid Toyota.

When Rosenquist is in Aripeka, having left his family up North in Bedford, he is there to work. Apart from excursions to the nearby general store, where he likes to get the news from the locals, he seems to relish his isolation, painting by himself or maybe going out alone on his boat. In order to feed himself he's become the Edward Ho per of the strip malls. Practically every me we ate was at one or another mall, and of the people at these joints seemed to kn him. But chitchatting with the owners the Golden China restaurant seemed to the extent of his socializing. I got the fe ing that when he's there all his energy saved for painting.

His office is a riot. I have never seen a tal with more piles of papers on it. For a while R senquist's mother ran things, and after she di it took him some time to hire someone el Beverly Coe, his main assistant, who h worked with him for 17 years, laughs that h résumé got lost under a pile of papers and took a couple of years before he finally can across it. Granted, when I was there they we in the midst of preparations for the upcomi retrospective, but I had the sense that a pe fectly organized business is not one of Rose quist's priorities. At this point he doesn't ev have an official art dealer. As for studio ass tants, there were some fellows hanging arou the large, prefabricated studio, but they were t kering with old cars—a Chevy and a Lincol that are parked right in there with the paintin

Being with Rosenquist, I found myse thinking about something I might have e pected had I been visiting an old Abstra Expressionist, but not one of the foundi fathers of Pop art: the romance of paintin Rosenquist has a great story about his fir show in Paris, in the early 60s, which cause a fight between an artist and a poet: "Edua Jaguer said I was a Surrealist. Then Pier Alechinsky said no, I was a New Russian Re ist. They kept arguing, and finally Alechinsk popped him in the jaw and knocked th guy over. I thought, Wow, Paris is a fantast place, because they sock somebody for a aesthetic." Clearly art is his air—he liv and breathes it. Consider this description what it's like for him to do his work: "Whe you start a big painting, it's like a little a climbing up a hill. When you get to the mi dle of it, you can see that it's coming off, th it doesn't look too bad. Then when you' sort of finishing it, it's like a sleigh ride. It downhill and you're very happy. It's like, 'He this is gonna come off, this might even b a painting.' You rush to finish. Bing. Ban Boom. Then it's done to that point. But yo look at it for a long time afterwards. This different than a lot of contemporary peop who just throw paint at the canvas and sen it to a museum or to an art gallery. Cen turies ago, I believe, painters even had a sy tem. They painted something, looked at i then they painted it again and again unt the paintings achieved a deep chiaroscur not because of varnishes or anything els but because the paint could run deep.... do that to a degree."

Sounds like a hell of a way to spend th day, doesn't it? □

ritzker Feud

NTINUED FROM PAGE 185 another. Even af- he married, Daniel lived close to his par- ts, and one investor recalls how Jay would metimes be an hour late for meetings be- use, he'd say, "Danny wanted to talk, and elt I wanted to do that." "Jay used to joke at the family operated like a kibbutz," says gar Rautbord, a Chicago socialite and nov- st who had known Jay since she was a enager.

There are some people who say that greed, re and simple, is what drove the Pritzkers tear apart what the patriarch had built d is what keeps them fighting bitterly even w over how the money will be distribut- l. But close friends say that would be easier take than the real reason. "It's not money," ys one. "It's just this ersonal, vicious anger ey have," a friend says. It is so emotional, you n't believe it. It's what ate does."

It was a Friday in June 1995, a friend calls, when Jay Pritz- er phoned him early in ie morning and asked he would go with him or a drive. "We went or a ride that day, but turned out that isn't hy Jay had called me," his friend says. "He wanted to talk. He was worried." Jay had de- ided that the time had ome for him to an- nounce to the family his plans for the future, and he had called a meeting for that afternoon. He was slowing down. He had heart problems which would soon force him to give up his great passion, heli-skiing. It was time, Jay believed, to pre- pare for his succession, and he was nervous. He wanted to be fair, and he wanted his chil- dren to be happy, but he also wanted to ensure that the family business and fortune were in the best hands.

Jay's four children gathered that after- noon at Tom's magnificent Lakeview Drive apartment. They were joined by Robert and Nicholas and six of Jay's nieces and nephews. Liesel, who was then 11, and Matthew, then 13, were not invited. As everyone took their seats, Jay prepared to speak. He was worried, as was Cindy, about how his plan would be received. His family had grown; there were so many adult members now, with such dif- ferent interests. After making a few opening remarks, he handed each person a copy of a letter. Two pages long, typewritten and single-spaced, it was signed by Jay and Robert, and, reading much like a last will and testament, it laid out their instructions to the family. "We are writing to clarify some of the confusion that may exist about Family wealth and the Family Trusts," the letter began. Most of the family's wealth, it explained, was in corporations owned by trusts. "From time to time," the letter continued, money from the trusts would be distributed to family members "to meet their reasonable needs." However, after those needs were met, "the Trusts were not intended for and should not be viewed as a source for individual wealth." What they were primarily designed for was to accumulate wealth to invest in the family's business and enhance the family's position through its philanthropic donations—not to make billionaires out of individual Pritzkers. "Our generation and our forebears," the letter said, "were raised with the concept that we not spend more than we, as individuals, earned or contributed to the Family and society."



MEDALING WITH THE ARTS
Jay Pritzker awards architect Tadao Ando the Pritzker Architecture Prize at Versailles, France, 1995. Over the years the Pritzkers have donated more than $500 million to causes and institutions.

Jay Pritzker was a man who detested conspicuous consumption and who feared the effect of too much wealth on individuals and on society. "He felt that was the greatest risk [to society], too much separation between the haves and the have-nots," Bruce Leadbetter says. Although he lived well, he did not live luxuriously. He never had bodyguards, nor did Robert, who always flew coach, despite the fact that the family owned a Falcon 900 jet, which Jay had bought reluctantly, says a family friend, to use for business travel. As with Robert, "you wouldn't notice Jay in a crowd at all," says Leadbetter. "You'd go into a Hyatt hotel and you'd see him standing in line and checking in with everyone else." Jay tried to teach his children not to expect to have money "just because you are born a Pritzker," says one friend. He drove a Ford Taurus, says another friend, because he was part owner of a Ford dealership, but also because "he didn't want his children to think about Rolls-Royces and Mercedeses." Jay, says Mel Klein, who was a business partner for 30 years, "believed that anything that went to individuals should be based on productivity and contribution, *not* just because you were in the bloodline."

In his and Robert's letter, Jay made clear that the family trusts were not to be broken up until the law governing trust perpetuities required it, which one source suggests might not be until 2042. Jay also made explicit his plans for succession. Tom would take his place at the head of the family business. A published expert on 11th- to 15th-century Tibetan art, and a close friend of the Dalai Lama's, Jay's oldest son had worked in the family business since getting law and business degrees from the University of Chicago in the late 1970s.

Penny and Nicholas would work with Tom as, in effect, vice-chairmen of the Pritzker operations. The daughter of Jay and Robert's younger brother, Donald, who died in 1972, Penny is the first female Pritzker to rise to the top of the family empire. Now 43, Penny is a triathlete and a Harvard graduate, with law and business degrees from Stanford. Nick, now 57, is probably the most charming and outgoing of any Pritzker, after Jay. Although he was Jay and Robert's cousin—their uncle Jack's son—he was closer in age to Jay's children and had started to work for the family business in 1975. As Jay saw it, this was the triumvirate that would lead the Pritzkers into the new century.

Jay made it clear that he expected his children and nieces and nephews to "feel morally bound" to follow his wishes. "Since our generation primarily created the wealth our Family possesses, within the limits imposed by the law, we are entitled to express our wishes as to the disposition of that wealth," Jay wrote.

Attached to the letter was a separate memo. It was, some say, Jay's peace offering, a gesture he hoped would help keep the family happy. In it, he outlined a series of lump-

sum payments and allowances that would be given to each member of the fourth generation and to Nick. The payouts had been put in place around 1990, but Jay increased the amounts. Starting when they graduated from college, each of the cousins would now get a yearly stipend—paid retroactively—that would begin at $100,000, after taxes, and climb to $1 million a year at the age of 40. On top of that, there would also be lump-sum payments for having passed key points in their lives—graduation from college, reaching the age of 30, and so on. By their 45th birthdays, it is said these payments would add up to a tidy $25 million per cousin, also after taxes.

One doesn't have to read between the lines to understand that Jay was worried about giving this kind of money to the next generation. "We earnestly hope that providing [this] money from the Trusts will not destroy the family ethic," he wrote in the letter, "and it is our belief that in some circumstances making excessive amounts available could have that effect."

After Jay spoke and the letter was read, everyone seemed happy. No one raised any objections. "There was *no* dissent," says a friend of the Pritzkers'. It appeared that Jay's gambit to buy peace in the family had worked.

In the history of American business, there are probably few men who were as pragmatic about making money as Jay Pritzker. He did not buy companies out of ego, or because they were in fashionable industries, or because they were well-known names. He bought them only if he believed they could make him a profit. In a career spanning nearly 50 years, Jay bought and sold more than 200 companies and financed the start-up of many others. Most of these were companies that few people have ever heard of—nuts-and-bolts manufacturing companies such as the Amarillo Gear Co. and Darling Store Fixtures. He would buy them if he thought they were undervalued by the market, or if their tax structures were such that, when combined with other companies in his empire, they would help him reduce—and sometimes eliminate—the taxes to be paid to the federal government.

"Jay was always looking for an *angle*," says one banker who knew him well. "A tax angle, or a value angle. Something that others didn't see." He was the kind of man who could sit in a hotel coffee shop near Los Angeles International Airport, as he did one day in 1957, see that it was bustling, discover that the hotel had no vacancies, and see a deal. The coffee shop was called Fat Eddie's, and the hotel was Hyatt, named after its owner, Hyatt von Dehn, and Jay bought both that afternoon for $2.2 million, writing his offer price on a Fat Eddie's napkin. His bet was that business executives would want to stay at luxury hotels near major airports, and he turned out to be right. Today the Hyatt chain is said to be worth anywhere from $5 to $7 billion.

Among hard-core financiers, Jay is considered to have been perhaps the greatest dealmaker of his day, although he was almost completely unknown to the general public. Few people, for example, knew that he controlled Braniff Airlines for a time in the 1980s, or *McCall's* magazine, which he bought in 1973 and then sold in 1987, or Ticketmaster, which he bought in 1982 and sold in 1993, or Levitz Furniture. Or that his family owns a quarter of Royal Caribbean Cruises and helped found Tenet Healthcare Corporation, the second-largest hospital owner in the country. Jay hated publicity and managed to avoid it even when involved in wildly controversial deals—using a partnership called Resource Holdings for an unsuccessful hostile run at the ITT Corporation in 1984, for example, and a partnership called GKH to represent him in 1989 in a failed bid by First Boston to break up RJR Nabisco.

Jay was color-blind, but if someone didn't lay out his socks in the morning he didn't mind going to business meetings wearing mismatched ones. At the opera or the symphony he would run to a phone during intermission to call his business partners. "Once, he lost a tooth when he was visiting Tom in Nepal," Sugar Rautbord recalls. Too busy to do anything about it on his return home, "he just went to the opera with a big gap in his teeth." He lived for business. "He was a deal nymphomaniac," says Leadbetter.

Unlike many investors of his stature and wealth, Jay did most of his own deals. "He'd be out there himself," says one prominent investment banker, meeting people, sniffing around for opportunities. Older investment bankers recall how awed they were as young men to pick up the phone and have Jay Pritzker tell them he was downstairs and could he come up for a chat? He'd sit in their offices and pepper them with questions and listen intently. And he would do them little favors. It was how he won loyalty and why they brought him deals before they showed them to anyone else.

To many of those who invested with Jay over the years, there was no financier who was more honorable. "You could play cards with Jay over the phone," says Leadbetter. "You could absolutely trust him." Not everyone felt this way, however. In the early 1990s the Pritzkers were sued by Donald Trump, who charged that the family had used "fraud, extortion and money laundering" in an attempt to force him out of his 50 percent share of the Hyatt next to Manhattan's Grand Central Terminal. In his lawsuit, Trump said the Pritzkers had, among other things, ... tracted $60 million in unearned manageme... fees from Hyatt, used other Pritzker com... nies to bilk the hotel, and siphoned off ev... more money through "improper bookke... ing" in order to force him to sell his inter... to them. The suit was eventually settled. Si... ilar allegations were made in another lawsu... filed in 1988, that was even more bitter a... protracted. Paul Dopp, a New Jersey bu... nessman, accused Jay of using "deceit a... duress" in an attempt to force him out of l... share of a deal he'd made with Jay to buy t... casino hotels in Puerto Rico. The case we... to trial, and eventually Dopp won a judgme... of $15 million. "Jay Pritzker thinks his po... er and his resources permit him to prev... over other weaker, less wealthy, less det... mined adversaries," an embittered Dopp sa... at one point during the court fight.

Charming, witty, always polite, Jay h... his rougher side from most people. "He h... this very gentle, very quiet voice," says o... friend. "They all speak so softly. It's t... Pritzker whisper. Jay used to say, 'If you rai... your voice, it shows you're out of contr... Let the other guy get out of control.' Onc... I heard Jay on the speakerphone with a g... who was screaming at him, 'You asshole. Y... *destroyed* me.' And Jay said—very quietly... 'I'm sorry you feel that way.'"

Over the years, the Pritzkers have dona... ed more than $500 million to instit... tions and charities, not only in Chicago b... around the country. On June 5, 2002, th... gave, with more fanfare than usual, $30 m... lion to the University of Chicago. The gi... for biomedical research, was in celebratio... of a milestone for the family: on June ... 1902, a Russian immigrant named Nichol... Pritzker had founded a law firm in Chicag... that would become, over the next 100 year... the seat of the family's fortune and its bus... ness empire.

Nicholas was 10 years old when he a... rived in Chicago in 1881 with his parents, wh... had fled the Jewish ghetto near Kiev. As ... boy, Nicholas helped to support his famil... working as a newsboy and a tailor's assi... tant and shining shoes. He taught himse... English by translating the *Chicago Tribun*... into Russian, using first an English-Germa... dictionary and then a German-Russian on... He studied pharmacy and became a dru... gist, and then, while supporting a wife an... three sons, he got a law degree through D... Paul University's evening program.

Eventually, Nicholas's three sons—Harr... Abram Nicholas, and Jack—also got law d... grees and joined their father at the firm h... had founded, Pritzker & Pritzker. It was Jay ... father, Abram Nicholas, or "A.N.," who, afte... graduating from Harvard Law School, bega... to move the family into investing. During th... Depression, he and his brother Jack laid th...

ndation of the family's wealth by buying real estate and troubled companies at dissed prices.

"A.N. Oh God. What a piece of work," ys a family friend. "He was almost bigger an life. Hysterical." Tough and blunt, "he'd st cut through it," says this friend. In his s, A.N. was racing around making deals, calls another friend. "He was blind [by this ne]," says this person, "and oing these deals that Jay then ad to go behind his back and awind because Jay couldn't ear to tell his father that he ouldn't do business anymore. y treated his father with *such* spect."

A.N. introduced his three ons to the family business ear- on, bringing them to the of- ce when they were little boys nd quizzing them over dinner bout math problems and fi- ancial issues. Jay finished high chool when he was 14 and hen went to Northwestern University, where he majored n accounting. He served as a aval flight instructor at an air tation outside Chicago during World War II, attended Northestern's law school, and then oined Pritzker & Pritzker. In 953 he borrowed about 95,000 from his father's main anker, the First National Bank of Chicago, and made his first cquisition, the Colson Company, then a run-down manufacturer of metal goods in Elyria, Ohio. He brought in his brother Robert to run it.

An engineer, Robert was the only third-generation Pritzker not to have gotten a law degree. Shy, unassuming, far quieter than Jay, he was adept at turning around troubled businesses. Colson was the first company in the Marmon Group, a holding company which Robert ran and which over time came to own all of the Pritzkers' manufacturing interests. Jay would buy the companies, and Robert would return them to fiscal health. Together, the brothers transformed Marmon into a $6-billion-a-year company, which prospered until 2001, when its earnings took a nosedive, dropping about 60 percent.

In early 2002, soon after his daughter Liesel hired attorneys to investigate his handling of her trusts, Robert was forced, after 48 years, out of his job as C.E.O. of the Marmon Group by Tom, Penny, and Nick. Friends say that Robert's illness—he has Parkinson's disease—and his advancing age made the decision to let him go inevitable. But other family members were outraged by the dismissal, particularly so because Robert himself was, according to one close friend, "devastated and very hurt." There was the feeling within the family that the new triumvirate had done something that was out-of-bounds. "Jay and Robert were *very* close," says one family friend. "If I *ever* said something that was even a little bit critical of Robert, Jay would say, 'He's my *brother.*' And that was the end of the conversation."



STAR WARS
Wendy Crewson, Harrison Ford, and Liesel Pritzker, then 13, at the 1997 Los Angeles premiere of *Air Force One.* Liesel's estranged parents had earlier settled a legal dispute over whether she should work in movies.

Asked, many years ago, what he would do if members of his family began to feud over their fortune, Jay said that, "if we are going to have a problem, it's probably going to be a ne'er-do-well." No Pritzker, he said, "has a right to anything until he has made a contribution doing something and doing it well. He doesn't have to be in the family business. He can be a Yugoslavian-poetry professor. But he had better be a good one."

Much as Jay doted on his family, he also expected every one of them to achieve. "With Jay, you had to be the *best,*" says a friend. Says another, "He was a warm, wonderful person, but he was also tough. His standards were very, very high." He adds, "Being No. 1 was very important to Jay." When his youngest son, Danny, wanted to devote his life to music after college, Jay insisted that he go to law school. There were big arguments, recalls one friend, but Jay won. Other friends remember that Tom went to meetings at the office when he was just seven years old, and that they now wonder whether he did so because he was truly interested or merely because he wanted to please his father.

In 1972, around Christmastime, Jay's oldest child, Nancy, waited until her family left on a ski vacation and then went to the garage, got into Jay's car, placed a copy of David Halberstam's book *The Best and the Brightest* at her side, and turned on the engine. She was found later that day, dead at the age of 24. Her suicide was "the most horrendous tragedy of Jay's life," says a friend, adding that it was shortly after Nancy's death that he had his first heart attack. Nancy had suffered from depression, and it is believed that she had been diagnosed as bipolar. But the book she chose to leave beside her—a powerful indictment of America's involvement in Vietnam and of how destructive arrogant overachievers can be—weighed on Jay, says one friend. Was it a message for him? Had he been too tough on his beloved daughter? "He lived every second with guilt about Nancy, but he internalized it, and that created problems with his kids," says a friend. "After the suicide of Nancy," says another, "all the love and everything else was transferred to the next child, Tommy."

There are those who say that had Tom not gone into the family business he would now be, as one puts it, "meditating in Nepal." Serious and shy, much more contemplative than his father, Tom has long been interested in Buddhism. Although Jay was very proud of the articles Tom wrote for scholarly magazines about Asian art, the interest in Buddhism merely amused him. "I remember having lunch with Jay one day," a friend recalls. "And he said that Tom's kids' nanny had died and the children found a frog on the [family] farm and they thought it was

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her, reincarnated, and so Jay had to catch the frog for them. He thought it was very funny." Tom, one old friend believes, went into the family business largely because his father wanted him to.

"One of my earliest memories is of Tom with a clipboard," says a family friend. "Jay would talk, and Tom would write it down. It was Tom's training." Tom joined the family business in 1978, after he had gotten his law and business degrees, and for the next decade he was moved around the Pritzker empire from job to job, his performance closely watched over by Jay. In time, Tom came to win not only his father's trust but his admiration. Jay would boast that Tom's work on deals had brought millions into the Pritzkers' coffers—when he helped take Levitz Furniture public in 1993, for instance, and founded the biotech investment firm Bay City Capital, and got the family to invest $1 million in First Health, a company that today has a market capitalization of nearly $2.5 billion.

Jay brought his other two sons into the business as well, but with different results. Danny worked on a few deals, friends close to the family business say, but they did not go well, and eventually he left to start his own record company and a soul-rock band, Sonia Dada, ventures the family financed to the tune of $25 million. John rose quite high in the ranks of Hyatt, but although Jay hoped he would run the company one day, John wasn't interested in making a career of it. He, too, was given family money to found several companies, but, as with Danny's projects, sources say, John's investments—including those in a sporting-goods store and an environmentally friendly train—did not yield much in the way of profits.

Jay tested everyone, says Mel Klein, "to see their abilities." "He gave the same opportunity to each family member," Klein says. "He *loved* his family." But Jay could be blunt, almost cruel, in his assessment of those who didn't excel at making money. "One day we were talking about this venture" in which John was involved, recalls a business partner of Jay's, "and he looked at me and said, 'There is a reason John isn't with us in Chicago, and it's a matter of [his] competency.'" Jay seemed not to understand how cutting this remark was or that it might hurt his son if it got back to him, because he said the same thing to a number of people.

In anointing Tom, Nick, and Penny, some friends say, Jay chose well. In the last few years, Nick has made millions by aggressively expanding the family's huge casino holdings around the world and cutting deals to build new Hyatt hotels. Possibly the toughest of the triumvirate, Penny has spearheaded the growth of the family's commercial-real-estate empire and created Classic Residence by Hyatt, a company that builds and manages high-end housing for the elderly. In a family that favored its sons, Penny had to beg her grandfather A.N. to allow her into the business. He rebuffed her entreaties more than once and, in the end, only agreed to let her work for the company as a secretary.

If not as wizardly at deal-making as Jay was, Tom, Nick, and Penny have held their own.

It was Penny who dealt with one of the Pritzkers' biggest public embarrassments—the collapse, in 2001, of Superior Bank. Purchased in 1988 by Jay and an old friend of his, the New York real-estate developer Alvin Dworman, the savings bank got into trouble with regulators because of accounting problems with its huge portfolio of loans to low-quality borrowers. For months, the Pritzkers and Dworman fought over who should take the blame, until Penny, friends say, finally decided that the family would pay the entire $460 million fine levied by bank regulators. "It was right after 9/11," says an associate of Penny's, "and she called me and said, 'My family is *not* going to litigate with the federal government at a time like this.'"

It was one case where Tom, Nick, and Penny were more conciliatory than was Jay, who for years had fought with the Internal Revenue Service, which more than once charged the family with using its trusts and complicated offshore transactions to avoid paying taxes. The most famous court fight took place after A.N. died, in 1986, at the age of 90. Although he was a billionaire almost twice over, the family claimed that, at his death, A.N. had been worth only $25,000. His estate, they claimed, was too small to owe taxes.

At the heart of the Pritzkers' case were the trusts that the family is fighting over today. For years before A.N. died, he had been shifting the family's wealth into numerous trusts in the Caribbean. The I.R.S. called the trusts sham and insisted that the Pritzkers owed the government $53.2 million in taxes. In 1994, however, the government settled with the family, which paid a mere $9.5 million plus interest. At the time, the I.R.S. had been unable to discover exactly how much was in the trusts—the family had made sure they were protected from outside scrutiny. But what the Pritzkers did not foresee was how vulnerable the trusts would be if their family itself did not hold together.

Robert was unhappy in his second marriage, to Liesel's mother, Irene, and that, some friends say, made Jay unhappy as well. It was Jay, one friend says, who more than once arranged, when Robert was hospitalized for intestinal surgery in the late 198[illegible] for his brother to be unhooked from all t[illegible] machines and taken to the Palmer Hou[illegible] Hilton to see his girlfriend, Mayari Sarge[illegible] who is now Robert's wife. When asked abo[illegible] this, a spokesman for Robert said, "We si[illegible] ply do not comment on personal matte[illegible] We will not dignify this." But Irene's frien[illegible] say it was this kind of behavior that ma[illegible] her very angry at the Pritzkers. "They treat[illegible] her very badly," says someone who is clo[illegible] to Irene, who filed for divorce in 1989 aft[illegible] nine years of marriage. Robert and Ire[illegible] were officially divorced in 1991, but they co[illegible] tinued to fight bitterly over their childr[illegible] for years after that.

Liesel was seven when her parents [illegible] vorced, Matthew nine, and, if the court re[illegible] ords are any indication, the two childr[illegible] spent much of their childhood bearing t[illegible] brunt of their parents' rage. In her filing[illegible] Irene accused Robert of being a bad fath[illegible] whose conduct was "at times . . . injurious[illegible] to his children. She accused him of trying [illegible] buy the children's love—with a pet ferret f[illegible] Liesel and a puppy for Matthew—and blam[illegible] Robert for Matthew's health problems. A[illegible] cording to Irene's court filings, both ch[illegible] dren preferred their new stepfather, Jam[illegible] Bagley, to Robert—so much so that they ha[illegible] begun to use Bagley's last name. Robert w[illegible] such a poor father, Irene contended, that b[illegible] the time Liesel was 10 years old she no lon[illegible] er wanted to see him. "She has no relatio[illegible] ship with Robert," Irene told the court [illegible] 1994, "nor does she desire one."

According to Robert's filings, his childre[illegible] had been turned against him by their mot[illegible] er and stepfather. Irene, he said, became e[illegible] raged when Liesel and Matthew spoke abo[illegible] their father or tried to talk with him on th[illegible] phone; in front of them, she referred to h[illegible] girlfriend as a "bimbo" and a "slope"—M[illegible] yari is part Asian—comments a spokesma[illegible] for Irene now denies she made. Irene, a[illegible] cording to Robert, told her children the[illegible] father, like all Pritzkers, was a bully. Robe[illegible] also contended that James Bagley told Lies[illegible] that her father was a liar. He said muc[illegible] worse, Irene would later contend, in a filin[illegible] during her 1997 divorce from Bagley. Sh[illegible] charged that Bagley "detested" Robert. Ba[illegible] ley would refer to him as "a Jew pig" and [illegible] "manipulative Jew." (Bagley has denied thes[illegible] allegations.)

By the spring of 1994, Robert's anger a[illegible] Irene appears to have boiled over. His a[illegible] torneys threatened legal action if Lies[illegible] and Matthew's school did not stop usin[illegible] "Pritzker-Bagley" as their last name. An[illegible] when he learned, from a newspaper articl[illegible] that Liesel was to star in the 1995 Warne[illegible] Bros. movie *A Little Princess* without hi[illegible] having been consulted, his lawyers cha[illegible] lenged the movie studio. In the end, th[illegible] children returned to using Pritzker as thei[illegible]

me, Liesel was able to star in the movie, der the stage name "Liesel Matthews," d Robert won the right to see his daughter ore often. In May of that year, 10-year-old esel attended Robert's wedding to Mayari, nder a court order.

All of this might have been just another brutal divorce in which the children ere used as pawns, except for what happened next. In October 1994, Tom Pritzker d the family's attorney Marshall Eisenerg, who were trustees of all the Pritzker usts, gave up their control of Liesel's and Matthew's—to Robert. By the following larch, Robert had completely emptied out o of his children's trusts. He had also, according to Liesel's lawsuit, reduced the value of several others by selling their assets to usts held by their cousins for less than arket value. In return, according to Liesel's uit, she and her brother were given promisory notes.

In the transaction that has sparked the most controversy, Robert took all the assets om two of Liesel's and Matthew's trusts—pproximately $4.3 million apiece—and donated them to the Pritzker Foundation. Included in those assets were 52 shares held y each child in H Group Holding—the company that includes most of Hyatt. According to people familiar with the transaction, Liesel's shares were then valued at approximately $143,000—which sources close to the Pritzkers say had been their value when they were acquired by Liesel's trust. Shortly after the shares were donated, however, H Group bought them from the foundation for $94.2 million, more than 600 times their stated value. Liesel's attorneys have suggested that the shares were worth even more than that. They contend that H Group got itself a very sweet deal, and that Liesel's shares—which she wants returned to her—could now be worth as much as $500 million.

Irene, friends say, had no idea of what Robert had done—out of anger, they say, at her. She began to suspect something was wrong toward the end of 2001, when Matthew heard his cousins talking about a family agreement to split up the Pritzker fortune, "and how he and Liesel were going to get shortchanged," says a source. Always on her guard with the Pritzkers, her friends say, Irene hired a law firm to investigate the situation. According to Pritzker friends, she would soon stumble onto the chance to take "her revenge" on the family she had come to loathe, something a spokesman for Irene denies, saying, "Liesel's lawsuit has nothing to do with Irene."

Although many of Jay Pritzker's friends say he died believing that his family was at peace and that his wishes would be followed, his closest friends say that is far from the truth. He was too embarrassed, "as a father," says one friend, to tell most people what was happening among his sons. There had been tension even before the 1995 meeting; upset that their brother would be running the business, Danny and John had told their father they wanted to "take their money out," says this friend. The larger allowances and payouts Jay offered in his June 1995 letter did not mollify them. Sometime after the meeting, they came back and, once again, told him they wanted out. To appease them, he gave Danny, John, and Gigi each $30 million. "They were squeezing Jay when he was sick," says another family friend, referring to Danny and John.

In 1997, Jay had a stroke, and Tom, Nick, and Penny took over the day-to-day running of the empire. After that, one friend says, Jay's life became miserable. He lost some of his memory. He would go into the bathroom, says one man, "and not be able to find his way out." He couldn't remember deals that he had done. But what upset him most was how angry his younger sons had become. "He was overwrought" about that, says a close friend. After his death, says this friend, the animosity among the sons erupted. "The bitterness was just terrible," the friend says. "It was sibling rivalry taken to the 10th power. It was horrible, just horrible." "You'd be in a room with them, and you could see the tension," says a friend of Tom's. His brothers resented it when Tom would not let them use the Falcon 900 jet; they complained that he blocked charitable donations they wanted to make. They felt that Tom was "arrogant," says a family friend, and they chafed at having to go to him if they needed money. As time went by, friends say, Tom's brothers and a number of the cousins felt they were being excluded from the family business. They also felt that Tom, Nick, and Penny were investing in their own deals, but ignoring those that they brought in.

By the summer of 2000, Danny and John had joined forces with Penny's brothers, Tony and J.B. The two, both of whom are investors, had come to feel as excluded and as concerned about the management of the family business, friends say, as John and Danny. Together, the four of them wrote a letter to Tom, Nick, and Penny, asking to have their concerns addressed. "It was a very conciliatory letter," says one friend. But the two sides hit an "impasse," says this friend, and shortly after that the four cousins hired a top Chicago litigator, who threatened legal action. Soon an entire room at Pritzker & Pritzker was filled with boxes of documents. Some say the dissenters were looking for a "smoking gun," a reason to justify breaking up the family's trusts. Others say they were genuinely shocked by what they found in the records—specifically, $480 million that they alleged Tom, Nick, and Penny had paid themselves without anyone's knowledge. They began to lobby the older cousins, and soon had all but Gigi on their side. "These people have more money than they need," says one person. "It wasn't that they wanted more. They became concerned about how Tom, Nick, and Penny were administering the family's money." "They portrayed it as fraud and thievery," says one friend of Jay's, who is among the many who were outraged by the allegations. The $480 million, Jay's business partners insist, was given to Tom, Nick, and Penny over the years by Jay himself. "They were allowed to co-invest in deals and to take pieces of equity in them," says Mel Klein, who was involved in several of those deals. If the cousins got less money, Klein and others say, it was because their deals didn't make nearly as much money as Tom's, Nick's, and Penny's did. Other friends say it wasn't the fact that Tom, Nick, and Penny got more money that upset the cousins, but the sheer magnitude of the amount involved. The cousins, friends say, found no evidence that Jay had authorized payments that even approached $480 million. "They did not feel that what was taken out was equitable or appropriately disclosed," says one friend. In their view, breaking up the empire was the only solution.

Tom did not have to bend to his cousins' and brothers' demands. That he did so, friends say, is a sign of how bad things were. As the trustee of nearly all of the family's trusts, Tom had almost unlimited power and could have overridden his brothers and cousins. But they were threatening to sue him and Nick and Penny, and the animosity was tearing the family apart. He feared what the publicity of a court fight would do to his family, and what the infighting would do to his elderly mother. "He was looking for peace at any cost," says one friend of Jay's. "He agonized over this."

The "peace" the cousins arrived at, near the end of 2001, was supposed to have remained a secret. Each of them signed a strict confidentiality pledge, promising never to reveal the contents of the agreement or the events that had led to it. And for almost a year no one outside the family knew of the plan they had decided on. Over the next 10 years, while Tom, Nick, and Penny continued to run the businesses, the family would slowly liquidate many of the Pritzker holdings—by selling a number of companies, trading others among themselves, and taking some, possibly including Hyatt, partly public. They also agreed to take half of the Pritzker Foundation's $600 million in assets and give it to foundations that each cousin would establish.

What they didn't count on was that Irene

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and her daughter would challenge them. Matthew, who wants to maintain a relationship with his family, has so far opted not to sue, and is said to be in settlement talks with the family. But Liesel, whose hostility toward her father never abated, is angrier. "For her, it's a matter of principle," says a friend of Irene's. "The other day," a friend of Robert's recalls, "Robert said, and he didn't say it angrily, because Robert doesn't get angry, but he said, 'Here my daughter Liesel is suing me. She has $160 million in trusts. I don't have $160 million.' . . . This whole thing is so sad. I mean, Bob is really shaking badly from Parkinson's now. Even with the medication."

Why did Robert empty out his children's trusts? Today that remains a mystery. The family does not dispute the basic facts of Liesel's lawsuit. They argue, as Robert's longtime attorney Lowell Sachnoff explains, that "everything that Robert did was specifically authorized by the trusts and the family's generational plan, and [it is] legal." Their argument is the very one Jay used in 1995, when he laid out his vision of the family's future: the trusts were designed to benefit the family and its businesses, not individual members. To support those goals, the trustees had the power to do almost anything they wished with the trusts' assets. Around 1989, they say, Jay made a decision to move Liesel and Matthew down a generation because, as the products of Robert's late-in-life second marriage, they were so much younger than their cousins and needed less money, in his view. In a remarkable bit of legerdemain, Jay, in effect, made Liesel Robert's grandchild, not his daughter.

There is little doubt that Jay made this decision, and that he knew and approved of what Robert did with his children's trusts. But what is mystifying is why Tom and the family's lawyer resigned as trustees. If diminishing Liesel's and Matthew's trusts was part of a legitimate family policy, why didn't they help implement it instead of turning the job over to Robert? And why did they wait until 1994 to do it? The answers, and the heart of the mystery, lie in Robert's motive. Was he so angry at his children that he punished them by gutting their trust funds? Some friends of the family say they just don't know, but in a recent legal filing Robert's attorney flatly deny that anger was a motive. One theory is that Jay was planning to reduce Liesel's and Matthew's trusts anyway, but let Robert do it as a means of venting his anger. Either way, if the Pritzkers do not settle with Liesel and Matthew before the case ends up in court, it could turn out to be one of the most riveting trust fights in recent legal history.

The Pritzkers contend that Liesel has misunderstood everything. "She regards this as her inheritance, and it is not," says a friend of the family. But that, then, would apply to her 11 cousins as well. The Pritzker fortune was not meant to be their inheritance, either. And yet, that is how they are treating it by breaking it up and grabbing pieces of it for themselves. That they would fight Liesel at all astonishes some people, but that they would cite the rules of the trusts and Jay's wishes in their case against her is considered even more outrageous. The minute they signed the family agreement, they overrode everything that Jay had wanted, and they overrode everything the trusts were established to do. The family argues that Liesel is very well taken care of—she has, they say, $160 million in trusts still in her name, although much of the money has been tied up in long-term loans to cousins' trusts. They say she isn't entitled to a $1.4 billion share of the fortune. Unlike themselves.

Sadly, friends say, the peace that Tom tried to buy with the family agreement never came. Even though John and Danny have said they realize the agreement is the best possible solution, they have also told people they wish they had never signed it. Along with some of their cousins, they continue to criticize the way Tom, Nick, and Penny are running the business. And they continue to voice suspicions about the $480 million paid to the trio. "They are just *wild* about it," says one man. "There is such bitterness." In some way, the agreement seems to have made things worse. Tom, a friend says, has grown "emotionally sick" over his failure to keep the family together and over what the feuding has done to his mother. Cindy Pritzker, says a friend of hers, has been devastated by the fighting in her family. In January, this friend says, she took several of her grandchildren to the Super Bowl, "trying to create bonds between them even though their parents are feuding. It's been very, very difficult for her. Some of her children have used their children as weapons."

Sometime after Jay died, a friend of his visited his grave at Memorial Park Cemetery. "There were all these drawings and cards from his grandchildren on the tombstone," this person recalls, "all these notes to 'Grandpa.'" When he was alive, "Jay had the power to keep everything together by the sheer force of his incredible personality," says a friend of Robert's. "But no one could replace him." For 100 years, love and money defined the Pritzker family. Now, it seems, there is only money. □

CREDITS

FASHION

Cover: Hugh Grant's Richard James suit, shirt, tie, and shoes from Richard James Savile Row, London, or call 44-207-499-8887; for **Polo by Ralph Lauren** socks, go to www.polo.com; Bruce Pask for Judy Casey Inc.

Page 68: Hugh Grant's **Richard James** shirt, bespoke pants, and shoes from Richard James Savile Row, London, or call 44-207-499-8887; Bruce Pask for Judy Casey Inc.

Page 72: Suzanna Andrews styled by Jane Herships.

Page 104: Top, **Brian Chase, Nick Zinner,** and **Karen O** styled by Basia Zamorska for Art Mix. Chase's shirt by **Gucci,** from selected Gucci stores, or call 800-234-8224. Zinner's shirt by **Filthmart,** from Filthmart, N.Y.C. For Karen O's dress by **Christian Joy,** call 718-486-5933; rhinestone glove by **La Crasia,** from the La Crasia Glove Boutique, N.Y.C. Bottom, **Richard Thomas** and **Stewart Lee** styled by Cressey Luke.

Page 163: Elizabeth Banks's Alberta Ferretti dress from Barneys New York, L.A.; Jessica Paster for Luxe.

Page 166: Erica Jong styled by Elisa Goodkind; jacket by **Michael Kors,** from Michael Kors, N.Y.C.; sweater by **Jil Sander,** from Jil Sander, N.Y.C.; jeans by **Seven for All Mankind,** from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; for necklaces by **M & J Savitt,** call 800-3SAVITT; earrings by **Terry Rodgers & Melody,**



from Terry Rodgers & Melody, N.Y.C.

Pages 170–71: Hugh Grant's **Richard James** clothing and accessories from Richard James Savile Row, London, or call 44-207-499-8887. On model, left: suit, hat, and shoes by **Chanel,** from selected Chanel boutiques; diamond bracelet by **Tiffany & Co.,** from Tiffany & Co., N.Y.C., or call 800-526-0649; gloves by **Cornelia James,** from selected Saks Fifth Avenue and Neiman Marcus stores. On model, right: dress by **Prada,** from selected Prada boutiques; for hat by **Stephen Jones,** go to www.stephenjonesmillinery.com; shoes by Chanel, from selected Chanel boutiques; necklace by **Mikimoto,** from Mikimoto, N.Y.C.



Pages 172–73: For **Callaway** Golf Great Big Bertha II driver, go to www.callawaygolf.com.

Pages 180–81: For **John Lithgow's Allen Edmonds** shoes, go to www.allenedmonds.com.

Christopher Wheeldon's Paul Smith suit, shirt, and socks from Paul Smith, N.Y.C., and Barneys New York and Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; **Paulsen Skøne & Co. at Dunhill** shoes from Dunhill, N.Y.C. Anka Itskovich for Jam Arts.

Pages 198–99: Ricky Vider for Walter Schupfer Management.

BEAUTY AND GROOMING



Cover: Hair and grooming products by **Aveda,** from Aveda stores nationwide, Zitomers, Bigelow, and Boyd's pharmacies, N.Y.C., and Aveda Salons nationwide. **Hugh Grant's** hair styled with Scalp Remedy and Control Paste; on his eyes, Tourmaline Charged Eye Cream; on his face, Hydrating Lotion with Pressed

wder Plus Anti-Oxidants in Cinnamon; on his lips, Saver; Mira for Terrie Tanaka Management/Pierre ichel Salon, N.Y.C.

age 68: See credits for cover.

age 72: Suzanna Andrews's hair and makeup by sumpta Clohessy for Susan Price, Inc.; David Kamp's ooming by Assumpta Clohessy for Susan Price, Inc.

age 78: Adam Bookbinder's grooming by Nikki ang for Sally Harlor.



Page 89: Valeria Golino's hair styled with **L'Oréal** Studio Line Volumatic Root-Lift Spray Gel and Aqua Gel from drugstores nationwide. Makeup and grooming products by **Chanel,** from www.gloss.com. On **Emanuele Crialese's** ice, Hydramax Balanced Hydrating Gel. On Golino's ice, Hydramax Balanced Hydrating Gel; on her eyes, Quadra Eye Shadow in Dunes with Precision Eye efiner in Black; on her lips, Infrarouge Lipstick in Sun.

age 104: Top, makeup and grooming by like Potter for Nars/Independent NY; bottom, rooming by Melvone Farrell for Factory Artists.

age 106: Bottom, right, grooming by Walter Obal or Make Up for Ever.

age 108: Top, **Alexander McQueen's** Kingdom agrance from Alexander McQueen boutiques, N.Y.C. and London. Center, **Tiffany & Co.** ure Tiffany Collection from Tiffany & Co. stores worldwide; **Frédéric Fekkai** products from Frédéric ekkai salons, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills, and ephora stores nationwide, or go to ww.fredericfekkai.com; **La Mer** products from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Saks Fifth Avenue and Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; **Anna Sui** products from Henri Bendel, N.Y.C., and Bloomingdale's, Marshall Field's, and Sephora tores nationwide.

Page 111: Helene Macaulay for Artistsbytimothypriano.com.

Page 120: Charlene March for T.H.E. Artist Agency.

Page 163: Elizabeth Banks's hair styled with **Artec** Kiwi Blow Serum from www.londonhairproducts.com and **Kérastase** Lumi Extract from selected hair salons, or go to www.kerastase.com. **Chanel** products from Neiman Marcus and Saks Fifth Avenue stores and Chanel boutiques nationwide; **Revive** products from Neiman Marcus and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide and Bergdorf Goodman and Bliss Spa, N.Y.C. On her face, Revive Sensitif Cellular Repair Moisturizer with Chanel Vitalmiere Sheer Brilliance Transparent in Beige No. 2; on her eyes, Chanel Acqualumieres No. 34 Exalation with Essential de Chanel Mascara in Black; on her cheeks and lips, Acqualumieres No. 34 Exalation; Darrell Redleaf for Nubest & Co./Cargo/Solo Artists.





Page 166: Erica Jong's hair styled with **Sexy Hair Concepts** Dense Thickening Spray and Quick Change Shaping Balm from www.west-coast-beauty.com. All makeup products by **Bobbi Brown,** from Sephora and department stores nationwide; on her face, Oil Free Even Finish Compact Foundation in Sand No. 2 and Loose Powder in Sand; on her cheeks, Blush in Tawny No. 2; on her eyes, Shimmerwash Eyeshadow in Champagne and Gunmetal; on her lips, Lipshimmer in Ruby Shimmer No. II. Hair and makeup by Lisa Forster for Judy Casey Inc.

Pages 170–71: For Hugh Grant's hair and grooming information, see credits for cover. Models' hair styled with **Aveda** Brilliant Emollient Finishing Gloss and Firmata Firm Hold Spray from Aveda stores nationwide and Zitomers, Bigelow, and Boyd's pharmacies, N.Y.C.; on their lips, **MAC** Lipstick in Russian Red from MAC, Sephora, and department stores nationwide, or go to www.maccosmetics.com. Lee Pycroft at Premier Hair and Makeup using MAC cosmetics. Tracie Cant at Premier Hair and Makeup using Aveda products.



Pages 180–81: Christopher Wheeldon's hair styled with **Bumble and Bumble** Grooming Cream from Bumble and Bumble, N.Y.C., or go to www.bumbleandbumble.com; Matthew Monzon for Bumble and Bumble/Sarah Laird. On **John Lithgow's** face, **MAC** Studio FX Moisturizer; on his lips, **ChapStick** Lip Balm. On **Carla Körbes's** and **Jenifer Ringer's** faces, **Laura Mercier** Moisturizing Foundation in Porcelain Ivory. On Körbes's eyes, **Cargo** Eyeshadows in Green Bay; on Ringer's eyes, MAC Eye Shadow in Black Tie; also on their eyes, **Helena Rubinstein** Liquid Eye Liner in Black and Mascara in Black. On Körbes's cheeks, Cargo Blush in Catalina; on Ringer's cheeks, Cargo Blush in Siena. On their lips, **L'Oréal** Crayon Petit Lip Liner in Burgundy and L'Oréal Endless Lipcolor in Fearless Fuchsia. Cargo products from Fred Segal Essentials, Santa Monica, Calif., and Brownes,& Co. Apothecary, Miami Beach, or go to www.cargocosmetics.com; ChapStick products from drugstores nationwide; Helena Rubinstein products from HR Gallery, N.Y.C., and Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; Laura Mercier products from Henri Bendel, N.Y.C., Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Saks Fifth Avenue and Barneys New York stores nationwide; L'Oréal products from drugstores nationwide; MAC products from MAC, Sephora, and department stores nationwide, or go to www.maccosmetics.com. Kim Carrillo for Judy Casey Inc.

Pages 198–99: Loretta Alston, Seven Chaperon, Assumpta Clohessy, and Amy Marie, all for Susan Price, Inc.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND MISCELLANY

Cover: London production by Jo Matthews; Jason Hamilton for 20 Mg.

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Page 118: From A.P. Wide World Photos.

Page 122: Top, from MAI/Rex USA; bottom, from *The Daily Progress.*

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Page 126: From the Orange County Historical Society.

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Page 136: From *The Daily Progress.*

Page 142: From the Griffin Museum of Photography.

Page 144: From Bettmann/Corbis.

Page 146: From A.P. Wide World Photos.

Page 148: Both courtesy of Bobby Doerr and family.

Page 150: From A.P. Wide World Photos.

Page 154: From *Sports Illustrated.*

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Pages 170–75: See credits for cover.

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Michael Lutin tells Tauruses to kiss their kin



Shirley Temple

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

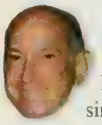
At this very moment, you are probably trying to answer the following momentous question: Should you stay true to the path you have chosen and continue bucking an impossibly capricious system, or would it be better to chuck the whole thing and go off someplace where you can have a life? No matter what you decide, you can be grateful for the fact that you've got tremendous family support right now. Don't knock it. The blessings awaiting you at home have been sent to you by Jupiter itself. In fact, if you're up to it, a baby is rapping at the door.



Hideki "Godzilla" Matsui

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

Watching you laughing it up with whomever you run into on the street, no one would ever guess that you're suffering the tortures of the damned each time you go home at night and have to stare at those four bare walls. The fact is that you're perfectly fine when you're interacting with others, thanks to the direct motion of your 7th-house planetary ruler in your solar 3rd house, which supplies the caffeine-like kick you need to overcome all that gloomy death anxiety nobody wants to hear about. So, for God's sake, get out of the house and socialize!



Oscar de la Renta

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

Maybe it's the lucky charm you carry around in your pocket, or simply the presence of Jupiter in your 2nd house, but right now you're feeling financially secure—even rich. When you look around and see what a wretched state so many people live in, you've got to be proud that you've been able to hang on to your piece of turf and that, no matter what happens, you aren't likely to miss a meal or go without nice duds. Even if Saturn is still causing you spiritual angst and guilt, keep believing that the universe is bountiful. That's another way of saying, "Be generous."



Louella Parsons

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

It's rare that you get a chance to be worshiped in the way you like to be worshiped, but with Jupiter now going direct in your sign, it doesn't matter who loves you and who doesn't: you're madly in love with yourself. It's not a sin to admit what a rush you get from looking in the mirror these days, but you might try giving up your grandiose notion that you can do absolutely anything you want and get away with it just because you're so strong and so adorable. Remember, even Superman had a few kryptonite moments.



Stella McCartney

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

Considering the sheer agony you've been suffering, not to mention the sleepless nights you've spent worrying over matters of the heart, you might find it difficult to believe that a higher power is still watching out for you and has never left your side. Chalk it up to a guardian angel, if you wish, but Jupiter's forward motion in your solar 12th house can bring you solace and release from your pain. All you have to do is allow your need for intimate, spiritual love to become as great as or greater than your fear of being attacked or abandoned.



Emeril Lagasse

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

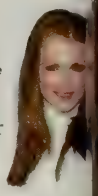
Your life is sure to get a thousand times better the moment you stop obsessing over your personal situation and start thinking about what you can do to benefit the group you are a part of. Your 11th house won't desert you once you quit biting your nails over all the nonsense you cannot control anyway. Although job security doesn't exist and your family life remains emotionally draining, take comfort in the knowledge that the people you've treated well (and even some you've treated like dirt) will come forward to offer their support.



Tracy Morgan

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV.

And you thought you were done for. Finito. Kaput. How wro you were. Saturn's transit through your 8th house gave you go reason to believe the end was near, but this month, as Jupiter culminates your solar midheaven, you have the opportunity to stop gnashing your te long enough to show people that, in true Scorpio style, you are back fr the dead for the zillionth time and ready to give the world a glimpse stocking, or perhaps more. If it gives you pleasure, however, you may ca on gnashing your teeth a bit longer.



Julianne Moore

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

Always keep in mind that, from womb to tomb, you are a Sadge. Whether you buy into society's model of success or not, your fate is to revere the search, not the destination. Your purpose on earth is to ask questions, and the more answers you receive the more questions you will have. As your ruling planet mo forward in your solar 9th house, your spirit of adventure must become least as strong as your nervousness about money or your fear of leaving t nest—which, by the way, is no longer the safe haven it once was.



Elizabeth Arden

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN.

Chiron won't leave your sign for another year or so, but in t short term an exalted Mars can be of great help in getting y revved up again and back in control of your life. It should also begin to leviate that aw-what-the-hell-I'm-such-a-loser attitude that has been plagui so many Capricorns lately. As the ruler of your solar 12th house changes rection in your 8th, just dump all those silly feelings of undesirability. T is the moment to unzip your inhibitions and let it all hang out—in an app priate fashion, naturally.



Douglas MacArthur

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

This world is not always an easy place for Aquarians to live in. People may admire your kooky ways, but often they don't really understand you. Whenever you feel shaky and confused, find that for so strange reason your thinking is fuzzy, or become paralyzed with uncertai over what bizarre event might occur next, it should come as a profound lief to know that Jupiter is in your 7th house and that, despite everythi there is somebody who still believes in you and hasn't been totally turn off by your maddening behavior.



Chris Martin

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH

As lazy and pleasure-addicted as some people like to think sceans are, it has to be clear to even your harshest critics, as Jupi crosses your 6th house, that you are one of the most dedicated, creati loving servants of humanity ever to descend to earth. There is one little hit to your glorious goodness, however: now that Uranus has entered your sig where it will stay for the next seven years, you have no desire whatsoever be canonized 50 years after your death. Instead, you have decided to ki some serious butt and become the Doormat That Ate the World.



Norah Jones

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

When a planetary paradox places you in a quandary, it can take all your Arian ingenuity to escape it. The entrance of Uranus into your solar 12th house requires you to begin a life of solitude unlike anything you have ever experienced. You don't deal with noisy crowds well anymore, and every external demand pu unbearable pressure on you. All that would be fine if your 9th-house ru weren't in your 5th house, and if you did not still possess that irrepressib narcissistic urge to always be out there performing like a dancing bear.



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WILLIE NELSON

On more than 200 albums over six decades, Willie Nelson's voice has become an American archetype, while the singer's peccadilloes have only burnished his legend. As he celebrates the publication of the paperback of his best-seller *The Facts of Life and Other Dirty Jokes*, Nelson reflects on his love for the road, his non-equine companion Trigger, and Kris Kristofferson

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
How I feel right now.

What is your greatest fear?
Fear.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Billy the Kid.

Which living person do you most admire?
Ray Charles.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Stupidity.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Stupidity.

What is your favorite journey?
On the road, touring.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Humility.

On what occasion do you lie?
I NEVER LIE!

When and where were you happiest?
Onstage.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
That they'd still all be here.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
My music.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
A snake.

What is your most treasured possession?
My guitar, Trigger.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Self-pity.

Where would you like to live?
On the bus.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Stubbornness.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Stubbornness.

What do you most value in your friends?
Honesty.

Who are your favorite writers?
Kris Kristofferson and Hank Williams.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Superman.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Ray Charles, Merle Haggard, Kris Kristofferson, Hank Williams, and Ray Price, to name a few.

What are your favorite names?
Gene and Roy.

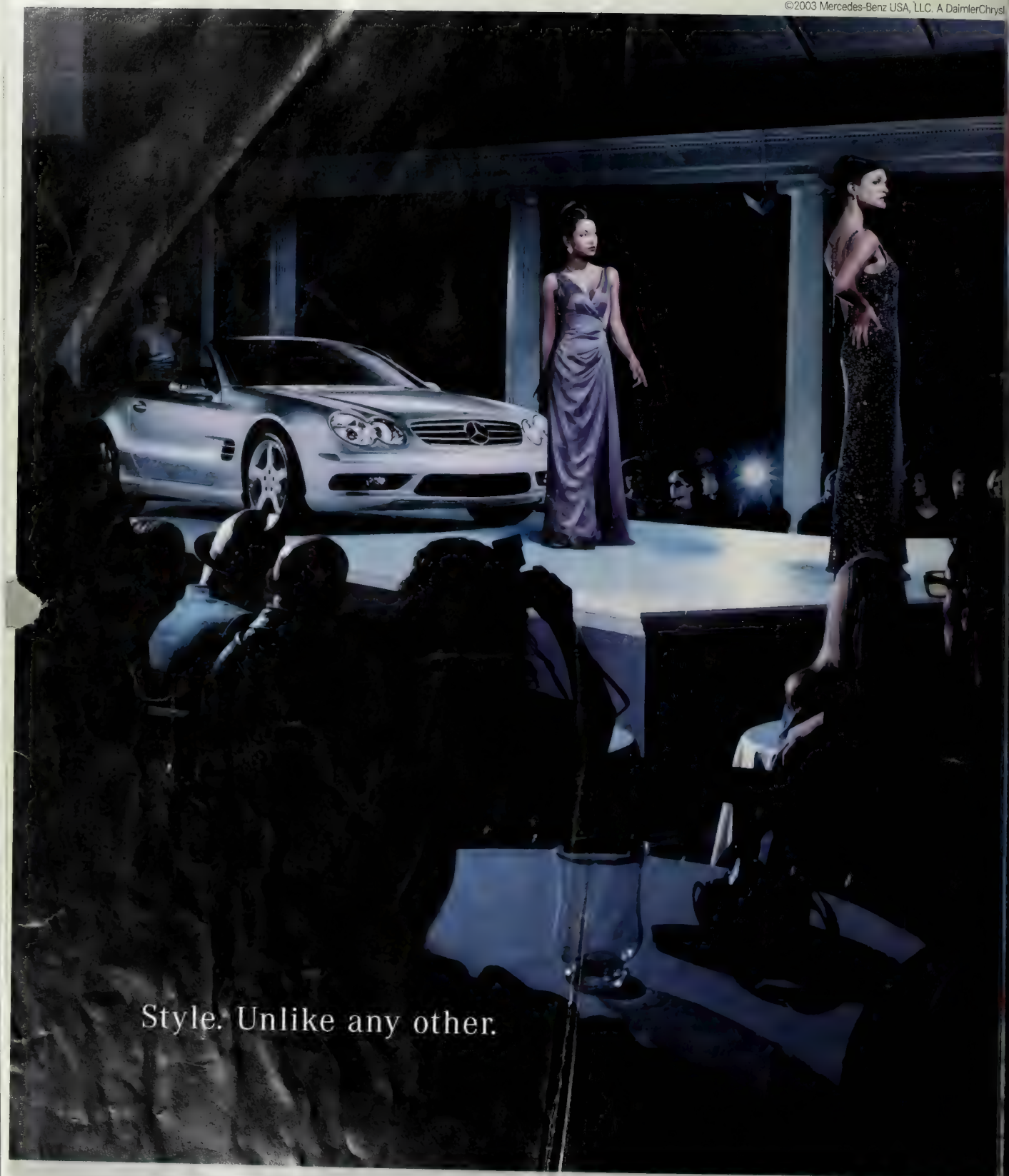
What is it that you most dislike?
Dishonesty.

What is your motto?
"Fortunately, we're not in control."

ILLUSTRATION BY RISKO


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JUNE 2003

SPECIAL WAR REPORT: IRAQ AFTER THE FALL

SADDAM'S LONG GOOD-BYE
BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

GEORGE W. BUSH AND TONY BLAIR
THE GLOBAL ODD COUPLE
BY DAVID MARGOLICK

THE WHITE HOUSE AND THE PRESS
BY JAMES WOLCOTT

EXCLUSIVE: NEW DETAILS IN THE PHIL SPECTOR MURDER CASE
BY ROBERT SAM ANSON

"Family to me is associated with, like, strapping 500-lb. bricks to your feet and jumping in the water."

VER:
REW BARRYMORE,
E ANGEL NEXT DOOR
LDHOOD FAME! DRUGS! REHAB!
ORCES! BECOMING A HUGE
CCESS ANYWAY!
KRISTA SMITH

and learning the
as one goes on.
— SAMUEL BUTLER

PLUS:

MARIE BRENNER ON FRANCE'S ANTI-SEMITISM PROBLEM

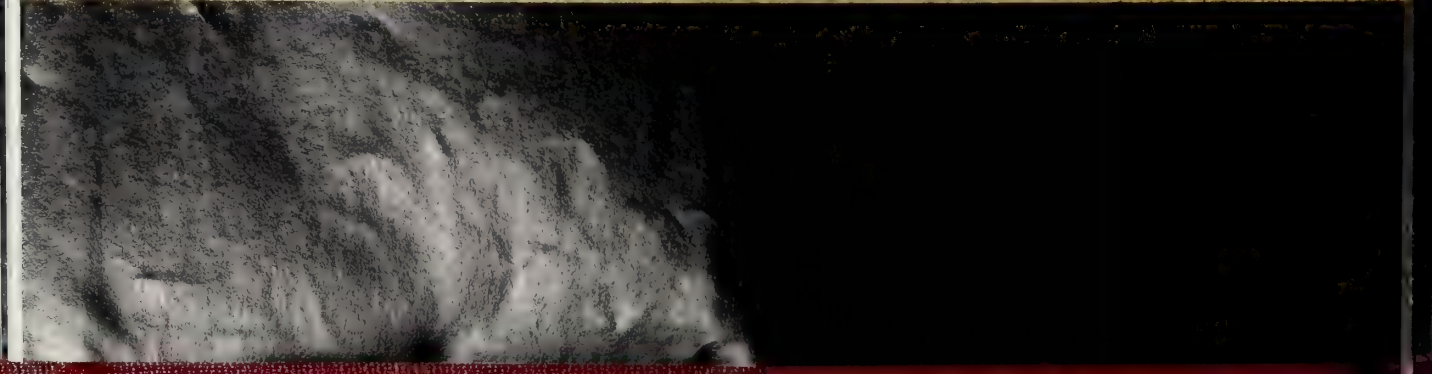
PATRICIA BOSWORTH ON MARILYN MONROE, A STRING OF PEARLS, AND A BROKEN FAMILY

LAW & ORDER: THE ALL-STAR REUNION!

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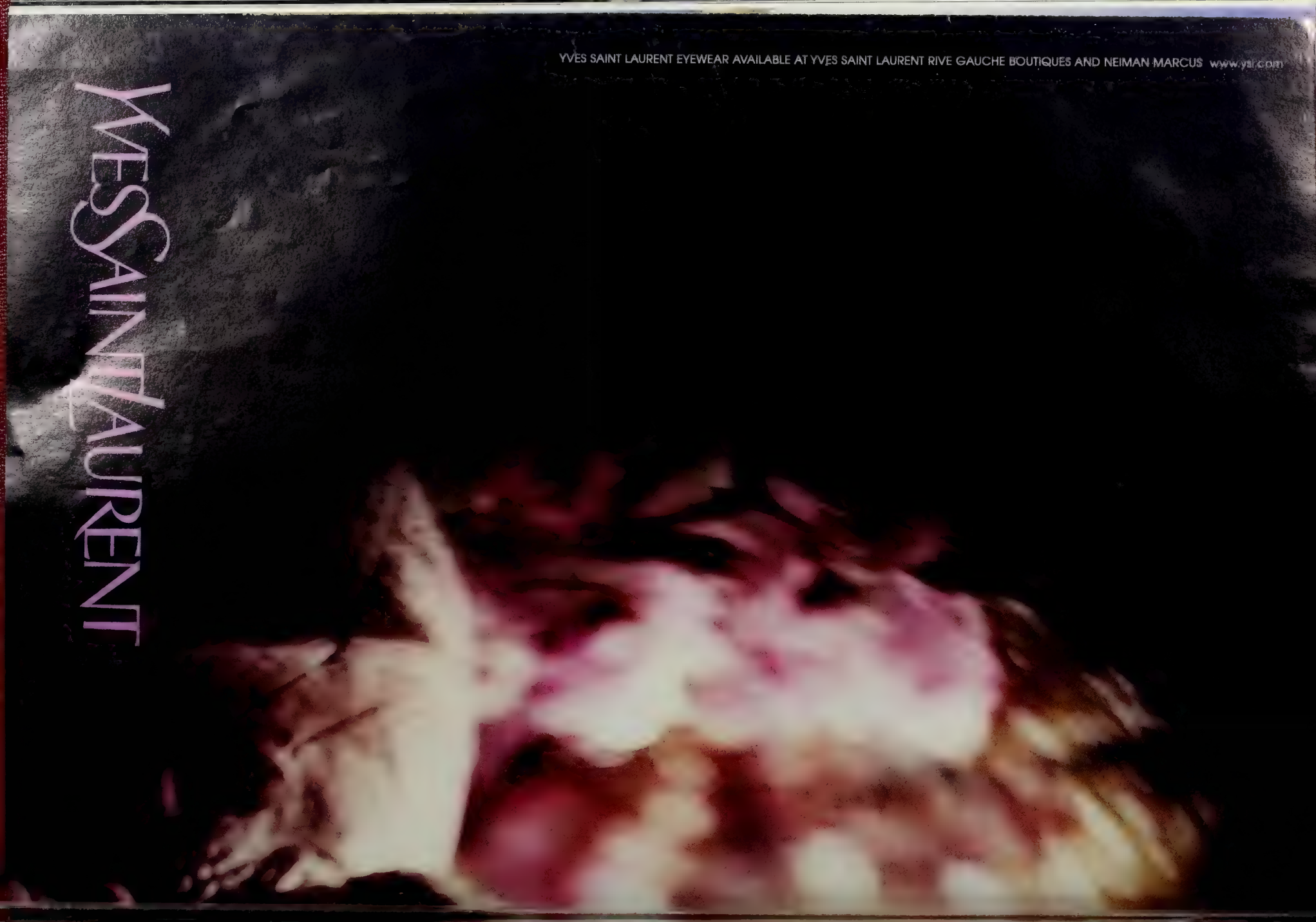

EAK THROUGH
GO AHEAD, ASK "DOES IT COME IN A LARGER SIZE"
CADILLAC ESCALADE

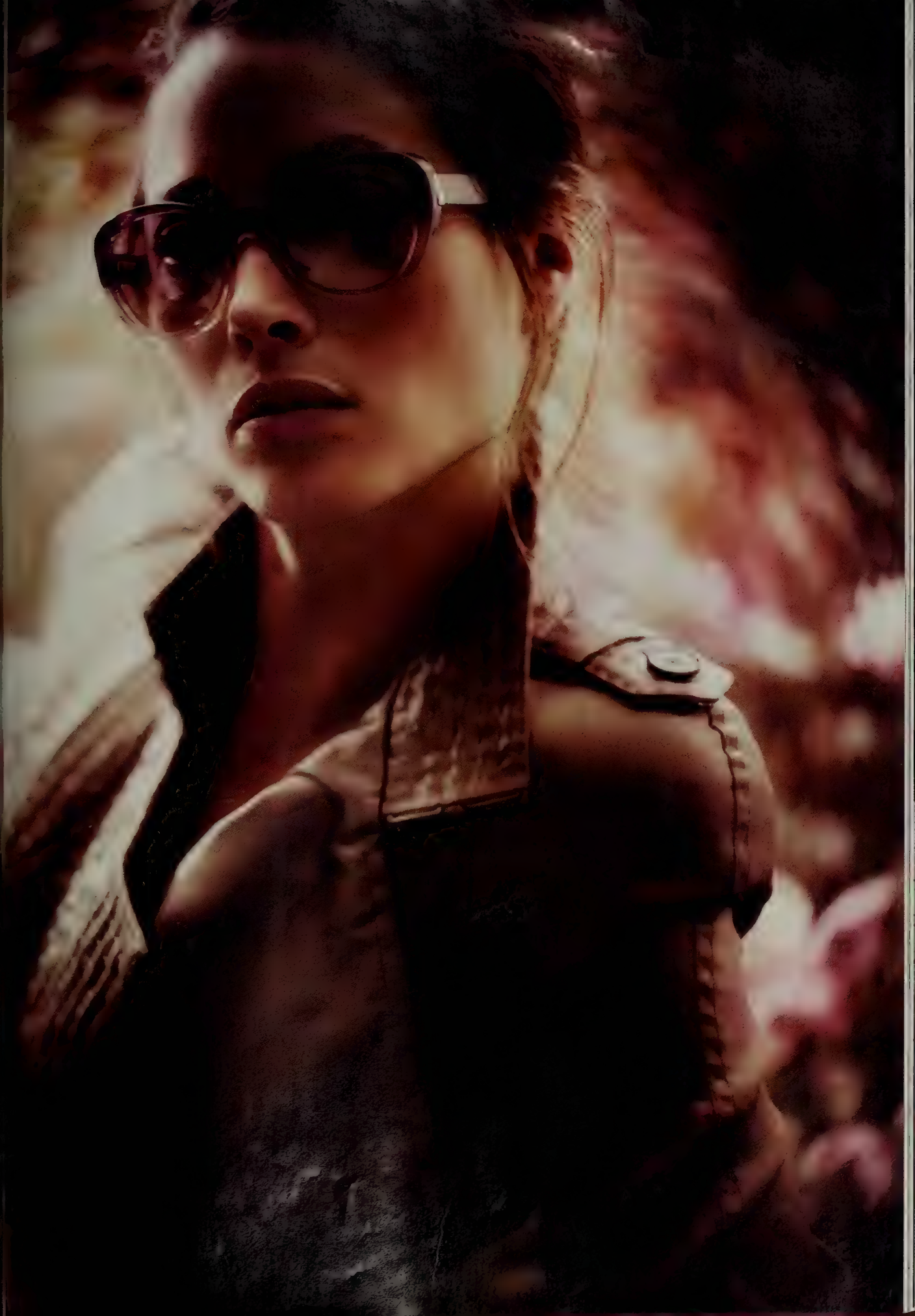

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CADILLAC ESCALADE ESV

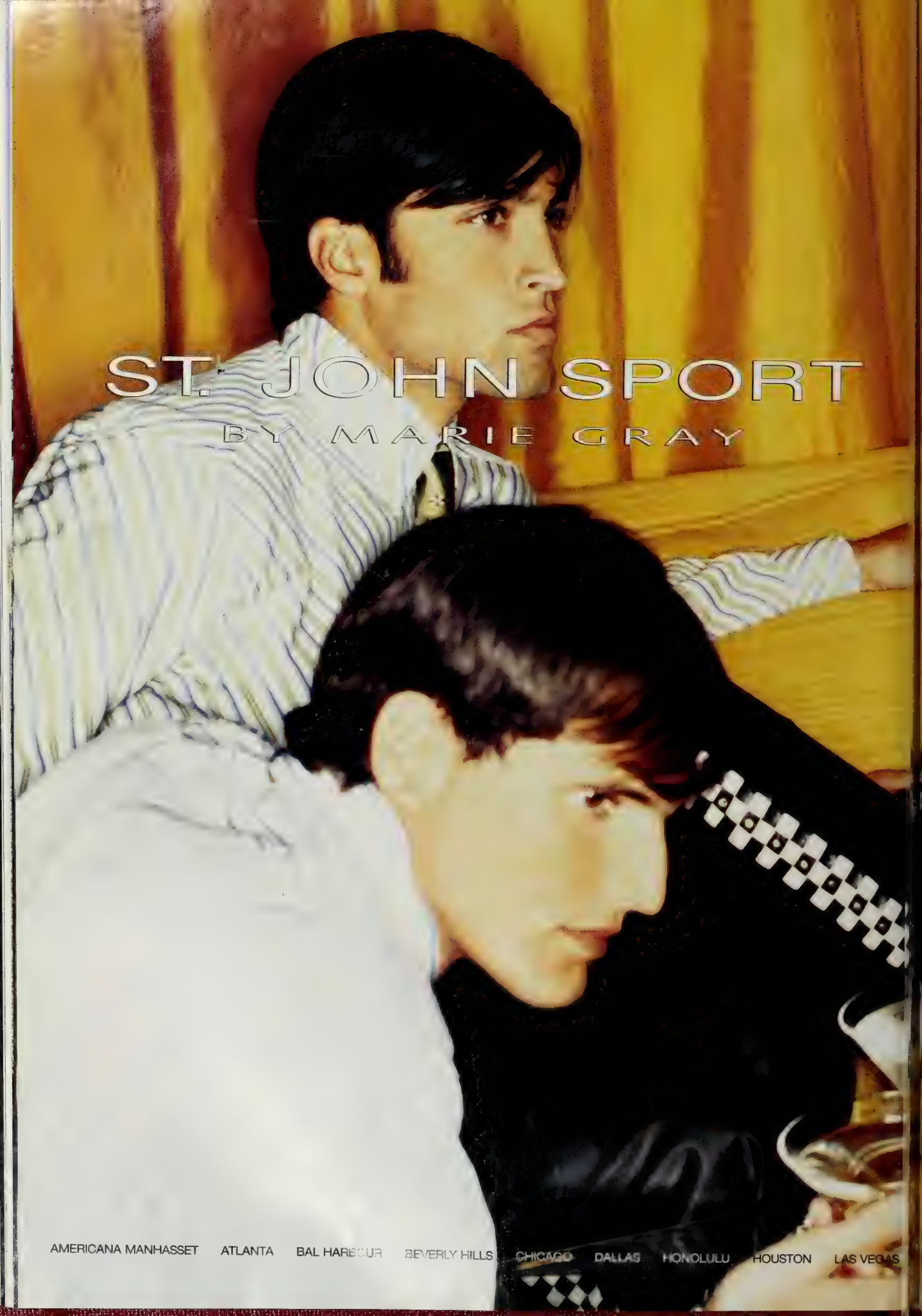
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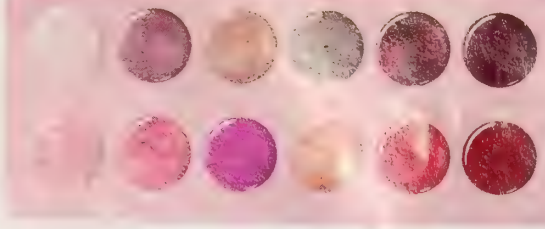
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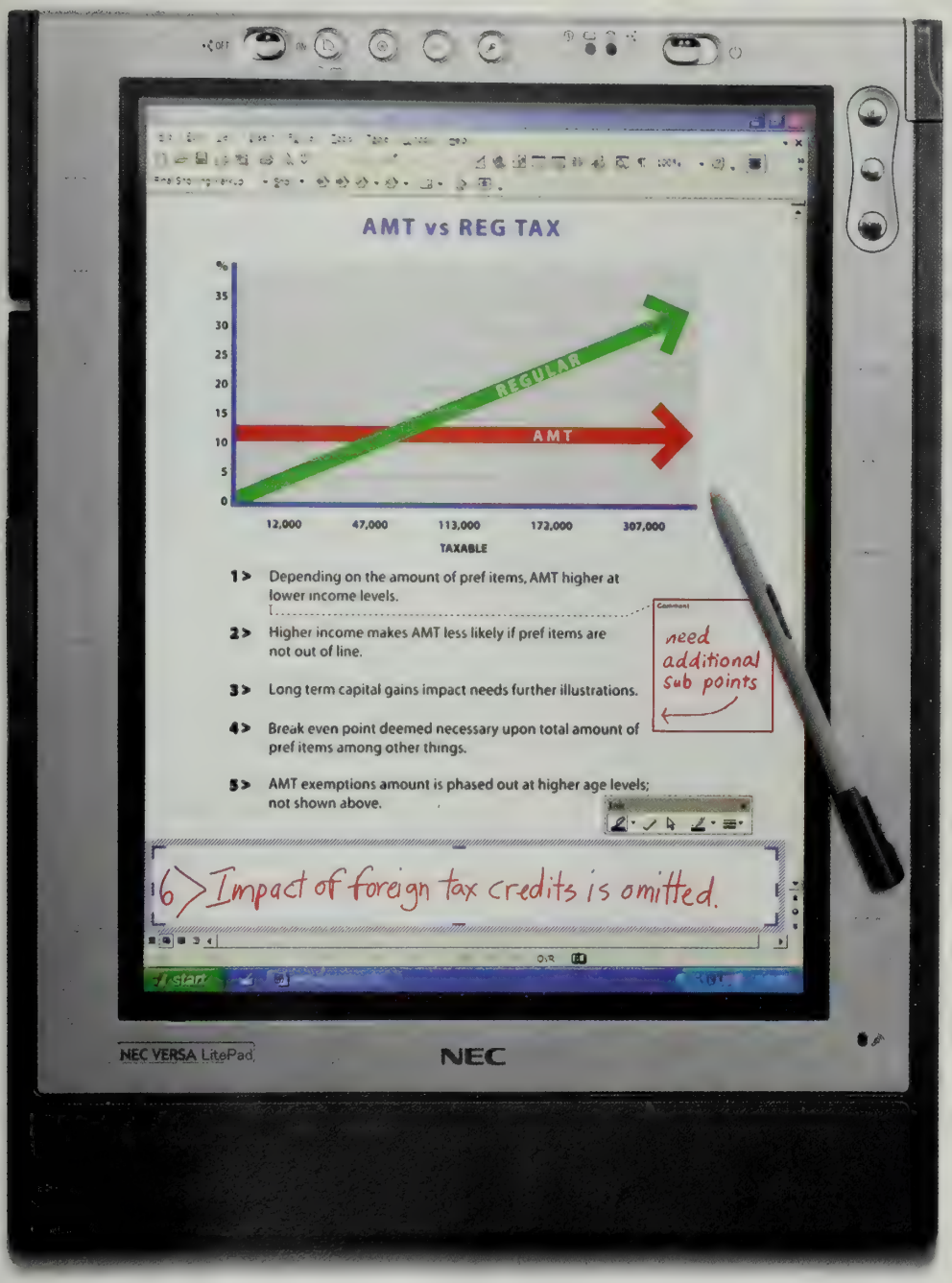
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VANITY FAIR

June 2003 No. 514



MURAL VICTORY
A DEFACED PORTRAIT OF SADDAM HUSSEIN IN BAGHDAD 174

FEATURES

168 THE NINE LIVES OF DREW BARRYMORE At age 28, the perils of childhood fame behind her, Drew Barrymore has defied the countless predictions that she would crash and burn. As Barrymore's Flower Films releases *Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle,* Krista Smith learns how the "little girl lost" became a full-fledged star, successful producer, and woman of consequence. Photographs by Mark Seliger.

174 SADDAM'S LONG GOOD-BYE With the war winding down, the billion-dollar question is the future of a nation where few citizens remember a time before Saddam Hussein. Accompanying relief workers from Kuwait City into southern Iraq, Christopher Hitchens encounters the humiliation, fear, and anger bred by gratuitous, and self-destructive, brutality.

178 BLAIR'S BIG GAMBLE As Tony Blair dragged his protesting nation to war, the British prime minister showed passion, clarity, and a disregard for opinion polls that has earned him new respect, even from critics. David Margolick reports on the metamorphosis of a politician into a leader. Portrait by Jonas Karlsson.

182 A PERP'S WORST NIGHTMARE Norman Jean Roy and Steven Daly spotlight the stars of NBC's *Law & Order,* which reaches its 300th episode in May, with just one word for the network execs who predicted the show would tank: *Overruled!*

184 LEGEND WITH A BULLET Phil Spector had waved a pistol at so many people (including John Lennon) that when former B-movie star Lana Clarkson was found shot to death in the music producer's mansion his guilt was assumed. But with the police still building a case, Robert Sam Anson reconstructs the events of that February night and traces a rock 'n' roll genius's lifelong struggle with his own mind.

190 UNITED BY DESIGN The United Nations has been severely tested, but its New York headquarters reveal why this grand experiment has endured. Todd Eberle captures the inner chambers, assembly rooms, and corridors, while Christopher Hitchens connects the U.N.'s structure with the pragmatic ideals behind its birth.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

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198 RAGE OF ANGELS Michael Hogan previews HBO's ambitious adaptation of Tony Kushner's *Angels in America,* directed by Mike Nichols and starring Al Pacino, Emma Thompson, and Meryl Streep. Photographs by Stephen Goldblatt.

202 THE MENTOR AND THE MOVIE STAR The closest thing Marilyn Monroe had to a father may have been Lee Strasberg, director of the Actors Studio, whose second wife, Paula, and actress daughter, Susan, were also beloved by the movie legend. Patricia Bosworth untangles the star's emotional and financial legacy to the Strasberg family, including the controversy over a vintage pearl necklace.

FANFAIR

63 30 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE The Good Girl—Evan Rachel Wood stars in *Thirteen.* Hot Reels: Bruce Handy on *Capturing the Friedmans;* Anderson Tepper reviews *Washington Heights;* Coming Attractions—Walter Kirn gets a dose of *Prozac Nation.* Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. Patricia Bosworth honors Al Hirschfeld; Amy Finnerty on the BBC's Mishal Husain. Matt Tyrnauer checks out New York's Maritime Hotel. Jeremy Eichler on avant-garde music collective Bang on a Can; Michael Hogan plugs into Electric Six. My Stuff: candy girl Dylan Lauren; Hot Looks; David Colman plays it safe in the sun.

COLUMNS

86 ROUND UP THE CATTLE! It's bad enough that American journalists have dutifully followed the White House script of George W. Bush as lone gunslinger—couldn't they at least have the spine to defend venerable colleagues such as Helen Thomas and Walter Cronkite, who've been asking hard questions? To James Wolcott, the BBC never sounded so good.

100 GUILTY PLEASURES For obvious reasons, Dominick Dunne writes, Hollywood in Oscar week felt a bit like "dancing on the *Titanic.*" Was it worth it? Check out this month's diary, which is one big juicy name-drop: Ben and Jennifer, Diane and Barry, Barbra, Liz, and three generations of Douglases. Portrait by Mark Seliger.

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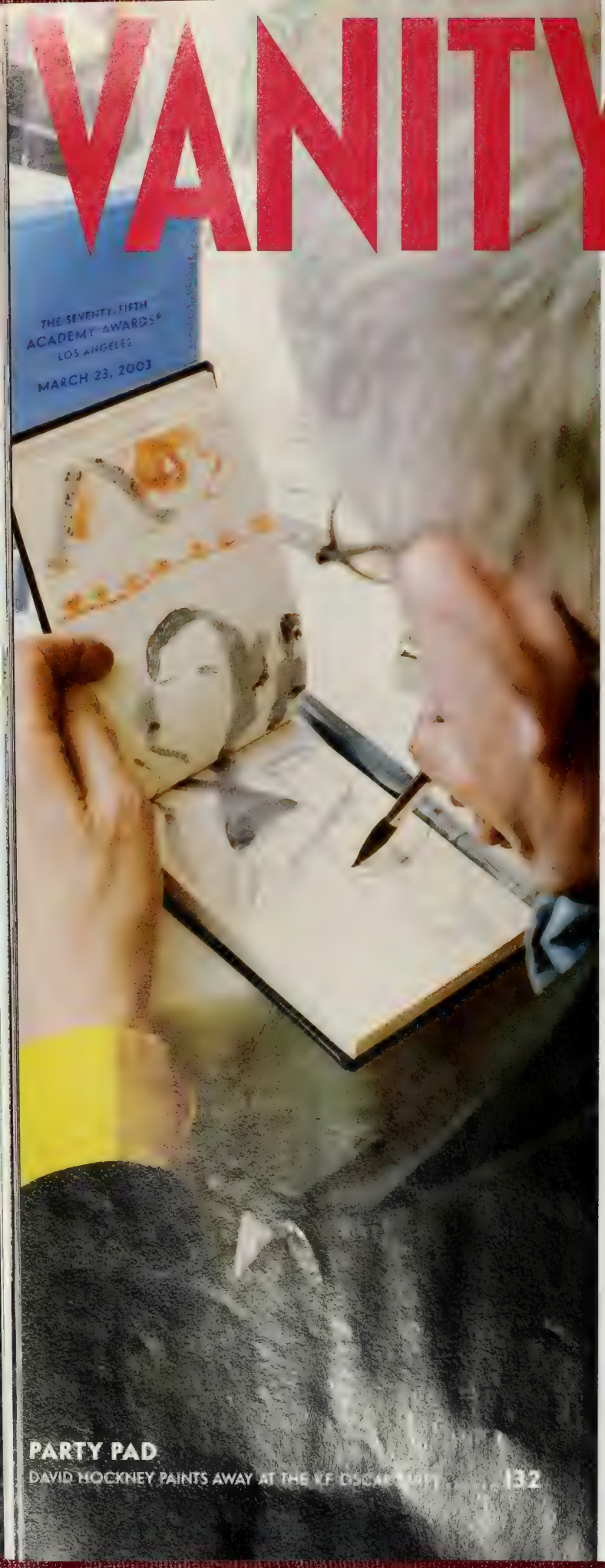
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Vehemently anti-war, the French elite have ignored a violent tide of anti-Semitism inside their borders. Reporting on the crusade of a Columbo-like retired cop who is tracking the hatred in Paris's largely Muslim suburbs, Marie Brenner discovers a nation in denial.

130 HALL OF FAME Henry Porter nominates 78-year-old anti-torture activist Helen Bamber. Portrait by Christopher Simon Sykes.

132 TOP OF THE EVENING Inside *Vanity Fair*'s 10th annual Oscar party, Bruce Handy and a team of photographers sought out the Best among the equally glamorous rest.

140 IT HAD TO BE KENNETH Sooner or later, every Hollywood, society, and jet-set head ended up in hairdresser Kenneth Battelle's hands. But, Amy Fine Collins finds, it was his coiffure for First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy that made him famous—and killed off the hat. Portrait by Eric Boman.

VANITIES

157 RIGHT, SAID FRED George Wayne talks business with CNBC's Lawrence Kudlow and James Cramer. War is hell: Ed Coaster embeds. Adam Leff and Richard Rushfield's Intelligence Report: The Television War. Fashion on the front lines: *W.W.D.*'s Bruce Plushton reports on the other side of war.

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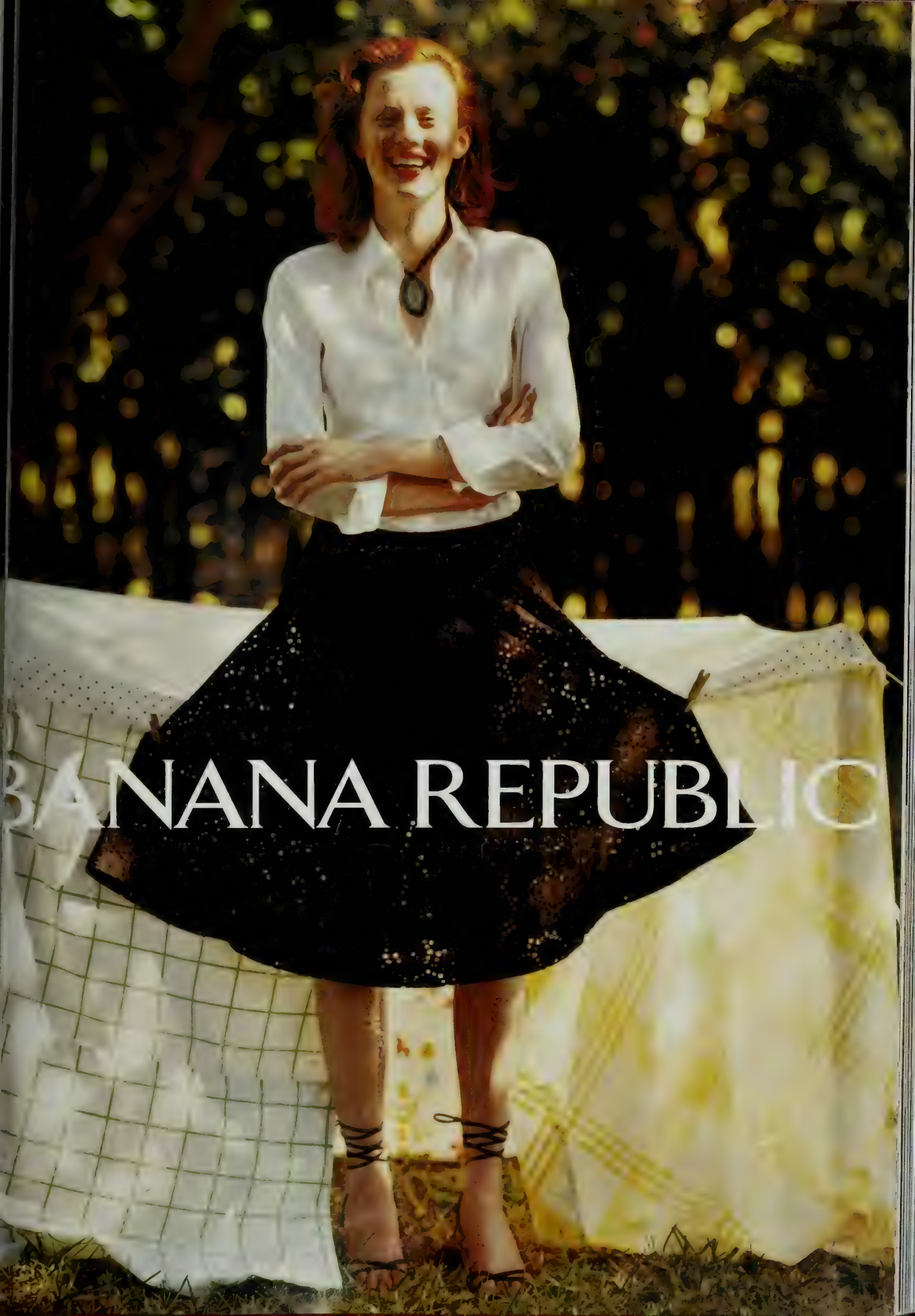
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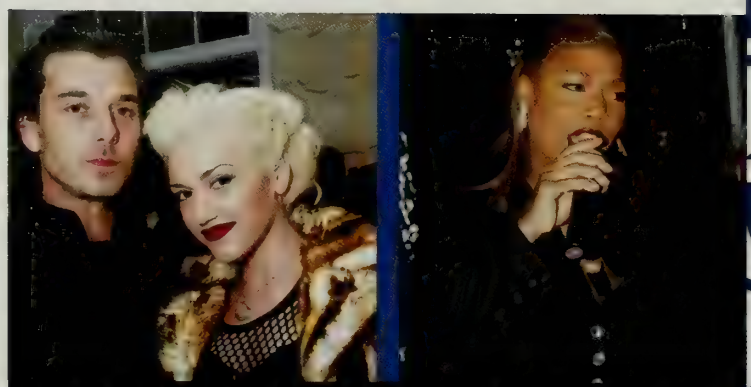
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Above, left: Gavin Rossdale and Gwen Stefani; *above, right:* Queen Latifah brings down the house in jewels by Harry Winston.

A GOLDEN NIGHT

On Saturday, January 18, in Los Angeles, *Vanity Fair* celebrated the 2003 Golden Globe Awards with an exclusive event at a private home. The soirée played host to 750 of Hollywood's brightest stars, musicians, and special friends of *Vanity Fair*, such as Michael Douglas, Catherine Zeta-Jones, Bono, Hugh Grant, Salma Hayek, Sidney Poitier, Tom Hanks, Rita Wilson, Michael Caine, Kate Hudson, Nicolas Cage, and Adrien Brody. The evening, inspired by the famous Harry's Bar in Venice, featured dancing and a live performance by hip-hop singer Queen Latifah. Each guest was given a blue box that opened to reveal a delicious surprise: a candy ring or one of two Harry Winston Manhattan Avenue rings. Gwen Stefani and husband Gavin Rossdale reaped the rewards and took home both sparkling gems. The event was sponsored by *Vanity Fair* advertisers St. John, Chrysler, Harry Winston, Shiseido, and Santa Margherita Pinot Grigio.



Above: Meryl Streep as writer Susan Orlean in *Adaptation*.

ADAPTATION

From director Spike Jonze and screenwriters Charlie and Donald Kaufman, Columbia Pictures presents the Oscar-winning film, *Adaptation*: a wildly unconventional comedy about a desperate writer who inserts himself into the screenplay he's struggling to adapt. It's a great idea, until reality and fiction begin to overlap in the most unexpected ways. Starring Academy Award-nominated actors Nicolas Cage and Meryl Streep, and Chris Cooper—the 2002 Oscar winner for Best Supporting Actor—*Adaptation* is based on the best-selling book, *The Orchid Thief*, by Susan Orlean. Available to rent and own on DVD May 20, 2003.

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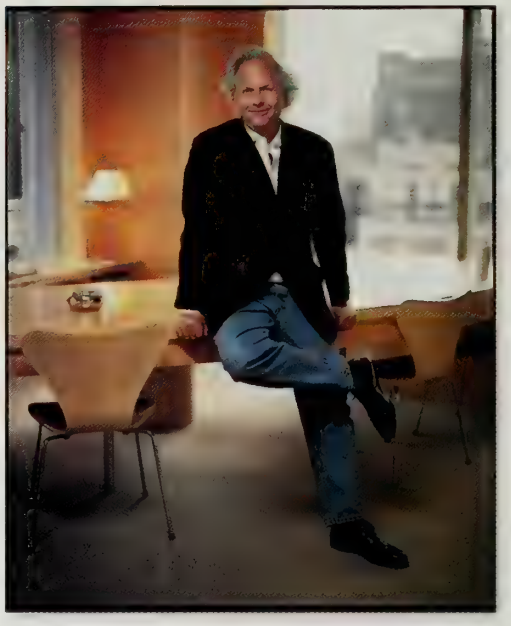
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Shell Game



If it could be fairly said that the magician's art lies in the ability to direct the audience's attention to one hand while palming a coin in the other, then the Bush administration is without peer in the realm of legerdemain. With one hand it sends nearly 300,000 brave American troops off to wage war against a foe in a distant land because (you choose one): (a) Saddam Hussein had an arsenal of weapons of mass destruction that he might or might not use; (b) he had terrorized his people for way too long; (c) he was sitting on more than 300 billion barrels of oil that we needed for our S.U.V.'s; or (d) it's just one of those cases of a son trying to accomplish something that his father couldn't. Then, with the other hand—and while Americans are glued to their TV sets watching one war on terrorism and a second in Iraq—the White House quietly goes about undoing many of the advances in social services, the environment, civil liberties, and affirmative action that have been won over the past 30 years.

Social services first. While soldiers were in the desert, the commander in chief proposed a $726 billion tax cut that would, among other things, lead to slashing food-stamp programs by $13 billion and school lunch and nutrition programs by $6 billion. Even veterans' benefits would be cut. By $14 billion. Now, there's a daring move in a time of war! As of this writing, the administration also wants cuts in Medicaid, which would burden the aged and infirm and could eliminate health coverage for 13.6 million low-income children. Wealthy Americans, in contrast, would be in the best position to benefit from $1.4 billion—sorry, $1.4 *trillion*—in already enacted tax cuts.



The environment? Beginning with the Bush administration's rejection of the Kyoto Protocol (which called for a mere 5 percent reduction in greenhouse-gas emissions by 2012), the White House has systematically weakened or downgraded more than a hundred key environmental measures—even as it claims to be acting in the interests of the good earth.

Civil liberties have taken a severe beating, too. Here the administration wants it both ways: lots of secrecy for them and little for us. Larry Klayman, chairman of Judicial Watch, says that the Bush camp is "the most secretive of our lifetime, even more secretive than the Nixon administration." This spring, President Bush issued an executive order postponing until 2006 the release of millions of classified documents 25 years old or older—material that had been due for declassification in April. And for the first time in U.S. history the president gave the vice president the power to decide on his own what is classified and what's not. Attorney General John Ashcroft, meanwhile, has said he supports federal agencies' right to reject many public requests for records. The ominously titled U.S.A. PATRIOT Act, signed in the frenzy immediately following the September 11 attacks, gives government agencies, including the White House, virtual carte blanche to invade the private lives of American citizens. This includes, but is not limited to, searches of homes, offices, telephone logs, E-mails, library withdrawals, banking and credit-card information, and even medical records and restaurant bills—all without notice. When he was running for office, the president rarely brought up the subject of abortion. Now all the administration's nominees to the Supreme Court have at least one thing in common: their opposition to *Roe* v. *Wade*. Furthermore, the White House is trying to persuade the Court to strike down affirmative action programs. Even National-Security Adviser Condoleezza Rice is marching in lockstep with her boss on this one—and in the past she has said she benefited from affirmative action.

The New York Times has called the White House's domestic agenda "a national train wreck that must be headed off for the country's well-being." The editor and publisher of that paper will hardly be run out of town the way the Dixie Chicks and others opposed to the war have been. The vast majority of those against the war support the military and its soldiers, but not the motives that took them to Iraq. Even so, the White House at times has been quick to pillory its opponents, tarring them by dismissing them as traitors to the cause. The administration should bear in mind the following words: "To announce that there must be no criticism of the president, or that we are to stand by the president right or wrong, is not only unpatriotic and servile, but is morally treasonable to the American public." That's not Susan Sarandon or Dixie Chick Natalie Maines speaking. It's Theodore Roosevelt. Now, *there* was a president who was a magician with words.

—GRAYDON CARTER

ON THE COVER

Drew Barrymore wears a sweater by Calvin Klein and bra and boxer shorts by Prada. Hair products by Clinique. Makeup products by Yves Saint Laurent. Hair by Serge Normant. Makeup by Gucci Westman. Manicure by Lisa Postma. Set design by Walter Barnett. Styled by Sarajane Hoare. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Mark Seliger in Santa Monica, California, on March 22, 2003.

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The "Beautiful Hair Revealed" Contest invites participants to submit photos that document their hairstyle history. Ten finalists will be interviewed in person or via phone. Four women who've illustrated their path from trendy hair to real hair beauty will be selected. Each of the four women chosen will be featured on a TV special scheduled to air on WE: Women's Entertainment in 9/03. Contest begins 5/5/03 and ends 6/23/03. All entries must be received by 11:59:59 P.M. on 6/23/03. Mail-in entries must be postmarked by 6/18/03 and received by 6/23/03. To enter, visit www.style.com/dove, fill in the entry form, and follow the instructions to submit it with three scanned photos of yourself (two dated photos with trendy hairstyles and one current). Or, mail form to: Dove "Beautiful Hair Revealed" Contest Entries, c/o CNP, P.O. Box 10242, Fairfield, N.J. 07004. All entries must include your name, address, city, state, zip code, phone number, date of birth, and e-mail address (indicate "none" if you do not have an e-mail account). If you do not want your e-mail address used for future marketing purposes, check the box on the entry form or write "no e-mail marketing" on your mail-in entry. You must provide three photographs to complete your entry (electronically accepted formats are gif and jpeg, each of a size not exceeding 300 pixels by 300 pixels, with a total file size for the three photos that does not exceed 40K; for mail-in, enclose printed, color photographs that are 8" x 10" or smaller). One entry per person and/or per household address and/or per e-mail. By entering, entrants agree to be bound by and acknowledge compliance with these official rules, including eligibility requirements. Responsibility for receipt of entry rests solely with the entrant. All entries become the property of Condé Nast/CondéNet ("Sponsor"), and the Sponsor has the unrestricted right to use all or part of any entry for promotional and/or commercial purposes. Sponsor will not be responsible for technical, hardware or software malfunctions, telephone failures, lost or unavailable network connections, or failed, inaccurate, incomplete, garbled or delayed electronic transmissions or communications, or for any human or mechanical error that may occur in the processing of the entries in this contest. Sponsor reserves the right to cancel any portion of the promotion if it becomes technically corrupted. Sponsor will not acknowledge receipt of or return entries or photographs. Contest open to persons who are 18 years or older at time of entry and are legal residents of the continental U.S. Employees (and their immediate families) of Sponsor, WE: Women's Entertainment L.L.C., and Lever Brothers Corporation, or any of their affiliates, subsidiaries, participating vendors, promotion, or advertising agencies, or any other company involved with the design, production, execution, or distribution of the contest, are ineligible to enter. Offer void where prohibited and subject to all federal, state, and local laws and regulations. Sponsor will select four winners on or about 6/18/03, from among all eligible entries received. All entries judged based on hairstyle transformation appeal. Ten semifinalists will be judged based on hairstyle transformation appeal (75%) and interview (25%). Judging conducted by a CNP–selected panel, whose decisions are final and binding on all matters relating to this contest. Each of the four winners and a guest of choice will be flown to New York to tape an appearance for the WE special, expected to air in or about 9/03. Each winner and their guest will receive round-trip coach airfare from the major commercial domestic airport nearest their home to New York and hotel accommodations (one room, double occupancy) for three days, two nights. Winners will be required to take this trip in accordance with the WE program shoot schedule. Winners will receive professional hair and face makeovers and services at a New York spa (stylists and spa selected by CNP). Winner must be able to complete the trip within the required dates of the television shoot. One full day of the trip will be spent at the WE television shoot. While Sponsor intends to air the television special on WE, programming schedules are subject to change. In the event that the WE broadcast does not occur, each winner's entire prize shall be a copy of the videotape. Prizes cannot be assigned, transferred, changed, or redeemed for cash except at the sole discretion of the Sponsor. All federal, state, and local taxes, and all other expenses not specifically mentioned herein, are the sole responsibility of the winners. Other restrictions may apply. From among all eligible on-line entries and mail-in entries, winners will be selected and notified by phone and/or mail on or about 6/18/03. Each winner must return the following within 10 business days after notification attempt: an agreement by the winner to travel to New York and be recorded at a date and time selected by the Sponsor; an Affidavit of Eligibility and Liability/Publicity signed before a notary public; a Liability/Publicity Release signed by winner's travel companion; a copyright assignment that assigns the copyright to any photographs received by Sponsor; and any contact or other information required by Sponsor. Failure of any winner to return the aforementioned material within the specified time period may result in winner's forfeiture of the prize and selection of an alternate winner(s) from remaining eligible entries. By accepting any prize, winners consent to the use of their names, voices, and likenesses for promotional, advertising, publicity, or trade purposes in any and all media worldwide in perpetuity by Sponsor, Lever Brothers, and WE: Women's Entertainment without further compensation unless otherwise prohibited by law, and specifically agree to appear on WE: Women's Entertainment. By participating in this contest, entrants and winners [illegible] Sponsor, WE: Women's Entertainment L.L.C., and Lever Brothers, each of their parents, partners, stockholders, affiliates, [illegible] agents, employees, advertising agencies, [illegible] and each of the foregoing's respective successors and assigns (collectively, the "RELEASED PARTIES") from any and all liability with respect to or in any way arising from or relating to participation in this contest, acceptance or use of any prize (including, without limitation, any [illegible] for any injuries, losses or damages of any kind caused by the prize or resulting from acceptance, possession or use of the prize), and any publicity surrounding the foregoing. Winners [illegible] by the CNP before [illegible] awarded. Winners [illegible] Boyers, 4 Times Square, [illegible] New York

CONTRIBUTORS



This month contributing editor **CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS** provides a chilling report fro Safwan, a town in southeastern Iraq. There with the Kuwait Red Crescent Society to del supplies to the people of Safwan, Hitchens discovered "the toughest thing about gettin into Iraq was the obstructive attitude of the British and American forces, who, after the killing of Terry Lloyd of ITV, most probably by 'friendly fire,' acted like jumpy nursema Also in this issue, Hitchens—who has been nominated for three National Magazine Awar including two (Columns and Commentary, Essays) for four pieces he contributed to *Vi* last year—writes about the architecture of the United Nations headquarters.



Contributing photographer **MARK SELIGER** couldn't have asked for a better subject for his first *V.F.* cover shoot. "Drew Barrymore is 100 percent my most photographe and dearest subject," says Seliger, who shot 134 covers for *Rolling Stone*, including 4 of Barrymore. "She makes you forget you're working, because you're having so much fun. For both of us to share our first *V.F.* cover together, it was perfect timing." Selig a native of Amarillo, Texas, has directed music videos for artists such as Courtney Love, Lenny Kravitz, Elvis Costello, and Willie Nelson.

CONTINUED ON PAGE



GC

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CALLING ALL FILM FANS

"There are two kinds of film festivals: There are the mega-hyped, hoopla-infested selling circuses, and there is Telluride. It is extraordinarily exciting . . . to discover an event dedicated not to commerce but to love. And if that sounds old-fashioned and starry-eyed, so be it. The cinema was always in the business of gazing at the stars."
-Salman Rushdie

For the past three decades, a dedicated group of film aficionados has gathered to honor the world's finest films and the artists who create them. Now celebrating its 30th Anniversary year, the Telluride Film Festival has followed its own vision to showcase and recognize cinematic artistry in its many forms. Jack Nicholson, Andrei Tarkovsky, and Clint Eastwood were honored here; Ken Burns, Michael Moore, and Billy Bob Thornton were discovered here; and a 90-year-old Abel Gance watched as his silent masterpiece, *Napoléon*, came to life on the big screen after 50 years. Artists such as Jodie Foster, Martin Scorsese, Jimmy Stewart, Pedro Almodóvar, Catherine Deneuve, and Peter O'Toole all have attended the festival throughout the years. For information on the 30th Telluride Film Festival, August 29 though September 1, visit www.telluridefilmfestival.org, or call 603-433-9202. Passes are on sale now. For travel and lodging, call Telluride Central Reservations at 800-921-9463.

Festival sponsors include Polo Ralph Lauren (Presenting Sponsor), Volkswagen, *Vanity Fair*, Neutrogena, Kathleen Kennedy, Frank Marshall, *Variety*, Telluride Mountain Village, Starz! Encore Group, Kodak Entertainment Imaging, Turner Classic Movies, Dolby Digital, Edouard Foundation, Lucky Star Foundation, La Paz Foundation, Ken Burns, and Tom Cruise. Special support provided by the Academy Foundation of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.



A LITTLE BIT OF SPARKLE

Celebrities such as Sharon Stone, Ashley Judd, Lucy Liu, and Mariah Carey have put their hearts into designing denim jackets with sparkling Swarovski crystals to raise money for the American Heart Association. View these one-of-a-kind denim jackets during the Swarovski trunk show at the following stores:

Bloomingdale's, Boca Raton, FL: May 17-18
Burdine's, Miami, FL: May 30-31
Nordstrom, Brea, CA: June 14

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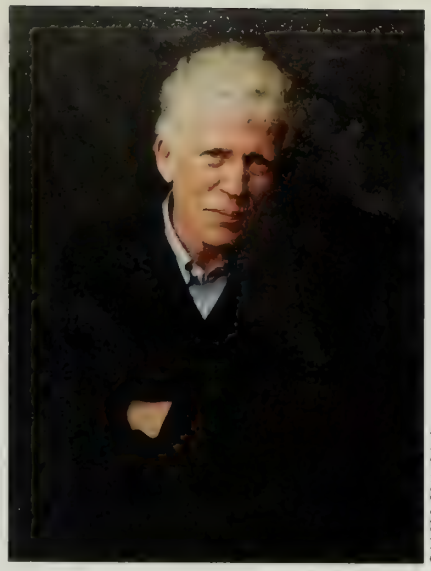


YVES SAINT LAURENT ON THE RED CARPET

On March 13, more than 400 guests gathered at Saks Fifth Avenue in Beverly Hills to kick off a week of beauty with Yves Saint Laurent in honor of the Oscars. As attendees sipped YSL Paris cosmopolitans, representatives booked appointments for guests to receive their award-winning looks. The weeklong beauty event that followed featured Yves Saint Laurent's top makeup artists giving complimentary makeovers and sharing "red carpet" beauty secrets from the Yves Saint Laurent 2003 Makeup Collection. All proceeds from the evening benefited the Los Angeles Women's Foundation, a nonprofit organization that provides support for long-term solutions to the needs of low-income and minority women and girls.

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

Contributing editor **ROBERT SAM ANSON** is no stranger to the music scene: he has written articles for *V.F.* about former Arista chief Clive Davis and former Sony executive Tommy Mottola. This month, Anson covers the pioneering rock 'n' roll producer Phil Spector, who is suspected of killing B-movie actress Lana Clarkson at his home in February. "Spector really is a genius and one of the most significant artists of the 20th century," Anson says. "The thing that struck me as so odd is that this is music that I know all the words to. This was the soundtrack of my youth. And my hero turns out to be a very troubled fellow." Anson is currently preparing a story for *V.F.* about former president Bill Clinton.



GASPER TRINGALE



KATE BURTON

Writer-at-large **MARIE BRENNER** traveled to Paris in September, shortly after she began to see news reports about the rise of French anti-Semitism. "The French Jews are the canaries in the mineshaft of history," Brenner says. "And one man, a retired French cop, saw all of this clearly and, at great threat to himself, tried to make Paris listen." What she saw in the weeks she accompanied ex-cop Sammy Ghozlan was unnerving. "The government's early indifference to the violence that was erupting in Paris among certain members of the Muslim community seemed to foreshadow its reluctance to challenge Iraq," she says. Her article on Enron, which ran in *V.F.*'s April 2002 issue, earned Brenner her fourth Front Page Award and has been selected to be included in Vintage's *Best American Crime Writing of 2003* anthology.

After eight months of round-the-clock writing, *V.F.* London editor **HENRY PORTER** has completed his third spy novel, *Empire State,* which Orion will publish this fall. It's dedicated to his old fishing companion Graydon Carter and centers on an Anglo-American counterterrorist operation. This month Porter, who has been with *V.F.* for a little over a decade, nominates the 78-year-old anti-torture activist Helen Bamber to the Hall of Fame. Porter describes Bamber as saintly and says, "She has perhaps a more extensive knowledge than anyone of man's evil." In addition to his novels and contributions to *V.F.,* Porter writes political commentary for *The Guardian* and *The Observer* in London.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48



JULIAN BROAD

CHRYSALIS—CHANGING LIVES THROUGH JOBS

Chrysalis is a nonprofit organization dedicated to helping economically disadvantaged and homeless individuals become self-sufficient through employment opportunities. Currently, Chrysalis helps more than 2,000 people change their lives through jobs every year. Founded in 1984 as a food-and-clothing distribution center serving homeless men and women in Los Angeles, the agency grew as it became clear that longer-term solutions would be needed to eradicate poverty and homelessness. Today, with its various programs and fund-raising efforts, Chrysalis's philosophy remains the same: a steady job is the single most important step in a person's transition to long-term self-sufficiency. For more information, visit www.changelives.org.

THE SILVER LINING SILVER LAKE FOUNDATION

The Silver Lining Silver Lake Foundation is a nonprofit fund-raising organization that was created to bring together artists and musicians in events that inspire benevolence and goodwill in communities across the country. From its wildly successful music festival—which last year featured Elton John, Sting, and the Red Hot Chili Peppers—to its silent auctions of works by such artistic luminaries as Jeff Koons and Bruce Weber, the foundation provides valuable awareness and funds for organizations in need. For information, visit www.silverliningsilverlake.com.

CATCH A SHOW ON THE ROAD WITH FORD

Don't miss the concert of the century when Ford presents "Beyoncé Knowles: Friends & Family Live" from the 100th Anniversary Celebration in Dearborn, Michigan. This celebrity-studded musical tribute will feature Knowles performing live with her Grammy-nominated group, Destiny's Child. Artists Kelly Rowland, Michelle Williams, Solange Knowles, Ramiyah, Play, and other special guests also will make scheduled appearances.*

Want to catch every minute of the music? Tune in to watch the concert live on Pay-Per-View. Contact your local cable or satellite service provider to order this all-star event, or visit www.fordbeyonceppv.com.

June 14, 2003
Pre-show: 8:30 PM EST
Concert: 9:00 PM EST

Go the Distance

Set a course for Dearborn, Michigan to catch the concert and take part in Ford's 100th Anniversary Celebration: five action-packed days of activities and events for the whole family. The celebration kicks off on June 12 and continues through June 16. Visit www.celebrateford100.com or call 866-4-100-FORD for the schedule of events and ticket information.

*All appearances subject to change.

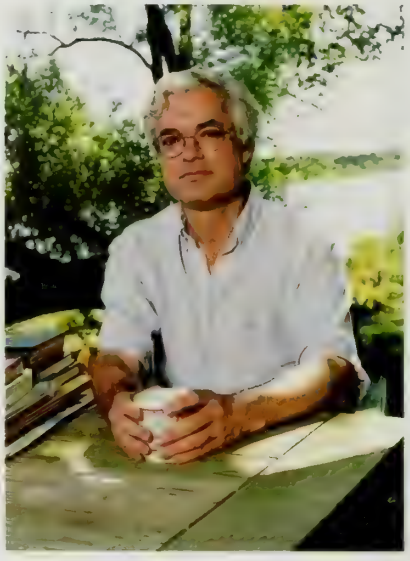
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For this month's issue, contributing editor **PATRICIA BOSWORTH** took time off from researching her biography of Jane Fonda to write about the great acting coach Lee Strasberg, his family, and their relationship with Marilyn Monroe (see page 202). "I studied with Lee and was friends with his children Susan and Johnny and his wife Paula," she says. "They struck me almost as characters out of a Russian novel. Add to that Marilyn Monroe. She affected them all and still affects them." Bosworth especially wanted to tell Susan Strasberg's story, "because she transcended the ugliness and tragedy that was heaped upon her. She died happy and found peace through her spiritual journey. Her daughter, Jenny, has inherited her goodness."



JOHN NEARY

For his profile of British prime minister Tony Blair, which begins on page 178, contributing editor **DAVID MARGOLICK** spent four weeks in London and flew more than 10,000 miles, accompanying Blair to summits in the Azores and at Camp David. Margolick, who had previously covered the P.M. for the July 2000 issue of *V.F.*, suggests that you can tell a lot about a leader by the way he travels. "When I talked to Blair three years ago, we were on this small airplane," he says. "It was a very different story then. He's so much more talked about now—he's one of the two or three most famous leaders in the world. This spring, he was traveling on a Boeing 777, and I think that the change in plane reflects the change in stories."



This year, *V.F.* earned five National Magazine Award nominations, including one each in the categories of General Excellence and Photography. The other three went to Christopher Hitchens (Columns and Commentary, Essays) and James Wolcott (Reviews and Criticism), both of whom are edited by senior articles editor **AIMÉE BELL,** who has been with the magazine for more than 10 years. Her stable of world-class writers also includes Amy Fine Collins, Fran Lebowitz, Henry Porter, Bruce Handy, and Laura Jacobs (who won a Front Page Award in 2002), as well as Lisa Robinson, with whom she produces *V.F.*'s annual Music Issue.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48



For this issue, contributing editor **JAMES WOLCOTT** has written a stinging critique of mainstream press coverage of George W. Bush and the war in Iraq (see page 86). So how much of Wolcott's day during wartime is spent monitoring the news? "It's on almost continuously," he says, "although I turn the TV off at night, because you get no information, only commentary. I go from the Internet to the BBC World Service, plus I read the papers. I'm like a drummer going from the snare drum to the bass drum to the cymbals." Three columns Wolcott wrote for *V.F.* in 2002 were nominated for a National Magazine Award, and "What if They Gave a War and Nobody Cared?," his contribution to *V.F.*'s March issue, has been selected to appear in *Best American Political Writing 2003.*



According to special correspondent **AMY FINE COLLINS,** Kenneth Battelle—whose hair salon, Kenneth, is marking its 40th anniversary of creating the coiffures of Astors, Kennedys, Rockefellers, and Vanderbil is more than just a talented hairdress "He's a master craftsman, and his charm comes from his unpretentious Yankee directness," says Collins, who article about Battelle begins on page 140. She adds, "In spite of himself, Kenneth is a revolutionary. He invented modern American hair." Collins is currently working on a new book, *The God of Driving,* for Simon & Schuster.



Unlike most United Nations–watchers around the world, who are focused on its ongoing tug-of-war with White House unilateralists, contributing photographer **TODD EBERLE** prefers to concentrate on the actual design of the international body's Manhattan headquarters. "Architecture is the only art form that functions as pure P.R., and the U.N. is perhaps one of the first examples of this, especially in the modernist context," says Eberle, who regularly shoots buildings for *V.F.* The simplicity of the U.N. Secretariat building, he says, "functions as a blank canvas, setting the stage for the variety of cultural and ethnic voices that exist there." Eberle, whose photographs of the U.N. appear in this issue beginning on page 190, is working on a series of books about modernism in architecture.


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ORIGINAL VANILLA RUM
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THE BOX-OFFICE BOYS

In praise of a few good men; Michael Jackson, friend or foe?; paying tribute to a memorable trio; breaking the silence at MGM; life lessons with Max; Michael Mann's rising *Heat;* and more



ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

Your 2003 Hollywood Issue was a movie-lover's dream [April]. What a great cover, and it was quite a treat to see the cast of *The Big Chill* reunited in the pages of the impressive portfolio. With the events currently going on in the world, it was nice to escape into your magazine for a few hours.

MIKE MORA
San Leandro, California

YOUR COVER PHOTO and short biographies ["On the Cover"] brought a smile to my face. I can only imagine how satisfying it must have been to be present for the brief gathering of this accomplished group of men. Rarely has an assembly of Hollywood's leading actors been so stimulating or represented such wit, innovation, and talent.

ALAN GAINES
San Rafael, California

WHILE I GREATLY E[illegible]D Annie Leibovitz's beautiful photographs of Hollywood's leading men, I was disappointed by the lack of diversity on your cover. By my count, 11 of the 13 men pictured are white, with not an Asian or [illegible] in sight. Surely we can do better than that.

[illegible]
[illegible]

YOUR A-LIST TRIPLE COVER does not have all the A-list male actors of today by a long shot. Where is Denzel Washington? And poor Kevin Costner. How he must wish you had had this cover circa 1990.

ANGELA LAUTENSCHLAGER
Milford, Illinois

I'D LIKE TO COMMEND YOU for the cover of the 2003 Hollywood Issue. Two things stand out, particularly in comparison with your Hollywood Issue covers from the last few years: the range in ages of the actors pictured and the fact that they were all clothed.

MARY QUINN
Arlington, Virginia

I MUST wholeheartedly disagree with your cover for its neglecting to include one of the greatest actors of this, or any, generation: Kevin Spacey. As a gentleman, intellectual, and mentor, he stands tall in the sea of Hollywood mediocrity.

EMMELINE GREENE
Orange County, Vermont

HOW COULD YOU forget to include my favorite, Keanu Reeves, on your cover? I don't understand. Can you explain? Let me know.

ALEX SLOVIK
East Lyme, Connecticut

DEFENDING JACKSON

I USED TO SUPPORT Michael Jackson and thought he was being unfairly exploited because he was so sensitive and immature. I was unaware of the evidence against him regarding the child-molestation charges. After reading "Losing His Grip" [by Maureen Orth, April] I am disgusted and sickened that he has gotten away with so much and damaged so many children, and that he is allowed to have his own. If it were any regular guy and not Michael Jackson, he would have been locked up years ago instead of coddled in court by a spineless judge and, even worse, by those poor kids' greedy parents. What an explosive portrait of human depravity, exploitation of innocents, and revolting greed.

PAULA RICHARDSON
Holland Landing, Ontario

WHAT A PITY that *V.F.* could not resist joining in on the recent spate of tabloid journalism relating to Michael Jackson. As a pop-music enthusiast and freelance journalist, I've come to believe that a truly balanced and objective piece will probably never be written about him.

There are two camps of writers: those who are for him and those who are against


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LINCOLN

him. Reporters who employ a clearheaded style when dealing with other subjects throw all that out the window at the mention of this poor man's name.

Regarding topics such as Jackson's money spending, plastic surgery, and perceived eccentricities, I believe that if you were to look closely at other high-profile stars, such as Elton John, you would find they have equally colorful lifestyles. But that's no reason, in my opinion, to throw such people in jail or have them under repeated investigation.

Since Jackson hasn't been proved guilty I think it is highly unfair to keep regurgitating what can only be called speculation.

ANNA MARIE EVERWELL
Manchester, England

"LOSING HIS GRIP" reminded me of the movie *The Accused,* with Jodie Foster, in which the prosecution decided it was more effective not to prove or disprove rape but to hold accountable those who cheered the rapists on, since it is a crime not to aid those in trouble. Why not forget Michael Jackson and stop trying to charge him with crimes; prosecute all those people around him who sign secrecy agreements while young boys are allegedly abused. Bring charges against the mother who took money for her silence. Attack Jackson's army of gun-toting guards, who know what's going on but do nothing. Follow through on charges that many are being intimidated with violence and overt threats.

ED KAPLAN
Princeton Junction, New Jersey

CLASS ACTS

OF ALL the Cary Grant/Ronald Colman/Jimmy Stewart remembrances I have read over the years, I found William Frye's the most touching ["Gentlemen's Agreement," April]. Whereas most tributes simply choose to recite these men's incredible positive contribution and influence on our society, Frye gave us rare glimpses into the simple and extremely likable men behind the genius.

EVAN DALE SANTOS
Adelanto, California

THE ARTICLES "Gentlemen's Agreement" and "Losing His Grip" are a marvelous study in contrasts. William Frye's captivating glimpse into the personal lives of Hollywood legends Cary Grant, Ronald Colman, and Jimmy Stewart, men of style, class, and élan, juxtaposed with Maureen Orth's feature on Michael Jackson crystallizes a glaring disparity in the two generations of talented performers. Both articles are interesting reads, yet Frye's subject matter left me feeling nostalgic for a simpler and more innocent time. Orth expertly chronicles Jackson's nightmarish descent into personal hell; I was unable to stop reading, repulsed at the perverse details, yet inherently sad for the legacy Jackson will leave behind. Your diverse coverage of such fascinating celebrities is what keeps me looking forward to each month's issue.

JOANN TILLBERG
Virginia Beach, Virginia



IN "GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT," there is a picture of Jimmy Stewart, Cary Grant, Sam Goldwyn, and an "unidentified woman." That woman is my mother, the late Phyllis Brooks (Macdonald).

While she was never a star of the magnitude of the men with whom she's photographed, Phyllis Brooks was an actress of some renown, in films and on Broadway. Among her screen credits are *The Shanghai Gesture, In Old Chicago, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Little Miss Broadway,* and *City Girl.* Her stage credits include *Stage Door* (originating the role played by Katharine Hepburn in the movie) and *Panama Hattie* (with Ethel Merman). She was also engaged to Cary Grant for a lengthy period of time, and so I surmise that in the photo she is Cary's date at some premiere, perhaps for *Gunga Din* or another of his films.

She would have loved finding herself in your pages. As a faithful fan of *V.F.,* she was a subscriber to the end of her days. She truly enjoyed your magazine, because it was the only place where she could count on regularly finding articles about the Golden Era and those who made it glitter.

LAURIE J. MACDONALD
Waltham, Massachusetts

MGM'S RAPE SCANDAL

I WAS ABSOLUTELY riveted reading David Stenn's piece ["It Happened One Night ... at MGM," April]. Hollywood was and is a tough town, and the courage shown by Patricia Douglas in the face of a misogynistic campaign launched to destroy her life was inspiring to read. The irony is that Hollywood would probably have a hard time coming up with a fictional story this good. MGM may have hushed up the incident for more than six decades, but when Patricia Douglas broke her silence she reclaimed her life, and I hope she will keep fighting.

MICHAEL EPPS
New York, New York

THANK YOU for following up on this ugly chapter in L.A. history. In spite of many advances, there will always be people taken advantage of by those in power.

Thanks even more to Patricia Douglas, who, having survived such an ordeal, emerges as an amazing and courageous woman.

K. L. POWERS
Irvine, California

PATRICIA DOUGLAS is a tortured, heroic, and, thanks to David Stenn's article, ultimately redeemed figure; I hope she basks in that redemption for the rest of her days. My only disappointment was Stenn's decision to identify the religion of Douglas's rapist, David Ross—and to do so upon first reference, no less. This suggests a mind-set as outmoded as the views toward women depicted in the article.

VINCENT GAETANO
New York, New York

I WAS TERRIBLY MOVED and impressed by David Stenn's article. That


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such a horrific chain of events and people should finally be brought to light, and that Patricia Douglas should finally be vindicated, at least in print, gives me faith in the due process of time. It is sad that the world has finally heard her story only in the last years of her life. Ms. Douglas should be proud that she refused to let the men of MGM off the hook, and David Stenn should be lauded for nailing them there.

LISA PORTES
Chicago, Illinois

PURE SILVERS

MY FATHER, KARL LUKAS, portrayed Private Kadowski in the Phil Silvers *Bilko* show during its entire run. "King Banana" [by David Kamp, April] totally hit the mark in how popular and beloved that series was. Phil left an indelible mark on all who had the pleasure to meet or work with him. I remember being a kid in the 70s and going up to see him at his high-rise apartment. There he was, in the middle of the day, wearing a smoking jacket and flashing that warm smile. He was a person who genuinely loved people. My childhood was peppered by visits with many of the platoon members. There was such a great camaraderie among all the actors that the friendships forged during that show remained throughout their entire lives. Maurice Brenner often visited around our swimming pool, and we would go to Vegas to see him perform in *Fiddler on the Roof.* Harvey Lembeck, Herbie Faye, and Allen Melvin all remained close friends. Television in those days created an atmosphere where ego fell to the strength of friendship. Maybe poker lent a hand.

VALERIE D. WILLIAMS
Thousand Oaks, California

DAVID KAMP'S PROFILE of Phil Silvers captured the man as I remember him from the early 1960s. His eldest daughter, Tracey, was in my first-grade class at the Hawthorne School in Beverly Hills, and his twin daughters were in the kindergarten. He often waited patiently on the playground to walk them home at the end of school. When other children spotted him, they would shout "Sergeant Bilko!" and crowd around him. He always seemed to enjoy their attention and would spend a lot of time talking to them and answering their questions. I was impressed that a celebrity of his caliber was so genuine and caring. Young children are excellent judges of character, and they

hir

ANNE CHRISTENBERRY
Mt. Pleasant, South Carolina

GROWING UP MIRAMAX

THANK YOU SO MUCH for including Bob Weinstein's beautiful tribute to his father, Max ["All Thanks to Max," April], in your always stellar Hollywood Issue. Through the work of his two sons and their dedication to bringing quality films to the public, the inspirational Max Weinstein has touched countless other families. My father is also a film buff, and our trips to the local "art house" cinema to see the latest movies, more often than not Miramax releases, will make up some of the best memories of him that I will take with me this fall when I leave home to study film.

RYAN CHASSEE
Mandeville, Louisiana

THERE ARE SOME STORIES in which real love shines through every word, and Bob Weinstein's "All Thanks to Max" was one of those stories. Reading his recollections of his father's life and invaluable lessons delivered in daily actions and profound words inspired me to recall my own father's lessons that I will always treasure. Thank you, Bob, for sharing your heartfelt story. As I am sure your mother and family will attest, it is one of the greatest gifts you could have ever given to your father.

TINA LAOLAGI
Salem, Oregon

BOB WEINSTEIN MIGHT describe himself as the "quiet brother," but his words speak volumes. His poignant article about his father, Max, not only conveyed the depth of his relationship with this very special man but also gave us tremendous insight into why he and his brother, Harvey, are so successful.

NANCY MILLS
Santa Barbara, California

HE'S THE MANN

PLEASE PASS ALONG my appreciation to James Wolcott for his uncannily perceptive article on Michael Mann's *Heat* ["Of Vice and Mann," April]. It was the finest piece of film writing I've ever read. I thought *Heat* was the best crime film ever made the first time I saw it. A dozen subsequent viewings have only added strength to that opinion. Such was the power of Wolcott's piece, however, that it put into words many of my own feelings about the film while adding brilliant insights that will let me see it afresh at my next viewing.

GAY HENDRICKS
Ojai, California

JAMES WOLCOTT'S ARTICLE finally publicly lauds Michael Mann, a cinematic



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A HOLLYWOOD ORIGINAL
Charles Feldman, center, on the beach with Gregory Ratoff, left, and Felix ("Fefi") Ferry.

architect whose work in the last 15 or more years of small- and big-screen productions has simply been operatic to me. His musical scores, cinematography, and Zen-ful eye have woven scenes of contemplation, silence, and even violence as one beautiful instrument of expression. He has constantly evolved, and I thank you for giving recognition to one of my heroes in moviemaking.

MARTIN ROLLINS
Chicago, Illinois

DEFENDING AN ICON

AS PERHAPS THE ONLY film historian who dares to see the 1967 *Casino Royale* as an iconoclastic and improvisational masterwork of mid-1960s *Zeitgeist*, I find it sad that Peter Biskind's otherwise superb tribute to Charles K. Feldman ["The Man Who Minted Style," April] ended on the supposed tragedy of the film's failure, especially given the growing new appreciation for the work. Although it wasn't popular with the critics, the film was a commercial success. It was responsible for the leap in the set designs of the Broccoli-Bond films, and many other aspects of *Casino Royale* have surfaced in the series (and in other spy films and satires) ever since. It is curious that Ursula Andress, the late Billy Wilder, and Woody Allen all detested the film, since Andress helped Val Guest refocus much of the narrative after Sellers departed before his story line was complete. Wilder, who wrote parts of the script, had helped create this type of screwball political-satire film in the first place with his 1961 *One, Two, Three*, and Allen (who wrote his own material) all but perfected his socially critical nebbish character in *Royale*. Finally, a word or two in defense of Capucine, whose iciness may have alienated some leading men but who was hardly a "wooden performer." Although the international film industry never really knew what to do with her neurotic, aristocratic persona, Cukor and Fellini appreciated her talents, and she was perhaps the best female foil Peter Sellers ever had—both in Blake Edwards's original *Pink Panther* and in *What's New, Pussycat?* And that is surely an example of sophisticated acting ability.

ROBERT VON DASSANOWSKY
Colorado Springs, Colorado

CORRECTION: On page 280 of the March issue ("Ben's Open Road"), we state that Ben Affleck took out a full-page ad in Variety *as a tribute to Jennifer Lopez while they were filming* Gigli *(now titled* Tough Love*). He took out the ad in* The Hollywood Reporter.

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FANFAIR

30 Days in the Life of the Culture

June 2003



Girl on the Verge

Actress Evan Rachel Wood, who played Jessie on ABC's *Once and Again*, will star with Holly Hunter in *Thirteen*, out from Fox Searchlight Pictures in August. Photographed in Los Angeles, March 9, 2003.

MAKEUP PRODUCTS BY CHANEL. HAIR BY [illegible]

PHOTOGRAPH BY DIEGO UCHITEL



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FANFAIR

June

PRINCE AT 45, K. D. LANG HITS THE MOTOR CITY, AND A MODIGLIANI MOMENT IN L.A.

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
1 In N.Y.C.: Danny Glover stars in the Roundabout Theatre's revival of *"Master Harold"... and the Boys*, now in its second week.	**2** Out this month: Hilary Liftin's lovely and lyrical memoir, *Candy and Me: A Love Story*, charts the author's romantic blossomings against a backdrop of heavy candy consumption. Recommended by four out of five dentists ◀ who read books.	**3** N.Y.C.'s Metropolitan Museum mounts the first full-scale retrospective of American photographer Charles Sheeler (1883–1965). Museumgoers, Sheeler dealers.	**4** Vienna's Kunsthistorisches Museum offers a show of Italian Mannerist painter Parmigianino (1503–1540), and Barbara's Bookstore hosts *Liar's Poker* author Michael Lewis (1960–) reading at its Oak Park, Ill., location.	**5** Scholastic Weston Woods—the film company responsible for the adaptations of *Where the Wild Things Are* and *Make Way for Ducklings*—celebrates its 50th ◀ anniversary.	**6** Chicago's Ravinia music space opens its season with a performance of John Adams's *El Niño*. Another big noise—songbird Norah Jones—descends over Fort Myers, Fla. ▼	**7** ➤ The British Museum turns 250, kicking off a week of festivities, and Prince—as in "Lovesexy," not as in "occasionally surrounded by corgis and sovereign monarchs"—turns 45.
8 Day two of the Tate Britain's show of German-born, London-based photographer Wolfgang Tillmans (recently: abstract compositions made by manipulating light, and a Pet Shop Boys video). Also: the Tony Awards are broadcast. ➤	**9** The world premiere of the Jules Feiffer play *A Bad Friend*, at N.Y.C.'s Lincoln Center. Communist Party affiliations of a Brooklyn family in the 1950s.	**10** Out in paperback this month: *The Lobster Chronicles*, an account by former swordfish-boat captain Linda Greenlaw (of *The Perfect Storm* fame) of moving to Maine and becoming a lobsterman. ➤	**11** The Maui Film Festival at Wailea will include a 50-foot-wide screen set on a grassy knoll overlooking the Pacific.	**12** Washington, D.C.'s Memorial Holocaust Museum displays—for the first time ever outside Amsterdam—some of Anne Frank's writings (in her own hand).	**13**	**14** The Philadelphia Museum of Art opens a Louis Faurer retrospective, including his postwar street photography. PBS's *Great Performances* offers up Salvatore Licitra and Marcelo Álvarez singing outside Rome's Colosseum.
15 Art-world mavens flock to the 50th Venice Biennale (the U.S. is represented this year by Fred Wilson, known for his complex installations created for museums, which re-interpret their collections).	**16** Three unstoppable juggernauts of American industry celebrate anniversaries: Ford Motor Company (100), the Pepsi-Cola trademark (100), Joyce Carol Oates (65).	**17** HOW WOULD LUBITSCH HAVE DONE IT? read a sign over Billy Wilder's door. Find out at day four of Film Forum's tribute to Ernst Lubitsch (*Ninotchka*, *The Shop Around the Corner*, *To Be or Not to Be*), in N.Y.C.	**18**	**19** The Dixie Chicks play the wide-open space that is Boston's Fleet Center.	**20**	◀ **21** Bookstores across the nation burst at the seams as 6.8 million copies of the new Harry Potter book go on sale today. Tomorrow: *Sex and the City*'s final season starts.
▼ **22** *Later* dude Carson Daly turns 30.	**23** ➤ k. d. lang performs with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. This could be lush.	**24** Tomorrow night: Maggie Rizer, Gisele Bundchen, Milla Jovovich, Angela Lindvall, and Jacquetta Wheeler host a casino benefit for AIDS charity DIFFA at N.Y.C.'s Regent Wall Street. Let it ride.	**25**	**26** The first comprehensive survey of Max Beckmann in more than 30 years gets under way today at N.Y.C.'s Museum of Modern Art, Queens. ◀	**27** Antiquity and the architecture of Robert Adam (1728–1792), at London's Sir John Soane's Museum. Meanwhile, Charlie's Angels kick some ass in their sequel, which opens today.	**28** "Degas in Bronze: The Complete Sculptures," at the San Diego Museum of Art. (Ballet is particularly challenging when you're cast in bronze.)
29 The Los Angeles County Museum of Art presents "Modigliani and the Artists of Montparnasse" (including Brancusi, Chagall, de Chirico, Duchamp-Villon, Léger, Lipchitz, Picasso, Rivera, and Soutine).	**30** [illegible] Hole [illegible] auction, with dinner made by [illegible] at [illegible] hosted by wine aficionado Anthony Dias Blue. ➤					

Charles Sheeler's *Wheels*, 1939.



"daring"
-time

"gripping"
-washington post

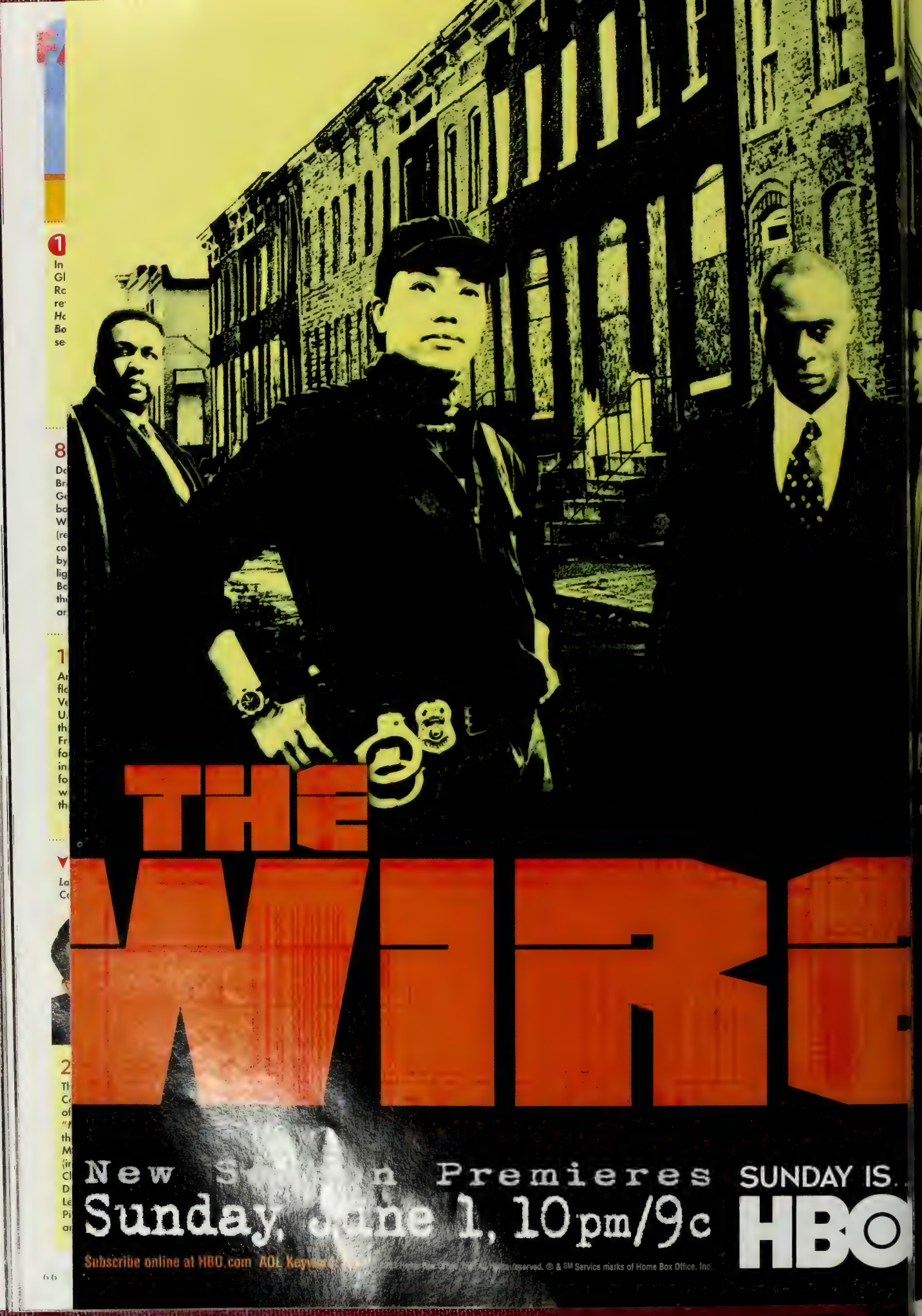
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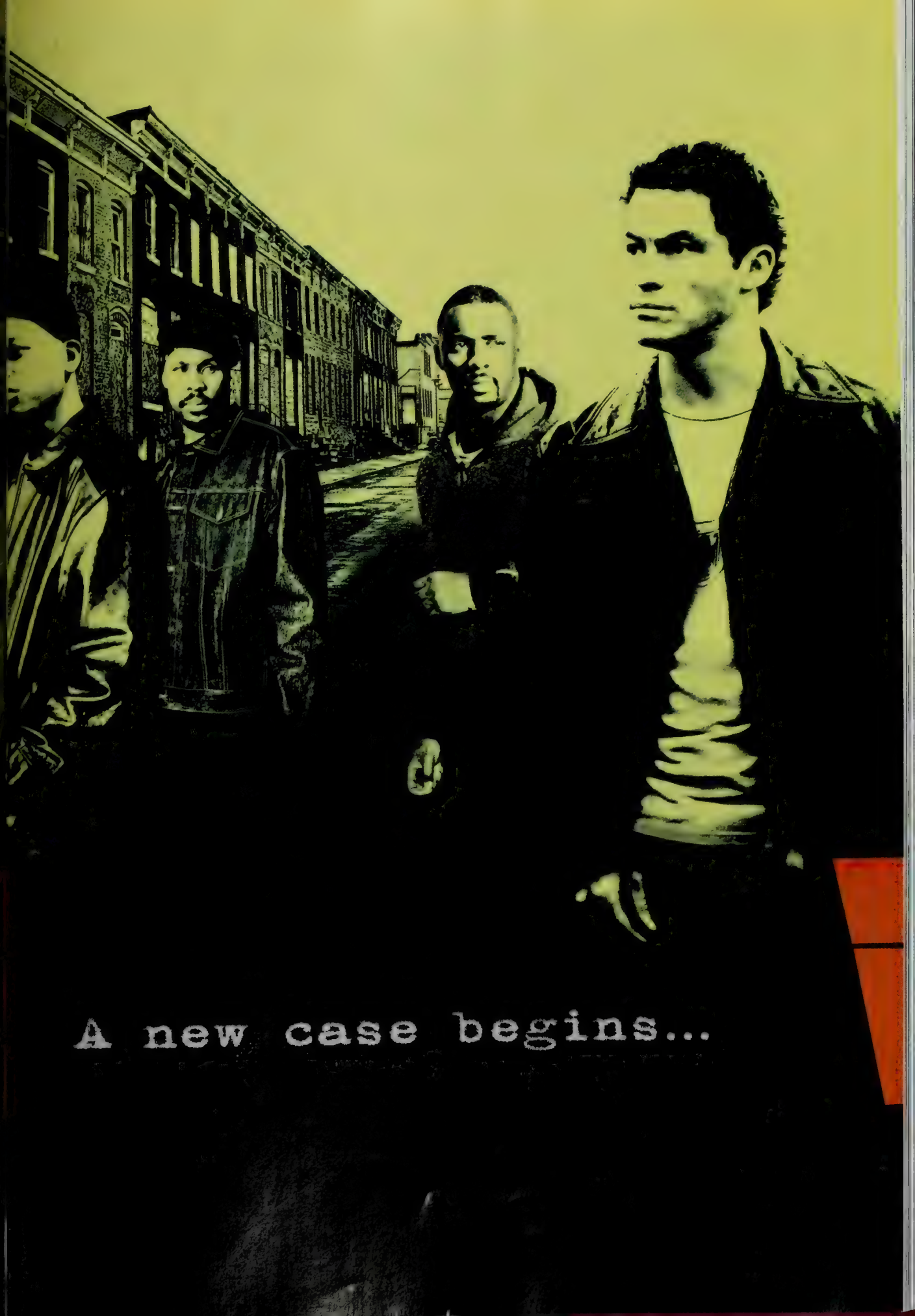
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SNAPSHOTS FROM THE EDGE *Above,* Jesse and Arnold Friedman being led away. *Inset, Capturing the Friedmans* director Andrew Jarecki.

Family Plot

ANDREW JARECKI'S FAMILY PORTRAIT, *CAPTURING THE FRIEDMANS*

The greatest documentaries spring from equal parts hard work and serendipity—and to think that this one, *Capturing the Friedmans,* started out as a film about birthday clowns. **Andrew Jarecki,** a novice feature-film maker (he had previously founded Moviefone), was interviewing **David Friedman,** a man who wears baggy red pants and oversize green glasses to work, when he stumbled onto an indisputably more interesting subject: the accusations of pedophilia against Friedman's father and youngest brother which had stirred up scandal and hysteria on Long Island in the late 1980s. The details of the case strain credibility, as does the fact that David—for reasons he never really articulates, at least on-camera—chose to document the fallout from his father's and brother's arrests on home video. A decade and a half later, he handed Jarecki a real-time record of the story as it happened, from the inside out—the equivalent of **Ken Burns's** getting his mitts on video of **Abraham Lincoln's** war councils. As they say: *Bingo!* The result is that you and I can now pay to sit in on someone else's dinner-table screamfests, in this case a family whose bonds are buckling under the combined weight of impending trials, ostracism, and degrees of guilt. An uncomfortable proposition? At times, and your unease may be compounded by the fact that Jarecki has perhaps gilded his lily by editing it in such a way that events unfold like a series of well-timed plot twists—the **Robert McKee** school of documentary. The result is a movie that is nearly as entertaining, to be honest, as it is disturbing, painful, and profoundly sad. What you make of that is only one of the questions this astonishingly intimate film raises and, to its credit, lets viewers muddle out for themselves. **(Rating: ★★★★)** —BRUCE HANDY

HOT REELS



Trailer of the month: *Prozac Nation.*
Directed by: Erik Skjoldbjærg. **Starring:** Christina Ricci, Jason Biggs, Jessica Lange, Anne Heche.
Coming to a theater near you: June 6.
The case file: Aspiring journalist and Gen X party babe Elizabeth Wurtzel (Ricci) gets into Harvard, gets loaded, and gets laid, then succumbs to a crippling depression that she treats with prescription medications and long, lonesome nights of pretentious journal writing. **I was an Ivy League zombie:** In the finest tradition of collegiate-breakdown films, Wurtzel wakes up groggy from dismal one-night stands, lurches across spinning dance floors, sobs a lot, and fights a catty running battle with her glib mother (Lange). **I'm writing as fast as I can:** Movie repeatedly stops dead for scenes of Wurtzel at her dorm desk, furiously scribbling, accompanied by solemn voice-overs in which Hemingway and, alas, herself. **Is that guy?** In a truly mystifying lapse of judgment, Lou Reed appears in a cameo as Lou Reed.
(Rating: ★★½) —WALTER KIRN

Bodega Days

ALFREDO DE VILLA'S ODE TO A NEIGHBORHOOD, *WASHINGTON HEIGHTS*

New York has always been a tale of two cities, if not more. Nevertheless, it's a tale that is constantly re-invented from generation to generation. And now, with director **Alfredo de Villa's** tribute to one neglected neighborhood (naturalistically shot on digital video), we are introduced to Washington Heights, the largely Dominican section situated among the sloping hills of upper Manhattan. Despite its dingy apartments and garbage piling up like barricades along the streets, it is a thriving neighborhood, tropical and Latino in rhythm, where the bodega is a community center and dominoes the favorite spectator sport. In the deft, touching script by de Villa and **Nat Moss** (with help from acclaimed Dominican fiction writer **Junot Diaz**), the age-old battle of immigrant identity and assimilation is played out between bodega owner Eddie Ramirez (**Tomas Milian**) and his comic-book-artist son, Carlos (**Manny Perez**). After Eddie is crippled in a robbery attempt, Carlos must choose between his downtown dreams and local roots. In the end, to echo another great homage to neighborhood life, you trust he'll do the right thing. After all, how can he deny the place that has been his greatest inspiration? Washington Heights, like a bolero, has seeped into his soul, and it's infectious. **(Rating: ★★★)** —ANDERSON TEPPER

TOP TO BOTTOM BY GEORGE ARGEROLOS, NANCY IARECKI, DOUG CURRAN; JUNE DAVISON



***HEIGHTS* OF FANCY** Tomas Milian as Eddie Ramirez in *Washington Heights.*



ADISON AT 64TH SOUTH COAST PLAZA

FANFAIR



HOT TYPE

ELISSA SCHAPPELL

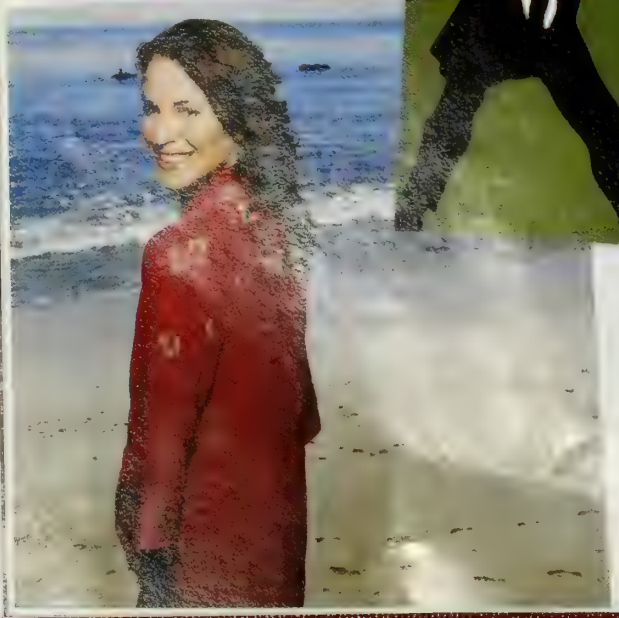
Tell me, do you know the difference between Khomeini and Qaddafi? A Hutu and a Tutsi? **M. L. Rossi** rides to your rescue, spelling out *What Every American Should Know About the Rest of the World* (Plume), and not a moment too soon . . .

Also this month: Three ex-con real-estate moguls set out to restore Harlem to its glory days and take on gentrification by any means necessary in **Mat Johnson's** clever cautionary novel, *Hunting in Harlem* (Bloomsbury). **Maria Flook** looks under rocks in *Invisible Eden* (Broadway), tracking clues about the murder of a fashion writer who fled New York for single motherhood on Cape Cod. Platoon leader turned novelist **James Brady** shows he knows war in *The Marine* (St. Martin's). **Teresa Carpenter** takes us back to *The Miss Stone Affair* (Simon & Schuster) in 1901, when a female missionary became the first American to be taken hostage on foreign soil. **Edward T. O'Donnell's** *Ship Ablaze* (Broadway) commemorates the infamous 1904 sinking of the steamboat *General Slocum*, in which more than 1,000 New Yorkers lost their lives. In *The Last Good Time* (Crown), **Jonathan Van Meter** snaps his fingers and—*ba boom*—it's the swinging heyday of nightclub impresario Skinny D'Amato. The carnally unimpeded antiheroine of **Gigi Levangie Grazer's** novel is a *Maneater* (Simon & Schuster). This Father's Day, scrap the soap on a rope; **David Strah** beats the drum in praise of *Gay Dads* (Tarcher/Putnam). In *The House on Beartown Road* (Random House), **Elizabeth Cohen's** infant daughter is learning the world, while her father, beset by Alzheimer's, is forgetting it. Faced with the sale of his summer house, **George Howe Colt** reminisces about *The Big House* (Scribner), summoning a century's worth of weddings, nervous breakdowns, and love affairs. Fellini's Rome flashes before your eyes in **Karen Pinkus's** *The Montesi Scandal* (University of Chicago). Ingenious children's-book photographer **Valorie Fisher** is back at play with the marvelously peculiar *Ellsworth's Extraordinary Electric Ears* (Atheneum). The history of international design firm *Kartell* (Skirà) is seen through the lens of photographers such as Helmut Newton and Ellen Von Unwerth. **Arthur Kempton's** *Boogaloo* (Pantheon) soulfully charts the lives of "Father of Gospel" Thomas A. Doresy, soul singer Sam Cooke, Motown god Berry Gordy, and funk visionary George Clinton. In **Claire Scovell LaZebnik's** second novel, *Same as It Never Was* (St. Martin's), tragedy lands a jaded U.C.L.A. student with guardianship of her four-year-old sister. The hero of dirty boy **Michel Houellebecq's** new novel, *Platform* (Knopf), is a bureaucrat who promotes sexual tourism in Thailand. From the Arctic to the jungle, British artists *Olly & Suzi* (Abrams) capture crocodiles, leopards, and polar bears on canvas, then invite the animal subjects to sink their teeth into the artwork. **Richard Brookhiser** salutes Gouverneur Morris, the peglegged *Gentleman Revolutionary* (Free Press) who wrote the Constitution. *As of This Writing* (Norton) harnesses the essential essays of literary critic **Clive James.** Rock, rap, reactionaries, and liberals all get a thrashing in **Danny Goldberg's** insightful *Dispatches from the Culture War* (Miramax). Archivist **Lincoln Cushing's** *¡Revolución!* (Chronicle) exhibits the rarely seen poster art of Cuba. *New York Post* "Page Six" reporter **Ian Spiegelman** makes a heated debut with *Everyone's Burning* (Villard). **Charlotte** and **Peter Fiell's** *Scandinavian Design* (Taschen) is packed as tight as herring with design companies and artists from 1900 to the present. Printed on gold-embossed pages, *Les Must de Cartier* (Assouline) comes sheathed in a panther-skin slipcase. *Ten Little Indians* (Grove) track **Sherman Alexie** back into familiar reservation territory.

Tell me, what is the difference between embedded and in bed with?





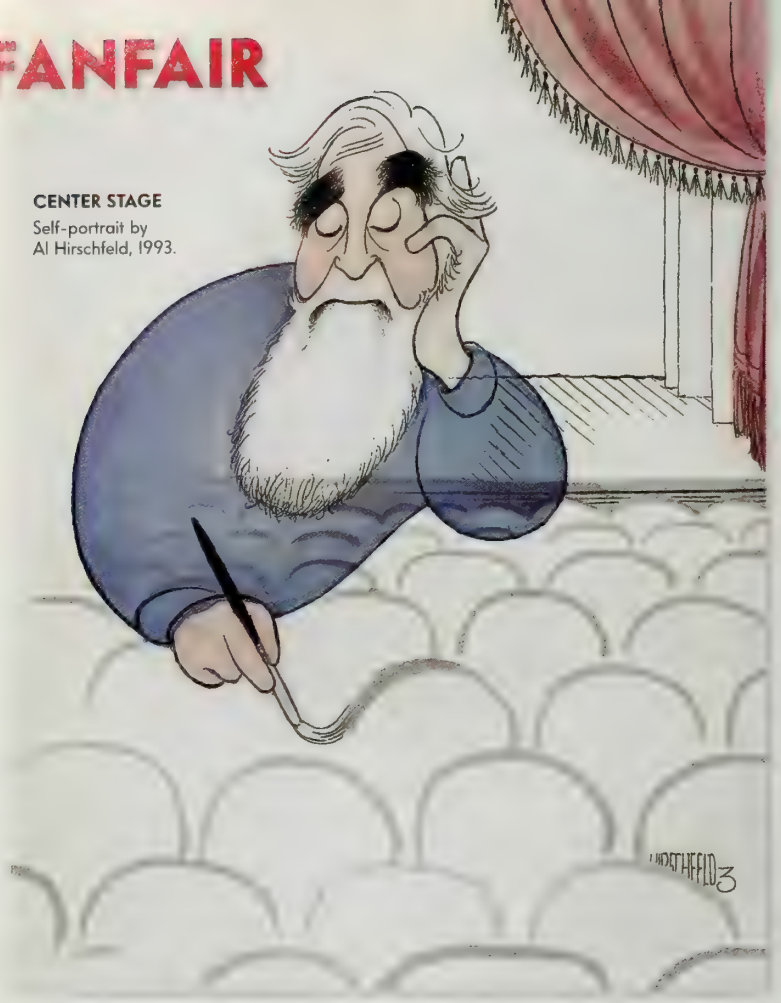




Clockwise from below: Gigi Levangie Grazer; a 1972 National Amateur Baseball Series poster from Cuba; Serge Gainsbourg in the 70s, from *Les Must de Cartier*; a David Ferrua photograph for Kartell; a 1959 Saab, from *Scandinavian Design*.

PHOTOGRAPH, BOTTOM LEFT, BY YARIV MILCHEN.


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CENTER STAGE
Self-portrait by Al Hirschfeld, 1993.

A Very Fine Line

BROADWAY HONORS 100 YEARS OF AL HIRSCHFELD

The legendary caricaturist **Al Hirschfeld** died this past January at the age of 99. His remarkable career spanned the 20th century–some 10,000 portraits. His swooping pen-and-ink drawings–"prancing, skipping, twisting and dancing," in the words of art critic **Michael Kimmelman**–captured four generations of Broadway and Hollywood stars: everybody from **Clint Eastwood, Liza Minnelli, Jane Fonda,** and **Nathan Lane** to **Fred Astaire** and **the Marx Brothers.** Celebrities knew they'd arrived when Hirschfeld drew them.

His drawings appeared mostly on the drama pages of *The New York Times,* but also in many books and other publications, and are in the collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney Museum of American Art, and the Saint Louis Art Museum, in his hometown. What made Hirschfeld's art unique was the wit, tenderness, and realism he brought to each and every sketch, including his self-portraits. He saw himself this way: "A couple of huge eyes and huge mattress of hair. Large eyes with superimposed eyebrows. No forehead. The forehead that you see is just the hair disappearing."

He worked every day from 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. in the studio on the top floor of his New York brownstone, and went to the theater almost every night for more than 75 years. So it is fitting that Hirschfeld be given the ultimate Broadway accolade. On June 23 (which would have been two days after his 100th birthday), the Martin Beck Theatre, on West 45th Street, will be renamed the Al Hirschfeld. Onstage that night will be a celebration–free and open to the public–directed by **Jerry Zaks,** where various show-business greats such as **Whoopi Goldberg** and **Bill Irwin,** schedules permitting, will pay tribute to Hirschfeld.

Connecting the musical numbers will be filmed sequences from *The Line King,* an eloquent, Oscar-nominated documentary about Hirschfeld by **Susan W. Dryfoos.** Every time her camera zooms in on Al capturing a likeness in a few deft strokes, you realize his art was all about the joy and energy of life. —PATRICIA BOSWORTH

Belle of the Beeb

MISHAL HUSAIN TAKES THE STARCH OUT OF THE BBC

When **Mishal Husain** completed "hostile-environment training" as a BBC correspondent, she may not have expected a Washington, D.C., television studio to be one of her war zones, but she holds her ground there each evening, grappling with geopolitics and delivering world events to a war-addled American audience. Whether it's an interview with a policy Clausewitz, or a nuanced, gimmick-free delivery of the latest gory news, Husain provides a pause from the breathless reportage that's defined events in the Gulf and beyond for U.S. viewers.

Husain, a 29-year-old Pakistani Briton who grew up in the United Arab Emirates and in London, is now anchoring a nightly international news broadcast on PBS and BBC America, bringing a uniquely broad worldview to Americans. She speaks in complete and lucid paragraphs without cue cards, studied law at Cambridge, took a master's degree in Italy, and has been cutting a *bella figura* in every American media pile-on that ensues when a story touches a ratings nerve, yet she still bristles when she makes a purchase with her credit card and gets cracks about being related to Saddam.

Since she made her U.S. debut, Husain and her marmalade-voiced news delivery have acquired a cult following here. One besotted viewer wanted to send her flowers, another a picture of his family. Husain's reaction: "I just thought, Why?"

Though she possesses the ingredients–flawless skin, unflappable cool–of an American-style media star, Husain says she wants to present, not be, the news; the idea of becoming the next wind-whipped diva inspires in her a very British cringe.

"Here it's much more about news anchor as celebrity. In the U.K. that would be thought of as show business, not news." Her ambitions in America are, paradoxically, both modest and daunting. She'd like to "carry on the BBC tradition" of grown-up news triage and analysis. While she's at it, she has had to get used to opening fan mail, too. —AMY FINNERTY



NEWS WITH A VIEW
Anchorwoman Mishal Husain.



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100 YEARS

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June 14, 2003
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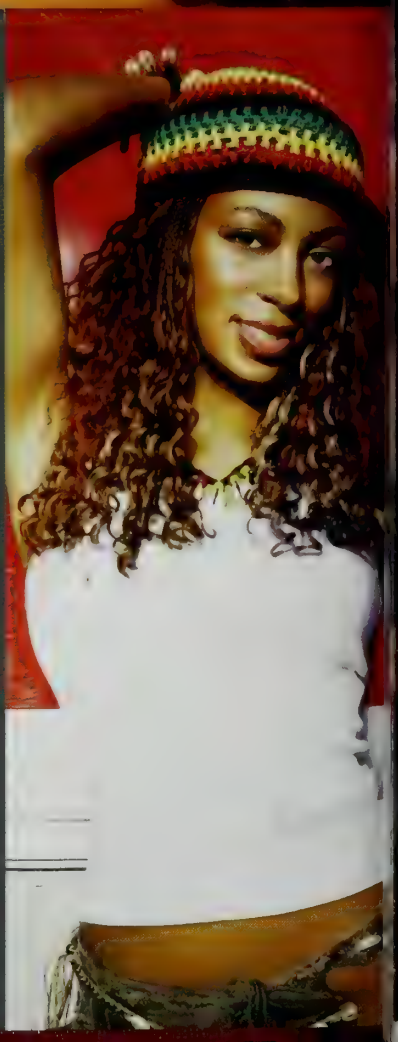
*All appearances subject to change.

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The celebration kicks off on June 12th and continues through June 16th. Visit **www.celebrateford100.com** or call 1-866-4-100-FORD (1-866-410-0367) for the schedule of events and ticket information.











Opposite page, top to bottom: Beyoncé Knowles, Solange Knowles. This page, clockwise from top left: Destiny's Child, Kelly Rowland, Michelle Williams, Play, and Ramiyah.

Ford

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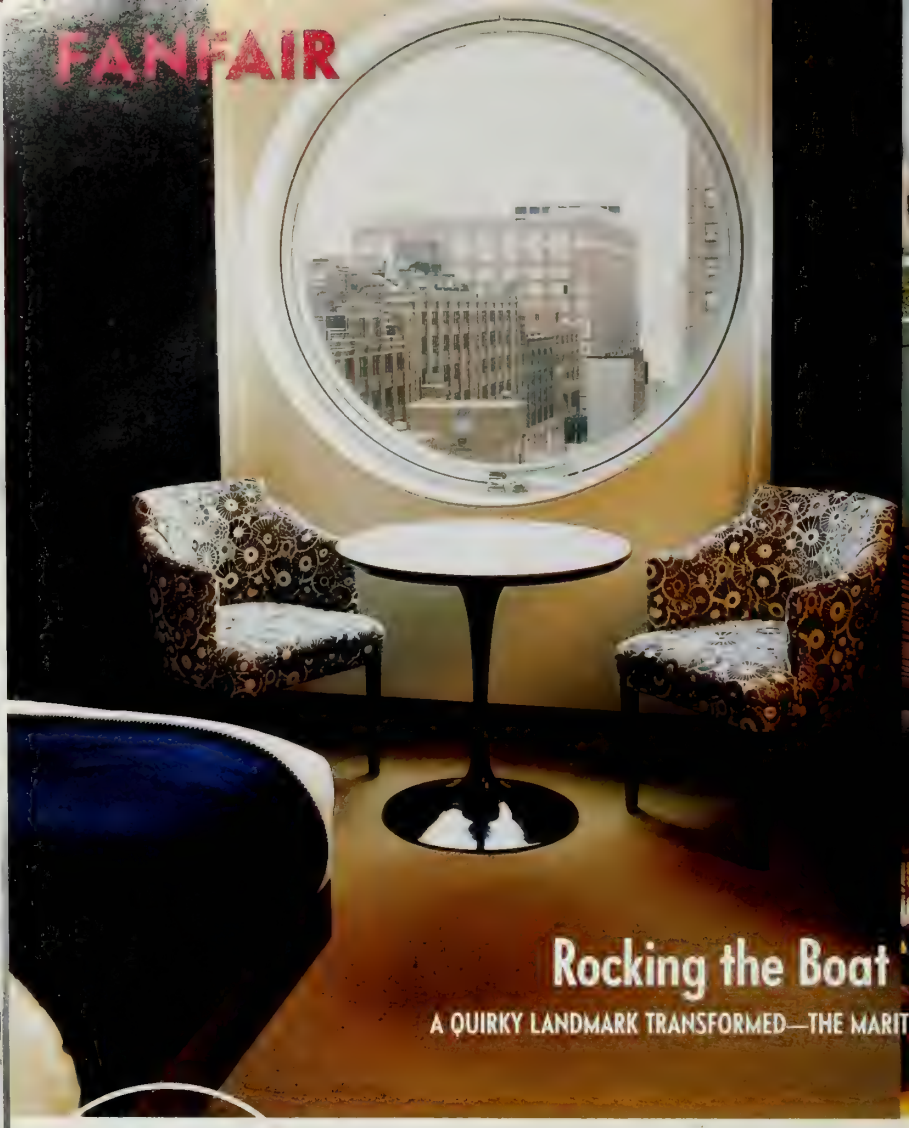


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Rocking the Boat

A QUIRKY LANDMARK TRANSFORMED—THE MARITIME HOTEL

The National Maritime Union building on Ninth Avenue in Manhattan has long attracted sidelong stares. It was built in 1966 as a merchant-marine school, and designed by New Orleans architect **Albert Ledner** with thematic porthole windows. From the street it looks like the side of a tall, white ship. By any standard, it is a bad building—but one you somehow can't take your eyes off of. After the union moved out, Covenant House took over (more sidelong stares); after that, the Chinese government moved in and used the place as a diplomatic dorm. Now, following a $33 million renovation led by **Eric Goode** and **Sean MacPherson,** the club owner–restaurateurs who together created the Park, in New York City, the building has been reborn as the Maritime Hotel—a 124-room boutique establishment which will be a much-needed anchor for the area between the Chelsea gallery zone and the fast-gentrifying Meatpacking District, below 14th Street.

Goode, who started out in the nightclub business (Area, Club MK, the Bowery Bar), and MacPherson, known for his L.A. restaurants (Swingers, Jones, El Carmen), have been living amid the dust of their massive renovation project for months, "working as producer-actor-writers on this project, which has truly been a labor of love," according to Goode. For the rooms, they have gone "against the type of the building," says MacPherson, because "the building is mid-century modern, which has had its day in the sun. The obvious thing to do would have been to go with Saarinen furniture everywhere." Instead, they chose teak paneling and Japanese prints for the rooms, taking inspiration, in part, from a Kyoto-style restaurant they like in SoHo. The hotel itself will have its own, huge Japanese restaurant (housed in the former merchant-marine auditorium), and a Mediterranean restaurant, which will be in an indoor-outdoor garden on Ninth Avenue. While planning the renovation, Goode and MacPherson "went down to Brazil and looked at every **Oscar Niemeyer** building," says Goode. For the new plaza addition, they decided to pay homage to Lever House on Park Avenue. "We want to do something that is honest and indigenous to this building," says Goode. "It should just seem like we dusted it off," which, of course, is far from the truth.

—MATT TYRNAUER



Clockwise from above: the Maritime Hotel façade—all of the [illegible] face west; a room with a porthole window; Sean MacPherson and Eric Goode on the roof; the Japanese restaurant in the former [illegible] marine auditorium.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MATTHEW HRANEK FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE


SKYY
VODKA



SWEET ABANDON
The Bang on a Can All-Stars: from left, David Cossin, Robert Black, Evan Ziporyn, Lisa Moore, Wendy Sutter, and Mark Stewart.

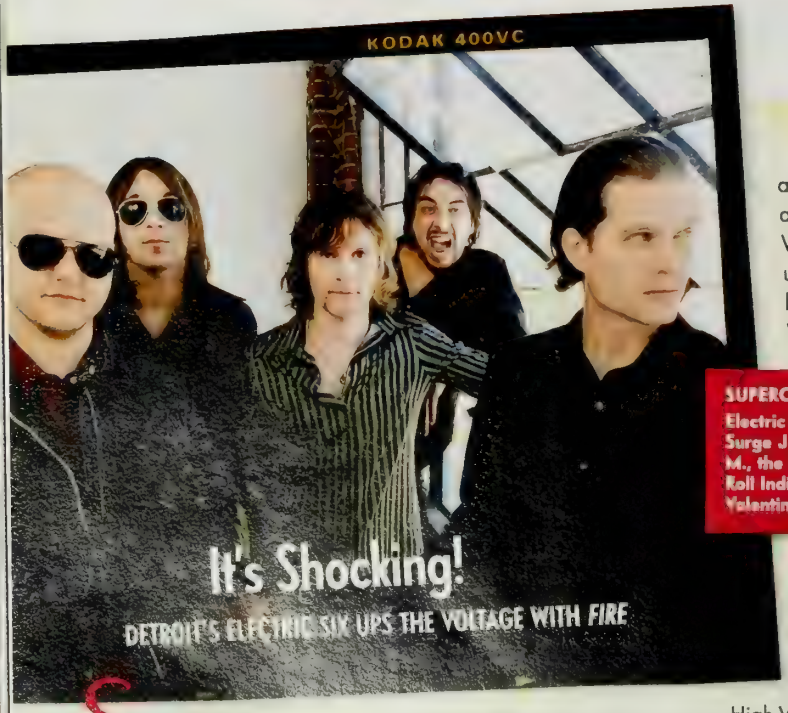
Collective Groove

BANG ON A CAN TURNS 15

Long before they had a cutting-edge record label, and a sleek band-in-residence, and a yearly mega-concert to tie it all together, composers **Julia Wolfe, Michael Gordon,** and **David Lang** had a question: Why did their friends who followed the latest trends in the worlds of visual art, dance, or theater seem so uninterested in contemporary music? Maybe they just needed a point of entry. After all, the New York music scene in the mid-80s was starkly divided between downtown experimentalists and uptown wonks, with each faction concerned mostly with its own devotees. So Wolfe, Gordon, and Lang launched the Bang on a Can collective to break down stale divisions and to present their own original work along with anything else they found explosively innovative, without regard to stylistic pedigree. The curtain went up in 1987 with a sprawling concert at a SoHo gallery, and, over a decade later, Bang on a Can has become an essential force in the promotion of new music. Its "marathon"—imagine Lollapalooza advised by the ghost of **John Cage**—is a free-wheeling parade of the strange, the raucous, and the beautiful that has become a popular annual tradition. This month, the event returns to New York with music by the three founders plus an array of acts ranging from a Balinese shadow-puppet opera to the eloquent soliloquizing of jazz clarinetist **Don Byron.** The atmosphere is informal (Wolfe's brother used to serve beer in the hallway), and audience members may come and go freely throughout the nearly eight-hour show. At its core is the six-piece Bang on a Can All-Stars, an elite band of omnivorous performers with the chops to handle the thorniest avant-garde screed but also the power to crank out a withering sonic blitz. There are other places to hear contemporary music, but it is seldom offered with such a potent blend of intensity, authority, and abandon. —JEREMY EICHLER

WORLD BEAT

The hottest bar in **Rome** is actually Swedish; Il Posto delle Fragole (Via Carlo Botta 51) features live music, Scandinavian platters, and film nights. . . . The place to stay in **Jaipur, India,** is Samode Haveli (Gangapole), once a nobleman's city mansion. . . . In the private salons in **Paris's** Laperouse (51 Quai des Grands Augustins), mistresses test their lovers' diamonds by engraving their names in the gilded mirrors.



SUPERCHARGED
Electric Six: from left, Surge Joebot, Disco M., the Rock and Roll Indian, and Dick Valentine.

It's Shocking!

DETROIT'S ELECTRIC SIX UPS THE VOLTAGE WITH *FIRE*

Even if the worst predictions for the Detroit-based Electric Six come true, the group will at least be able to take pride in having been the first genuine one-hit wonder of the current rock revival. Granted, legions of greasy-haired guitar groups have flitted briefly across the pages of *N.M.E.* in the two years since rock fans began asking themselves, "Is this it?," but Electric Six's tongue-in-cheek answer to that question actually charted: "Danger! High Voltage," a gleefully absurd glam-disco masterpiece featuring unforgettable backing vocals by one **John S. O'Leary** (the band persistently denies that it's really **Jack White** of the White Stripes), debuted at No. 2 on the U.K. pop chart—territory usually reserved for such testaments to British culture as **Robbie Williams** and **Craig David.** The single has succeeded on dance floors as a crowd-pleasing novelty, but also works at home, thanks in part to its disturbingly hilarious video, in which the erogenous zones of singer **Dick Valentine,** a middle-aged female companion, and a stuffed moose light up like lightning bugs in time with the song's titular chorus. "I figure we'll leave it to some other artist to make sensationalist videos," says Valentine, sounding less than sincere. So what's to keep "Danger! High Voltage" from becoming the "Rapper's Delight" of Detroit garage rock? "The one song is kind of an indication of how we sound," Valentine says, "but then again not, because we have a lot of straight-up rockers and then some New Wavey ones too." Sounds promising, but until Electric Six's first official album, *Fire,* hits stores this month, we won't be sure what to believe. —MICHAEL HOGAN

PHOTOGRAPHS TOP, BY NICK RUECHEL; BOTTOM, BY JEFF LIPSKY. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE


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MY STUFF

DYLAN LAUREN



Since opening the Manhattan confectionery and hot spot Dylan's Candy Bar, Dylan Lauren, the youngest child and only daughter of Ralph Lauren, has proven she's got more than a sweet face—she's inherited the family business acumen and good taste. This month, she takes a break from opening Dylan's Candy Bars in Orlando, Houston, and Long Island to let *V.F.* in on a few of her favorite things.

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HOT LOOKS

At the Fourth of July party at the Saint-Tropez beach club La Voile Rouge, the waitresses run past your table in pasties, spraying Veuve Clicquot from magnum bottles. Your force field: **Anthony Logistics for Men's** S.P.F. 15 Sun Spray and Stick. This summer will require serious protection: **Min's** unisex hair products all have UV filters, and all fight hair loss.... **Kiehl's** Vital Sun Protection line is more than 150 years old but still works like new.... **Kanebo** S.P.F. 30 Sundestresser sunscreens don't just protect but also firm skin.... **Darphin's** Protective Shining Oil for hair scares away free radicals (whatever those are).



Sunny Sides Up

SPRAYED, POWDERED, OR SLICKED, EVERYONE LOVES A TAN

If your idea of fun is driving across town to a place called Fantasy Tan, where technicians spray you down with self-tanning cream like a Pontiac Firebird in a new coat of cobalt glitter, then go with God. I'm not coming. The dignified and agoraphobic among us may be under assault this summer, but fear not: proud doth not need mean pale. In addition to the tried-and-true three C's of self-tanning—Clarins, Clinique, and Coppertone—there's a whole new Bronze Age at the beauty counter. Indeed, perusing the latest beauty offerings from Maybelline (Fire Island Color Collection), MAC (Tan Ray collection), and Lancôme (Star Bronzer) might lead one to think that nonbronzy shades had been declared a threat to homeland security under Operation Code Pink. Surprised? Beauty may be skin-deep, but (as any oncologist will tell you) a suntan goes straight to the heart. "I grew up a tanner," recalls **Bobbi Brown.** "I did it all—made a sunbed out of aluminum foil, mixed iodine with bay oil, got sent to the principal's office for chewing gum." Years later, Brown sunblocks with the zeal of the converted, but says that everyone ("unless they look like **Gwyneth Paltrow**") looks not just better but happier with a little sun. Medical evidence aside, the gut reaction is still that people seem healthier when they're tan. "I use self-tanner as medicine," says Brown. "If I wake up and feel lousy, I put a little on and in a half-hour I look fine—ready to roll." No wonder so many smart bronzing products—such as Sisley's Sun Glow Gel—riff on the promise of a wholesome aura. Brown has even taken the concept one step further, basing her new fragrance on the classic smell of Coppertone. If that's not the smell of sun-drenched health, what is? —DAVID COLMAN

BRONZE AGE MAC's Tan Ray collection riffs on Man Ray.

PHOTOGRAPH, TOP, BY MOSES BERKSON. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

There I was face to face with a Malaysian tiger

prawn in garlic and butter sauce.



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JAMES WOLCOTT

ROUND UP THE CATTLE!

While the mainstream media regurgitate an official fantasy of George W. Bush as Gary Cooper, the president's loyal press guard has turned its guns on any threat to that cowboy image, including Helen Thomas, Walter Cronkite, and the BBC. The author exposes the biggest bullies in the herd

Film critic John Simon once pooh-poohed the notion that a West Coast colleague, notorious for the praise he spread like ballpark mustard on the most pedestrian movies, had been "bought" by the Hollywood studios. "Why should they pay for something that they can have for free?" Simon sensibly asked.

The same rhetorical question could be raised regarding the docile performance of the Washington press corps and most of the mainstream media during the overture to the second Gulf War, or what some have christened "Dubya Dubya II." Mark Hertsgaard's scathing account of the fawning press Ronald Reagan enjoyed during his presidency was titled *On Bended Knee.* Since September 11, much of the press has dropped to both knees before George W. Bush to take dictation. A popular, raucous Webzine doesn't hesitate to label such genuflectors as "media whores" (*Media Whores Online,* that is, "the site that set out to bring the media to their knees, but found they were already there"). Yet this colorful insult may do an injustice. If the press has given Bush and his Cabinet a horsey-back ride, it isn't because they're paid submissives. They're not prostitutes, they're pushovers.



COWBOY IN CHIEF President George W. Bush in gunslinger mode.

Even pushovers should show some pride. On March 6, 2003, President Bush held a rare press conference to prepare the country for war against Iraq. It was a solemn, hollow piece of absurdist theater. Members of the press were marched into the room two by two, like schoolchildren on a field trip to the planetarium. Departing from precedent, the president refused to entertain a random volley of questions; instead, he chose reporters from a prepared list, the resulting colloquy so stilted that he couldn't resist blurting out at one embarrassing juncture that the entire evening was "scripted." As Matt Taibbi explained in a damning column in *New York Press,* the White House press corps collaborated in this charade, behaving as if they were being operated by remote control. "In other words," he wrote, "not only were reporters going out of their way to make sure their softballs were pre-approved, but they even went so far as to *act* on Bush's behalf, raising their hands and jockeying in their seats in order to better give the appearance of a spontaneous news conference." Reporters from powerful breakfast papers humbled themselves, *The New York Times*'s David Sanger "meekly sitting his ass back down" (Taibbi) when Bush ignored his question. He ignored a lot of questions that dreamy night, his eyes straying to his cue cards as his mind wandered into the clouds.

Taibbi, convinced he was "witnessing, live, an historic political catastrophe," was as stunned as many of us were to see the pundits and reporters compound their sleepwalk by ignoring the evidence of their eyes and ears afterward, lauding Bush for being calm, stalwart, and (the pet word of the postmortems) "somber." Apart from Taibbi and Tom Shales of *The Washington Post,* no one mustered the candor of Groucho Marx in *Duck Soup,* when he told the courtroom, "Gentlemen, Chicolini here may talk like an idiot and look like an idiot, but don't let that fool you—he really is an idiot." The American press sniffs at the cult of personality that once plastered the walls and billboards of Iraq with portraits of Saddam Hussein while remaining oblivious to the cult of personality that has cowed most of them (two notable exceptions: ABC's Terry Moran and NBC's David Gregory). And "cowed" is


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the word. Bush's cult of personality is based on a rawhide image of masculinity as carefully storyboarded and marketed as an old Marlboro Man campaign. Now that the Marlboro Man has coughed up a lung, Bush has the heroic sunset all to himself.

From the time they first entered the White House, Ronald Reagan's advisers knew that foreign policy was politically treacherous territory for their boss. Years of rash statements . . . had earned Reagan a reputation as a trigger-happy extremist. . . . Defusing the President's cowboy image thus became a top and enduring priority for Reagan's men.

—Mark Hertsgaard, *On Bended Knee.*

Bush and his advisers have gone the opposite route, giving his cowboy image regular infusions of cactus juice. After two terms of Bill Clinton, a voluminous policy wonk and voluptuary who could sweet-talk any topic into submission, it was time for a tough but compassionate hombre in town who spoke plain and shot true. Bush's aging sidekick, Dick Cheney, told Tim Russert on *Meet the Press,* "The notion that the president is a cowboy . . . as a Westerner, I think that's not necessarily a bad idea. I think the fact of the matter is he cuts to the chase. He is very direct and I find that very refreshing." Frequent photo ops of Bush clearing brush from his Ponderosa homestead in Crawford, Texas ("With all the time the president has spent clearing brush," a puzzled Dana Milbank asked in *The Washington Post,* "how is it possible that there is still any brush left on his ranch?"), and his famous comment about bringing Osama bin Laden to frontier justice ("There's an old poster out West, as I recall. It said, WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE") inspired an endless series of editorial cartoons showing a bowlegged president squinting under a 10-gallon hat at some varmint. When it came to evil, he was hell-bent for leather.

The city slickers in the press swallowed this line like largemouth bass. William Schneider, a once respected political analyst who has become an inane poll watcher for CNN, wrote in the *National Journal,* "Talk tough and carry a big stick, but act with prudence. It's Reagan diplomacy with a Bush twist—just right for an Ivy League cowboy." Journalism's poet of the Pecos is Howard Fineman, who yodels from the pages of *Newsweek* and his many pundit appearances on MSNBC. He has been foremost in painting George Bush as the white knight on horseback casting a long, lean shadow down the dusty trail to Baghdad. No sooner had Bush's zombie convention of a press conference ended than Fineman could be heard caroling on *Hardball,* "If he's a cowboy he's the reluctant warrior, he's Shane . . . because he has to protect his family." Fineman, alas, is no scholar of the sagebrush genre. Alan Ladd's repentant gunslinger wasn't protecting his family; he was strapping on the holster to defend the family for whom he worked as a hired hand. He also made it a point of honor never to be the first to draw. It was the bad guys and yellowbellies who went for their guns to get a jump on decent folk. Shane's personal code and Bush's doctrine of pre-emption occupy clashing moral universes.

SHOCKED AND AWED
A few examples of President Bush's expressions, contemplative and otherwise.







Bush responded to a query from Helen Thomas with a Method actor's battery of mannerisms.

President Bush is no more of a genuine cowboy (roping steers, farting by the campfire) than Ronald Reagan was. In fact, he's further removed from reality. Reagan was an actor who played cowboys in movies and became a politician. Bush is a politician who pretends to be a cowboy in order to remind us of Reagan when he was president. Reagan represented Hollywood. Bush represents an imitation of Hollywood, the TV spin-off of the hit movie. His being a double copy—a Warholian fake of a fake—hasn't kept the press from rolling out a red carpet for every Bush production, including the liberation of Iraq. "This is a president who likes his stories upbeat, his plotlines simple and his villains clearly marked," wrote Tamara Lipper and the unavoidable Howard Fineman in *Newsweek* on the eve of "Shock and Awe," a fan letter which promoted the president from actor in chief to Orson Welles *auteur:* star, screenwriter, director, producer. (As real bullets were about to fly, Lipper-Fineman cutely punned that the war plan was Bush's "shooting script.") Read the following paragraph and marvel at what passes for adult journalism in a major newsweekly:

The president loves regular order, especially now. He's been traveling less, which means more time for breakfast and dinner with First Lady Laura. Karen Hughes, his original "mother hen" adviser, is back to vet his speeches. ("You look good in that tie," she told him before his Oval Office speech. "It's very powerful.") Ever the runner, Bush now is fighting age as well as war: he's given up sweets so he can lose weight and improve his treadmill pace. "You don't know what six pounds can do to a running time," he told an aide.

So any famished Iraqis can take solace in knowing that they'll be able to shave valuable minutes off their daily jog, once strength returns to their legs.

In the thick of this lemon-scented tripe is a snapshot of Bush's Heisman Trophy stance in stiff-arming the press: "No fan of the media," he couldn't hide a smirk as the White House pool was hustled into—and quickly out of—a cabinet meeting without being given the chance to ask a question." Suckers! Some luminaries in the corps are unable to conceal their own smirk of condescension toward the poor saps in the White House pool. Washington-watchers such as Fineman, NBC's Andrea Mitchell, and CNBC's Larry Kudlow often nod with admiration at how leakproof, tight-puckered, poker-faced, and closely huddled this adminis-


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tration is, how unswervingly it stays "on message." It doesn't take a graduate degree in mass communication to grasp that all propaganda is based upon a primitive "staying on message," boiling complicated issues down to a bumper-sticker slogan or menacing threat. What was Goebbels's "Big Lie" technique but an infernal application of staying on message? "If Bush has doubts, they're not visible," *Newsweek* intoned on March 31, and a front-page profile in *USA Today* soon after let us know that Bush doesn't want any doubting Thomases or weak Willies around him: "He has a special epithet for members of his own staff who worry aloud. He calls them 'handwringers.'" Jesus on the cross gave way to doubt, but Bush and his prayer circle are made of sterner stuff.

The press in this country has never identified less with the underdog and pandered more to the top pedigrees. The arrogance of the Bush administration is mirrored in the arrogance of the elite media, which preens even as it prostrates itself. TV punditry, with its exclusive skybox view, has genetically modified all political coverage. Bulbous-ego'd cable-news hosts, celebrity reporters, and political operatives posing as experts are far less interested in prying information loose than in popping off with their own stale insights and psychic-hot-line predictions (stale because they all breathe the same rarefied air). Why bother posing questions if you already think you know all the answers? In the past, sage journalists such as Walter Lippmann and James Reston may have been compromised by proximity to power, honoring a gentleman's agreement with those they covered. As the innocuous, meaningless details of the *Newsweek* article typify, White House beat reporters don't come anywhere near hollering distance of the decision-making process; Fineman and company are more like trick-or-treaters, filling their bags with sweets doled out by the help. They're grateful for any trifle.

Under the Nixon administration, nosy reporters and hostile commentators, newspaper editors, and TV producers would get a hot earful over the phone from the White House. The worst offenders—Daniel Schorr, Mary McGrory—landed on a secret "Enemies List." A Nixonian note was struck early in the Bush administration when Press Secretary Ari Fleischer warned a reporter that his question about Jenna Bush's underage-drinking citation "had been noted in the building." Compared with the lashings of distemper that came out of the collective peabrain of Howard Hunt, G. Gordon Liddy, Chuck Colson, and John Mitchell (who once threatened to put Katharine Graham's "tit in a big fat wringer"), however, Fleischer's admonition was Nixon lite, about as fear-inducing as Mel Cooley trying to get the Alan Brady writers to stop horsing around on *The Dick Van Dyke Show.* (Fleischer even resembles a younger Mel Cooley, by which I intend no disrespect to the memory of Richard Deacon.) The truth is that the Bush team doesn't need to nutcrack the press, because they've got so many loudmouths in the media to do the job for them. These journalistic turncoats function as the auxiliary police of the opinion realm, goon squads whose weapons are ridicule, phony indignation, and ostracism. Consider the case of Helen Thomas, outlaw granny.

Since September 11, much of the press has dropped to both knees before George W. Bush to take dictation.

Those of us relegated to sitting in the non-assigned seats at the rear of the cramped room, or to sit in a window sill or stand along the walls were not only seldom recognized from the podium, but were generally ignored and not infrequently the butt of rude jokes and behavior by the press corps "elites." (The uniform exception was Helen Thomas, dean of the press corps, the consummate professional who remains in her front-and-center seat in the press room to this day.)

—Nicholas F. Benton, former White House correspondent (*Falls Church News-Press,* January 16, 2003).

Eighty-two years old, Helen Thomas has been covering White House briefings and presidential press conferences since the heady days of President Kennedy. For nearly 40 years, Thomas was White House correspondent for U.P.I. (resigning in 2000 when it was sold to the Reverend Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church). Aged, frumpy, a bit grumpy, Thomas is a throwback in this telegenic age, an unglamorous reminder of a more civic era. Retired as a correspondent, Thomas writes a column for the Hearst syndicate, but has been allowed to retain her front-row seat at briefings as a matter of courtesy and tradition. If her Casey Stengel tenure has made her a familiar fixture, her persistent, frank questioning has made her a pest to presidents and their minders. (She and Sam Donaldson were Reagan's most dogged inquisitors.) None, however, has expressed his annoyance more nakedly than Bush the Son. In the press conference previous to the one on March 6, he responded to a query from Thomas about the separation of church and state with a Method actor's battery of mannerisms; the camera recorded him staring, twitching, pursing his lips, and at one point nearly crossing his eyes like Anthony Perkins at the end of *Psycho.* When she presumed to interrupt his platitudinous reply, he said with a cobra smile, "I didn't get to finish my answer, in all due respect."

Thomas committed a greater act of blasphemy when she told an interviewer that George Bush was the worst president in American history, a remark she partially recanted, saying it was too early to render a complete verdict since there's always the hope of "redemption." It was too little, too late: her anti-Bush quote had been duly noted in the building, put on her permanent record, and filed with the principal. When Bush held his March 6 press conference, it was payback time. Not only was Thomas denied her customary seat and the opportunity to ask the first question, she was never called upon, period. (Also blackballed was Mike Allen of *The Washington Post,* the second time in a row the *Post* had been blanked for displeasing His Majesty.) The president's petty snub was followed by an ugly pile-on whose purpose was to kick Thomas to the curb permanently, as if she were a bag lady who had slipped past security.

The gang attack was led by loyalists at Fox News, *National Review Online,* and the *New York Post,* who dependably swarm into action at the first head nod from Republican higher-ups. (A Republican National Committee group E-mail singled out Thomas for targeting.) A few days after the comatose press conference, Fox News White House correspondent James Rosen finkily sided with the president against a fellow journalist with a gem of sophistry wrapped in a tissue of sanctimony. Noting that the president sped through 21 questions in under an hour, devoting three minutes to each answer, Rosen ruminated, "Most Americans would be happy to let their president speak for three minutes in response to any question they asked. One can only imagine how many fewer questions would have been asked had he picked on Helen Thomas." Yes, one can only imagine. Fox's Brit Hume was more *ad hominem,* comparing Thomas to "a nutty aunt in the attic" and claiming that the reason Ari Fleischer calls on her during White House briefings is CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

beautiful hair revealed

Make those tresses your trademark and let your real beauty shine through. Celebrity stylist Gad Cohen, champion of individualized looks, assures that beautiful, vibrant hair is easy to achieve. All it takes is a little "asset management." That is, learning to work with what you've got. Here, Cohen weighs in on uncovering the hair you've always wished for, thanks to the weightless moisturizers in **Dove Hair Care.**



Medium to Thick Color-Treated Hair

Gad Cohen stresses the importance of [illegible] that are strong enough to repair the damage but gentle enough to preserve the shade. "You don't even know dry hair until you start coloring it!" Cohen recommends **Dove Moisture Rich Color** shampoo and conditioner. They replenish essential moisture, while protecting and enhancing color's brilliance. Cohen recommends setting hair in rollers while still slightly damp and blowing until dry. Once hair has cooled, remove the rollers from back to front. "Relax the curls and smooth the edges with a round brush for a soft, feminine wave."

"Coloring your hair depletes the moisture. So thin or fine hair gets dried out and starts looking dull." Cohen suggests rehydrating with **Dove Volumizing Color**, which delivers moisture and body simultaneously. It counteracts the drying effects of chemical treatments to help seal in the color and boost shine. Cohen believes that the right cut is critical. "Long, subtle layers give your hair a finished look without cutting away the bulk." Revive lifeless locks by blowing hair upside-down. "Keep the nozzle aimed downward behind the brush so hair dries silky smooth with a lift at the roots."

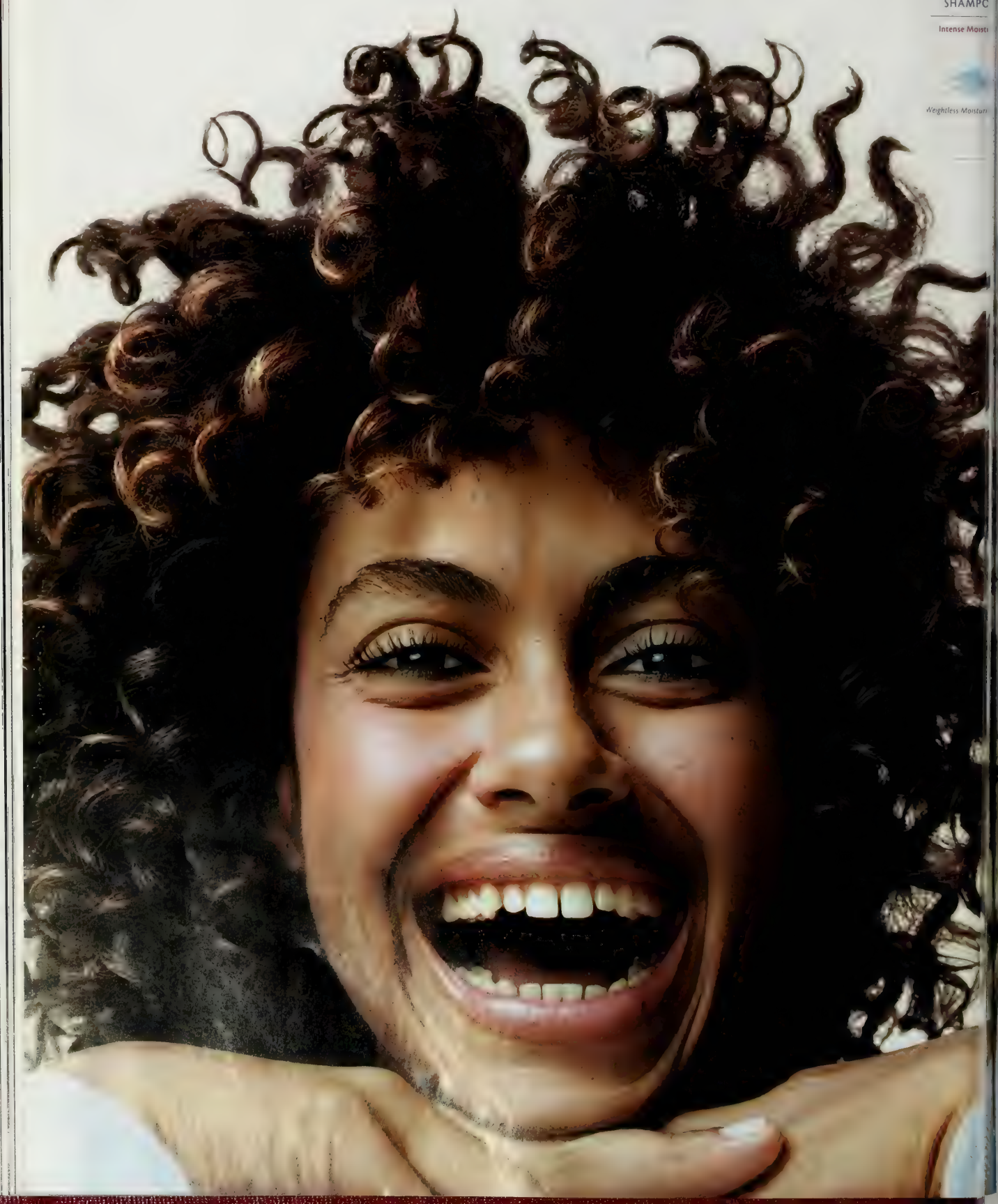


Normal to Oily Hair

"Normal to oily hair usually needs to be washed every day to look fresh. But daily shampooing can leave hair looking dried out and limp." Cohen urges women to find a product that delivers the right balance of hydration and fullness. **Dove Beautifully Clean** shampoo uses weightless moisturizers to restore hair's natural vibrance. It cleans and detangles without sacrificing volume. Cohen also brings out body by playing up hair's natural waves. While still damp, clip individual waves in place and dry with a diffuser to avoid frizz. Once hair has cooled, undo clips and run fingers through the roots. "This gives you a long-lasting style that's infused with life and movement."



People always want to know Cohen's secret for controlling coarse, unruly tresses. "Intense moisturization—that's the key. I hydrate my clients' damaged hair with **Dove Intense Moisture** shampoo and conditioner." They replenish hair's natural moisture and restore softness and shine. Cohen suggests combing out hair in the shower and then squeezing out any excess water. He cautions against anything that will ruffle hair's outer layer and open up the curl. "Brushing, towel-drying—these things end up making your hair look frizzy. If you can't let your hair air-dry, use a diffuser. It produces heat without the wind for silky, bouncy curls."



"A lot of people blame conditioner for their fine, flat hair. But often the right moisture balance is just what it's lacking." Cohen revitalizes dull locks with **Dove Extra Volume** shampoo and conditioner. They hydrate just enough to revitalize fine hair and add body without weighing it down. Cohen recommends using a curling iron on dry hair to add even more fullness. "Unwind each section, reshape the curl and pin it at the root until it cools. Remove the clips, shake out your hair and run your fingers through it to give it more life."



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- Two nights at a four-star hotel and round-trip airfare for two

To enter, select two (2) old photos showcasing your "hair past"—those trend-obsessed tresses of yesteryear—and one (1) that features the reality-based style of your "hair present." Submit your three clearly marked photos, along with your name, address, phone number and age, online at **www.style.com/dove** or by mail to:

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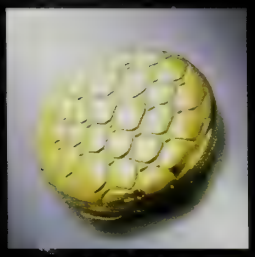
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Who says moisture and body can't coexist in your hair? Dove has developed an innovative line of shampoos and conditioners that infuse each strand with weightless moisturizers and hydrate without sacrificing volume. **Dove Hair Care** breaks the cycle of unmanageable tresses, correcting common moisture imbalances and replenishing dull, lifeless locks. The result is soft, smooth, naturally vibrant hair that looks great—every day.

Ready to take a trip down memory lane? Log on to **www.style.com/dove** to read about five women's hair care follies on their quests to find hair happiness. While you're there, take a quiz to determine what your hair care routine says about you and get tips on how to reveal your hair's real beauty. Plus, enter the Beautiful Hair Revealed Contest (described above).



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90 that her questions are so "outrageous and over the top" that it creates a sympathetic backlash in favor of the administration. In his *New York Post* column, written between donuts, John Podhoretz bragged about roiling a panel discussion by slagging Thomas—"the ancient White House pseudo-reporter"—as a has-been who ought to be carted "to an old-age home." *New York Post* colleague Michelle Malkin, beating a tight deadline before her next pedicure, climbed in with her own column to chide, "Shame, shame, shame on Helen Thomas."

Why such a major to-do over such a minor nuisance? If Helen Thomas is really the useful foil Hume contends she is, why not just plop her in the front row of Bush's next recital and let him tee off on her?—deflect her pesky question with a Reaganesque sigh, a head tilt, and a pithy, rehearsed catchphrase that would bury her under a roomful of chuckles? I'll tell you why. Because to a bully it feels better to punish someone than to finesse them. At the radical core of modern conservatism burns a dictatorial lust to lash out at any deviator who doesn't attend choir practice. Either sing our hymn or zip your lips. Even those senior statesmen of journalism who have retired aren't spared this partisan vigilantism.

[Walter Cronkite] believes the agendas of other countries should be considered when making decisions about the defense of Americans, even when those agendas are based on greed and petty politics. I strongly disagree.

—Bill O'Reilly (the *Daily News*, March 24, 2003).

What was Goebbels's "Big Lie" technique but an infernal application of staying on message?

"A war against Iraq is not only morally wrong, it will be an unmitigated disaster"? Sorry, no, I disagree.

—"Point-Counterpoint: The War on Iraq" (*The Onion*, March 27, 2003).

The 86-year-old Walter Cronkite, who left the anchor chair of the *CBS Evening News* in 1981, had the temerity to make a speech at Drew University this March deploring the arrogance of the Bush administration's foreign policy and urging a more conciliatory, multilateral approach. Well, you simply don't get away with that sort of sane, wise nonsense these days without it sticking up someone's nose, and it went straight into Bill O'Reilly's dragon nostril. In his weekly column, written between soulful examinations of his fan mail, the host of Fox News's *O'Reilly Factor* and his own radio gabfest labeled Cronkite an "internationalist," a nasty term in Bushistan. "Call me a jingoist," wrote O'Reilly (O.K., you're a jingoist), "but your family's security is more important to me than German Chancellor Gerhard Schroeder's political career." Nice touch, that "your family"—as if O'Reilly weren't concerned with his own family's security but is selflessly looking out for ours (unlike Cronkite, who doesn't care if we all die). He wasn't content to excoriate Cronkite as a namby-pamby sauerkraut-lover, but sought to blacken his broadcasting legacy as worst he could.

Some background. On February 27, 1968, Cronkite told CBS viewers that the American military campaign in Vietnam was "mired in stalemate": "To say that we are close to victory today is to believe, in the face of the evidence, the optimists who have been wrong in the past." Cronkite's dire summation was a kidney punch to President Johnson, who understood that the cause was now lost:

(wallet-sized photos available upon request.)



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"If I've lost Cronkite," he was quoted as saying, "I've lost middle America." Not since Cronkite's CBS mentor and colleague Edward R. Murrow lifted Senator Joe McCarthy by the skunk tail for public inspection had one TV broadcast reflected such a fateful climate change in public opinion.

Clearing his throat loud enough to scatter geese, O'Reilly begs to differ. With immaculate hindsight, he argues that we shouldn't give "Uncle Walter," as he calls him, undue credit. "The truth is that Cronkite said little while the Vietnam War raged out of control in the 1960s.... His conversion came very late in that deadly game." Ah, the things that seep out from the radioactive landfill of O'Reilly's no-spin zone. First off, unlike the ayatollah of Al Foxeera, Cronkite was a nightly-news anchor who rarely editorialized (that was Eric Sevareid's sententious task); his "conversion" came from leaving the anchor desk and seeing with his own eyes in Vietnam that the war was unwinnable. The implication that by not speaking up sooner "in that deadly game" Cronkite was somehow culpable for thousands of lives lost is rich coming from O'Reilly. Where, pray tell, was he when the war was raging? On a student deferment, like so many of his fellow chickenhawks. He played football and worked for the school paper at Marist College, spent his junior year at the University of London in 1969–70, then returned to Marist to rejoin the grid squad. Which is not to say Vietnam didn't haunt him too. "In the early 90s," he wrote recently, "I decided to go to Vietnam myself to have a look around," thereby arriving in country a mere quarter-century or so after Cronkite.

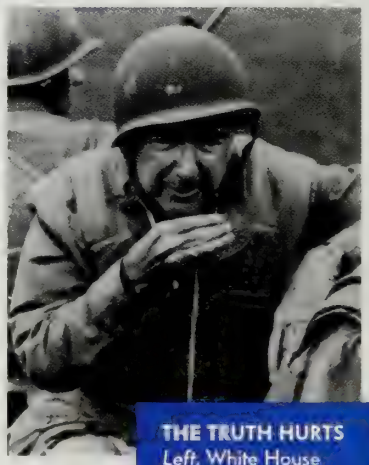
Mopping up domestic opposition is only part of the mission of the American media's Elite Republican Guard. Cunning enemies from afar, too, are trying to mess with our minds and confuse Kmart shoppers with words and images quarantined by our own press. During Dubya Dubya II, I spent hours glued to BBC World Service through the technological wonder of satellite radio. Uncluttered by commercials, promos, martial theme music, pointless banter at the anchor desk, and the flying shrapnel of quick-cut montages to which most TV is addicted, BBC World Service is a sonic beacon, its fast-breaking coverage fortified with valuable input from scholars, historians, and military analysts (usually far more pungent and precise than the retired officers employed by American networks). The increased penetration of BBC radio and TV news, carried here on a number of NPR and PBS stations, has been met with fierce resistance from writer and blogger Andrew Sullivan.

A former redcoat, the British-born, Oxford-educated, gay, Tory Catholic has become as zealous as the late Roy Cohn in sniffing out subversives wherever he finds them, which is usually wherever he points his nose. Before the war against Iraq began, Sullivan warned of enemies within who would stop at no metaphor or flaming-baton trick to undermine American resolve and values. He flung the highly charged phrase "Fifth Column" at suspected traitors, fellow travelers, and wormy professors who always blame America first—you know, the usual suspects. To Yankee Doodle Andy, the BBC has emerged as the chief propaganda arm of the enemy without, the "Tokyo Rose" of the desert war, whose initials now stand for Baghdad Broadcasting Corporation. As the indispensable Bob Somerby on the watchdog Web site Daily Howler has documented, at least one of Sullivan's examples of BBC bias is incorrect or an outright fib. When facts are faulty, escalate the rhetoric. On March 26, Sullivan wrote in his daily blog:

Remember one of the key elements, we're finding out, in this battle is the willingness of the Iraqi people to stand up to the Saddamite remnants.... What the BBC is able to do, by broadcasting directly to these people, is to keep the Iraqi people's morale as far down as possible, thereby helping to make the war more bloody, thereby helping discredit it in retrospect. If you assume that almost all these reporters and editors are anti-war, this BBC strategy makes sense. They're a military player. And they are objectively pro-Saddam.

O'Reilly labeled Cronkite an "internationalist," a nasty term in Bushistan.





THE TRUTH HURTS *Left,* White House correspondent Helen Thomas, circa 1960. *Right,* CBS anchorman Walter Cronkite reports from Vietnam in 1968.

It is this kind of writing and reasoning that confirms the prudence of Howell Raines's decision to punt Sullivan's saucy butt out of the pages of *The New York Times Magazine.* Understand the import of what he is alleging. The former editor of *The New Republic* is accusing the BBC of having slanted the war from the gloomiest angle in a deliberate ploy to prolong the conflict, boost the casualty toll, and undercut the coalition. "Objectively pro-Saddam" (ironic seeing the sort of dishonest formulation that Orwell deplored spouted by an avowed Orwell devotee like Sullivan), the BBC intentionally discouraged Iraqis from opposing the fedayeen in order to advance its own anti-American agenda. If the BBC is a "military player" assisting coalition foes, why not bomb its control center at Bush House in London? Didn't American jets fire missiles into Iraqi TV offices in Baghdad? A selection of prominent American journalists countenanced the raid, some wondering why it hadn't happened sooner, never mind that it violated the Geneva Convention the U.S. professes to care about when it suits our interests. Nor was there any outcry apart from CBS MarketWatch when financial reporters from Al Jazeera were evicted from the New York Stock Exchange presumably in retaliation for the airing of American P.O.W. footage on their network. The apparent targeting of Al Jazeera's offices in Baghdad, which resulted in the death of correspondent Tariq Ayoub, and the disputed attack on the Palestine Hotel, which took the lives of two journalists, roused far greater outrage in the international media than they did here. But why expect American journalists to stand up for foreign broadcasters when they don't stand up for themselves or their own colleagues at home? They don't stand up to anybody in authority.

Their knees must be locked. □


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Guilty Pleasures

Against a wartime backdrop, Hollywood's Oscarfest had a surreal edge. The author couldn't help enjoying it, though, whether he was getting Barbra Streisand's political views, cheering the winners at the *V.F.* party with pregnant Wendi Deng (Mrs. Rupert Murdoch), or patching things up with Liz Taylor



RIDING HIGH The [illegible]ist, on his trip to the West Coast, was photographed in a 1958 Rolls-Royce in Beverly Hills on March 10, 2003.

It seemed almost obscene, on the second day of the war with Iraq, to be flying to Los Angeles for five days of nonstop festivities having to do with the Academy Awards and the *Vanity Fair* Oscar party, which for years has been the place to be seen on that night of Hollywood nights. I arrived at J.F.K. two hours ahead of time to deal with the crowds of people I expected to find fleeing New York and the threat of terrorist attacks. No such thing. The airport was virtually empty, although there were a lot of soldiers in camouflage uniforms carrying guns. I did not have to wait in line at the screening machines or have a body search, and my flight was half empty. It left New York and arrived at LAX exactly on schedule, and there was a car and driver to take me to the Beverly Hills Hotel, which I think of as my home away from home when I'm on the West Coast.

Let me say right up at the top that I felt slightly guilty all the while I was there having a good time. It was a peculiar mix of emotions to be watching the war on CNN, MSNBC, and Fox News while changing clothes to go on to the next party. At one point I got so upset with myself that I took off my black tie and dinner jacket and put on a long tie and dark suit, as if that might help the war effort in some small way. As every Hollywood person knows, Academy Awards week is the biggest week of the year, more festive than any holiday season. Right up until airtime this year, the awards ceremony was in danger of being canceled, but somehow that gave an exciting edge to the proceedings—like dancing on the *Titanic*. I'm sure the whole crowd at the ceremony felt the strangeness in the air, but they all managed to look wonderful at the same time.

This diary is going to be one long name-drop, but name-dropping is in my blood, and I'm not the least bit embarrassed about it. The restaurants were packed to the rafters. Spago and Mr. Chow were as glamorous as ever, and the Polo Lounge is hot again. The best place to stare at famous people, however, is the coffee-shop counter at the Beverly Hills Hotel, where Ruth Silungan, who knows everybody in town, runs the show, making juice, pouring coffee, taking orders, and still finding time to chat. "That's Dylan Douglas, Michael Douglas and Catherine Zeta-Jones's two-and-a-half-year-old son," she said, pointing to a cute little guy sitting on a stool eating a waffle and talking a mile a minute to his nanny. Wherever you were, whether it was in Betsy Bloomingdale's beautiful dining room, with all that silver and crystal and candlelight, or at superagent Ed Limato's yearly celebrity-filled party at his Beverly Hills mansion, where George Raft and Betty Grable carried on their famous affair back in the 40s, people were talking movies only about half of the time. One minute Barbra Streisand was telling me that Halliburton, the firm of which Vice President Richard Cheney used to be chief executive, must not be allowed to get the contract to rebuild Baghdad. The next, Ben Affleck was introducing me to Jennifer Lopez, both of them looking so comfortable in their extraordinary fame that even other famous people were staring at them. At a small lunch that Nancy Reagan gave at the Hotel Bel-Air, I met Rob Marshall, who had directed *Chicago*, his first movie, so terrifically. When he left, he said he was going to rehearse Catherine Zeta-Jones and Queen Latifah for the number they would sing together at the awards ceremony.

Barry Diller and Diane Von Furstenberg gave an elegant picnic lunch at their house, with Oriental rugs strewn all over the enormous lawn and beautiful people of all ages moving about,


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drinking, gossiping, hugging, kissing, talking war, talking movies. One of the most beautiful women in Hollywood asked me if I would introduce her to detective Mark Fuhrman sometime, and I said sure. Warren Beatty looked great. I talked to Michael Eisner, the head of Disney, about Barbara Walters's insightful interview with Robert Blake, which had gotten me interested in covering the star's trial. When it was time to eat lunch, Wendy Stark and I sat with Barry Humphries, who is better known as Dame Edna, and his wife, my friend Lizzie Spender, the daughter of the late British poet Stephen Spender. One of the prettiest women in the large crowd that day was my ex-daughter-in-law, the actress-model Carey Lowell, who is now Mrs. Richard Gere. Carey was there with my granddaughter Hannah Dunne, who at 13 looked right at home in that fancy international setting. I could go on and on. Anyway, it was like that for several days.

As a voting member of the Academy, I'm happy to say that I voted for all four of the actors who won: Nicole Kidman, Adrien Brody, Catherine Zeta-Jones, and Chris Cooper. Minus the red carpet and the fashion-and-jewelry show that has dominated the awards for years, the program went on in a dignified style under the capable aegis of host Steve Martin, who has class, wit, and brains. After Michael Moore, who won for best documentary, turned his acceptance speech into an anti-war rant—"Shame on you, Mr. Bush," he said to cheers and boos—Martin came up with the funniest line of the night, which had to be an ad-lib since it could not have been scripted: "It is so lovely backstage. The Teamsters are helping Michael Moore into the trunk of his limo." I watched the ceremony at the *Vanity Fair* dinner preceding the Oscar party, in a dramatically decorated Mortons restaurant, seated between Mrs. Rupert Murdoch, the wife of the media baron, who goes by her maiden name, Wendi Deng, and is pregnant with their second child, and Mrs. Ahmet Ertegun, the wife of the record czar, who is prominently known in decorating circles as Mica Ertegun. Like me, the two women are both ardent movie fans, and they followed the awards closely on the big TV screens mounted all around the room. There were so many wonderful moments this year, among them Sean Connery saying simply "Catherine," in a tender voice, when he announced Catherine Zeta-Jones as the winner for best supporting actress; the elegant speech Peter O'Toole made accepting an honorary Oscar for an outstanding career in movies; and father and son Kirk and Michael Douglas simultaneously announcing *Chicago* as best picture. I was delighted by the sheer elegance of Olivia de Havilland, who lives in Paris. She brought to mind an era when she was one of Hollywood's greatest actresses. Her Academy Award–winning sister, Joan Fontaine, with whom she has maintained a lifelong rivalry, did not attend.

For me, the high point of the evening was the surprise win in the best-actor category of the relatively unknown Adrien Brody for *The Pianist,* presented by last year's best actress, Halle Berry. It is rare, in our sophisticated world, to witness total, utter, unfalsified joy, as we did watching the young actor experience what must have been the greatest moment of his life. I loved it when he took the gorgeous Halle Berry in his arms and gave her a Rudolph Valentino–style, bend-over-backward kiss. I thought Berry was a very good sport about his unexpected show of passion, but I later read in the tabloids that she wasn't thrilled with the tongue job and said Brody wouldn't have done it if Meryl Streep had been the one handing him his Oscar. No matter: it was a wonderful moment, which will undoubtedly be replayed in Oscar ceremonies for years to come.

I was quoted in the *Los Angeles Times* as saying that everyone ends up at the *Vanity Fair* party, and indeed they do. When Nicole Kidman, with her best-actress Oscar in hand, walked into the party, looking exactly the way a great star should look, the crowd cheered her. Edward Norton came up and introduced me to Salma Hayek, who was nominated for her performance in *Frida,* which she fought to get made. I had a great time with Megan Mullally of *Will & Grace,* who is my candidate for funniest woman on television. I see her only once a year, at the *Vanity Fair* party, but we pick right up from the year before. I met Buzz Aldrin, the astronaut, and his wife, Lois, who said she would like me to write a book about the late Ricky and Sandra Portanova, of Houston and Acapulco, which is a fascinating story, with their almost simultaneous deaths three years ago, but I told her I was already overcommitted. In one corner of the party, Robert Evans and Jeff Berg, the best friend and longtime agent, respectively, of Roman Polanski, tried to get through to him in Paris to congratulate him on his win as best director, but Polanski was not in his apartment. He had taken a suite at the Plaza Athénée, across the street, in order to watch the show with his wife and friends.

I haven't seen anyone get a drink in the face for a long time.



THE KISS
After getting his award for best actor, Adrien Brody stunned the audience by giving the presenter, Halle Berry, an openmouthed, Rudolph Valentino–style kiss.

No party, regardless of how many stars there are to stare at, is memorable without an incident that becomes the talk of the town the next day. Such an incident occurred at our party, when Ed Limato threw a drink in the face of Richard Johnson, the gossip columnist for "Page Six" in the *New York Post,* which is occasionally mean-spirited, especially about Hollywood people. Johnson had written that Limato's annual Oscar party, to which the columnist had not been invited, would be boycotted because of the movie Limato's client Mel Gibson was producing, a film called *The Passion,* about the role the Jews played in the Crucifixion of Jesus. A powerhouse Hollywood agent and a powerhouse New York gossip columnist venting their mutual hatred at a dressy party was a sight I hate to have missed, but I happened to be looking in another direction at that moment. I haven't seen anyone get a drink in the face for a long time. It must have been humiliating. It reminds me of the time back in the 60s when Frank Sinatra paid a waiter to slug me in a nightclub called the Daisy. I remember that everyone was looking, and that I wanted to die, I was so embarrassed. At least it wasn't red wine that Limato threw at Johnson; it was a martini, and observers said that the olive bounced off Johnson's nose. I was surprised that Johnson made no mention of the incident the following day on "Page Six," where there was lengthy coverage of the night's festivities. It was definitely the top gossip item among people I talked to,

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and Johnson certainly would have written about it if it had happened to anyone but him.

I had brunch the day of the awards with three reporter friends from the Menendez and Simpson trials: Linda Deutsch, the doyenne of the Associated Press; Mary Jane Stevenson, of Court TV; and Shoreen Maghame, who at the time of the trials was reporting for ABC. We had a grand reunion. My Hollywood experience ended with a very welcome reconciliation telephone call with Elizabeth Taylor. We've been sort of on the outs since she turned down an introduction she had asked me to write for her recent book about her jewel collection. She told me that she hadn't actually read my introduction, which I had thought was great and assumed she would love. I once spent the better part of a year with Elizabeth, when she was married to Richard Burton and we were shooting a film called *Ash Wednesday* in Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy. She said that her publicist had rejected my introduction because there was a story about dog shit in it. I told her that that was true, but that the story was teasing and loving. It was about being as famous as she and Richard then were, like royalty. Maybe I'll use it sometime in the future. We ended up saying that we would get together when I return to L.A. to cover the Robert Blake trial.

My five days in Hollywood were a blissful recess from my lawsuit with former congressman Gary Condit and the efforts of Robert Kennedy Jr. to convince the world that I was responsible for the trial and imprisonment of Michael Skakel. There was a long piece in *The New York Observer* about Kennedy's fight to undo the injustice suffered by his cousin; in the last paragraph the author of the article, Philip Weiss, said that Kennedy was a friend of the editor of the paper. On April 16, both NBC's *Dateline* and CBS's *48 Hours* took up the Skakel case, with the latter devoting a full hour to it. Robert Kennedy Jr. appeared on both to dispute the guilty verdict. (I was mentioned briefly on the CBS show.) I'm ready to call this overkill, the Kennedy machine at work. Some nice younger brothers of Michael Skakel participated, but Stephen was only nine at the time of the murder, and it's just not enough for any of them to say, "I know my brother didn't do it." The two Skakels who really count in this case did not appear on either show: neither Julie, the older sister, who was very much a part of the events of the night Martha Moxley was killed, as well as a witness at the trial, nor Tommy, the longtime prime suspect, who changed the story he had told to the police right after the murder when he spoke to the private detective agency his father hired to try to shift the blame to Ken Littleton, the tutor in the house on the night of the murder. Tommy Skakel, who was not called as a witness in the trial although he was the last person to be seen with Martha Moxley, is the brother to whom Kennedy has said I owe an apology. If you change your story during a murder investigation, it means either that you lied in the first interview or you lied in the later one. I don't think people who lie in a murder investigation deserve an apology. What would have been interesting in these TV shows would have been to hear what the jurors had to say about the verdict they delivered and how they arrived at it, but no jurors were interviewed.

Shortly after I got back to New York, I was walking into the premiere of *Phone Booth,* which stars Colin Farrell and was directed by my friend Joel Schumacher, when a television reporter asked me on-camera to make a comment about the embedded journalists covering the war in Iraq. I said how much I admired those journalists, several of whom I know. I singled out David Bloom's incredible you-are-there coverage for NBC. David was always a great reporter. We became friends during the O. J. Simpson civil trial. He was great fun to hang out with, and he kept a group of us in constant hysterics. He loved his NBC cohorts Tom Brokaw and Brian Williams and told wonderful stories about them. He used to show me pictures of his twin daughters, and after our time in L.A. he and his wife, Melanie, had another daughter. He went on to become a White House correspondent, the host of the weekend *Today* show, and a star embedded journalist on the front lines in the Middle East. I love watching young reporters I meet at trials go up the ladder. The last time I saw David was at a White House Correspondents' Dinner, where we had an O.J. chuckle together. I cried when I heard on the Sunday-morning news on April 6 that he had died the night before in Iraq of an embolism. He was 39. That's young to me, but when you're keeping up with 18- and 20-year-old soldiers and Marines, it's not so young.

Brokaw said David was the Ernie Pyle of his generation.



HEROIC REPORTER
NBC News correspondent David Bloom was traveling with the U.S. troops to cover the war in Iraq when he died of a pulmonary embolism on April 6.

David had a magnificent funeral at St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue in New York. A head of state couldn't have gotten a better send-off. I never saw so many priests on one altar. Being a Catholic, I can say that the service was as High Church as you could get, starting with Cardinal Edward Egan himself saying the Mass, in the presence of Governor George Pataki and former mayor Rudolph Giuliani, as well as every face you've ever seen on NBC News, including Brian Williams, Andrea Mitchell, Katie Couric, Matt Lauer, Tim Russert, Lisa Myers, Jane Pauley, Chris Matthews, and Chip Reid, who was himself just back from the front in Iraq. Incense filled the air. The all-white flowers were perfect, the music triumphant. When David's widow, Melanie, with her three little girls, twins Nicole and Christine, nine, and Ava, three, clinging to her, walked up the aisle, it was a heartbreaking sight. I had never known that David was deeply spiritual, but the service made clear that God was very much a presence in his life. Born a Methodist, he had converted to Catholicism at the time of his marriage. Tom Brokaw said in his eulogy that David was the Ernie Pyle of his generation, that he transformed television war reporting. I wouldn't be surprised if David doesn't become a broadcasting legend. I'll always remember him riding on that tank—the Bloommobile, Brokaw called it—and reporting the war for the liberation of Iraq. He'll always be a hero to me. □


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BAD SIGNS
Graffiti of swastikas, a Star of David, and the German word for Jew on the walls of the Jewish school on the Boulevard Barry in Marseille were just one of the rising number of demonstrations of anti-Semitism in France over the last several years.

FRANCE'S SCARLET LETTER

Paris demonstrators yelling "Kill the Jews!," torched synagogues, attacks against schoolkids . . . Ten percent Muslim, with the world's third-largest Jewish population, France is in crisis. And few are willing to name the poison behind more than a thousand acts of violence since 2001: anti-Semitism

BY MARIE BRENNER

Street protests against American and British military action in Iraq have escalated into attacks by Muslim youths on Jewish demonstrators, sparking fears of a new wave of anti-Semitism across France.

—London *Sunday Telegraph,* April 6, 2003.

It would take many months for David de Rothschild to realize that what was happening to Jews in France was a powerful predictor of a war that was coming down history's long stream. In May 2001, when he and a group of French business leaders arrived in Jerusalem for meetings with Prime Minister Ariel Sharon and members of his Cabinet, he reluctantly agreed to speak to a reporter from *The Jerusalem Post.* Then 58 and the head of the French branch of his family's banking dynasty, he was just beginning to be aware of a wave of attacks on French Jews by French Muslims that would escalate into an unimaginable nightmare and affect France, the United States, and the Muslim and Jewish populations of both countries.

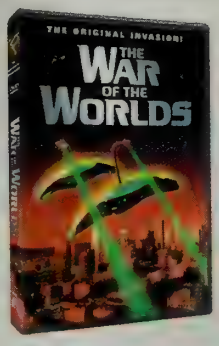
Rothschild was actively involved in Jewish organizations in France, but, as he told friends, he was not particularly *croyant,* or religious, by nature. In restaurants, however, if he overheard a conversation that struck him as anti-Semitic, he was known to walk over to the table and silently present his card. That day in Jerusalem, he did not yet comprehend how dangerous the situation in France had become. The facts were these: Between January and May 2001 there had been more than 300 attacks against Jews. From Marseille to Paris, synagogues had been destroyed, school buses stoned, children assaulted. Yet very few of the incidents had been reported in the French media, which have a distinctly pro-Palestinian tilt. So Rothschild was largely uninformed concerning the accurate numbers. He and his friends were still operating in a near vacuum, because of what is called in France *la barrière du silence,* which minimizes and mystifies reporting on French Jewish matters and the Middle East.

Rothschild would later be disturbed that he had not been made more aware faster of the degree of violence, which would be perceived outside France as the return of classic anti-Semitism and anti-Americanism

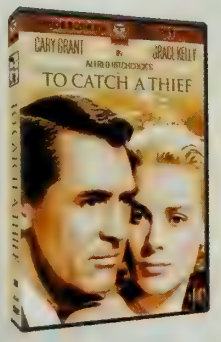
In A Class By Themselves

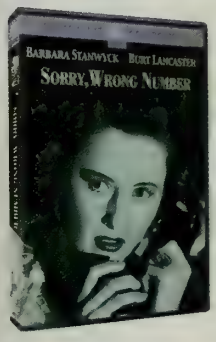














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and would infect France and much of Europe over the next two years. By the spring of this year, the number of hate crimes had risen above 1,000, and the relationship of the United States, poised to declare a war on Iraq, and France, implacably opposed to such a war, was glacial.

About six million Muslims live in France, nearly 10 percent of the population, a potential voting bloc. In contrast, there are only about 650,000 Jews, but it is the third-largest Jewish population in the world, after Israel and the United States. The victims of the attacks appeared to live mostly in working-class areas in the *banlieues,* or suburbs, on the outskirts of Paris, a laboratory of assimilation where much of the unemployed Muslim population also lives. The situation, Rothschild later told me, was fraught with complexity. In addition to a large number of distinguished Arab intellectuals, France was also home to cells of terrorists, fundamentalist imams, and firms with strong business ties to Baghdad. When Rothschild arrived in Israel in May 2001, he had also left behind him another, subtler struggle, going on behind closed doors, between the establishment Ashkenazi Jews of central Paris and the *pieds-noirs,* French citizens formerly of North Africa, many of them lower-middle-class Sephardic Jews who live in the suburbs. The Sephardic communities in the Paris outskirts were the principal targets of anti-Western paranoia spewing up out of the Middle East. A widely shared position of the upper-class Jewish establishment in France was to let such things alone and not *jeter de l'huile sur le feu* (throw oil on the fire).

Rothschild and the Jewish intellectual establishment would be caught in the vise of a vicious debate at a time of intense political correctness in France. Their country was marginalized as a world power and owed billions of dollars by Iraq for the brisk trade between the two countries. In addition, before the 1991 Gulf War, France had been a major supplier of weapons to Iraq. Yet France trumpeted its moral superiority. By the time Rothschild saw the reporter from *The Jerusalem Post,* France was too busy "feeding the crocodile," as one historian remarked, to notice the danger that lurked within. In May 2001, Rothschild was worried principally about the growing popularity of Jean-Marie Le Pen, the far-right-wing candidate for president. Notoriously anti-Semitic—Hitler's gas chambers were a "minor detail" in World War II, he has said—Le Pen had won 15 percent of the vote in 1995 on an anti-foreigner hate platform, and was strong in the polls for the 2002 elections. Rothschild believed, he told the reporter in Jerusalem, that the wave of attacks was likely coming from "neo-Nazis, a hostile, aggressive, antisemitic, right-wing population, among which you may have some Moslems. But it's not being led by the Moslems."

Rothschild was careful with his language. "The Moslems who have chosen France live there normally, not with the aim of doing any terrorist activity," he said. "I promise you that in the last 10, 15 years I haven't received any kind of antisemitic letter, any swastika, nothing like that.... Possibly because I am privileged, possibly because I live in a protected environment.... I personally do not feel antisemitism." Within hours of its publication, his comment would rocket through E-mails in the working-class areas of Paris and be talked about in catastrophic terms, inflaming an oddball activist cop who had taken the plight of France's Jews as his mission. It was but one small piece of a dilemma that would grow imperceptibly into a cataclysm as America and France came to a stunning break in their relationship on the eve of the U.S.-led war with Iraq. Rothschild was still trying to analyze the mystery that had led to an international crisis when he spoke on the phone with me this past March. His voice rose as he said, "Who was inhibited to talk? Why did it take so long? Whose fault was it? What was the reason?" He concluded sadly, "These are questions that are hard to answer."

"POSSIBLY BECAUSE I AM PRIVILEGED AND LIVE IN A PROTECTED ENVIRONMENT," DAVID DE ROTHSCHILD SAID IN 2001, "I PERSONALLY DO NOT FEEL ANTISEMITISM."

I have a story to tell. It begins on the northern outskirts of Paris in the town of Le Blanc-Mesnil in October 2000. Le Blanc-Mesnil is half a dozen stops on the Métro line from Charles de Gaulle Airport, a community of matchbox row houses with red tile roofs and cafés where the menu of falafel specialties is written in French and Arabic. It is inhabited by factory hands, accountants, teachers, and garment-industry workers. Along with Drancy, St.-Denis, and a cluster of other towns, Le Blanc-Mesnil is part of District 93, the "Red belt" historically governed by Communist mayors, where for years the underboil of ethnic hatred has been rumbling. Since the 1980s, thousands of Muslim immigrants have moved into the Red belt, a former outpost of French colonials and Sephardic Jews who had emigrated from Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco decades earlier.

In October 2000, seven months before Rothschild visited Jerusalem, Sammy Ghozlan was home on Avenue Henri Barbusse in Le Blanc-Mesnil, planning the coming appearances of his dance bands. Ghozlan had just retired from the French police force after a long career as commissioner of the department of Seine–Saint-Denis. He was at the top of his game, known all over the Jewish community of Paris as *le poulet casher,* the kosher chicken, "*poulet,*" like "*flic,*" being slang for "cop." Ghozlan was a *pied-noir* reared in Algeria. His father had been a police officer in Constantine, a man of influence until suddenly one day he was not, and fled, like thousands of others, during the Algerian war. Sammy Ghozlan was obsessed with his Frenchness. He loved Voltaire and drank the best wines. Ghozlan's greatest passion was music; he had played piano and violin all his life, and had developed a Vegas-style Hasidic act into a thriving business, with two Sammy Ghozlan bands working the French Bar Mitzvah and wedding circuit. Ghozlan, as conductor, always wore a fresh tuxedo, a white satin scarf, and a perfectly pleated cummerbund. What little English he knew came from lip-synching to Wayne Newton and John Travolta. "I Will Survive" was his signature closer. He was deeply religious and would not pick up the telephone from sundown Friday until sundown Saturday.

Early in his police career, Ghozlan had become a minor celebrity when he stopped the violence in the projects at Aulnay-sous-Bois, the next town over. He was like a detective in a *film noir;* his method was to negotiate, to suggest to his adversary that they were allies. He was convinced that success had come to him because he understood the nuances of the term *compte à régler* (a score to settle). For the exile, life in the *banlieues* was all about settling scores. Ghozlan had learned Arabic in Algeria and spoke it frequently in the streets so that he could put himself in the skin of the Arabs he had grown up with. "When the Arabs arrived in France, they were humiliated by the French," he said. "They were not appreciated. They suffered a lot because of that. This is the reason for their rage. They want to take their revenge for the Algerian war." It was, he said, a way to show their identity.

On the night of October 3, 2000, Ghozlan was already missing police work, but his wife, Monique, had lectured him about not second-guessing or dropping in on the new commissioner of Seine–Saint-Denis. It was time to move on, she told him; he had no reason not to. He was making 5,000

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The following basic information about contact lens wear and Focus NIGHT & DAY lenses is provided for you by CIBA Vision.

If you are interested in Focus NIGHT & DAY lenses, please see a licensed eye care professional. Based on your individual needs, your eye care professional will determine if Focus NIGHT & DAY lenses are right for you and how many days and nights you can wear them.

What are Focus NIGHT & DAY Soft Contact Lenses?
Focus NIGHT & DAY are soft contact lenses made of lotrafilcon A, a fluoro-silicone material that contains about 24% water. This new lens material provides a high level of oxygen to your eyes and has been surface treated to wet with your tears.

How are Focus NIGHT & DAY Soft Contact Lenses used?
The lenses are worn on the cornea (front part of the eye) and used to correct vision by refocusing light rays onto the retina (back part of the eye).

The lenses may be used to correct nearsightedness (myopia) or farsightedness (hyperopia). They may be prescribed for:
- Daily wear use – worn only while you are awake
- Extended wear use – worn while you are awake and asleep
  - ➤They may be worn for up to 30 nights (one month) of continuous wear based on how your eyes respond to lens wear and your eye care professional's recommendation.

Can everyone wear Focus NIGHT & DAY Soft Contact Lenses for 30 nights of continuous wear?
Not everyone can reach the maximum wear time of 30 continuous nights. During the U.S. clinical study, 1000 of the 1300 eyes dispensed completed the full year of lens wear, with 67% wearing the lens between 22 to 30 days.

Your eye care professional may recommend a shorter wearing time depending on your individual needs, and you should always adhere to his or her recommendations. Once lenses are removed, your eyes should have a rest without lens wear for at least one overnight.

Who should not wear contact lenses?
You should not wear contacts if you:
- Have an eye infection or inflammation (redness & swelling).
- Have an eye disease, eye injury or dryness that interferes with contact lens wear.
- Have a systemic disease that may be affected by or impact lens wear.
- Have certain types of allergic conditions.
- Are using certain medications, such as some eye medications.

What are the risks of wearing contact lenses for extended wear?
While there are many benefits of wearing contacts, sometimes problems can occur and the risk of serious problems is greater when lenses are worn for extended wear. You should carefully discuss the benefits and risks of extended wear lenses with your eye care professional.

There is an increased risk of developing a serious ocular infection, such as a corneal ulcer. A corneal ulcer may develop rapidly and cause eye pain, redness or blurry vision as it progresses. If left untreated, a scar, and in rare cases loss of vision, may result.

In addition, studies have shown that smoking increases the risk of corneal ulcers for those who wear lenses overnight.

What are other possible side effects of extended wear contact lenses?
An inflammation of the cornea called infiltrative keratitis is another potential side effect. During the one-year U.S. study about 5% of the 1300 eyes experienced this type of side effect. Other less serious side effects were conjunctivitis and lid irritation or discomfort while wearing the lenses, including dryness of the eye and mild burning or stinging.

Are there times when you should not wear contact lenses?
Your eye care professional can tell you about situations or environmental conditions that may be inappropriate for contact lens wear. Some examples are:
- Exposing contact lenses to water during swimming or while in a hot tub may increase the risk of eye infection from microorganisms.
- Fumes, smoke or vapors should be avoided to reduce the chance of lens contamination.

How often do I replace the lenses and how do I care for them?
Lenses should be replaced every month, as recommended by the eye care professional. When removed from your eyes in between replacement times, they should be cleaned and disinfected with a chemical disinfection system (not heat), if not replaced with a new lens. The lenses are sold in multi-packs so replacements are at hand.

What are some important things to remember?
- While wearing contacts your eyes should look well, feel comfortable and vision should be clear.
  - ➤If you have a problem, immediately remove your lenses and contact your eye care professional.

- Carefully follow your eye care professional's instructions for lens wear, care and replacement.
  - ➤ Never wear your lenses for longer periods than prescribed for you.

- See your eye care professional for follow-up care and periodic checkups.

What if I have other questions about Focus NIGHT & DAY Soft Contact Lenses?
It is essential to see and talk with your eye care professional about your eye health and to obtain complete information about Focus NIGHT & DAY lenses. If you have questions, discuss them with your eye care professional.

If you want to read more about Focus NIGHT & DAY Soft Contact Lenses, ask your eye care professional for the patient instruction booklet available from CIBA Vision or the package insert written for the eye care professional.

For more information call 1-800-875-3001 or visit our website at **www.cibavision.com**

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Duluth, GA 30097 USA
Print Date: September 2001

euros per Bar Mitzvah and had months of bookings in France and Switzerland. Besides, mandatory retirement was not negotiable in France. At 58 he was ready to hit the Sephardic European party circuit in his new life as not only *le poulet casher* but also the schmoozer and magnet for neighborhood crime gossip. He felt he had earned a festive third act, and he had all the celebrity he needed with a weekly show on 94.8 Judaiques FM radio. There, in his four-room office and studio up a narrow stairwell in the Fifth Arrondissement, close to the Pantheon and the Sorbonne, he could let fly, showcasing Jewish pop stars such as Enrico Macias, promoting the Ghozlan bands, and dispensing crime-protection advice to callers.

That same night at a two-room synagogue in Villepinte, a few towns away from Le Blanc-Mesnil, smoke billowed up from the kitchen and out the classroom windows of the religious school. Jacques Grosslerner, a leader of the Jewish community, immediately reached out to the most experienced person he could think of—Ghozlan. "There is a fire at Villepinte," Grosslerner told him. "Are you *au courant?*" It was 10 o'clock. Ghozlan dialed the prefect of the district and repeated the question: "Are you *au courant?*" Then he got in his car and drove to Villepinte. The prefect reached Ghozlan on his cell phone. "It is nothing more than a trash fire," he told him. At the synagogue an hour later, however, Ghozlan ran into a detective he knew who told him, "It is no trash fire. We found six Molotov cocktails."

Ghozlan went right to work. He dug a plastic bag out of his car and swept up bits of charred wood, blackened brick, and ash. Within months he would be on a collision course with the French police and several members of the establishment in Paris who ran major Jewish organizations. In Le Blanc-Mesnil, with no resources to draw on except his black plastic address book, Ghozlan was quickly enmeshed in the rising tide of what French Jewish intellectuals would tag "soft-wave anti-Semitism," a new form disguised as anti-Americanism and pro-Palestinianism. It would soon grow into a constant fear on the part of French Jews, a concern bordering on panic in synagogues across suburban America, and forums and articles in the American media. In Europe, however, terms recalling the Nazi era, such as Kristallnacht, were raised only occasionally, and then in a context that portrayed the Israelis as the new storm troopers. The title of an editorial in the New York *Daily News* was succinct: "The Poison's Back: Europeans Call It Anti-Zionism, but It's Really the Old Anti-Semitism."

Ghozlan could not foresee any of this as he quietly gathered soot and brick from Villepinte in the moonlight. But for the first time since he had escaped Algeria as a teenager—"You have three days to leave," an Algerian policeman had told his family—he was feeling an unease that bordered on dread. Over the next 10 days, four more synagogues were burned in greater Paris, and 19 arson attempts were reported against synagogues and Jewish homes and businesses. It occurred to Ghozlan that soon he might be back in police work. Within months he had set up a hot line and a one-man investigative unit called S.O.S. Truth and Security to monitor the trouble. He financed the operation with the money he made from the Ghozlan Hasidic bands.

On the afternoon of October 7, 2000, Clément Weill-Raynal, a reporter and legal correspondent for the France 3 television network, was walking through the Place de la République when he saw hundreds of people massed for a demonstration. Paris is the city of demonstrations—there are so many that a caption in *The Economist* once satirized the French love of public display as "Another Day, Another Demo." At first Weill-Raynal tried to ignore the noise, the agitation, and the flags of Hezbollah, Hamas, and certain far-left organizations. "They were shouting, 'Death to the Jews! Kill the Jews! Sharon is a killer!' It was the moment when we had arrived at the point that I was afraid of for many years. The junction of leftists, pro-Palestinians, and Arabs had created a new form of anti-Semitism," Weill-Raynal said.

Anti-Semitism in France had been considered a right-wing phenomenon that historically had its roots in the Vatican and the libel of the greedy Jew as Christ-killer. It had fueled the crowds howling "Death to the Jews!" in the streets near L'École Militaire during the Dreyfus Affair in 1895, and





ANGRY VOICES Jean-Marie Le Pen, the ultra-right National Front presidential candidate, speaks to his supporters, May 2002. Above, Muslims in Nice protest Mayor Jacques Peyrat's opposition to the construction of a mosque in the city, September 2000.

HITLER'S GAS CHAMBERS WERE A "MINOR DETAIL" IN WORLD WAR II, JEAN-MARIE LE PEN, THE FAR-RIGHT-WING POLITICIAN, HAS SAID.

RIGHT, BY VANINA LUCCHESI

seethed through Vichy with the deportation of 76,000 French Jews to the death camps. The new form of anti-Semitism, Weill-Raynal understood, was different: it was coming from the left, part of the movement known in France as *le néo-gauchisme,* and it was connected to the country's socialist politics and the difficulties of assimilating the large French Muslim population. It was camouflaged as anti-Israel politics, but the issue was immense and complex. Only in recent years has France recognized ethnic subcultures. It is illegal to count race or ethnicity in its census figures, and impossible to record accurate figures for its minorities. There is a spirit of universality in the school system, and a national curriculum. The Jewish issue was a dim, secondary preoccupation if it registered at all in French minds.

Although there were Jews on every level of political influence and intellectual stature in the country, the policy of modern France toward its Jews had been set during the time of Napoleon. "The Jews should be denied everything as a nation," remarked Count Stanislas de Clermont-Tonnerre in 1789, "but granted everything as individuals." Frenchness was what mattered. As one writer said to me, "I am French first, Jewish second." The most powerful Jews in France rarely identified themselves as Jews. To do so, one was being "Judeocentric," a term used with contempt. Additional complicating factors were a long-standing French-intellectual romantic attraction to Third World guerrillas, guilt over the slaughter in the Algerian war, and France's need for Iraq's oil and trading alliances from Saudi Arabia to Morocco. All of this was filtered through the thrum of dormant traditional anti-Semitism, which could be revived without much provocation. "Old wine in new bottles," one historian called it.

After 15 years at France 3, Weill-Raynal was well aware of the slanted coverage concerning the Palestinian-Israeli struggle. "We are not Israel," he told me. "The motto 'Jews is news' is a joke around here." Members of his family had been deported to the Nazi death camps from Drancy, but he was closer in spirit to the "assimilated" Jews of central Paris.

Weill-Raynal had been initiated early into an understanding of the barrier of silence in the media. The standard was set at *Le Monde,* which characterizes the Israeli settlers as "*colons*" (colonizers). In 1987, in the days after the first intifada—the fight waged in the West Bank and Gaza settlements—Weill-Raynal was told by his editors not to file reports on the Middle East.

"You are too biased," one told him.

"I asked them, 'How am I biased?' The answer was simple. I was Jewish."

The editor explained, "You cannot be fair."

"It is a story I know very well. I know the country. I know the people. I know the roots of the problem," Weill-Raynal said.

"No," the editor insisted. "You are too biased."

AT THE BURNING SYNAGOGUE IN VILLEPINTE, A DETECTIVE GHOZLAN KNEW TOLD HIM, "IT IS NO TRASH FIRE. WE FOUND SIX MOLOTOV COCKTAILS."



SEPHARDIC COLUMBO Sammy Ghozlan, the Algerian-born former policeman, set up his own office in a Paris suburb to monitor anti-Semitic attacks.

Frustrated, Weill-Raynal began to keep meticulous notes on Agence France-Presse, the wire service, a major source of information in the country. He immediately noticed an item the service used over and over to explain the violence in the Middle East, a controversial visit Ariel Sharon had made to the Temple Mount, the shrine known to Muslims as the Noble Sanctuary, in September 2000. "This ran again and again without any counterexplanation of the terrorist attacks or the provocation," Weill-Raynal said. "There was no subsequent reporting to place the visit in context. On the anniversary of the second intifada, they put out a revised report, and it was almost as biased. Now the news agency explained that, yes, in fact there were two versions of this incident—the Palestinian and the Israeli. It was as if it was inconceivable that the French might understand that there was a conflicting point of view."

Just days after the demonstration, Weill-Raynal received a barrage of phone calls from Sammy Ghozlan about the burning of a synagogue in Trappes. "This is very serious," Ghozlan said before he rang off to call *Le Parisien,* a tabloid that covers Paris and suburban news. Weill-Raynal knew Ghozlan as an activist and a minor local celebrity—the Sephardic Columbo with his Hasidic bands.

"What is this so-called synagogue burning at Trappes?" an editor had asked him.

"It is not 'so-called,'" Weill-Raynal had said. "It is an anti-Semitic attack."

"It was a true French moment," Weill-Raynal told me. "The editor immediately changed the subject and turned to the reporter next to me. He said, 'Georges, what are you working on?' The next day *Libération,* a left-wing paper, ran it on the front page. The editor came to me and said, 'You were right.'" But no assignment to report the attack was forthcoming.

As Weill-Raynal walked through the Place de la République that day, he was sickened by the screams of "Kill the Jews!" Hundreds of protesters crowded the streets in front of the Holiday Inn on the Right Bank. TV cameras focused on signs that read, SHARON KILLER. For years, he says, he had accumulated reams of skewed reporting from Agence France-Presse. Returning to his apartment near the Place de la Bastille, he turned on the TV. "It was catastrophic," he said. "No one had reported what I saw, what I heard. No one had felt it was newsworthy to report 'Kill the Jews.'" Weill-Raynal realized that in all of Paris there was only one potential outlet for his dispatch, Judaiques FM. Jewish radio had arrived in Paris when the socialist government of the 1980s changed the licensing restrictions. The station, with a sizable audience in France, has become a powerful independent outlet of information for intellectuals and journal-


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ists. When I visited the studio, it seemed to be out of a different era. Just a few blocks from the Sorbonne, it could have been at a radio station in wartime London or Nepal.

"How should we identify you?" the news announcer asked Weill-Raynal when he rushed in to make his report. "Suddenly I heard myself say, 'Clément Weill-Raynal, president of the Association of Jewish Journalists of the French Press.' It was the moment when I knew I had to declare myself as a Jew. I said, 'I want to get on and denounce a situation in Paris yesterday. The police were there. The Movement Against Racism and for Friendship Between People was there. They shouted "Kill the Jews!" in front of the statue of the République. This is a scandal. Nobody stopped it. No one has denounced it.' And you know, once in your life, you are the right man at the right time."

Just then Henri Hajdenberg, the president of Le Conseil Représentatif des Institutions Juives de France (CRIF), France's main Jewish organization, was in his car. His brother had been a backer of another Jewish station, and Hajdenberg often tuned in to Judaiques FM for the news. "He heard me on the radio," Weill-Raynal said. The next day, when Hajdenberg met with French president Jacques Chirac, he said, "Mr. President, I heard that demonstrators were shouting 'Kill the Jews!' at the Place de la République." As he left the Élysée Palace, Hajdenberg stopped to tell several reporters about the incident. "The president was shocked when I told him what had happened," Hajdenberg told them. Later a member of the French parliament asked Lionel Jospin, the prime minister, for an explanation, but Jospin refused to investigate the incident. Weill-Raynal said, "I asked the question 'Why has this taken days?' and the answer was 'It's not so simple.'"

AS WEILL-RAYNAL WALKED THROUGH THE PLACE DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE ON OCTOBER 7, 2000, HE WAS SICKENED BY THE SCREAMS OF "KILL THE JEWS!"



ANOTHER DEMO A crowd in Paris in October 2000 decries the deaths of 75 Palestinians killed by Israeli troops.

I met Sammy Ghozlan last September, a few days before the Jewish holidays. The Paris hotels were packed; the art dealers were in town for the antiques fair. As I left New York, Ed Koch, the former mayor of the city, had summoned his rhetoric against the French on his weekly radio show, angrily supporting boycotts. There were rumors of Jews wearing yarmulkes being beaten to death on the Champs-Élysées, and of killer apes unleashed to attack yeshiva boys. It was difficult to imagine that the Paris of *Amélie* had turned into Badenheim, 1939. Surely, I thought, this was shock-jock exaggeration.

Ghozlan was late for our meeting. I waited in a kosher pizzeria in the 19th Arrondissement, an area of shuls and Orthodox schools with a large Muslim population. Middle Eastern pastries glistened in the windows of the bakeries. The weather was warm, and the door of the pizzeria was open, so I could hear Ghozlan's voice before he actually walked in. "*Désolé, désolé,*" he mumbled like a chant as the door banged behind him. His white suit was rumpled; his gray Hush Puppies were scuffed. His reputation stuck out all over him. I knew he was thought to be—depending on who was offering an opinion—at the intersection of paranoia and truth, a one-man crime agency, and a folk hero of the *banlieues*. I scanned my American grid for a nuance to try to capture him, but the closest I could come was a tough, beat-up Yves Montand—hidden and canny, the receptacle of hundreds of lyrics memorized in the middle of the night, rehearsals, microphones, sound checks. Ghozlan had a clipped mustache, a low forehead, and thick dark hair; he was husky, but he moved with the agility of a dancer. He projected urgency, perpetual agitation. I imagined him leading his orchestra, a singing detective racing through lyrics at frenetic speed. The more time we spent together, the more I realized that what preoccupied him was his superimposed scrim of the past, the fear that the Algerian war would be refought in Paris.

I followed him out of the restaurant to a pastry shop at the next corner. The owner of the pizzeria recognized him from TV and followed us out. "*Nous avons peur, Monsieur Ghozlan,*" he said. "We are being attacked every day." He stood very close to the retired policeman, as if proximity would provide safety. It was clear that he had no confidence in the local authorities. Ghozlan handed him the card for the hot line. "Call us," he said.

The pastry shop was deserted. Ghozlan placed police dossiers, files, and stacks of paper on a tray table of hammered Moroccan brass between us. He handed me a thick white plastic binder, the kind a high-school student might carry. In it were hundreds of reports, carefully written out by hand. At the top of each page were the words "S.O.S. Vérité-Sécurité" and, underneath, a box: "*Formulaire de Déclaration.*" A 2002 report from the 10th Arrondissement read:

> I was in a taxi with my husband and I arrived in front of my building. I gave the money to the taxi driver and asked for a receipt and my husband went out of the car and I was waiting. She refused to give me the receipt and said, "You are a dirty Jew." And then she spit at me, *proférant des menaces en arabe* [threatening me in Arabic]. She took off in the car and beat me with clothes she had in the front seat. Then she told me that her sons would kill me. I tried to call for help, but the taxi was moving too fast. At a red light, a young man saw me and came and helped me. He offered to be a witness.... The incident was shocking. Part of my family was deported to Auschwitz and did not come back.... And this is the first time something like this has happened to me.... Please do not mention my name. I am afraid that her sons will come to kill me.

A report from the town of Fontainebleau said, "Two 13-year-olds on their way to synagogue were hit with paddles. We will kill you." An insult hurled at a teacher: "When the Messiah comes, each Jew will have 10,000 goyim as slaves!" Another provocation at a different school: "Have you read *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*? ... Jews feast on the blood of non-Jewish children. They bake it in their mat-

FRANÇOIS GUILLOT





TARGET SITES The Tiferet Israel school in Sarcelles, above, was plundered in March 2002. Top, earlier that month two burning cars were driven into Lyon's La Duchère Synagogue.

zohs. There is truth that they are all conspiring."

Ghozlan drew a diagram to explain an episode that had happened in Sarcelles, a 15-minute drive from Le Blanc-Mesnil. "There was a school bus . . . maybe you heard about it? They came, they attacked it. The schoolchildren were shocked and scared. I heard that the police said, 'It is expected because of what Israel does to the Palestinians. *C'est normal.*'"

His voice rose. "The president of France has said, 'There is no anti-Semitism in France.' What is the burning of the synagogue at Trappes? What are the Molotov cocktails thrown at the Jewish school in Créteil? And what are all of these?" He picked up the white plastic binder, flipped the pages, adjusted a pair of half-glasses on his nose, and began to read: "'*Sale Juif*' [dirty Jew] written on walls in Drancy . . . Students wearing kippa attacked outside the schools . . . "

Out there. The phrase leapt at me from my first days in Paris. "We don't go out there," I was told at a dinner in a grand apartment in the 16th Arrondissement, and there was a whiff of contempt in the tone. "The attacks are all happening out there," said a doctor's wife, an active member of the Temple Beau Grenelle, which journalists and ministers attend.

I had come to investigate two questions: Had France become an anti-Semitic country? How would the policies of France affect the United States? I quickly sensed an odd, split-screen reality, a double narrative, two worlds of Paris, rarely colliding, trying to come to terms with a potential disaster. Anti-American best-sellers filled the windows of the bookshops on the Boulevard Saint-Michel. France was facing its fears of a République d'Islam on French soil. A work with a similar title was selling briskly in the stores, as was *Dreaming of Palestine,* a young-adult best-seller published by Flammarion glamorizing suicide bombers. Teachers in the suburbs have been shocked to discover girls in the bathroom praying to Mecca as if they were performing an illicit act rather than simply practicing their religion. Some of the classes were 70 percent Muslim. Seminars on how to teach history, particularly World War II, were held for teachers who had experienced violence in their classes when they brought up the subject of Hitler and the Jews. Gang rapes—another frequent problem in the working-class suburbs—occupied the school authorities. All over the *banlieues,* I heard the code of modern France—Judeophobia, Judeocentric, *anti-feuj,* a term from a pidgin French called Verlan, the protest language of the *banlieues.* "*Feuj*" is a backward spelling of "*Juif.*"

Raising the subject of the hundreds of attacks on Jews was tricky business in central Paris. There was a moat around it, a moat full of alligators. It was impossible not to think I had somehow gone back in time to a world captured very well by Laura Hobson in her 1946 best-seller, *Gentleman's Agreement,* where the word "Jewish" was said in whispers. Every now and then some unpleasant remark would remind you that you were in the country that created the Dreyfus Affair, but mainstream French Jews do not make waves. Occasionally I heard someone say, "This is not Vichy." It was a way to mute the drama of the alarming numbers, a method of self-reassurance that made the speaker seem above the fray of the statistics: Nothing to be alarmed about. The attacks were happening out there, as if that were Iceland, far away from the three-star restaurants and the Matisse-Picasso show at the Grand Palais.

"THE TAXI DRIVER REFUSED TO GIVE ME THE RECEIPT AND SAID, 'YOU ARE A DIRTY JEW.' AND THEN SHE SPIT AT ME, THREATENING ME IN ARABIC."

"Out there" is, in fact, 10 Métro stops from the Place de la Concorde. It is a territory of class identification, behind a Maginot Line of French snobbism and disconnection, a Gallic sense of the insider and the other. It contains towns that are full of memories of France's Vichy years—Drancy, where Simone de Beauvoir pushed food parcels through a barbed-wire fence to friends being deported to Auschwitz; Les Lilas, with its wedding-cake Hôtel de Ville, where Free French forces celebrated the Liberation.

News travels fast in the *banlieues.* All that autumn and into the winter of 2001 and the following year, the attacks intensified, linked in severity to the politics of the Middle East. In Le Blanc-Mesnil, Ghozlan was getting nowhere with the French police. He distributed his S.O.S. forms in schools, community centers, and synagogues, and installed another telephone line at home. On the weekends, volunteers from his synagogue and his daughters—one of them a lawyer who handles Arab divorce cases—helped him. He became increasingly harried. He had calls to make to the authorities, E-mails to send. The pages in his white notebook grew—stones thrown through windows, fires set in schools, boys wearing yarmulkes attacked at Métro stops. Several times a week he would leave his house in his gray Renault and drive the roads he had been traveling for years to the police headquarters of Seine-Saint-Denis. The small houses along the way were neatly appointed, with assists from the Republic, their decent

TOP, BY DAMIEN LEPETITGALAND BOTTOM BY OLIVIER CORSAN

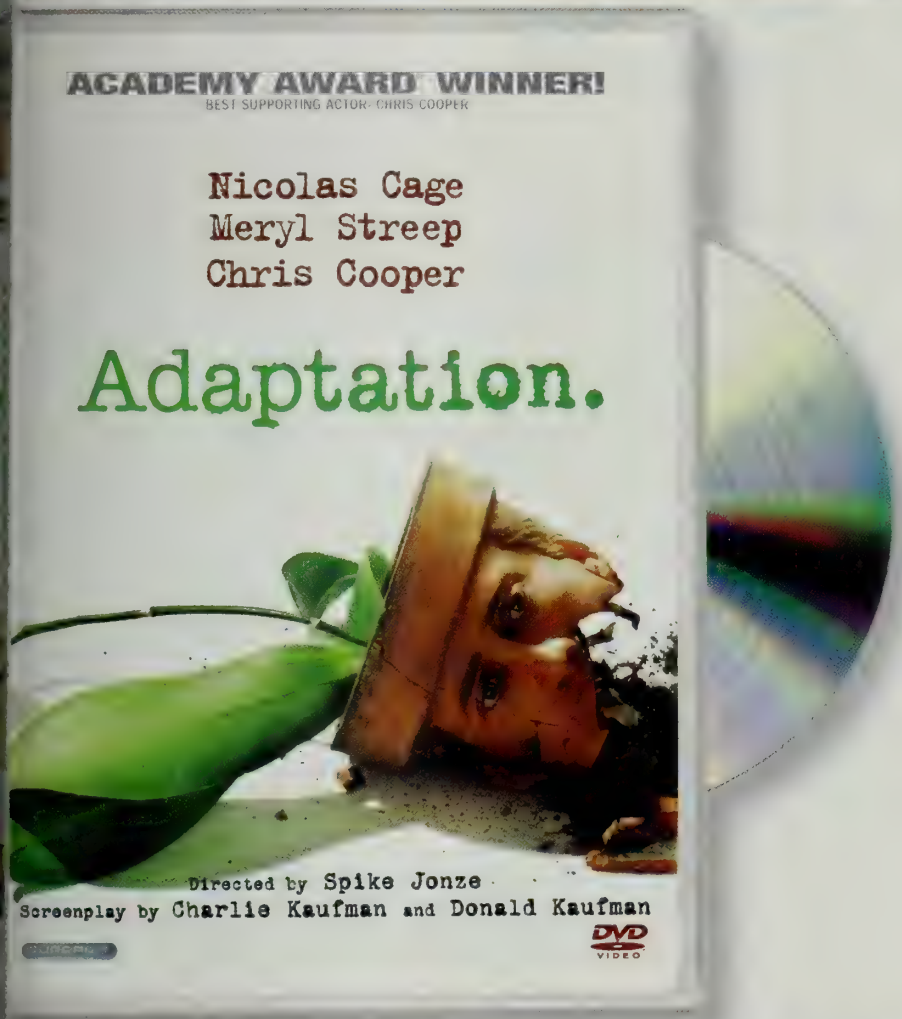
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façades disguising the lack of jobs within. He went to see the chief of police and began to hear such new euphemisms as *les desperados de cage d'escalier* (desperadoes of the stairwell) along with the traditional term *les voyous* (vandals). *"Sauvageons,"* in Jean-Jacques Rousseau's sense of noble savages, had become a politically correct term for Arabs, along with *"les jeunes"* (the young).

"Look, Sammy," the chief told him, "they are doing the same things to the cops that they do to the Jews. They throw washing machines down from their apartments at police cars. They run into us." "I understood it," Ghozlan later told me. "They worried about appearing heavy-handed. There was a fear that they would be called thugs and Nazis. Several of my friends mentioned to me that they were afraid of creating a situation like in Los Angeles—another Watts."

"WHEN THE ARABS ARRIVED IN FRANCE, THEY WERE HUMILIATED BY THE FRENCH. THEY SUFFERED A LOT BECAUSE OF THAT. THIS IS THE REASON FOR THEIR RAGE."

That February, in Sarcelles, flaming objects were thrown into the Tiferet Israel School, destroying the building. In April, at Garges-les-Gonesse, firebombs were hurled at the synagogue. From Nice to Marseille, anti-Semitic mail was delivered. In the offices of CRIF, located in the Fifth Arrondissement several blocks from the popular food market on the Rue Mouffetard, an envelope arrived filled with white powder and a message: "The biological war against the Jewish lobby has begun."

In London in December 2001, in a now famous conversation at the publisher Conrad Black's, the French ambassador, Daniel Bernard, called Israel "that shitty little country" and refused later to apologize. Then, in Paris, a Hanukkah screening of a Harry Potter movie reserved by the Jewish National Fund was canceled by the theater because of fears of Muslim violence. Very few of these episodes were reported in the mainstream press, but E-mails bombarded the office of Abraham Foxman, the national director of the Anti-Defamation League, in New York. Foxman had long understood the delicacy of navigating within the French establishment. With a budget of $50 million, the ADL, headquartered in an 11-story building across from the United Nations, has resources and a network of intelligence operatives that are inconceivable to most French Jewish officials. A little-known fact about French Jews is how underfunded their organizations are. Each year the Rothschild family contributes a significant amount of money to fund a myriad of budget requests—security guards, employees, operating expenses—to protect the Jews of France.

"What we are talking about here is the need to understand that Jewish France has been traditionally controlled by the *Hofjuden,* the Jews of the court," Shimon Samuels said to me the day we met. Samuels is an expert on the subject. He arrived in Paris from Jerusalem in 1980 and in 1988 set up an office of the Simon Wiesenthal Center, the organization responsible for tracking down many former Nazis. Trained in London and Jerusalem as a political scientist, Samuels was convinced that the new rise of Muslim fundamentalism had become a graver concern to the world than the capture and prosecution of octogenarians. He had the overview of a professor and used German words to describe the oddity of the French Jewish social structure. As the head of the Paris office of the Wiesenthal center, he monitored potential terrorist and anti-Semitic activity throughout the world.

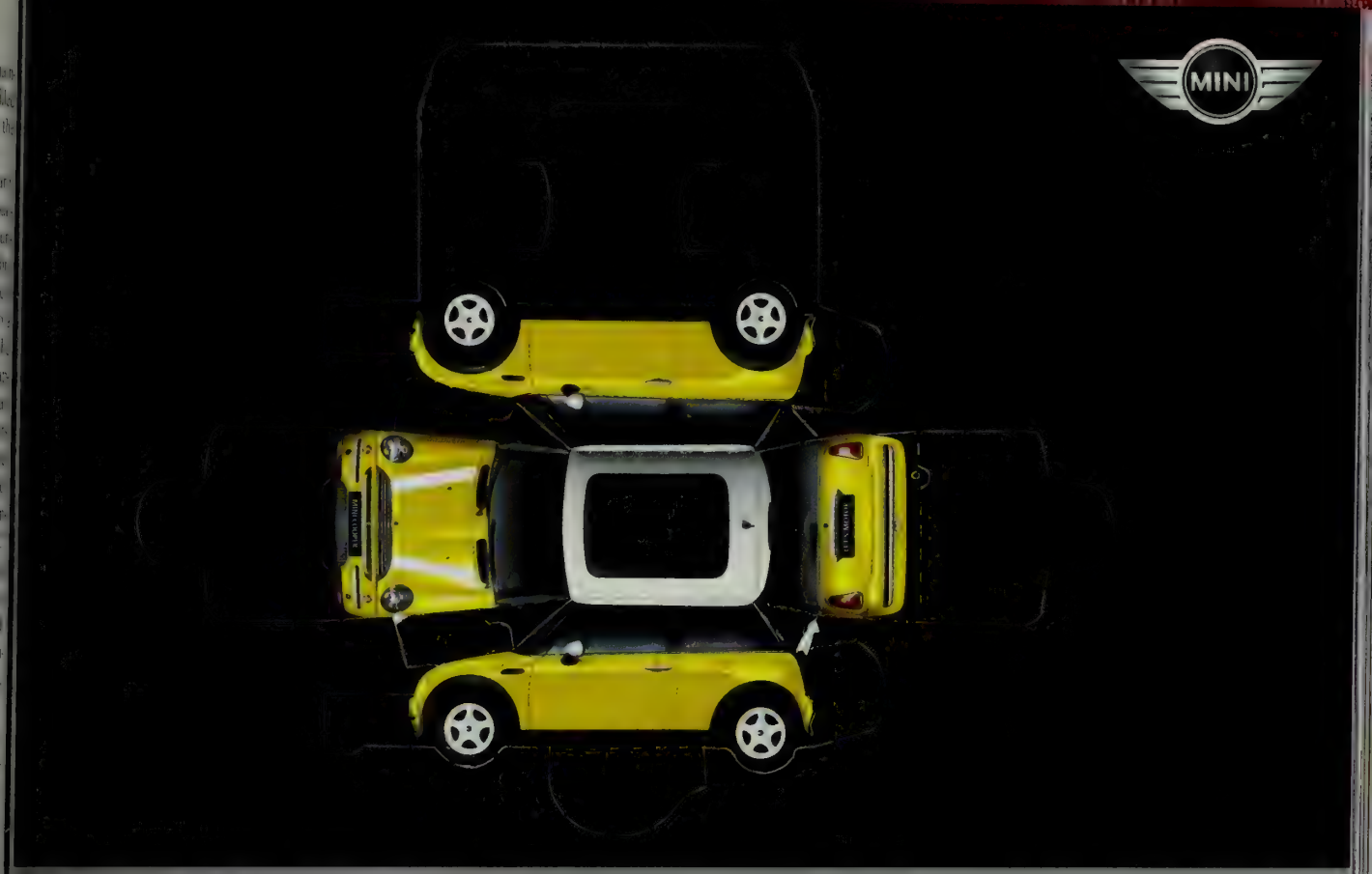
Getting in communication with Samuels is a daunting task. His E-mail cannot be accessed in many of the strange places he travels, and his cell-phone message system is often overloaded or impenetrable. E-mails I sent him bounced back to me, and I got used to phones that didn't ring and recordings that explained that Mr. Samuels was unable to receive messages. Much of his year is spent in zones of possible terrorist activity; he can "get by" in 12 languages. Rarely in Paris, he is a man in airplanes or at conferences in Third World countries. In Durban, where he participated in the U.N. World Conference Against Racism in 2001, he was expelled from the room. Later he witnessed demonstrators marching to a synagogue screaming, "Hitler should have finished the job!" It is his occupation to monitor the hate surging up in Islamic-fundamentalist quarters. A tireless lobbyist, he has an ability to forge political compromises. With me, the phrase he used to describe French indifference concerning what was happening in their country was "the black box of denial," and he spoke of "the many-headed hydra" behind the attacks. He often sounded harried and snappish, the stern and rumpled professor who had no time for lengthy explanations. He understood that, for the establishment Jews of France, religion was secondary to their Frenchness. They maintained their status by being *Hofjuden,* skilled at *shah shtil,* the ability to whisper into the ear of the king.

Samuels is British and spent his early years in Warwickshire, in the English countryside, with a family that sent him to Sunday school. Coming home one afternoon, he and his cousin were attacked by local boys, who stoned them and tied them to a cross in a field. "Incredibly, I wiped the event from my mind, as if it didn't happen," he told me. Immediately after that, he rejoined his parents in London. Years later he visited his grandparents' grave, only to find that it had been desecrated. When he called the burial society to complain, he was told, "A storm destroyed it." "The storm stopped on the Jewish side of the cemetery?" he demanded. "Suddenly what happened to me as a child came back in excruciating detail," he said, "and I understood for the first time in my life why I do what I do."

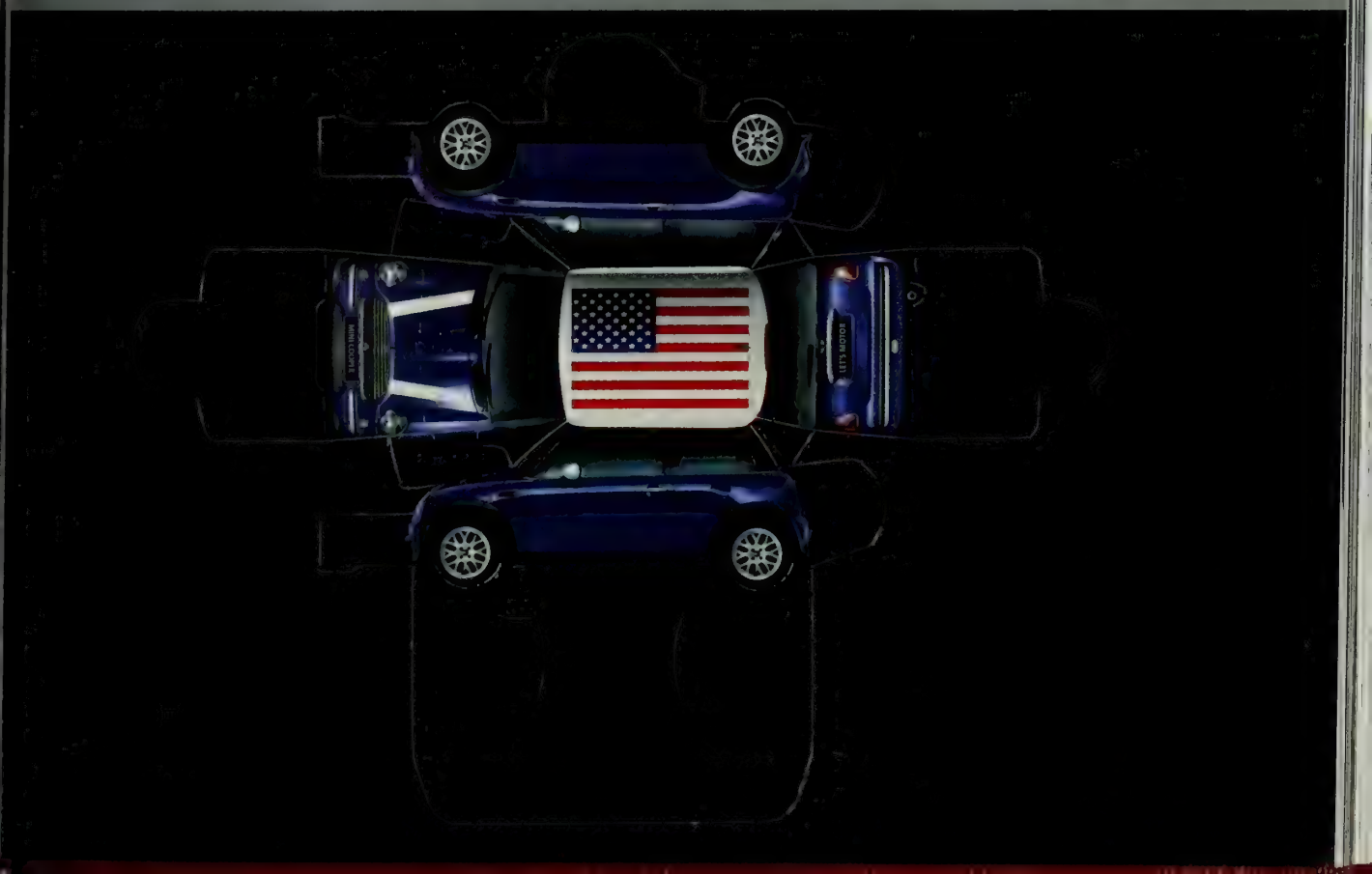
Samuels did not look forward to attending the CRIF annual dinner. CRIF always invited the prime minister and his Cabinet, and several hundred people attended the formal evening. For Samuels, the dinner was everything he disliked about working in France. A few months after his arrival in 1980, a bomb had been exploded outside the Rue Copernic synagogue in Paris. Four people walking in the neighborhood were killed. "Two innocent French persons were killed," the then prime minister, Raymond Barre, had remarked. He was widely criticized for the implication that Jewish victims were an altogether different species from the French. Before setting up the Wiesenthal office in Paris, Samuels had worked as the deputy director of a strategic political-science institute in Israel. By the end of the 1970s, he had begun to have a strong sense of the rise of terrorism in Islamic-fundamentalist sects.

In the winter of 2001, Samuels was having to navigate his own complex relationships within the French Jewish establishment, which was not ready to share fully his alarm at the attacks on Jews in the *banlieues.* Their focus was still on the traditional, Vichy model of historical right-wing anti-Semitism, and their concern centered on Jean-Marie Le Pen, who appeared to them to be a resurrection of the old hatreds. In 2002 he would pull roughly 20 percent of the national vote in the first round of the presidential election.

For Samuels, the differences between the old and new forms of anti-Semitism manifested themselves when he pressed the case for reparations for French victims of the Holocaust. "Jews should not be about money," a leader of a prominent Jewish organi-



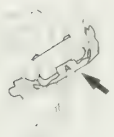
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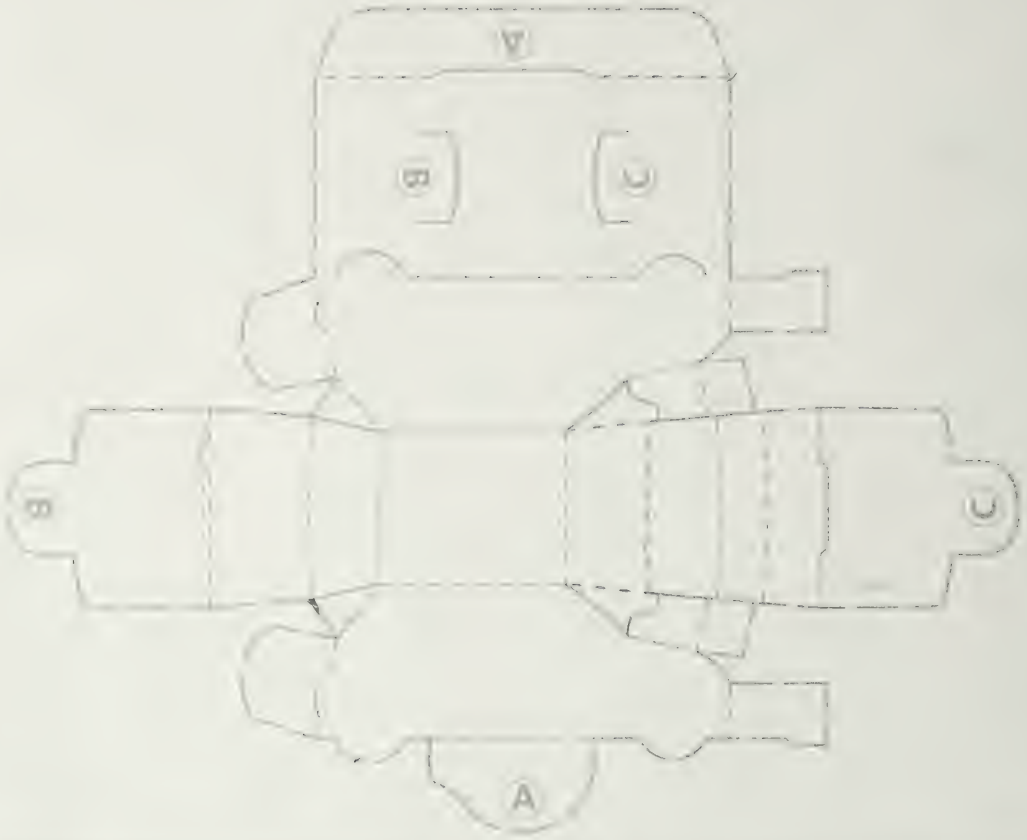




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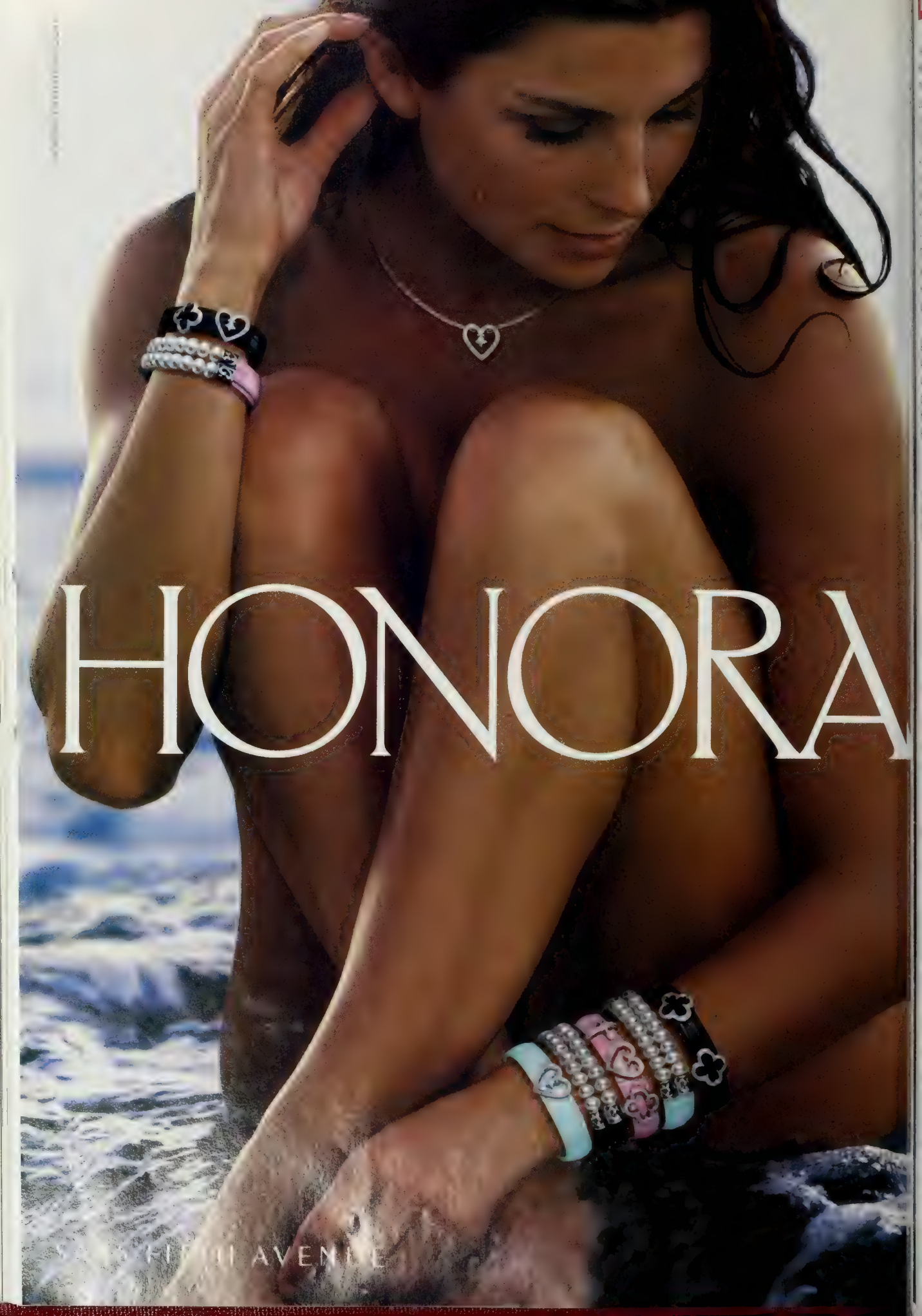
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zation told him. "It reinforces a negative stereotype." Samuels was told he was *un traître,* a traitor, and berated for his American pushiness in trying to collect restitution for victims. In the late 90s, Samuels assisted a team of New York lawyers pursuing a class-action lawsuit against French banks for hundreds of victims. The case had further established Samuels as a scrappy outsider, *trop américain,* in certain powerful circles. On the subject of the CRIF dinner, he was not hesitant about voicing his opinion. "The Jewish community should set itself as an objective that they do not need a dinner with the prime minister," he told me. "It sets in motion a set of political mortgages, where the prime minister has to give an accounting. And the Jews, like in medieval times, come to the court with their pleas. It is humiliating . . . an event in which the community is put into the position of having to be a supplicant."

All these reasons and more drew Shimon Samuels to Sammy Ghozlan. Samuels knew Ghozlan by reputation; he had been recruited during François Mitterrand's administration to help investigate the 1982 bombing at Jo Goldenberg's, a famous Jewish restaurant in the Marais district of Paris, and he had been the subject of a lengthy article in *Le Matin* magazine. The film director Alexandre Arcady had used the character of a Sephardic cop named Sammy in a Nazi-art-caper movie called *K,* based on a detective novel, but Samuels had never seen it or heard of the book. He knew of Ghozlan mainly through the flyers for his "*grand orchestre de variétés*" and the cards distributed at Bar Mitzvahs which showed Sammy posed behind drums in a tuxedo with his band, with "*Groove, Funck, Hassidiques, Israélien . . . Oriental*" written in bold yellow letters at the top. When the two men met at the CRIF dinner, Samuels mentioned his midlife attempt to learn to play the clarinet. "Ghozlan reminded me of a Pancho Villa type, very uncharacteristic of French Jews," Samuels later said. "He had no pretense of being an intellectual." Ghozlan told Samuels he had been incensed that the Jewish leadership had fought him when he took on the claimants' case against French banks. Samuels understood immediately that Ghozlan could be a useful ally. "He had come with the police background and was trying to do—with no real help!—exactly what we were doing, analyze documents, work his sources. . . . I thought the Jewish organizations had missed out on an effective intelligence operation in the *banlieues.*" It would take months, however, for Samuels, forever circling the globe, to be able to forge an official relationship with the cop from the suburbs.

By the winter of 2001, the situation had become untenable. The attack on the World Trade Center appeared to set off a fresh wave of violence. More and more, in the late afternoon, Monique Ghozlan would find her husband at the *consistoire,* which regulated synagogues and all aspects of Jewish life, giving interns and volunteers recommendations on how to take calls from attack victims.

Monique and Sammy live in a stone house behind a hedge, within walking distance of their small synagogue. The house is decorated with a collection of North African silver they brought from Algeria and family portraits, including one of Sammy's grandfather, who was once the chief rabbi of Algeria. At the turn of the 20th century, the Ghozlans were orchardists who had large properties in the country. Monique, whom Sammy met when he was in the Boy Scouts, has pineapple-blond hair and a perpetual tan. The daughter of a bar owner and the mother of three grown daughters and one son, she resembles the actress Dyan Cannon, with hair that cascades to her shoulders. As Sammy worked the phones in the late afternoon, Monique, home from her job teaching first grade, would cook couscous, fava beans, and fish—traditional Sephardic foods.

"WE DON'T GO OUT THERE," I WAS TOLD AT A DINNER IN THE 16TH ARRONDISSEMENT. "OUT THERE" IS, IN FACT, 10 MÉTRO STOPS FROM THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

The Sephardim have a hermetic culture with entirely different rituals from those of Ashkenazi Jews. Considered by many to be more religious than their Eastern European counterparts, France's Sephardim never experienced massive pogroms or, for that matter, Europe's secular enlightenment; Spinoza was Sephardic, but there was no Sephardic Freud or Marx. Revered as "the muscle Jews" by the early Zionist leader Theodor Herzl, the Sephardim were thought to be free of the victim complexes of Eastern Europeans. "We are not always as educated, and we like to drink and have big parties, but we are not depressives," Sammy told me. In the small shuls on the outskirts, there is chaos during the service, with children running from family to family and men gossiping through the chanting of the Torah as if they were conducting business in a bazaar. Sephardic families are often large, and first cousins are permitted to marry. Since the Algerian war drove them to France in the 1960s, Sephardim can now be found at every level of education and accomplishment in French society—Nobel laureates, government ministers, distinguished intellectuals—and many of them have intermarried with Ashkenazi Jews. According to a recent survey, 70 percent of the Jews in France are Sephardic.

Still, it did not take much to make Ghozlan see himself as an outsider, misunderstood by the French elite. He had a title, security adviser, which sounded impressive, but he had no office and no private phone. A special green telephone had been installed at the *consistoire,* and all calls received by volunteers were reported to Ghozlan. "I tried to bring the techniques of simple police interrogation," he said. "Ask the name, the address, the phone number, the place of the attack." He was often understandably frustrated. The idea that by the winter of 2001 this jerry-built detective agency was monitoring more than 200 incidents throughout France was shocking to Ghozlan. A rabbi had been beaten up, urine had been thrown at Jewish students on a playground, and fires had been set, yet few of the incidents were reported immediately to the police. It was detective work at its most primitive, on scraps of paper. Failure was unthinkable to Ghozlan, however, and he knew how to deal with the French bureaucracy. But lobbying through ethnic organizations was frowned upon in France and was considered an act with vulgar American overtones. The officials of many Jewish organizations were averse to such aggressive tactics.

At home Ghozlan had a large-screen television for his 92-year-old mother, who lived with him. Ghozlan and his mother never missed an episode of *NYPD Blue,* dubbed into French, and it galled him that he was forced to operate without support or equipment of any kind. He looked for a storefront to use as a base for his operation, but he knew that that too would be primitive—two rooms tucked in the back of a Jewish center in an out-of-the-way arrondissement. On Fridays after his broadcast, he would drive to Rue Broca to check on his volunteers, only to find the interns had missed a call or were on an extended lunch break, indicating that they were oblivious to the seriousness of what seemed to them minor incidents. He began to seethe at the injustice and remembered every remark that seemed to diminish his work. One official told him,

"There is no anti-Semitism unless someone dies."

Shortly after David de Rothschild made his remarks to *The Jerusalem Post,* Ghozlan's cell phone rang. When he learned that Rothschild had said there was no significant anti-Semitism in France and that neo-Nazis were most likely responsible for the attacks, Ghozlan erupted. "It was clear to me that Rothschild and the Ashkenazi Jews would never understand our situation. I wanted to start a Jewish security force," he told me.

As Jean-Marie Le Pen mounted his campaign in 2002, the tally of anti-Semitic attacks had risen to more than 350. The official line of the government continued to be "There is no anti-Semitism." "How can they say this with a straight face?" the reporter Christopher Caldwell would later demand in the *Weekly Standard.*

You get to the house of Samuel Pisar, who is a survivor of Auschwitz, through an elaborate private entrance on the Square Foch. A grander address does not exist in Paris. Pisar made his fortune as an international lawyer; he was one of the last people to speak to the troubled media mogul Robert Maxwell before he went over the side of his yacht. He lives surrounded by Rothkos in a house of flawless modernity. Presidents Chirac and Mitterrand have often invited him to speak publicly on Jewish matters. As the attacks on Jews mounted, Pisar began to send frequent E-mails to Abraham Foxman in New York, reporting the endless debates raging privately in elite circles. Foxman had one word of advice: Mobilize. It was therefore up to Pisar to help galvanize a paralyzed French establishment that could equivocate with dexterity, extending arguments for months. In the period following the attack on the World Trade Center, Frenchmen began to speak of "*la benladenisation des banlieues.*" They also noted that terrorist Zacarias Moussaoui, awaiting trial for his part in the 9/11 attacks, was a product of the *banlieues,* as were various terrorists arrested for attacks that had taken place from Strasbourg to Béziers, on the Belgian border.

Roger Cukierman often made his way to Square Foch to engage in lengthy discussions. Of all the Jewish officials in Paris, Cukierman, the head of CRIF, had the sharpest insights into the anti-Semitic problem, but he was cautious by nature. A former chairman of the Rothschild bank in Paris, he is often in Israel, where his son runs an investment house. Cukierman put the highest premium on respectability and did not want to be considered pro-Zionist. All that winter of 2002, behind closed doors within the elite Jewish community, a fierce struggle was going on.

"I urged Cukierman to go to the United States and see the great Jewish organizations," Pisar told me. "I wanted him to meet Abe Foxman, and the Bronfmans [founders of Seagram and patrons of many Jewish organizations], and I wanted him to learn how the American Jewish organizations handle these things." Pisar knew that Cukierman, despite his prestige in France, had never been totally free of worry as to how he was perceived. "After the Holocaust, European Jews carried with them the syndromes of the ghettos," Pisar said. "There were many Jews here who said, 'We have to do something,' but others said, 'Don't rock the boat.' In America they don't speak that way. No one says, 'Don't rock the boat.'"

"I was very impressed by what I saw at the ADL," Cukierman told me. He had been in New York on many occasions, but the size and scope of the operation startled him. For starters, there was the outward symbol of the ADL's gray brick office building in the United Nations Plaza. Foxman's worldwide staff of intelligence agents shared information with the government, turned out press releases, put pressure on Congress, and had access to the leading editorial pages across the country. Cukierman and the group with him from Paris suddenly realized that Americans who happened to be Jewish felt wholly comfortable in their country and their communities. "When I got back," Cukierman said, "the first thing I did was to almost triple the budget of CRIF."

"IT WAS CLEAR TO ME THAT ROTHSCHILD AND THE ASHKENAZI JEWS WOULD NEVER UNDERSTAND OUR SITUATION," GHOZLAN SAID.

In February 2002, Cukierman submitted a searing and prophetic editorial to *Le Monde,* in the form of an open letter to President Jacques Chirac:

> The leaders of the country like to play down anti-Jewish acts. They prefer to see these as ordinary violence. We are deluged with statistics designed to show that an attack against a synagogue is an act of violence and not anti-Semitism. Some Jews who have lost touch with reality like to buttress their personal status by turning a deaf ear and a blind eye to danger, in order to curry favor with the public consensus. . . . Judicial authorities don't like to mete out strong punishment for acts of anti-Jewish violence, even when the perpetrators are caught red-handed: a three-month suspended sentence or nothing for an attack on a Jewish place of worship, compared to a year for burning a straw cottage in Corsica.
>
> Why this laxness? Because this violence, perpetrated by only one side, is linked to the conflict in the Middle East. Because too often Jew and Israeli mean the same thing. . . . Because the Muslim population is all-important. . . . Once again, we are the scapegoat. It's a part we no longer are prepared to play.

All over Paris, there was suddenly a flurry of activity—Shimon Samuels called it a derby race—as groups began to mobilize. As the election in which Le Pen was running neared its end, 200,000 protesters marched in the streets of Paris. The American Jewish Congress called for a boycott of the Cannes Film Festival. But the menace continued. Three men who burned a synagogue in Montpellier—identified as "Morad," "Jamel," and "Hakim"—were described by the prosecutor not as anti-Semites but as being "like a lot of petty delinquents, animated by a spirit of revenge, who try to ennoble their excesses by using a political discourse." Around the time Cukierman's editorial was published, individuals who broke into a synagogue in Créteil were given a three-month suspended sentence.

There are 130,000 police officers in France, according to Christopher Caldwell, but the police union is so strong that less than half of the force is assigned the beat, and only 10,000 are available for duty at any given time. Law-enforcement officials refer to the worst areas of the *banlieues* as "*zones de non-droit*" (lawless areas) and often refuse to go there. Even when police make arrests, according to Caldwell, liberal judges frequently let the criminals go, and 37 percent of the sentences are not carried out.

Victims are reluctant to be interviewed. You hear stories of people who named their attackers to the police and were later beaten up. It took me days to arrange to see a father whose two daughters were attacked in their school in central Paris. A well-known gerontologist, he insisted that I not use his name. I met him at his medical center, not far from the Marais. "My daughters were 13 and 15 and were surrounded by a group of students at school. A group of boys knocked them to the ground, covered them with food, and shouted, 'Dirty Jews.' What happened next was this: The attackers and other students threatened to kill the girls if they said any-

7 ACADEMY AWARDS





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thing, and for days my daughters received death threats." Two of the attackers were expelled, only to be reassigned to a school a short distance away, but the family kept receiving threats. At the end of the school year they moved to another arrondissement. "I could not put my daughters in any more danger," he said. "They completely changed. They had been close to so many diverse people in their school, and now they have pulled within themselves and just want to be with other Jewish students."

A history teacher named Barbara Lefebvre called Ghozlan's hot line when a student at her school insulted her. "I did not know where to turn," she told me. "I knew that no one in the school would address my concerns." One of the students had called her "a dirty Jew." "I went to one of the heads of the school and told her I was insulted as a teacher, a woman, a Jew, and a civil servant. I asked her to report it to the authorities, as I had done. She said, 'I do not have that power.'" Like the gerontologist, Lefebvre was concerned about reprisals and asked me not to identify her school. "Most of the school officials will say to the teachers, 'Don't talk about it.' It is to protect their reputation. Every pupil has a notebook with his picture in it. Many of the kids took their pictures off and put on the face of bin Laden. . . . And nobody said anything until a teacher saw it. They are afraid. But afraid of what? For those of us who have stepped forward, I say, we are not courageous. It is a duty."

Lefebvre told her story on the Jewish radio station and was contacted by another teacher, who used the pseudonym Emmanuel Brenner. A professor of history, Brenner developed a tutorial for teachers on how to teach World War II. "The problem of violence was so intense," he told me, "that I asked several of the teachers to compile their stories." He had collected them in a book called *Les Territoires Perdus de la République* (The Lost Territories of the Republic). *L'Express* had published an extract, but, Brenner told me, it was months before the book was mentioned by French television and *Le Monde*.

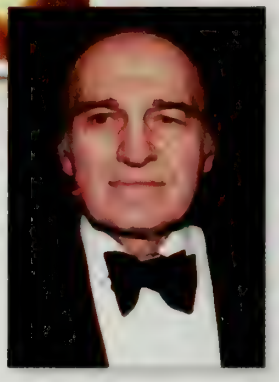
Only three of the seven teachers who contributed to the book used their own names. One, Iannis Roder, arrived at my hotel after school one day. "In my class, the students will not obey a woman," he said. "One child yelled at a woman whose name was Rabin, 'Jew! Jew!' I live with these children during the day, and when I tell my family about it, they are frightened. But when I talk to some journalists, they say, 'That can't be true.'" Roder said one reporter told him, "You are only seeing anti-Semitism because you are a Jew."

Driving to Trappes, near Versailles, you pass housing projects where unemployed Muslims live. The small shul in town is down the block from one. Here, in October 2000, the synagogue was destroyed, and it is only slowly being rebuilt. There are black smoke marks all over the roof. "Arrests were made," the head of the Jewish community tells me. "Many people were questioned." But there was no prosecution. Later I visit the office of Ariel Goldmann, a criminal lawyer who has boxes of files concerning the incident. The authorities suggested that someone may have accidentally put a cigarette into a trash can, he says, shaking his head in disgust. Goldmann's father was the chief rabbi of Paris in the 1980s, and Goldmann often works on such cases pro bono. They are, he says, inevitably the same. Several blocks from Goldmann's office, I visit the lawyer William Goldnadel, whose clients include the Italian journalist Oriana Fallaci. "Who do you think was responsible for the pogroms in the Germany of the 1930s?" he asks. "Piano teachers? Professors? It is always the hooligans who are at the center of the violence."

Next I go to see Shmuel Trigano, the author of 12 books and part of a circle of influential thinkers that includes the philosopher Alain Finkielkraut, the writer Michel Gurfinkel, and the philosopher and activist Bernard-Henri Lévy. "I was outraged by what was going on here," he tells me, "and I began to keep a detailed list of all the attacks to publish in a new quarterly, which would document—in ways the French press was not doing—what was going on."

Trigano was not alone in his efforts to tabulate the attacks. Dismayed by the pro-Palestinian bias in the French press, Elisabeth Schemla, a former managing editor of *L'Express,* hired a team of journalists and set up a Web site, Proche-Orient.info, to ensure objective reporting on the Middle East. The site, like the Jewish radio, has become mandatory for understanding the situation in France. The day I went to see Schemla, her deputy editor, Anne-Elisabeth Moutet, used the term "*tour de passe-passe*" (three-card monte) to explain the shuffles and contradictions involved in obtaining accurate information in France. CRIF and another group, S.O.S. Racisme, created by a moderate French Muslim group and a French Jewish student organization, were also investigating, and their efforts eventually galvanized the establishment. At the CRIF dinner in 2001, Roger Cukierman confronted the prime minister, telling him, he recalled, "'We are under attack as French citizens, and it is unacceptable.' That night I gave a list of more than 300 documented attacks to every one of the 700 guests." Cukierman was enraged by the French bureaucracy: according to police records, there were a mere 180 attacks.





AMERICAN STYLE
Abraham Foxman, the national director of the Anti-Defamation League in New York. *Inset,* international lawyer Samuel Pisar applauds American methods of dealing with hate crimes.

"MANY JEWS HERE SAID, 'WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING,' BUT OTHERS SAID, 'DON'T ROCK THE BOAT.' IN AMERICA, NO ONE SAYS, 'DON'T ROCK THE BOAT.'"

"I want to read you something," Ghozlan said one night at his house. It was a letter from an uncle in Algeria, written in May 1962. He described being in the chic tourist area of Algiers in a crowd with many Spanish and Italian visitors:

Massive gunfire erupted around us, the first victims fell, the ones on top of the others at









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our feet. Separated from my children, I was stuck between two lines of fire, one coming from the Rue d'Isly, and the other from the Rampe Bugeaud, just tens of meters apart, while the Muslim soldiers fired just meters away.... Then, with the bullets whistling by my ears, I called out for my children, who I couldn't find among the numbers of dead.... A miracle happened, [the children] had escaped and explained how a man jumped on top of them and took the bullets ... trying to protect his young son.... "You are too young to be assassinated by these bastards," he said.

Ghozlan's voice broke. "It was like this with all the families," Monique said. The uncle had later been killed in the Algerian war.

At the bottom of Ghozlan's character lurked a trip wire: he had his own score to settle. He felt condemned to repeat his history, and he recalled the phrase "*le cercueil ou la valise*" (the coffin or the suitcase), warning Jews in his homeland that they had only days to flee. The Cremieux decree had conferred French citizenship on Algeria's Jews in 1870, so at the height of the Algerian war, most Jews with government jobs left for France. The small-business owners fled to Israel.

Ghozlan's father's boss, the former Vichy official Maurice Papon, stationed in Algeria in the 1950s, would be tried in Bordeaux in 1997 and convicted of complicity in the arrests and internments of 1,690 Jews. At that time in Constantine, no one knew of Papon's past, but anyone working in the French police force operated in a shadowy zone of possible collaboration. As a child, Ghozlan knew Papon because his uncle was Papon's barber. Once, during a control operation, Ghozlan's father refused to kill a notorious leader of the Front de Libération Nationale (F.L.N.), a revolutionary group, because it was against his moral code. As a result of that, when the F.L.N. took over Algeria, it allowed Ghozlan and his mother and sister to leave. He took only a sweater, his high-school diploma, and a salami sandwich. "I watched the city as it became smaller. I couldn't imagine I would ever see it again."

Ghozlan's operation, financed in part by the Wiesenthal center, had a mandate to maintain a hot line for reports of attacks, but eventually Ghozlan himself began to act like a minister without portfolio and antagonize the authorities. Shortly after I arrived in Paris, Ghozlan organized a meeting in District 93 of all the Jewish leaders in that community and the chief of police. The tension in the little room was palpable. "You walk into the offices of the [assistant] mayor out here, and what is hanging there but the Palestinian flag," one Jewish leader said. The chief of police did not respond directly. "We believe we are all equal—churches, mosques, synagogues," he said. The Jewish leader countered by saying, "It is not the mosques that are being attacked." The meeting went on for hours as representatives from the Jewish community described the attacks to which they were routinely subjected. Such an event in an American city would likely have been covered in the press, but there was not a single French reporter in the room.

The day Papon, then 92, was let out of prison, I spent the evening with Ghozlan at his house. He was extremely agitated, working two phones at once, dialing ministers and politicians, as he kept up a simultaneous conversation with me. "The mayor of Paris is coming to a demonstration I have organized at Drancy! And the chief of police. And the minister [of integration] Eric Raoult." He left long messages, giving the time of the demonstration and the names of the journalists he had invited. I had asked to hear him play at a Bar Mitzvah, and while he made and received calls, he projected a video of a party in a hotel ballroom. There he was in his tux, looking like Gilbert Bécaud at the Paramount, invoking old newsreels of cabaret performers during the Vichy era.

The next day I was at the CRIF office with Roger Cukierman when the telephone rang. Cukierman took the call and sounded annoyed. "I won't go myself, but I'll send a representative." When he hung up he said, "A man in the suburbs is organizing a demo."

"Do you mean Sammy Ghozlan?," I asked.

"Yes," he said. "He wants to get his picture in the newspaper all of the time."

CREEPING MENACE
The synagogue in Trappes, near Versailles, destroyed by fire in October 2000.



"THE LEADERS OF THE COUNTRY LIKE TO PLAY DOWN ANTI-JEWISH ACTS. THEY PREFER TO SEE THESE AS ORDINARY VIOLENCE. ONCE AGAIN, WE ARE THE SCAPEGOAT."

"But isn't that good?," I asked. "Doesn't he serve a function by drawing attention to the situation in France?"

Cukierman snapped, "A totally negative function.... Whatever the subject, he jumps on it to get his own publicity."

By late 2002, some American anti-war intellectuals were strongly criticizing the American Jewish organizations that were trying to call attention to the situation in France. As I left for France, in the fall, Susannah Heschel warned me, "If you write about any of these attacks, you will be used for fund-raising purposes by the Jewish organizations." Heschel, the chairman of the Dartmouth Jewish Studies Program, is the daughter of the prominent Jewish scholar Rabbi Abraham Heschel. Along with Cornel West and Rabbi Michael Lerner, the editor of *Tikkun*, a liberal Jewish magazine, Heschel is a co-chair of Tikkun Campus Network, a college movement. By April of this year, however, Heschel, like Rothschild, felt that she had been misled by the lack of proper reporting. "The situation in France reminds me of the Dreyfus case. After he was found innocent, the Jews were blamed for getting him exonerated.... There was a clear failure of

the French left to respond to Muslim anti-Semitism or to know how to criticize the victims of their own colonialism." Tony Judt, writing in a recent issue of *The New York Review of Books,* allowed that anti-Semitism is on the rise around the globe, but he cited the ADL's statistics on the number of reported American incidents, as if to imply an equivalency in the lifestyles of the middle-class American Jewish community and the Jews of the Parisian *banlieues.*

The new interior minister of France, a young man named Nicolas Sarkozy, had a clear sense of the terrorist activity in his country. On the Jewish high holy days, Sarkozy visited synagogues in the vicinity of the tony suburb of Neuilly, near the Bois de Boulogne. It is often said that Sarkozy's grandfather was Jewish—a figure of speech employed by Jews whose families, terrified for their lives, changed religions before or during World War II. "It is wrong that, 50 years after the Shoah, Jews have to be afraid how they think about Israel," he said. I followed him that day as he traveled with his wife, who wore a pink Chanel suit, and his deputy minister. Sarkozy was applauded in the tiny meetinghouses called *oratoires,* where, in the last century, assimilated Jews had gathered. Virtually no mention of his visits appeared in the press.

In February, Sarkozy announced that scores of potential terrorists had been arrested, and in April a Muslim *consistoire* was established. Many imams in France adhere to fundamentalism, which the demographer Michèle Tribalat and a co-author have reported extensively on in *La République et l'Islam: Entre Crainte et Aveuglement* (The Republic and Islam: Between Fear and Blindness). The imams reported to Sarkozy's representatives that they would tell their followers the first law for Muslims is the religious law. Ghozlan had taken it on himself to try to negotiate with some of the more moderate imams, but certain Jewish organizations in France had put him on warning that he was overstepping his mandate. On the telephone, Shimon Samuels was philosophical when he told me, "Suddenly there are those who rejected Ghozlan in the beginning, but who are seeing that he is effective and what he's doing is important, and they want to take it over." If France accepted a

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ish radio station. It was clear that could escalate to bombs going off in supermarkets all over France.

I stayed in close communication with Ghozlan and Samuels through this past winter and into the spring. As the first bombs landed on Baghdad, Ghozlan was bracing himself for what might come next. He used the word "*ratonnade,*" and I asked him to define it. "It means that as an immigrant you are being attacked for being a separate identity." He feared, he said, a sinister new way of life, where people would abandon their common Frenchness and return to medieval tribalism, marooning themselves in their separate religions and ethnic inheritances.

In January, Samuels and the Wiesenthal center announced a special UNESCO conference to address the issue of anti-Semitism—the first such conference in a decade. David de Rothschild offered his house for a reception for the world leaders who would attend. Trying to maintain a cosmopolitan overview, Rothschild told me, "If you fall into a depressed spiral and believe that there is no future and the French state is pro-Arabic, where does that lead but to wrong analysis and desperation?" In early April a new wave of anti-Semitism merged with France's anti-Israel politics and its outspoken disapproval of America's war. At demonstrations in Paris, not far from where Clément Weill-Raynal had heard the crowd cry "Death to the Jews" in October 2000, Stars of David were now intertwined with swastikas on banners. Nicolas Sarkozy's office dispatched marshals in white caps to keep the protests under control, but the new epidemic of violence grew—women clubbed in the street, rocks thrown through a synagogue window, another shul burned. One demonstrator told a reporter for *The New York Times,* "They are the targets. They are not welcome here because of what they did to our Palestinian brothers."

"THE ATTACKERS AND OTHER STUDENTS THREATENED TO KILL THE GIRLS IF THEY SAID ANYTHING, AND FOR DAYS MY DAUGHTERS RECEIVED DEATH THREATS."

Ghozlan's cell phone rang during a Bar Mitzvah he was attending. "It was a boy attacked during the demo. . . . He had approached a group carrying the Israeli and American flags intertwined with swastikas and told them they were not allowed to do that. . . . They beat him up." Ghozlan persuaded the young man go to the police and took him to the

Ghozlan's dark prophecies had become reality. In the first week of April, *Le Monde* published a shocking poll, revealing that 30 percent of the French wanted Iraq to win the war. Mecca Cola was selling briskly all over the country, and Jacques Chirac suddenly had a new nickname on playgrounds in the *banlieues:* King of the Arabs. I had difficulty reaching Ghozlan and Samuels, and when I did, Samuels sounded as morose as Ghozlan had two years earlier. It had become impossible for the opinion-makers of France to distinguish between its NATO allies and Saddam's terrorists, he said. I mentioned the new poll to him. "You don't even know the full statistics they published," he said. "You really want to hear? Total of those disapproving of the American- and British-led intervention in Iraq: 78 percent. The city of Paris: 85 percent. The extreme left: 85 percent. The extreme right: 48 percent. Asked if they would be more supportive of the war if chemical weapons were used against American and British forces, 52 percent said no. Asked do you hope the U.S. wins, 33 percent said no."

I mentioned that I had been having trouble reaching Ghozlan. There was a reason, Samuels said; he and Ghozlan had that day decided to open an alternative headquarters in the Maison France-Israël headquarters on the Avenue Marceau, a few blocks from the Arc de Triomphe. Ghozlan's hot line was still going strong in the *banlieues,* but it was crucial that they also have a respected presence in central Paris. "The government has endorsed Saddam Hussein as a hero," Samuels said. "The genie has been let out of the bottle." The new police station would be one block from the main police headquarters. As American tanks rolled into Baghdad, there were signs that the French situation was not completely irrevocable. The cover story of the French newsmagazine *Le Point* was headlined: HAVE THEY GONE OVERBOARD?, a reference to the anti-American posturing of Jacques Chirac and his foreign minister, Dominique de Villepin. President Chirac, riding the popularity polls for his intractable opposition to the war, stayed mute even when the citizens of Baghdad openly embraced American forces, but his prime minister, Jean-Pierre Raffarin, attempted to redress the balance: "Being against the war does not mean that we want dictatorship to triumph over democracy."

The last time I spoke on the phone with Ghozlan, he sounded as frenzied as I had ever heard him. He had just learned of a new attack and was rushing to find out the details. In the first three months of this year, he told me, he had verified reports of 326 serious incidents in Paris alone. □

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FEAR GETS A HEARING
Helen Bamber, photographed [illegible] her Medical Foundation for the Care of Victims of Torture (which has treated 35,000 survivors), on March 26, 2003.

VANITY FAIR NOMINATES HELEN BAMBER

BECAUSE in 1945, at the age of 20, she struggled across the wreckage of Europe by train and, hitching rides the rest of the way to the Belsen concentration camp, dedicated herself to the toughest form of relief work—that of bearing witness. BECAUSE her energy has rarely deserted her in a 58-year career which has included her efforts in London with young survivors of the Holocaust, 24 years with Amnesty International, and the creation in 1985 of the Medical Foundation for the Care of Victims of Torture. BECAUSE Helen Bamber has allowed herself to imagine the helplessness of the victim and the dreadful power of the torturer. BECAUSE she listens like no one else on the planet, and each time she hears the story of a person's torture she treats it afresh, as though the patterns of violation and psychic damage were not in the least familiar to her. BECAUSE she has taught victims to become survivors and survivors to become people. BECAUSE, though Jewish, she went to Israel in 1993 and testified on behalf of a Palestinian prisoner who had been tortured by Israeli security forces. BECAUSE when overly restrictive rules of the early 60s required her to leave her sick child in a London hospital, she recalled the trauma of separation suffered by the children of the camps, and with the "fierce gentility" ascribed to her by her biographer, Neil Belton, campaigned to open British hospital wards to mothers at all times. BECAUSE she is realistic about herself, about her lacks as an organizer, but also about the unique combination of patience, inspiration, and resilience which still enables her, at the age of 78, to listen to her clients every day. BECAUSE she is young for her age, and in spite of a lifelong encounter with pain, she often sparkles and always looks good. BECAUSE there is no one alive and no cause like hers that better deserve the recognition that would come from a Nobel Peace Prize.

—HENRY PORTER

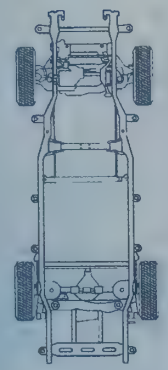
PORTRAIT BY CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

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- YOUR WIFE REALIZING YOU'RE THE ONLY ONES ON THE ROAD DURING A STORM

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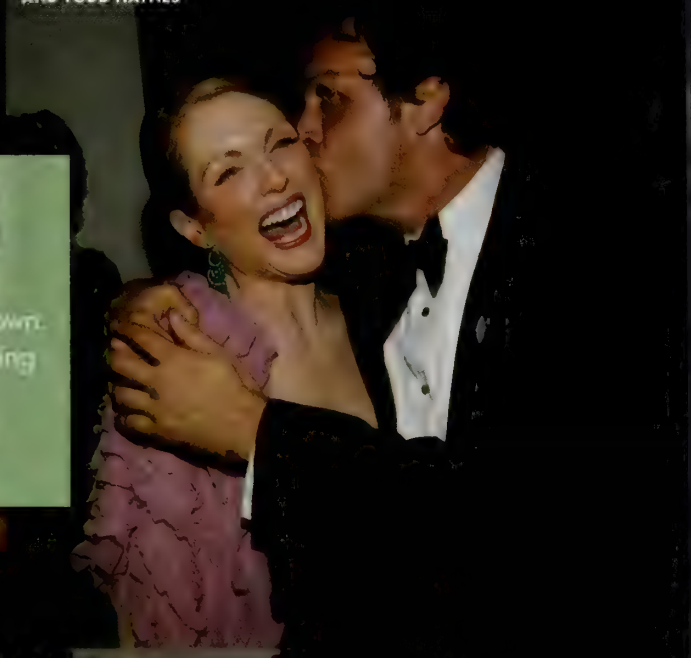
ADRIEN BRODY
AND NICOLE KIDMAN



COLIN FARRELL

CHRIS COOPER

JULIANNE MOORE
AND TODD HAYNES



TOP OF THE EVENING

[illegible] Hockney, [illegible] and [illegible] O'Toole, Penn, Farrell closed the place down. [illegible] eclectic mix. *Vanity Fair*'s winning [illegible] at Best Oscar Parties. Photographed [illegible] Eric Charbonneau, Larry Fink, [illegible] and Richard Young



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ERIKA CHRISTENSEN AND LUIS GUZMAN



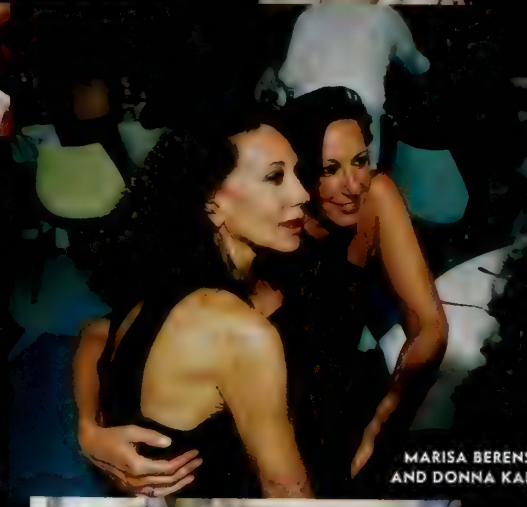

JAKE GYLLENHAAL AND KIRSTEN DUNST

INGRID SISCHY, DAVID HOCKNEY, AND SANDY BRANT (THE ARMS BELONG TO IMAN).


BARRY DILLER, DIANE VON FURSTENBERG, AND SANDY GALLIN


FARRAH FAWCETT AND RYAN O'NEAL



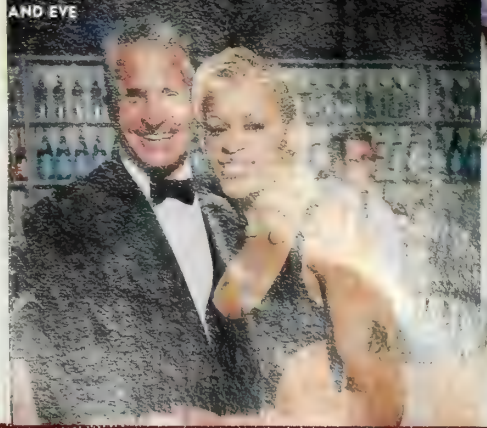

MARISA BERENSON AND DONNA KARAN

BONO, ELVIS COSTELLO, AND DIANA KRALL

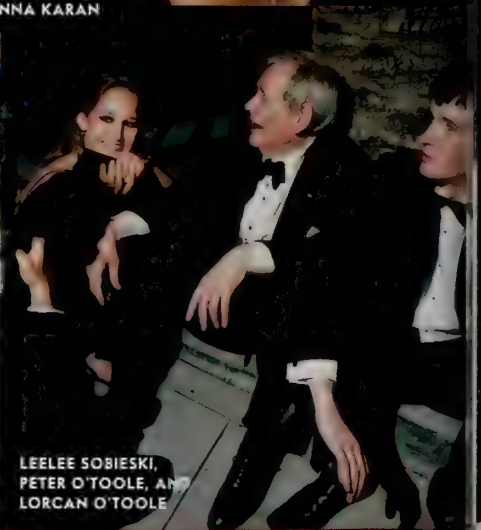

RIKKI KLIEMAN AND HER HUSBAND BILL BRATTON

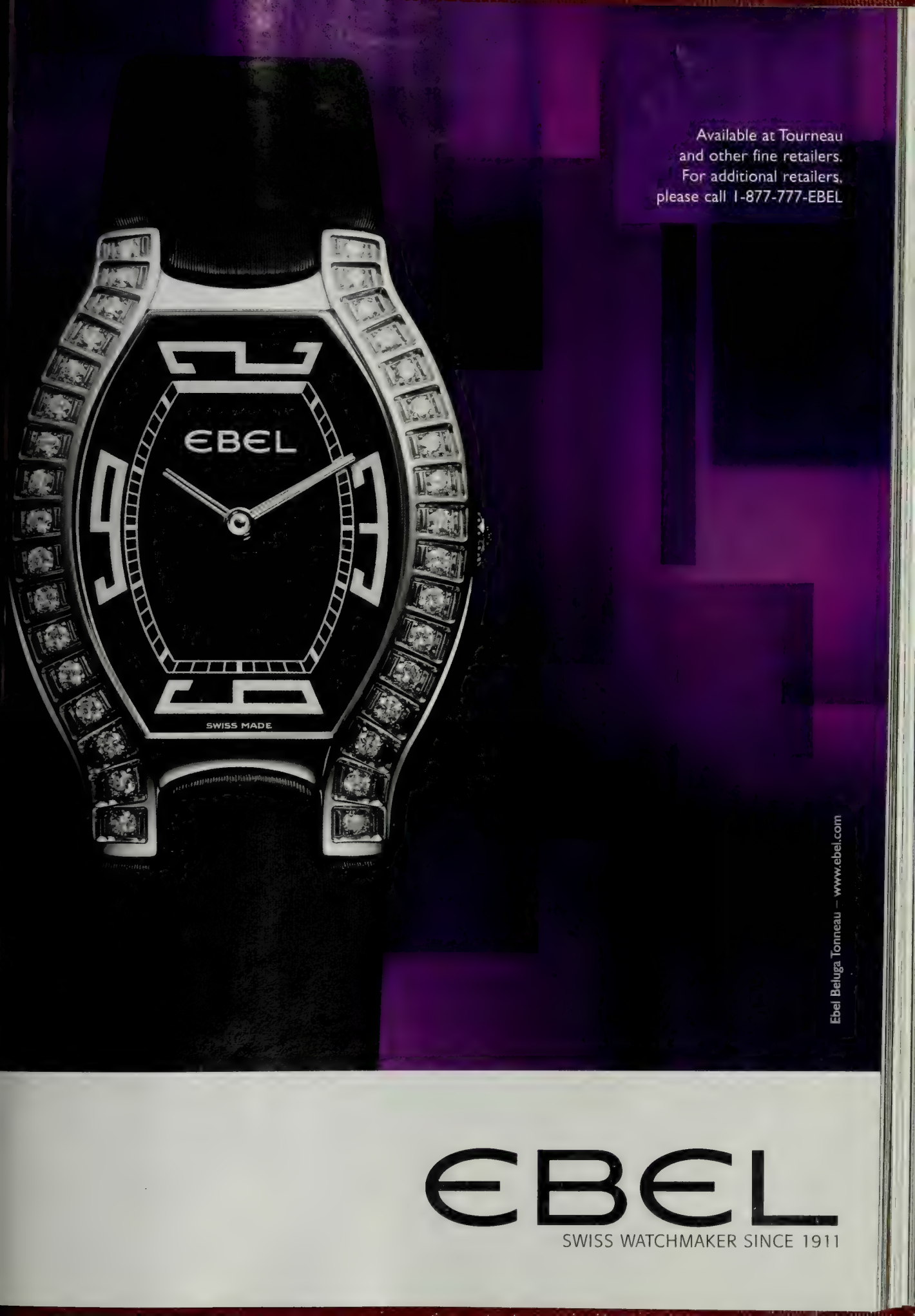

RUPERT MURDOCH, LACHLAN MURDOCH, AND RICHARD LOVETT

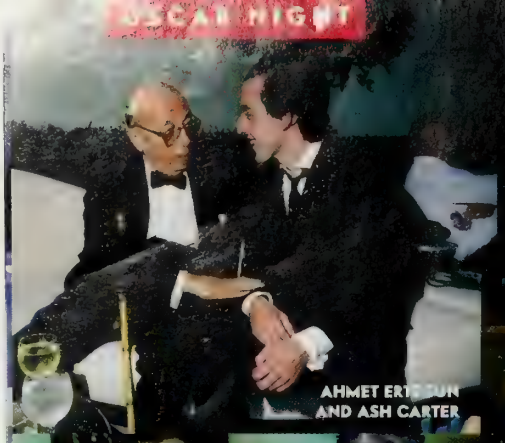
GEORGE HAMILTON AND EVE



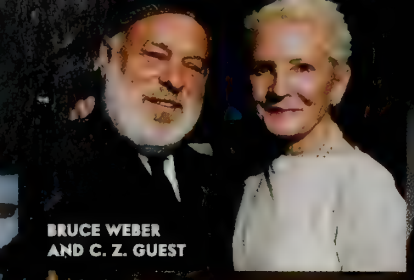

ELVIS IS IN THE BUILDING.


LEELEE SOBIESKI, PETER O'TOOLE, AND LORCAN O'TOOLE

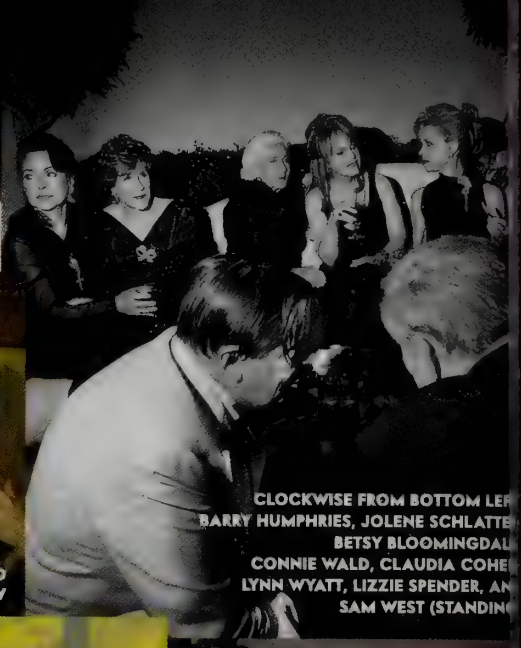

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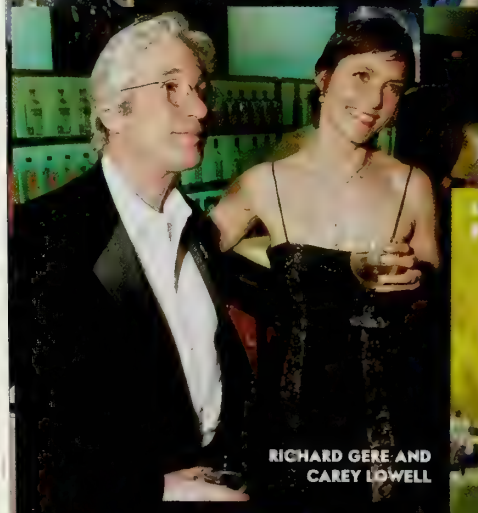
BRUCE WEBER AND C. Z. GUEST



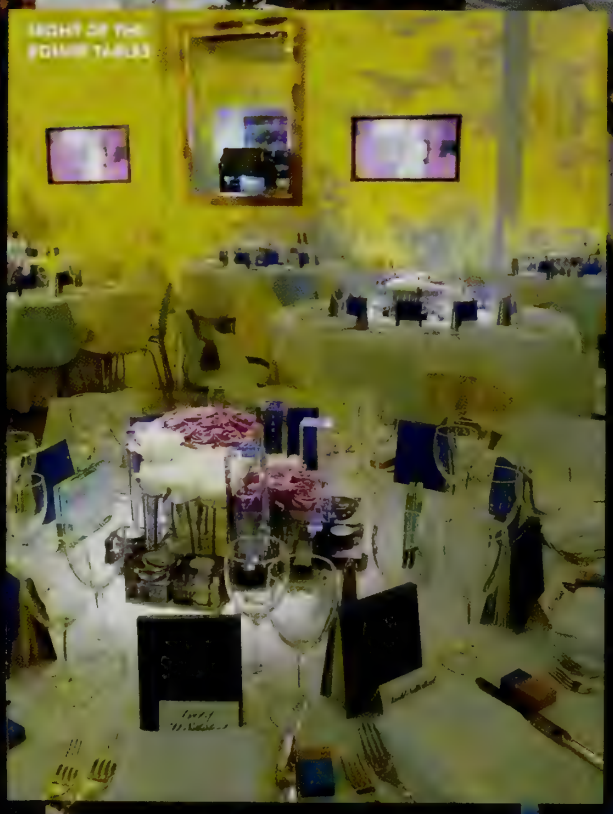
CLOCKWISE FROM BOTTOM LEF
BARRY HUMPHRIES, JOLENE SCHLATTE
BETSY BLOOMINGDAL
CONNIE WALD, CLAUDIA COHE
LYNN WYATT, LIZZIE SPENDER, AN
SAM WEST (STANDIN

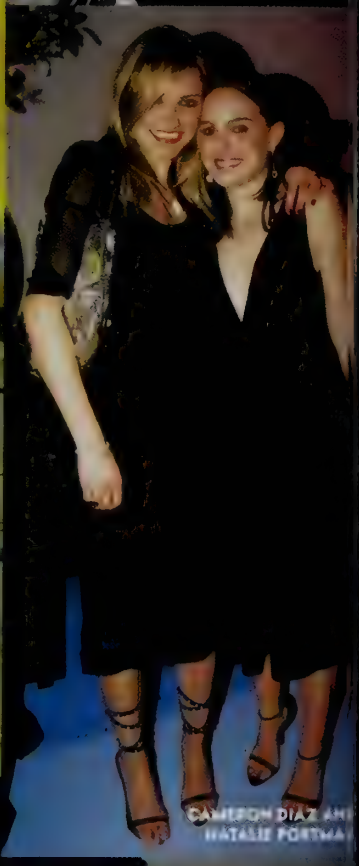


KELLY LYNCH AND SHERYL CROW



RICHARD GERE AND CAREY LOWELL







JACK HUSTON, ANJELICA HUSTON, AND ROBERT GRAHAM

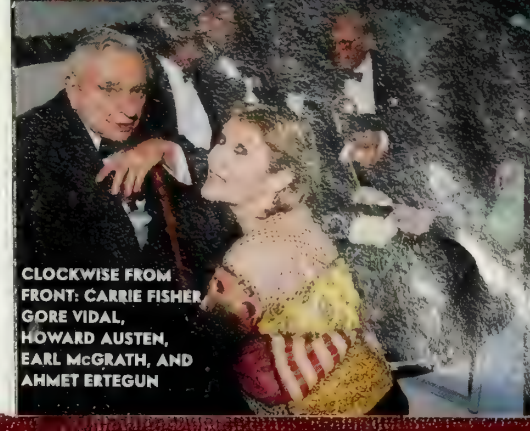
MARTY RICHARDS



ANGELA BASSETT

IMAN AND DENISE HALE





CLOCKWISE FROM FRONT: CARRIE FISHER, GORE VIDAL, HOWARD AUSTEN, EARL McGRATH, AND AHMET ERTEGUN



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SWISS WATCHMAKER SINCE 1911

It Had to Be Kenneth

Kenneth Battelle gave Jacqueline Kennedy her tousled bouffant, readied Marilyn Monroe for that famous J.F.K. birthday serenade, and created the chic-est heads at Truman Capote's Black and White Ball. After a half-century, New York's master hairdresser is snipping, shaping, and soothing a new generation of best-tressed women

BY AMY FINE COLLINS

In the witching hours of May 16, 1990, a frayed electrical wire—embedded inside a second-story wall of the granite town house at 19 East 54th Street—sizzled and threw off sparks. By 4:51 A.M., when the first alarm rang, this miniature torch had ignited the third floor, and by 5:58, after two more alarms had sounded, 125 firemen from 27 companies were battling a conflagration that was incinerating the entire five-story 1897 structure. Nobody was trapped inside, however, as the palazzo-like building had not been used as a private residence since its original inhabitant, a Vanderbilt, had moved out in 1917. Since the spring of 1963, it had been occupied by Kenneth, Manhattan's poshest hair salon—and had served as home away from home for its proprietor, the master hairdresser Kenneth Battelle, and his devoted staff of 100, as well as for his clientele of grandes dames and celebrities, including, over the years, Gloria Vanderbilt, Jacqueline Kennedy, Brooke Astor, Lauren Bacall, Katharine Graham, Pamela Harriman, Bunny Mellon, Diana Vreeland, Jayne Wrightsman, Drue Heinz, Babe Paley, Rosalind Russell, Hedda Hopper, Lucille Ball, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Garland, and Marilyn Monroe.

That fateful morning "it was raining in a way I had never seen before," Kenneth says today. Employees showing up for work, clients arriving for standing appointments, and longtime customers—alerted by radio and phone—braved the downpour to witness the inferno with Kenneth in woeful disbelief. News of the calamity swept through New York's rival salons, where rumors



LOCK TEASER Kenneth fluffs Marilyn Monroe, Hollywood, 1961. *Inset*, Kenneth styles model Monique Chevalier on *Glamour's* July 1962 cover.




VERA WANG
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VERA WANG
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sprang up that the fire had been the handiwork of an arsonist. Some competitors even went as far as to send representatives down to 54th Street to poach Kenneth's dispossessed staff. "Nobody offered *me* a job," he says. "I do, however, recall a girl from a daily newspaper asking, 'Kenneth, how do you feel right now?' And I replied, 'How the f do you think I feel? Go away!' I mean, how does anyone expect you to 'feel' while you're watching your whole life go up in smoke?"

The "whole life" of Kenneth Battelle, only son of a traveling troubleshooter for the Nettleton Shoe Company, began in Syracuse, New York, in 1927. When he was 12, Kenneth's parents separated, and his mother turned to her bookish, artistic boy to support her and his four younger sisters. He obliged by

livery." The car stopped in front of Louis Sherry's restaurant, and a lady's black, diamond-buckled satin shoe slid through the open door, followed by a slim leg sheathed in black silk hose embellished with clock needlework. Next came a neat, crimped head crowned by a small hat. "A black veil of dotted Swiss lace obscured her face," Kenneth continues, "and she was dressed in a soft black satin suit with a deep, unpressed hemline. When she stepped onto the pavement and started walking, the bottom of her skirt swished sensually around her legs, and then unwound and wrapped back the opposite way." Back at the base, Kenneth declared breathlessly to a friend, "I have just seen why I have got to move to New York City!"

Allotted funds by the G.I. Bill to attend school for only six months, Kenneth had to jettison his plans to become a psychiatrist. "So when I spotted an ad for a beauty school that read, EARN $100

Kenneth cringes at the memory of helmet-head knockoffs unleashed by his tousled bouffant for Jacqueline Kennedy.



CROWNING GLORY Kenneth bejeweled First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy's bouffant for a White House dinner honoring André Malraux, France's minister of culture, May 11, 1962. Inset: Jackie with hair by Kenneth, circa 1961.

A WEEK IN SIX MONTHS, I thought, That's for me," he says.

While enrolled in New York City's Wanamaker Academy of Beauty, on East 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue, he moonlighted at Chicken Divan, a restaurant in the East 50s, and played show tunes at a piano bar. After further studies at his hometown's Marinello Academy of Beauty Culture, he found a job at the Starlet Beauty Bar, across the street from Syracuse's Greyhound bus station. "I made up something there called the 'club cut,'" he says—"a Waspy, wavy bob inspired by 30s magazine illustrations." In six months, Kenneth says, "we became *the* shop in town." Emboldened by this local triumph, but afraid to make New York City his home, in October 1949 he migrated to the hair salon of Miami's Sorrento Hotel. Finally, on July 1, 1950, with $8 in his pocket, he moved to Manhattan, into an apartment above a pair of randy Communists on Third Street between Avenues A and B. Elizabeth Arden offered him a job—"at their branch in Lexington, Kentucky," he says. "So I went over to the competition down the street, Helena Rubinstein, at 52nd and Fifth."

At Rubinstein, Kenneth specialized in work no other operators would deign to take—styling the hair of models and editorial assistants. Shrewd about publicity, Madame Rubinstein granted these working women salon services free of charge, sometimes in exchange for magazine credit lines. "The other hairdressers would do these girls badly so they wouldn't come back," Kenneth says. "There were no tips or percentages to be made."



In 1954 the newlywed Jacqueline Kennedy was staying in Manhattan at the house of her sister-in-law Jean Kennedy Smith while her husband, the junior senator from Massachusetts, underwent tests on his back at the Cornell University Medical Center. She dropped by Helena Rubinstein to see Lawrence, cre-

washing dishes at the Syracuse railroad station, operating an elevator, short-order cooking, and selling beer at a baseball stadium. "And every chance I got, I attended the movies," he says.

As the movie theater was not quite enough of an escape, at 17 he enlisted in the navy. On leave one day in 1945 just after the war ended, Kenneth was strolling down Park Avenue in his sailor uniform when "a car suddenly turned a corner," he says. "It was a large, beige Lincoln Cabriolet, with spoked wheels and side-mounted tires, driven by a chauffeur in matching beige


CHRYSLER
STYLE

ator of her wedding coif, only to find he was home sick with a cold. The reception desk paged Kenneth and asked him to fill in for his indisposed colleague.

"At the time Mrs. Kennedy—whose name meant nothing to me—had what was known as the Italian Cut," Kenneth recalls. "It was too short, layered, and curly for her tall proportions and big bones. I planned to soften the line and the shape, and I suggested she do this by growing her hair longer. I wanted to stretch it out by setting it on big rollers—the only problem is they did not exist then. So I had some specially made up in Lucite. In those days hair was permed and permed until it wasn't hair anymore. It was tight frizz, intended to last and last. It had no movement and no shine; it didn't reflect light. I have always thought of hair salons as laundries. Well, what Mrs. Kennedy and so many of the other ladies were getting was what I called 'washed-and-ironed hair.'"

A CUT ABOVE
From top: Jason Robards with a Kenneth-coiffed model, photographed by Bert Stern for the July 1, 1963, *Vogue;* the July 1961 *Harper's Bazaar* cover showcased Kenneth's handiwork; Babe Paley, early 1960s.





Kenneth had a revolutionary idea, which informed his makeover of Jacqueline Kennedy and attracted a growing following of grateful ladies during his six-year tenure at Rubinstein. "I believed that hair should be like fabric—light should pass through it, and you should want to put your hand in it. I thought of hair as soft, healthy, lustrous, innocent, and pretty, like a child's." To recover the essential, virgin nature of hair, Kenneth developed the technique of cutting it wet and blunt, while sectioned off with clips. "I was looking to make hair fuller, to make it swing and swivel with the head"—not unlike the satin skirt of the mysterious sylph in the beige Lincoln.

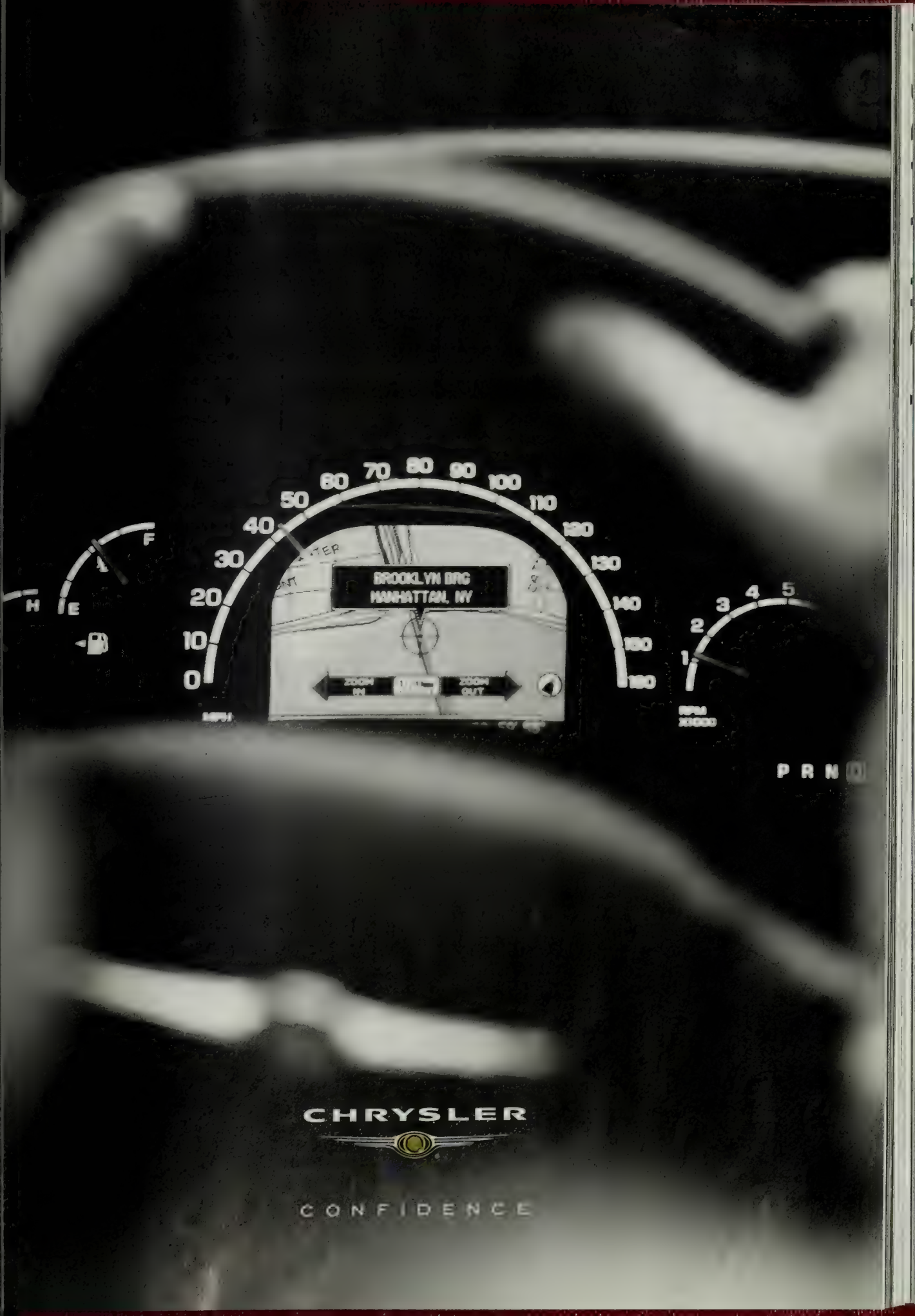
If the kind of lady whose hair was done by Kenneth at Rubinstein was possessed by an impulse to buy a hat, she would head over to a nine-story house on 56th Street between Park and Madison, the address of Manhattan's smartest millinery emporium, Lilly Daché. "Boy, was Lilly a sharp lady," says Gillis McGil, one of Daché's favorite models. "By the mid-50s she could already see the handwriting on the wall—hats were on their way out. So she added a salon"—a mirrored theater-in-the-round, whose chairs and vanities were vertiginously reflected in a perpetual pink-and-white carousel. "It was extraordinary," McGil says. "But it was always empty." Daché sought advice from McGil and another of her pet mannequins, Missy Bancroft. "We both told her, 'The salon's beautiful, but you need a hairdresser,'" McGil remembers. "And Lilly said, 'Well, then find me a golden boy—a genius of hairdressing!' That's how Kenneth came to Lilly Daché." Very quickly, Kenneth recalls, "we became the most important salon in New York," ministering to "this strangely powerful group of customers." But to his clients, the most "strangely powerful" person on the premises was the man brandishing the scissors. Lucille Ball announced her arrival at the salon by bellowing, "Where's God?"



In 1957, Gillis McGil ran into Kay Kendall, the movie star, on Fifth Avenue. "Kay had just wrapped *Les Girls,* and her hair was dyed that ghastly Technicolor red," says McGil. "I asked her where she was going, and she said, 'To Elizabeth Arden. I've got to do something about my hair. I look like Danny Kaye in drag!'" McGil steered her to Kenneth instead. "She was one of the most striking-looking women I've ever seen," Kenneth says. "A tall, gorgeous clown." Trying to balance the proportions of her small head with her rangy physique, he "cut her long hair to about four or five inches, and tinted it back to her own brown. Then I added lots of little blond streaks, set it on small rollers, and brushed it all up with tendrils in front of each ear." The coiffure, debuted in a *Vogue* portrait of the actress by Irving Penn, became such an international sensation, he says, that on some days "there was a line of women waiting outside Daché to get the Kay Kendall hairdo."

The following year Kenneth received a cry for help from another victim of Hollywood hairdressing, Marilyn Monroe. "She was finishing up *Some Like It Hot,*" he says, "and she complained to [designer] Norman Norell that her hair was falling out from overbleaching and overperming. He gave her my name, and she called me from his showroom. I made her hair softer, smoother, and straighter. From then on, whenever she was in New York, she came to me at Daché or I went to her apartment at 444 East 57th Street."

Kenneth traveled with Monroe to Chicago for the world premiere of *Some Like It Hot* in March 1959. "Marilyn didn't care much about clothes or jewelry," Kenneth says. "Before we left she went to Jax on 57th and Fifth and bought three silk shifts—one in white, one in black, and one in tan. She borrowed a beige mink from Maximilian and took along two strings of pearls. When we got to the Ambassador East Hotel in Chicago, a movie P.R. guy spilled his glass of champagne down Marilyn's front. She was wearing the tan dress—and you could see everything, like she was in a wet T-shirt. She was going to throw the mink coat over the stains for the press conference, but I told her that if she wasn't changing her dress she should at least put on some underwear. She said no, she wouldn't do that, because underwear made lines. I said, 'I hear Jean Harlow didn't wear underwear, either—but she used to bleach her hair so it wouldn't show through.' I went downstairs to the hotel



CHRYSLER

CONFIDENCE

drugstore and bought her powdered milk of magnesia, 20 percent peroxide, and spirits of ammonia—you only need a few drops. It's a very old formula for decolorizing hair. I told her, 'Now go in the bathroom and bleach the *Y*.' Nothing showed through when they switched on those bright lights. After that she was more careful."

Monroe called on Kenneth for another, more poignant public appearance—her release from Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital in March 1961. "Arthur Miller declined to come, so Joe DiMaggio got her out instead," Kenneth remembers. "Marilyn was very vulnerable—the kindest, sweetest, most generous person I've ever known, period. And I don't mean generous with gifts. I mean generosity of spirit. That's why she was slapped down all the time, always getting hurt. Anyway, I went to help her make her exit from the hospital. She simply told me, 'I want to look good.' When we came outside, I was absolutely staggered by the way the fans behaved. It was as if they owned her—as if she belonged to them. But Marilyn had that ability to make her movie audiences believe she would leap out of the screen and sit on their laps."

Kenneth also groomed Marilyn in May 1962 for J.F.K.'s 45th-birthday rally at Madison Square Garden, where she sang "Happy Birthday, Mr. President." Monroe (who was the president's lover during this period) "did not want me backstage with her," Kenneth says. "She said she was fearful of publicity. I don't really know what she had in mind, but since I was doing both Marilyn and Mrs. Kennedy at the same time I imagine it was about that." The last time Kenneth ran his fingers through Monroe's platinum waves was in June 1962, for Bert Stern's final sitting with her in California for *Vogue*, just five weeks before her death. Monroe, however, was not the only celebrity on location that summer day at the Bel-Air Hotel; by then, recalls Babs Simpson, the editor on the *Vogue* shoot, "Kenneth was so famous that in the Los Angeles airport people stopped him for autographs."

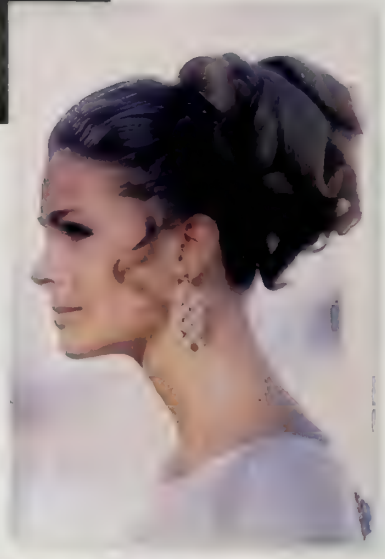
"Kenneth had a gift for dealing with people like Jackie and Marilyn—they could trust him never to coast on their fame."



BRUSH WITH FAME
Kenneth called Marilyn Monroe's hair for her famous *Vogue* sitting, by Bert Stern, published September 1, 1962. Less than a month after the shoot, Cecilia Bingen, 17, debuted as a model who Kenneth took to the December 1962 *Glamour*.

One reason that Kenneth was so identifiable at LAX was that for a year and a half, starting with Inauguration Day 1961, he had been officiating as Camelot's "Secretary of Grooming." Says Karlys Daly Brown, *Glamour*'s beauty editor during this era, "Kenneth was known in every state of the union. We traveled around the country together doing makeovers on real women for the magazine. In Anchorage, Alaska, we were eating at a lunch counter and two teenage girls started giggling—they recognized him. He was so popular with our two million readers that if we ran a cover line with his name on it circulation shot up."

Kenneth cringes at the memory of the legions of helmet-head knockoffs unleashed by his tousled bouffant for Jacqueline Kennedy. The original conception was looser, Kenneth explains, but then "photographs were published of Mrs. Kennedy coming down an airplane staircase outdoors. The wind lifted her hair straight up in the air. She received all kinds of negative letters about that, so out came the hair spray. But I always allowed a few wisps to fall away to make her look less 'set.' There's a photo of the president and Mrs. Kennedy together in a convertible on their way to pick up the King of Morocco in 1961. The president is gazing at her and brushing these strands away from her face with his fingers. That's exactly why I put them there." Says an erstwhile *Vogue* fashion editor, "Kenneth had a gift for dealing with people like Jackie, Marilyn, and Judy Garland—they could trust him never to showboat or coast on their fame. His hair for Jackie was particularly brilliant because he understood how it would work with the camera—the height he gave her lengthened her head and balanced her broad cheekbones. It was a kind of grown-up exaggeration of little girls' hair. With Jackie's bouffant, Kenneth killed off the hat."



The last time Kenneth primped Jacqueline Kennedy during her hus-

band's administration was at seven A.M. on November 21, 1963, just before she left with him for Dallas. "Her main concern was whether it would hold," he recalls. "I cut it before they took off so it would stay fresh."

The next morning Karlys Daly Brown was with Kenneth at the salon when he learned of the assassination. "My assistant called me from the office. 'Turn on the radio!' I shouted. 'The president's been shot!' I remember Shirley MacLaine was there, too, and she started pounding and screaming, completely hysterical. Kenneth was at work on a customer, and he kept on sectioning and cutting, sectioning and cutting, in a daze. He was traumatized, in shock. He has no recollection of this at all."

CHOP SHOP

From top: the second-floor styling room of Kenneth's sumptuous salon at 19 East 54th Street, decorated by Billy Baldwin; a tented drying area; Lee Radziwill arrives at the opening gala, March 4, 1963; an invitation to a 1965 Kenneth "Happening."

In the 60s, "fashion happened below the hips and above the shoulder," *The New York Times*'s Marylin Bender wrote in her 1967 chronicle of the period, *The Beautiful People*. "The hairdresser ... has become the most important man in a fashionable woman's life." Only two hairdressers vied with Kenneth for tonsorial pre-eminence—Paris's Alexandre and London's Vidal Sassoon. Former *Vogue* editor Grace Mirabella remembers photographing the haute-couture collections at a Paris studio for *Vogue* in the 60s, in an overnight, seven-P.M.-to-five-A.M. session. "We had Alexandre on an upstairs floor," she says. "Downstairs, we were doing a cover shoot of Candice Bergen, with Kenneth. Well, at some point in the night Alexandre ventures downstairs, looks Candice over, and sniffs disapprovingly, 'American style!' You see, Candice's hair was marvelously free, soft, and pretty, while upstairs the hair was being pulled and tortured."

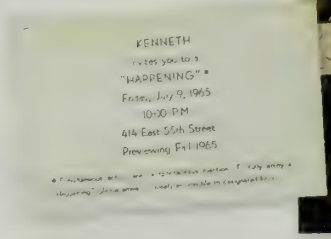
Sassoon, on the other hand, was "literally their edgy counterpoint," says Alexandra Penney, *Glamour*'s beauty editor from 1968 until 1973. "A Sassoon cut sculpted and defined the face; a Kenneth cut framed and enhanced it." Adds Roger Prigent, a photographer who worked with both men, "Kenneth was not avant-garde like Sassoon. But he had all-American class."

For a long time Kenneth had dreamed of his own House of Beauty, a voluptuous palace of pampering, inspired by the glamorous Hollywood-movie images he had absorbed as a Depression-era child. Several clients had offered to set him up in his own establishment, but he was holding out for "educated money," Kenneth says. In 1962 he found the backer he was seeking in the Glemby Company, a family-owned salon-and-beauty-supply firm. The partnership they formed enabled Kenneth to acquire a 50-year lease on the 17,000-square-foot Renaissance Revival town house at 19 East 54th, whose coffered dome, marble Corinthian columns, and cascading staircase were all majestically intact. Though decorator Billy Baldwin—who shared with Kenneth such upper-crust clients as Bunny Mellon, Babe Paley, Diana Vreeland, Missy Bancroft, and Jacqueline Kennedy—did not ordinarily take on commercial projects, he agreed to have a look around. "Billy asked me, 'How do you see this place?'" Kenneth recounts. "And I answered, 'Like the Brighton Pavilion—an extravagant folly built by a king out of his mind. I want it to have a circus quality—all red, yellow, and white, with tents. I want a Chinese lamp on every newel post, and pattern on pattern everywhere.' Billy said, 'I think I could probably do that.'" Unveiled eight months later, on March 4, 1963, at a party attended by his staff and his A-list clientele, the salon was declared "archrevolutionary" by social commentator Cleveland Amory, and *Glamour* raved that there was "more joyous ornament and detail at Kenneth's than in an entire collection of Matisse paintings."

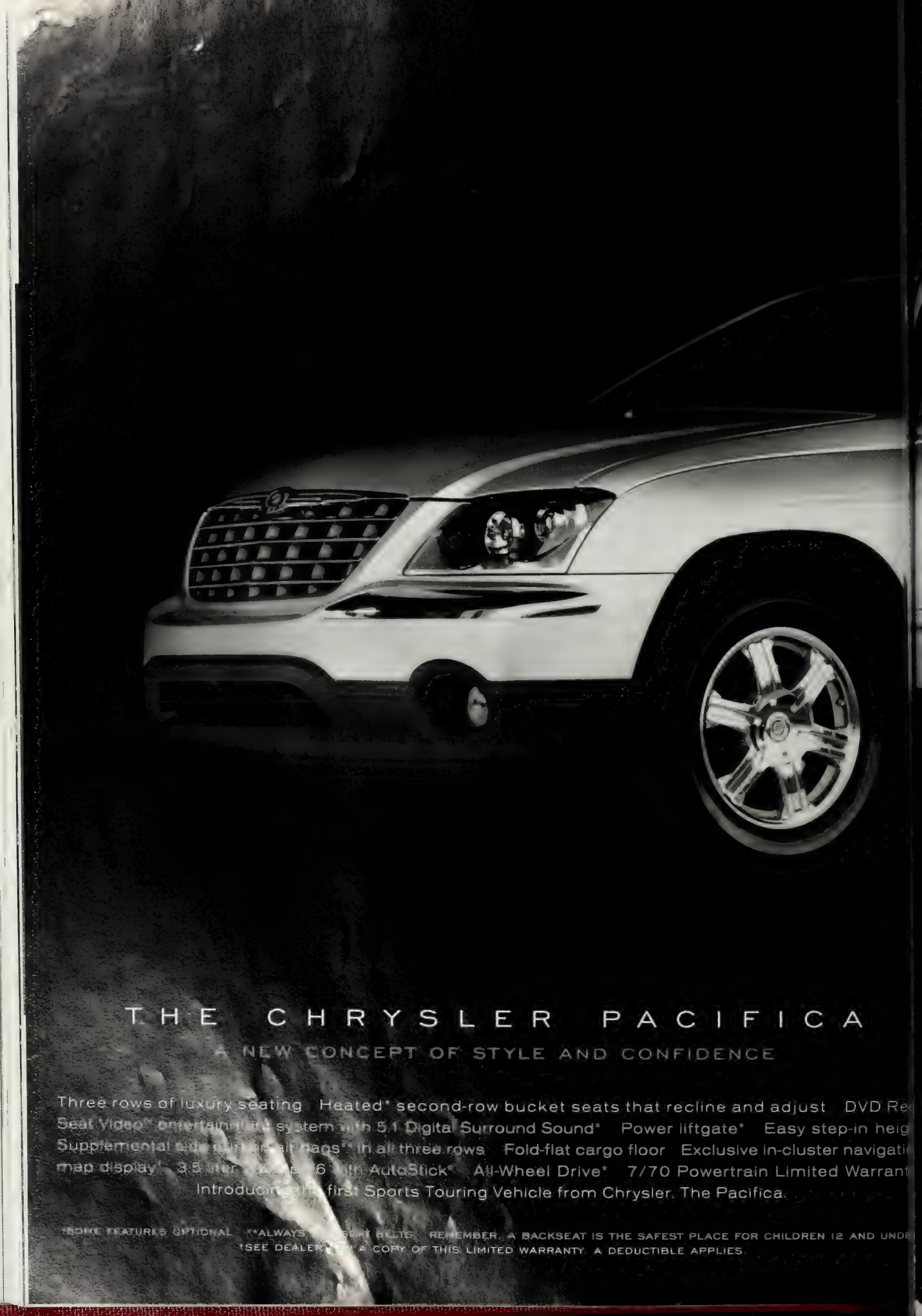








After waiting up to three months for an appointment, a woman (perhaps hiding her wilted hair beneath a scarf and her bare face behind dark glasses) entered the salon under a festive red-and-yellow awning, pausing first to admire the latest exquisitely surreal installations by master window dresser Gene Moore. Next, the client glided through a pair of massive wrought-iron doors and, in a private paisley *cabine,* exchanged her Mainbocher or Pauline

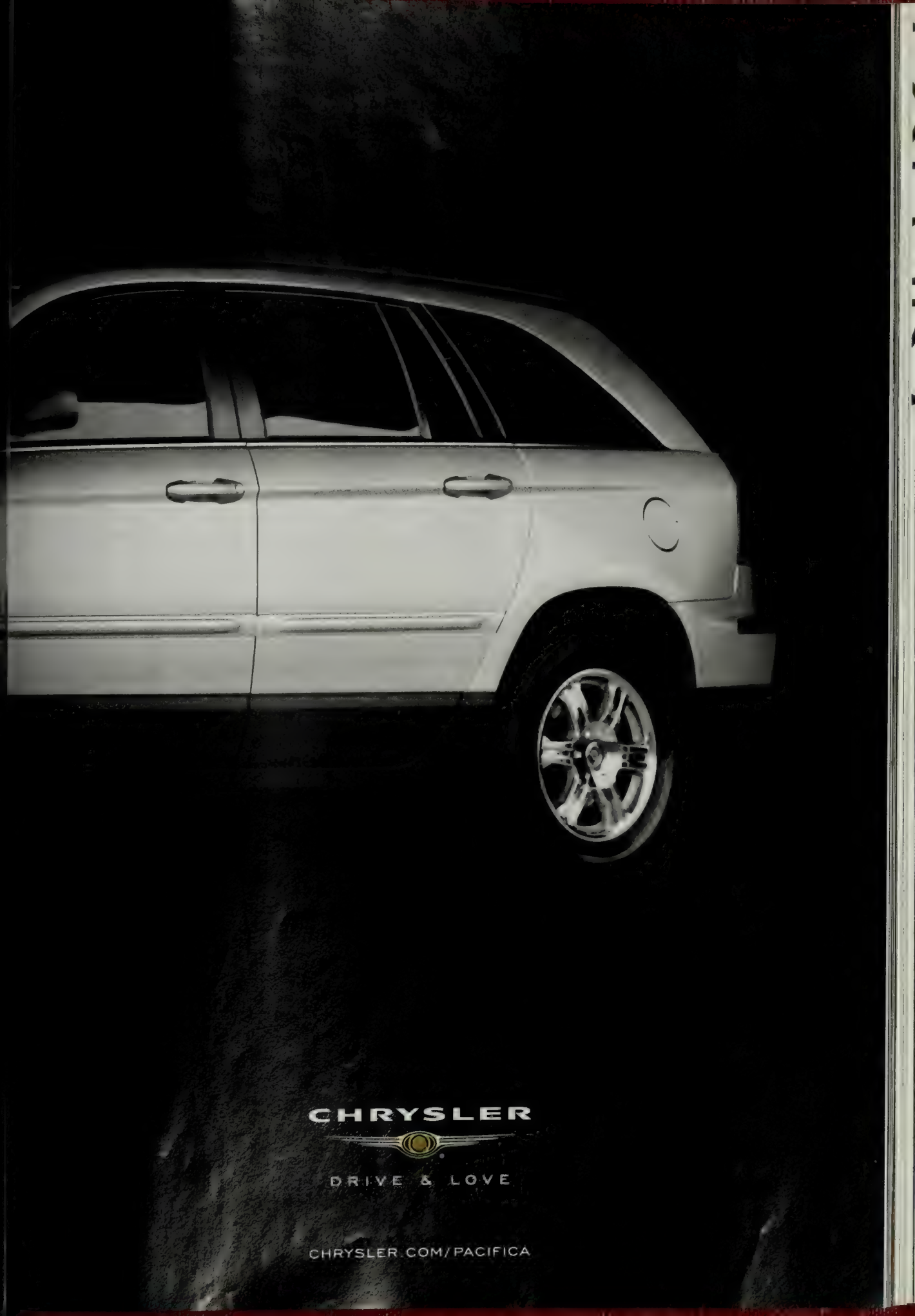


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Trigère for a colorful poncho. (If she wore a fur, the coat was whisked away to a special cold-storage closet.) A wig boutique beckoned on her right, and, unbeknownst to Madame the Client, secreted elsewhere on the ground floor was a clandestine styling room, where a mistress might safely be hidden from a wife.

Lillian Ross, the first female out of the gate on opening day.

"Kenneth's salon," says Grace Mirabella, "wasn't your typical soupy, sugary vision of loveliness—nor was it sharp and tough. If you were doing decorating of any kind, elements of its design would definitely catch your eye." Not everyone could assimilate the sophisticated carnival-in-the-jungle aesthetic, however. "One woman shrieked, 'I'm getting out of here! It looks like a brothel!'" Kenneth recalls. "As she ran out I said within earshot, 'Do you suppose she's been in one before?'"

By June 1962, says Babs Simpson, "Kenneth was so famous that in the Los Angeles airport people stopped him for autograph



BEST-TRESSED LIST Kenneth primps a model for *Vogue*, August 15, 1962. *Bottom*, Kenneth with his poodle, Sam, and Betty Furness (on floor), Jean Clark, Robin Cushing, Paulette Goddard, Eugenia Sheppard (on floor), Missy Bancroft, and Hope Bryce Preminger for *Glamour*, July 1962.

The real draw of Kenneth—besides his flawless, pricey cuts—was not the décor but the impeccable service. "I believe in coddle, coddle, coddle," he said. "Her Majesty the Customer"'s hands and feet were propped up for manicures and pedicures on plump Porthault pillows, black-stockinged maids silently presented lunch or tea on Porthault trays, aromatic Rigaud candles or Ramu, the house perfume, liminally scented the atmosphere, and a black Mercedes diesel station wagon, available on a first-come, first-served basis, ferried customers to and from the salon. "Kenneth's house seems to have a curiously hypnotic effect on most women," *Vogue* remarked. "The décor, the ambiance, the techniques of treatment ... combine to calm and soothe in a way that might well be studied by the makers of Miltown." Lee Radziwill (Jacqueline Kennedy's younger sister) agrees: "Kenneth's salon had a great serenity. It has been compared to a club, but it was so much more comforting than that."

Kenneth reflects, "Women used to come in just to sit and have lunch, or leaf through magazines. We had *Country Life, Publisher's Weekly, Atlantic*—but never any scandal papers. Or they'd nap on a chaise. You see, Kenneth—I'm talking about the entity, not me; I make that distinction—belonged to them. They felt safe, even more sheltered than at home." This sense of well-being emanated from Kenneth himself, Alexandra Penney feels. "He has magic hands—a gentle, reassuring, healing, invisible touch. From the instant Kenneth puts his fingers in your hair, you feel better, even look better. It's a kind of 'laying on of the hands.'"



The lady then ascended a broad, sweeping staircase to the second floor's large paisley-tented drying room, illuminated by an enormous blue chandelier, and to its red bamboo-trellised combing and setting rooms. One flight higher were the "wet rooms" for tinting and shampooing—furnished with black patent-leather chairs, terra-cotta sinks, and white counters, "as antiseptic as surgeries," *Vogue* observed in 1963. Also on the third floor was the thriving heart of the enterprise—the butter-yellow sanctum sanctorum of Kenneth, where the wizard practiced his craft. His top stylists (attired in sober suits and ties) labored calmly near their boss, beneath striped and calico canopies. Consecrated to physical fitness, the fourth floor was equipped with massage rooms, cypress steam baths, waxing chambers, whirlpools, and a Pilates studio, where at least one dowager's hump was ironed out. "For a beauty salon, we're out on an awfully long limb," Kenneth admitted to *The New Yorker*'s

"Almost every famous female head in the world," *Vogue* observed in 1963, "has gone or will go" to Kenneth. Grace Mirabella says, "If you ever wanted to learn who was in town—Jacqueline de Ribes, Marella Agnelli—all you'd have to do is check in at Kenneth. If you heard Mary Farr, the top stylist, was leaving for a few days, then you knew Jackie Kennedy would be traveling. And if Kenneth disappeared from the scene, that meant he was off doing work for us at *Vogue*"—most infamously, a 20-page spread shot in Tahiti in 1967 with photographer Norman Parkinson,



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editor Babs Simpson, two German models, and a white horse.

"Well, Kenneth was the hairdresser on the Tahiti trip," Diana Vreeland recounted in her memoir *D.V.* "Some of the great men are hairdressers, and he's the greatest of them. So I said to him, 'The tail of a Tahitian horse may not be . . . enough. You may have to fake it. It may be too skimpy. Best to take along some synthetic hair.'" Kenneth explains more plainly, "For inspiration Mrs. Vreeland showed me an 18th-century French picture of a horse all festooned and garlanded, with a long, curly white mane and a tail plaited with enormous bows. I packed loads of white and off-white Dupont hair. But when we got to Tahiti, we couldn't find a white horse anywhere. Finally, we located a stallion who hadn't seen a lady in eight years; he was horny as hell. As I was dolling him up with fake hair, taffeta bows, and real flowers, he saw a donkey around the bend. He took off, flying toward her. All my decorations flew off, too, down the side of a mountain, where no doubt they remain today." Instead of Vreeland's rococo vision of a bedizened, sugar-colored steed, "we ended up with a picture of that donkey in a straw hat. I punched two holes in it and pulled the ears through."

"Almost every famous female head in the world," *Vogue* magazine observed in 1963, "has gone or will go" to Kenneth.





MAKING WAVES
Guest of honor Katharine Graham (hair by Kenneth) and host Truman Capote at his Black and White Ball, November 28, 1966. Inset: Kenneth client Denise Bouché at the ball.

Kenneth was more successful confecting fantasies with false hair in the confines of his own salon. And there was no greater showcase for the more flamboyant side of his artistry than Truman Capote's Black and White Ball, staged at the Plaza Hotel on November 28, 1966. Among the ladies whose hair Kenneth prepared on that day were Slim Keith, Lee Radziwill, Lauren Bacall, Rose Kennedy, Marietta Tree, Isabel Eberstadt, D. D. Ryan, Pamela Harriman, and Capote's guest of honor, Katharine Graham. The traffic was so backed up at 19 East 54th Street, Kenneth recalled, "we had a lot of wives, ex-wives, and mistresses that we had to hide in different places. Some of these hairdos required up to seven hairpieces at a time." His tour de force for the evening was the Fragonard puff he contrived for Denise Bouché, widow of portraitist René Bouché: he whipped her hair into a towering soufflé, and then, before attaching feathers and synthetic curls, dyed one side black and powdered the other half white.

Kenneth was not among the social, literary, and artistic *gratin* asked to Capote's dance. Nor did he aspire to be. Once a habitual guest at such events as Bunny Mellon's Cape Cod birthday party for Jacqueline Kennedy, and Amanda Burden's wedding on Long Island, "Kenneth was on his way to becoming a big social star," says *New York Times* columnist Enid Nemy. "But at a certain point he chose to back out."

Accounting for this withdrawal, Kenneth explains, "One evening in the mid-60s, I was invited to a vernissage of tempera paintings at Diana Phipps's, on Central Park West. In walked Drue Heinz, asking me what I was doing for dinner. I had no plans, so we left in her car for the 79th Street Boat Basin. She made a call, and a launch arrived to take us to a yacht. The yacht turned out to be Onassis's *Christina,* on its first trip to New York. When we got on board, people were already having dinner and dancing. Maria Callas made a diva's entrance and took a seat at the bar. I had never before seen a roomful of people stand up for a woman. Anyway, I was very happy I went. But the next day in Suzy's column in *The Journal-American* there was a headline: PICKLE QUEEN GOES TO YACHT PARTY WITH HAIRDRESSER. I was mortified. And I made it a policy not to go out with my clients again."

Defying the crueler laws of fashion, Kenneth never went out of style. "Though he is so strongly associated with the period when my sister was in the White House," Radziwill says, "Kenneth stayed au courant." His charter customers brought in the next generation—he designed wigs for Babe Paley's daughter Kate, a victim of alopecia, and later Missy Bancroft sent both her daughter Jenny and her granddaughter to him, while the philanthropist Sue Newhouse, who first went to Kenneth at Daché, made converts of her two daughters-in-law. Kenneth's golden circle of patrons flexibly encompassed writers (Lillian Ross), artists (Lee Krasner—"I called her my favorite gargoyle"), and obscure bohemians (Barbara Feldon before TV stardom). If a model, widow, or divorcée intimated that she could no longer afford Kenneth's services, "he would tell her, 'You can't afford not to come,'" says fashion executive Kitty D'Alessio. "And he would not charge her." Keeping up with the times, he launched lines of hair products, wigs, and cosmetics, including his risqué Makeup for the Bosom, which consisted of nipple rouge and a contouring powder to accentuate cleavage. In the 80s he proposed to *The New York Times Magazine* a New Wave version of the conventional Kenneth "lion" coif, which he named "Park Avenue Punk." Also immune to time, Billy Baldwin's savagely elegant décor did not date, though by 1985 it was beginning to show wear. With $1.3 million of his own money, and this time himself as decorator, Kenneth rejuvenated the salon in a one-month late-summer flurry of renovation.

"And then *bam!* It burnt down," fashion illustrator Joe Eula says. While Kenneth watched his House of Beauty turn to ashes, he had little inkling of the full extent of the damage. Optimistically, Victoria Meekins, his vice president and an employee since 1972, rode up with a fireman to the fifth-floor offices in a cherry picker to salvage appointment books and Kenneth's 1961 Coty Award, the first and last ever given to a hairdresser. "We expected to reopen in

a week or 10 days," she says. Equally sanguine about his prospects for a speedy comeback was the consortium of clients, former employees, and friends who took out a quarter-page ad in *Women's Wear Daily* with the headline GET THAT PHOENIX FLYING!

But the phoenix discovered that his wings had been shorn. Even if he had wanted to reconstruct Kenneth, the salon, from the cinders, he discovered he could not. Though he still had about 20 years remaining on his lease, his landlords seized upon a fire-or-earthquake clause that entitled them to evict their tenant. And in a second devastating blow, Kenneth learned that he would not even receive the cold consolation of cash from the insurance company, which should have amounted to around $2 million. "Because we were not a Subchapter S Corporation, I had to pay both personal tax and corporate tax on the fire-insurance money," he says. When Joan Rivers suggested that he sue, Kenneth replied, "I don't live in *sue*land."



SHEAR GENIUS Kenneth in his office at New York's Waldorf-Astoria March 3, 2003.

Constrained to return to work, he rented half a dozen empty chairs at Eva, a beauty parlor in the Helmsley Palace Hotel. A third of his staff followed him there, and the remainder of his retinue, including Kevin Lee, a stylist whom Meekins had hired in 1987, vowed to return as soon as Kenneth found a large enough space. "He was sort of double-decker there at the Helmsley for two years," Kitty D'Alessio says. "It was a pretty tacky place." Brooke Astor liked the makeshift setup even less. "It's perfectly awful," she groused. "We're squeezed in, there's no air." Joe Eula says, "After that, like all good diplomats, he ended up at the Waldorf-Astoria." Far more compact than its predecessor on 54th Street, the Waldorf incarnation of Kenneth's hair salon nonetheless retains many of his signature sybaritic touches—finger sandwiches catered by William Poll and served by uniformed maids, bottles of Kenneth nail polish to take home after manicures and pedicures, drink cups neatly covered in foil to prevent stray hairs from drifting in. And, as always, the salon is so hygienic that clients could eat their chicken-salad-and-watercress sandwiches off the floor. "He's a surgeon when it comes to cutting hair," Sue Newhouse says.

"I have to think of 54th Street as ancient history," Kenneth reflects. "I was very lucky to have had it, very spoiled. There had never been anything like it before, and nothing like it will ever exist again. I'm now cutting the hair of the great-granddaughters of some of my original clients. And, no, I won't give names, because, amazingly and wonderfully, there are still people coming to see me who believe your name should only appear in print at birth, marriage, and death." In 2002 he anointed Kevin Lee his creative director. "Kenneth invented modern hairdressing," Lee says. "I'm building on this tradition and will keep it going." Already he has developed a new array of Kenneth products, which will be available in the fall, and attracted a more youthful, visible clientele. Kenneth remarks, "I'm glad, because as I've often said, I don't want to watch myself die with my clients—although I have been asked to do dead customers. I've refused—there are professionals who specialize in that sort of thing."

Now a distinguished-looking gentleman of 76 (in his bespoke English suit he could pass for an ambassador, or a psychiatrist), Kenneth is sitting in a straight-backed chair at the Waldorf-Astoria's Cocktail Terrace. Having placed an order for tea and scones, he winces as the lounge singer croons "Matchmaker, Matchmaker." "That's supposed to be Cole Porter's piano," he says about the Steinway she is thumping. "He used to live here. Should I plug her up with my scone?" He sips his English Breakfast instead, and tunes her out while contemplating his half-century of hairdressing.

"Nobody asks me for an autograph anymore," he muses. "No one in Wappingers Falls, where my country house is, knows who I am. And that suits me just fine; in 54 years I have never once seen my reflection when I look in the mirror—only my client's. I like knowing when I wake up every morning that I can make people happy."

Kenneth rises to leave. As it is still early in the week, he will not yet be riding up to the country, where, in solitude, he tends the plants in his flourishing garden like so many heads of luxuriant female hair. In less than 14 hours, he will resume his post at his shop, with a fully booked day ahead of him. "I never thought much about whether I would continue like this or not," he says, considering his parting words carefully. "It's just that I don't know how to stop." □

Defying the crueler laws of fashion, Kenneth never went out of style.... His charter customers brought in the next generatio

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VANITIES



Fred Weller

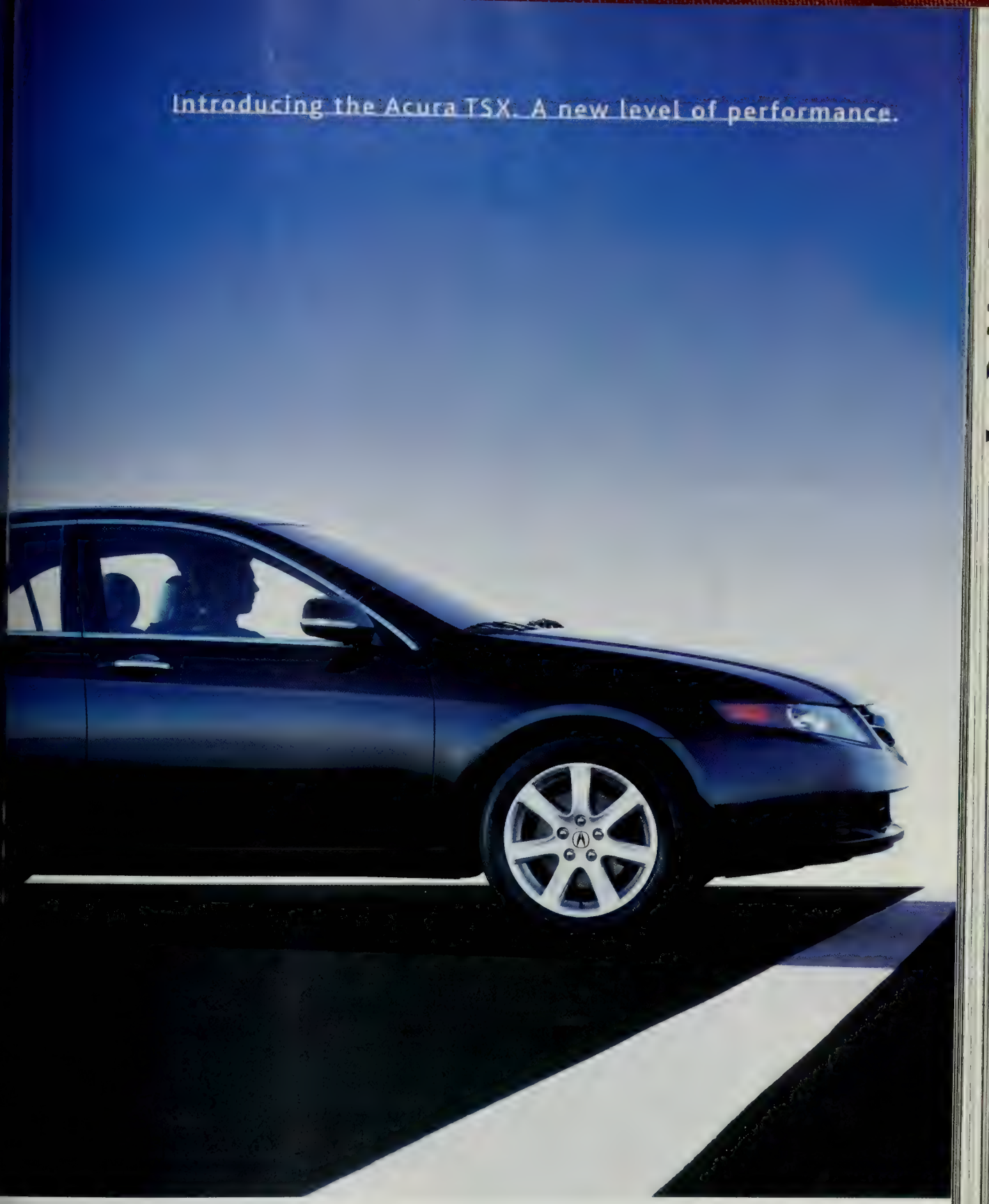
AGE AND OCCUPATION: 31, actor. **PROVENANCE:** New Orleans. **DREAM TEAM:** Currently, you can catch Weller in the film adaptation of Neil LaBute's play *The Shape of Things*, with Gretchen Mol, Paul Rudd, Rachel Weisz, and Weller all reprising the roles they perfected during its successful run on Broadway last year. **GOOD VIBRATIONS:** "There was no audition for the play. Neil just called me up and interviewed me over the phone. I loved the script and I loved his films and we hit it off right away—I think my agent sent him a tape of [the TV movie] *The Beach Boys*. I was Brian Wilson in that." **PITCHER OR CATCHER:** "I'm on Broadway right now doing a play called *Take Me Out*. It's about a superstar baseball player who comes out of the closet. I play the antagonist, the redneck closer who comes in and creates havoc." **MAKING THE GRADE:** Weller's decision to pursue acting came early: "I was doing the Christmas play in kindergarten and I sang 'I Ain't Getting Nothing for Christmas,' and all the kids were nervous, but I wasn't. Afterward, all the seventh-grade girls kept telling me how good I was. That was pretty much it." —KRISTA SMITH

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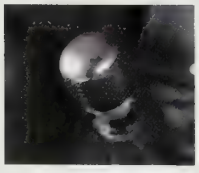


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GEORGE WAYNE Q&A

After the bell with Kudlow and Cramer

The most flamboyant pairing on television's crowded news/talk-show landscape is that of Lawrence Kudlow and James Cramer, the former an ex–Reagan official in the guise of a British art dealer, the latter a brainy Wall Street trader who never takes in enough breath to last him one whole, high-pitched sentence. The combination yields a mix of humor and insidery, right-leaning insight. On the set after a recent show, the pair sounded off to our columnist on infidelity, the new robber barons, and the pleasures of English tailoring.

George Wayne: *The first and most obvious question would be: How did Kudlow meet Cramer?*

Lawrence Kudlow: Good question. I'm not really sure.

James Cramer: We were shotgunned and we didn't mind the rhythm of it. We liked each other, and it turned out to work.

G.W. *Mr. Kudlow, that is a fabulous suit you're wearing. Is it Brioni?*

L.K. No, I have an English tailor who put it together for me.

G.W. *You are like the uptight, fuddy-duddy Republican, and Cramer is the crass, brassy, shrill egomaniac.*

J.C. I'm a trader and I'm not gonna lose those traits overnight.

L.K. Brian Williams calls him "Caf" and calls me "Decaf."

G.W. *Mr. Kudlow, you grew up surrounded by wealth.*

L.K. Middle-class, Englewood, New Jersey.

G.W. *What was your childhood like, Mr. Cramer?*

J.C. A good life. My father still works—he's a jobber. I always thought I was rich until I got to Harvard, and then I realized I was just a scholarship kid.

G.W. *According to your hagiography—*

L.K. I love it. You should come on *Kudlow & Cramer;* that's great.

G.W. *According to your book, Mr. Cramer, you were an expert at the stock market from five years old.*

J.C. I loved the stock market even as a little boy, absolutely. I was addicted to it. I would grab the paper from my dad the moment he came home from work and go right to the business pages.

G.W. *You both have good minds, but you, Mr. Cramer, weren't always a particularly likable character. There was a time, you said, that "greed occupied every pore of my body." You were Gordon Gekko.*

J.C. There were periods in my life when I was a jerk. There were some ugly characteristics to the life I led. I was an honest husband, I loved my kids.

G.W. *Never had an extramarital affair?*

J.C. No.

G.W. *What about Kudlow?*

L.K. No.

G.W. *And you, Mr. Cramer, have this weird metabolism where you can get by on only two hours' sleep.*

J.C. Yes. My sister has it, too—she'll be up for two days.

G.W. *Do you think Martha Stewart should be sent to jail?*

L.K. I've never met her, but when this first broke I became a defender of hers. I just looked at the story line and didn't see any evidence of wrongdoing. She might not have had the best P.R. campaign initially, but no wrongdoing. She is a great female entrepreneur.

G.W. *Who is the biggest swindler of the 21st century?*

J.C. Bernard Ebbers from WorldCom.

L.K. Dennis Kozlowski of Tyco, because here is a guy who swindled, stole, parceled out to his little clique, and didn't tell the board.

J.C. The person who did nothing was Martha Stewart. She's been slavish to her shareholders.

G.W. *Who would you like to see as the next chairman of the Fed?*

L.K. Glenn Hubbard, who was George W. Bush's top economist for two years. I've known Greenspan for 25 years. He is very smart, but he has been in a slump for the past few years.

G.W. *Are you going to be senator from New Jersey?*

L.K. I'm so happy to have this new career, but that rumor appears every once in a while.

G.W. *Mr. Kudlow had some personal problems with drugs and alcohol in the 90s, so I'm sure you'd be the first to agree that it's all about living one day at a time.*

L.K. Absolutely. That's really the way I look at it. You get a call from some top-brass guy in the network, and all of a sudden you have your own show. The Lord works in strange ways.



Lawrence Kudlow and James Cramer, at play.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC OGDEN. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

VANITY FAIR

JOHN BANTA
RESEARCH EDITOR

March 28, 2003

Graydon:

Might I suggest that we drop Ed Coaster's war dispatch from the June issue? As it is, we're closing it awfully late, and there are a lot of discrepancies and legal problems to address. To wit:

1. Ed has admitted that Tupki, the Iraqi boy whose wound he cleaned with Blanton's bourbon, is a composite. What Ed actually did was let an Iraqi toddler take a slug from his flask after the capture of Umm Qasr, though he did also distribute some Brach's caramels and paperbacks of *The Edwin John Coaster Reader* to villagers outside Najaf.

2. The quote that he attributes to Richard Perle at a pre-war D.C. cocktail party—"Iraq will be the template for a whole bunch of pre-emptive military actions: first against Syria, then Iran, then North Korea, then Berkeley, Park Slope, and the offices of that faggoty production company that does *Will & Grace*"—was in fact uttered by a producer from the MSNBC program *Savage Nation*.

3. There are no black bears in Iraq; he could not have wrestled with one.

4. A Pentagon spokesman says we'll be compromising operational security if Ed discloses the existence of the army's new invisibility serum.

I could go on, but you get the idea.

John

GRAND HYATT AMMAN

Dear Graydon: 4/4/

Do me a favor—next time, leave the war reporting to the war reporters, and tell your scrawny research chie to stick to correcting Sebastian Junger's atrocious spelling. It breaks my heart that my boys in the 97th Infantry Division's "Shrieking Egrets" Brigade, with whom I was so happily embedded, will never see their heroism reported in V.F., though Halberstam thinks I can get a Firehouse-type deal out of it.

Anyhoo, now that I'm in Jordan, an intriguing lead has opened up on another front. I was approached in the lobby of the Grand Hyatt by two mysterious men who claim to represent Kim Jong Il. Apparently the Dear Leader has read my Korean War books, In a Green Pink Country and 38th Parallel Blues, and believes me the best candidate to Q&A him for a Western audience. Could be an awesome "get." Shall I see if these dudes are legit?

Best,

Ed

Punch—tell him to fax me it. Discreetly. And tell him that Jim appalled by his behavior in Iraq and that I want to see him when he gets back.

G.

EDWIN COASTER

Dear Graydon: 4/

I checked, and these guys seem for real. But befor they smuggle me into Pyongyang, the Dear Leader has some demands that I need you to address:

—He wants Annie to do the shoot.

—He wants to keep the clothes and not pay for them.

—He wants to bring an entourage of 20 to next year's Oscar party, and he wants to be seated next to Jennifer Garner, and he wants her to be wearing the leather.

—If I bring up the gay rumors, he walks.

What say you? Please let me know soonest.

Best,

Ed

The Coaster Correspondence

More of the very expensive words of Edwin John Coaster, contributing editor



ILLUSTRATION BY TIM SHEAFFER


ONE NECKLACE...
MIKIMOTO
PEARLS IN MOTION...
SLIDE INTO PLACE TO SUIT
YOUR EVERY MOOD.
BANKS & BIDDLE

INTELLIGENCE REPORT: THE TELEVISION WAR

LIVE


ANCHOR


EMBED

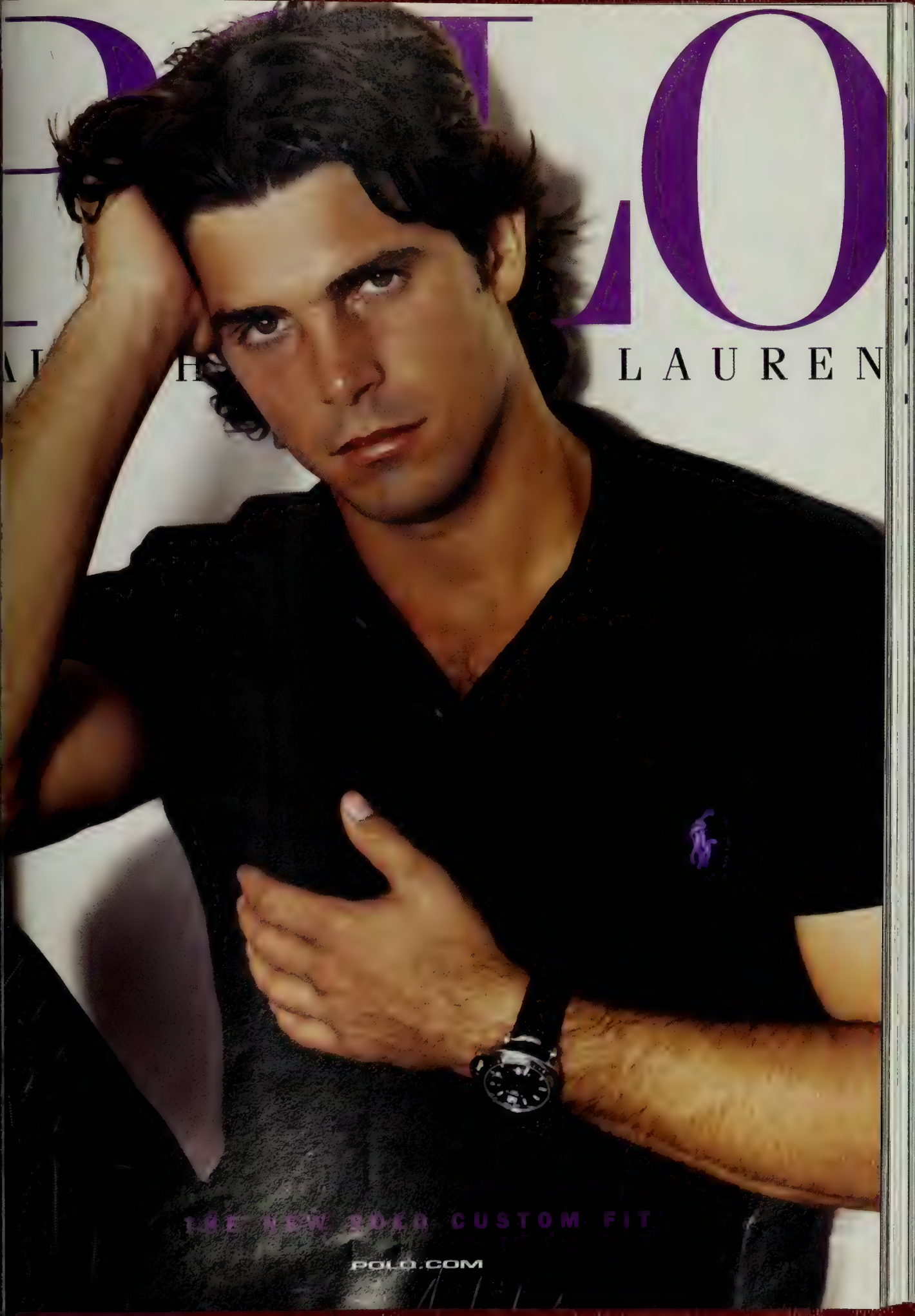

MILITARY ANALYST


CENTCOM


PENTAGON

	PROTOTYPE	Aaron Brown	Dr. Bob Arnot	General Wesley Clark	General Tommy Franks	Torie Clarke
	UNIFORM	Signature brown suit, matching signature brown hair	Flak vest, helmet, khaki jumpsuit	Navy-blue Brioni suit, white spread collar, Windsor knot	Four-star desert-combat camouflage	Asymmetrico pink-and-tan Mor harlequin su
	ROLE MODEL	Bill Moyers	T. E. Lawrence	◀ Gary Cooper	General "Buck" Turgidson, ▶ played by George C. Scott in *Dr. Strangelove*	Margare Tutwile
	ART DIRECTION	Animated graphic pastiche: WAR WITH IRAQ banner over fiery-red backdrop	▲ Surrounded by Iraqi children to whom he delivers medical help while on-air	Carefully trimmed silver hair, Bill Hemmer's studio lighting	*Starship Troopers*–style briefing set featuring CentCom seal and curious green-gold color scheme	Double-wide briefing poo in front of oval placard Pentagon logo
	TRADEMARK FACIAL EXPRESSION	Mona Lisa smile, ▶ cocked head	Condescending compassion	Smoldering eyes	Old hound dog ▶	Nurse Diesel cros with *True Grit*
	FAVORITE TOY	Night-vision video	Enhanced videophone	Satellite-view telestrator	◀ MOAB, 21,000-pound "mother of all bombs"	Predator drones
	DEFINING MOMENT	Revelation of Iraqi assassination plot against CNN personnel	"Give me the baby!" (saved Iraqi infant on-camera)	War on the war plan	Brigadier General Vince Brooks's four A.M. Jessica Lynch–rescue briefing	Rumsfeld's "Henny Penny, the sky is falling!" news conference ▶
	UNEXPECTED THREAT	Ted Koppel in a Kevlar helmet	CNN's Walter Rodgers takes fire and doesn't flinch	General Barry McCaffery's attention-getting anti-Rummy rant	When every retired general and colonel accused Rummy of messing up the tip-fiddle	Rummy's bizarre outbursts
	BLACK SHEEP	Peter Arnett	◀ Geraldo Rivera	General Barry ◀ McCaffery	Lieutenant General William "War Games" Wallace	Richard Perle
	LITTLE BUDDY	Anderson Cooper	Marine Devil Doc	Hair-and- ▶ makeup lady	Brigadier General Vince Brooks	Major General Stanley A. McChryst
	BIG COOL FRIEND	◀ Peter Jennings	Expeditionary-force commander	Bill Clinton	Norman Schwarzkopf	Rummy
	POSTWAR PLANS	Renegotiate contract	Interview ghostwriters for memoirs	Run for ◀ president	House hunting near the Tigris	"I could tell you I'm not going
	FALSE MODESTY	"No one's shooting at me, after all . . ."	"Arabic's my fourth language."	"No one likes to play armchair general, but . . ."	"It's a brilliant war plan, ▲ but the credit for it goes to the Pentagon."	"It's a brilliant war plan the credit for it goe Tommy Franks."
	WHAT THE CAMERA MISSES	What he's grinning at	Only embed with a ◀ best-selling diet book	Rhodes scholar	Noted ▶ practical-joker	Six feet tall (without heels
	WOULD LIKE TO BE REMEMBERED AS . . .	The Cronkite-like conscience of the Iraq wa	The network newsman who was also a doctor and a pilot ocked like Redford	Ike II ▶	Patton II	The Iron Lady of Arlington

–RICHARD RUSHFIELD and ADAM LEFF


LAUREN
POLO.COM

Operation Enduring Fashion

Women's Wear Daily reporter Bruce Plushton embeds



0700

In Iraq, fashion meets its greatest challenge: this is a country bereft of alcohol and colorful homosexuals. *Women's Wear Daily* has sent me here to try to answer the questions "Is there style in war?" and "War: In or Out?" The answers to these two questions, my brief exposure to the troops leads me to believe, are "No" and "Out": everyone here, it seems, has fallen prey to the unimaginative, unstructured look of camouflage. Camo, camo, camo—Jean Paul Gaultier and Marc Jacobs sent this stuff down their runways *two years ago*. *Talk* about derivative! These people aren't referencing a look, they're color-Xeroxing it. I have issues with government issues.

Out on the tennis court of the Kuwait Hilton, one of the officers who are giving me and the other journalist "embeds" our training hands me *my* camos and then asks me, "What's your name, son?"

"Bruce Plushton."

"What publication you with, Bruce?"

"*W.W.D.*," I mumble, hoping the abbreviation sounds butch, and possibly related to wrestling.

"You don't look too thrilled about the uniform."

"Well, I don't love it—love it—love it," I confess, fingering the dun-colored mass and imagining it in another fabric, like shantung or shirred georgette. Every garment tells a story, and the story these are telling is: I Know No Dry Cleaners.

"This gonna be a problem?" the officer asks.

"No, sir," I say. "I will Iraquiesce."

I don the fatigues, but not before accessorizing with black Armani underwear, a Hugo Boss belt, and Prada boots. You say olive drab, I say olive *fab*.

1300

O, Style, where are you? (*Ô, la mode, où êtes-vous?*) One of the biggest improvements in combat gear in recent years, I'm told, is our soldiers' night-vision equipment. I'm shown an illustration of the PVS-14 night-vision goggles, which mount wittily on a Kevlar helmet and greatly intensify ambient light. The illustration is not without promise. (*Ce n'est pas sans promise.*) Indeed, it occurs to me that maybe night-vision goggles are the little black dress of warfare—they take you from day *into* evening. But suddenly I need to see the goggles on a soldier, so I jump in a Jeep, drive for a few hours (idea for fragrance: Sandstorm. "Sandstorm . . . The future is unseeable"), and find the 101st Airborne Division on the outskirts of Baghdad. I gaze diagnostically at a recruit and his goggles. Are they stylish? No, they are insectoid. Are they *très à la mode?* Only if your mode is houseflies.

Another stirring example of "*Plus ça change.*"

I scurry amidst the 101st, [illegible] mishing with the Republican Guard, and ask vario[illegible] if they think it's possible to be stylish during warfa[illegible]eem distracted, unwilling to talk. One becomes quite irritated by my presence, so I get huffy right back at him. He gets more irritated; I get huffier. Finally, he asks me to leave, causing me to snap, "A little Botox would do wonders for all those screw-toppy frown lines on your brow, darling! Maybe then they wouldn't call you a jarhead!"

2134

The assignment is taking its toll on me. I have become bitchier, and no one thought that was possible. I need Evian, sushi, track lighting. I walk into the canteen and fall into conversation with a corporal who is appalled by my assignment, not to mention my glibness. He thinks I am belittling the extremely noble and generous efforts of my country's servicemen. Suddenly I'm sobbing. He's right: I'm a big bitch. I'm as shallow as glass. I feel awful.

I apologize to the corporal; I plead *mea culpa*. His response surprises me: "To tell you the truth, I'm of the opinion that embedding and the constant broadcasting of war make war banal. It trivializes it." I nod my head. He continues, "But *you're* not a trivializer, Bruce. You're just someone who needs to have a licensed professional sit him down and tell him all about lithium."

"Thank you, sir," I say, moved. "You're very generous."

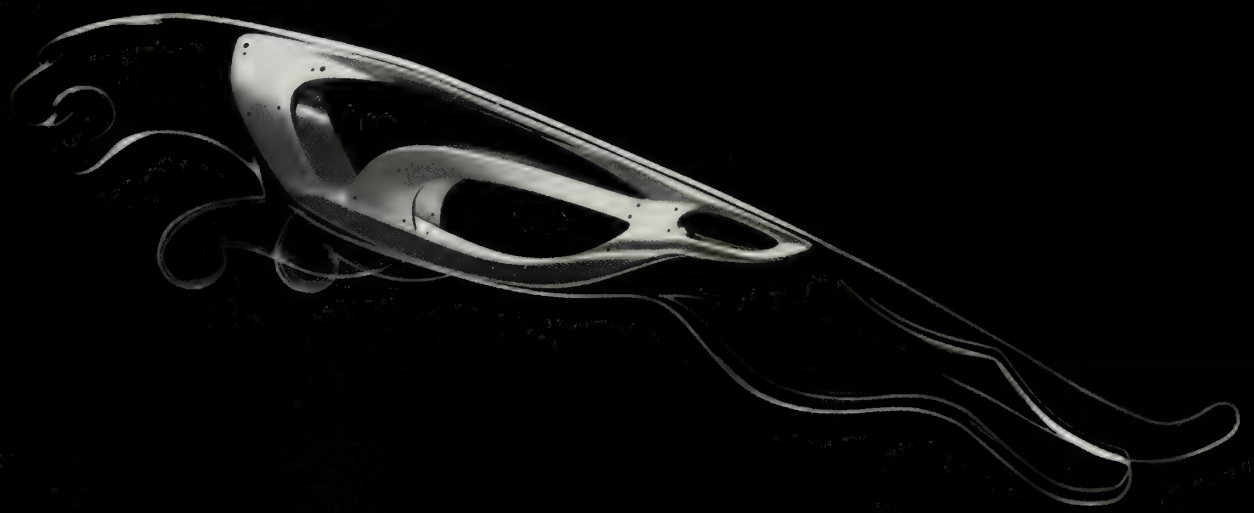
"Anything for my country." —HENRY ALFORD

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWIN FOTHERINGHAM

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VANITY FAIR
JUNE 2003



Who'd have guessed that Drew Barrymore would grow up functional, let alone become one of Hollywood's most successful actress-producers (*Donnie Darko, Charlie's Angels*)? Chosen at age 6 by Steven Spielberg to play Gertie in *E.T.*, Barrymore skipped childhood, sped through rehab (at 13), and somehow conquered the dark side of a powerful family legacy. As she releases her *Charlie's Angels* sequel and the film *Fifty First Kisses*, with Adam Sandler, the 28-year-old star tells KRISTA SMITH all about it

The Nine Lives of

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK SELIGER • STYLED BY SARAJANE HOARE



ALL GROWN UP

Today's Drew Barrymore—sophisticated, successful, but still wild at heart—photographed in Los Angeles on March 22, 2003.

Drew Barrymore



Drew Barrymore has never been one to conceal how she's feeling. "I'm so nervous I could vomit," she tells me as we ride across Los Angeles in the backseat of a hired town car. "Usually I love a crowd—bring on the people—but tonight I am really nervous."

Our destination is a Global Vision for Peace press conference, for which Barrymore has been asked to read an anti-war speech written by the Dalai Lama. It's been 24 hours since war broke out in Iraq, and in that time the number of people expected at the event has doubled to about 500. Barrymore grew up on-screen, appearing in more than 35 movies since her debut at the age of three, but her role in this historic moment is all too real. She's been reading and rereading the speech all day, but she hasn't memorized it, "because they're not my words, they're his." She adds, "I want to do it perfectly and honorably. I feel so lucky because I've been praying and praying for a way to do something productive in the world right now."

Barrymore is dressed simply and elegantly in a chiffon shirt and blazer, her long blond tresses pulled back into a low ponytail. She doesn't want to make any kind of statement with her clothes. However, a pair of flat red Mary Janes, borrowed from her *Charlie's Angels* co-star Lucy Liu, peek out from under her trousers. She tells me she was going to wear her Chuck Taylors, but thought better of it [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] Napster Talmadge [illegible]

Los Feliz, an artsy neighborhood on the east side of L.A., where the conference is being held. Chris Miller, a vice president of Barrymore's production company, Flower Films, greets us. He can tell immediately that Barrymore is anxious, so to distract her he starts quoting lines from the 1981 camp classic *Mommie Dearest*. "There is a liquor store to the right," he says.

"I should have known you'd know where to find the boys *and* the booze!," Barrymore fires back, doing a flawless imitation of Faye Dunaway as Joan Crawford.

Then together they cry, "Tear down that *bitch* of a bearing wall and put a window where it oughta be!"

It works. Instantly, Barrymore is laughing and looking more relaxed. Seeing her like this, I can almost forget that she's *Drew Barrymore,* the girl who's been famous almost since birth. Moments later, however, the illusion fades as she is escorted to the podium and greeted with a blinding eruption of camera flashes.

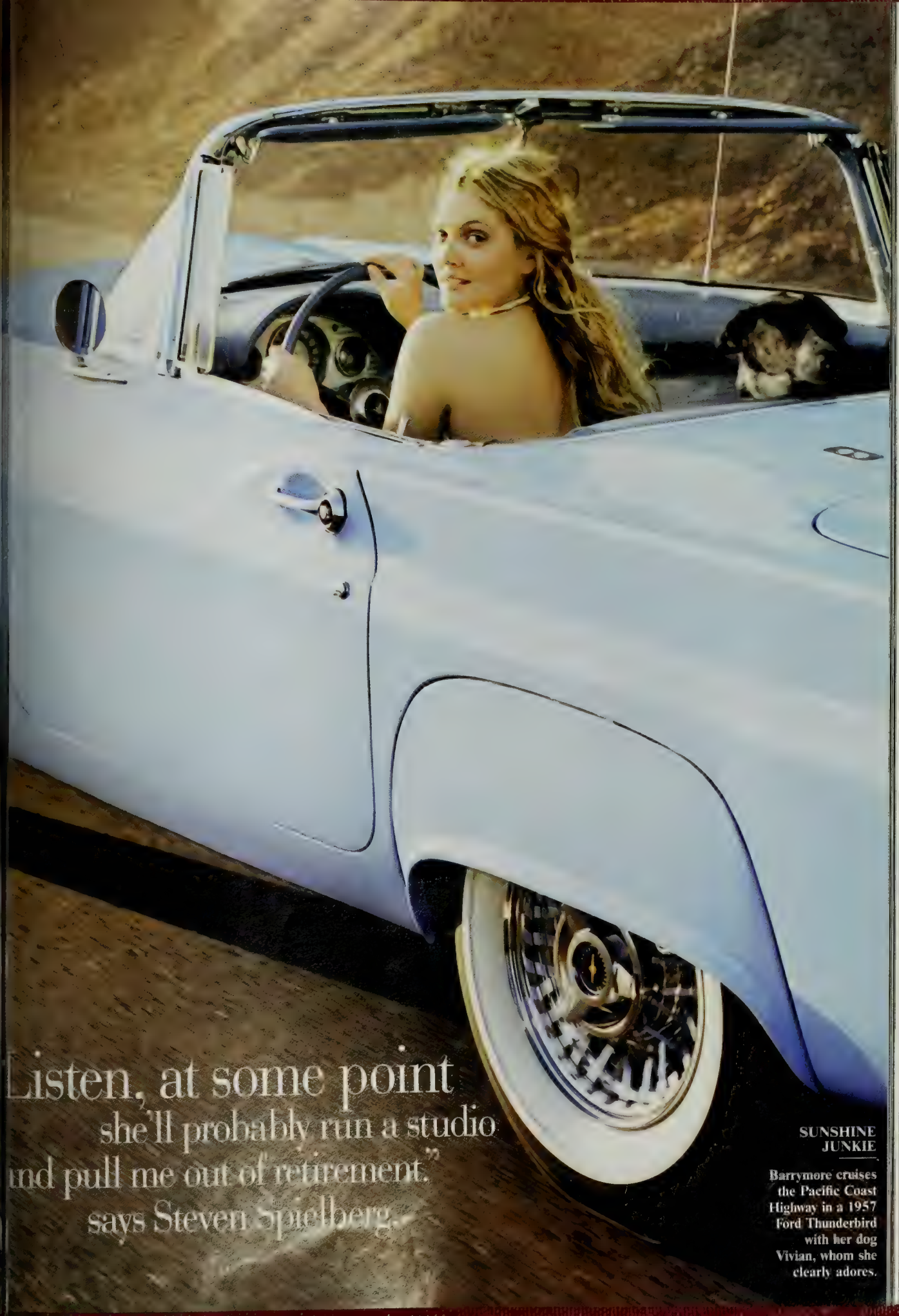
"Although everyone wishes to live in peace," she reads, "we are often confused about how it can be achieved. Violence inevitably leads to more violence. It is not the solution—definitely not in the long term.... It has never been more urgent that we seek a genuine determination to achieve global demilitarization.... To begin with, we need to embark on the difficult task of developing love and compassion within ourselves."

It's obvious now why Global Vision for Peace chose her. In addition to a natural earnestness and enthusiasm that are rare in anyone, let alone a Hollywood ingenue, Barrymore possesses a commanding presence that belies her diminutive stature (she's five feet four), and there is a surprising gravitas behind her unmistakable Cindy Brady voice. Standing in the crowd and watching her, beautiful and luminescent, calmly read the words of the Dalai Lama, I can't help but be amazed: Who would have thought Drew Barrymore would ever amount to so much? Why didn't she crash and burn years ago? How did she survive her child-stardom, when so many have failed TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 218.

PHOTOGRAPHS CONTINUED OVERLEAF







SUNSHINE JUNKIE

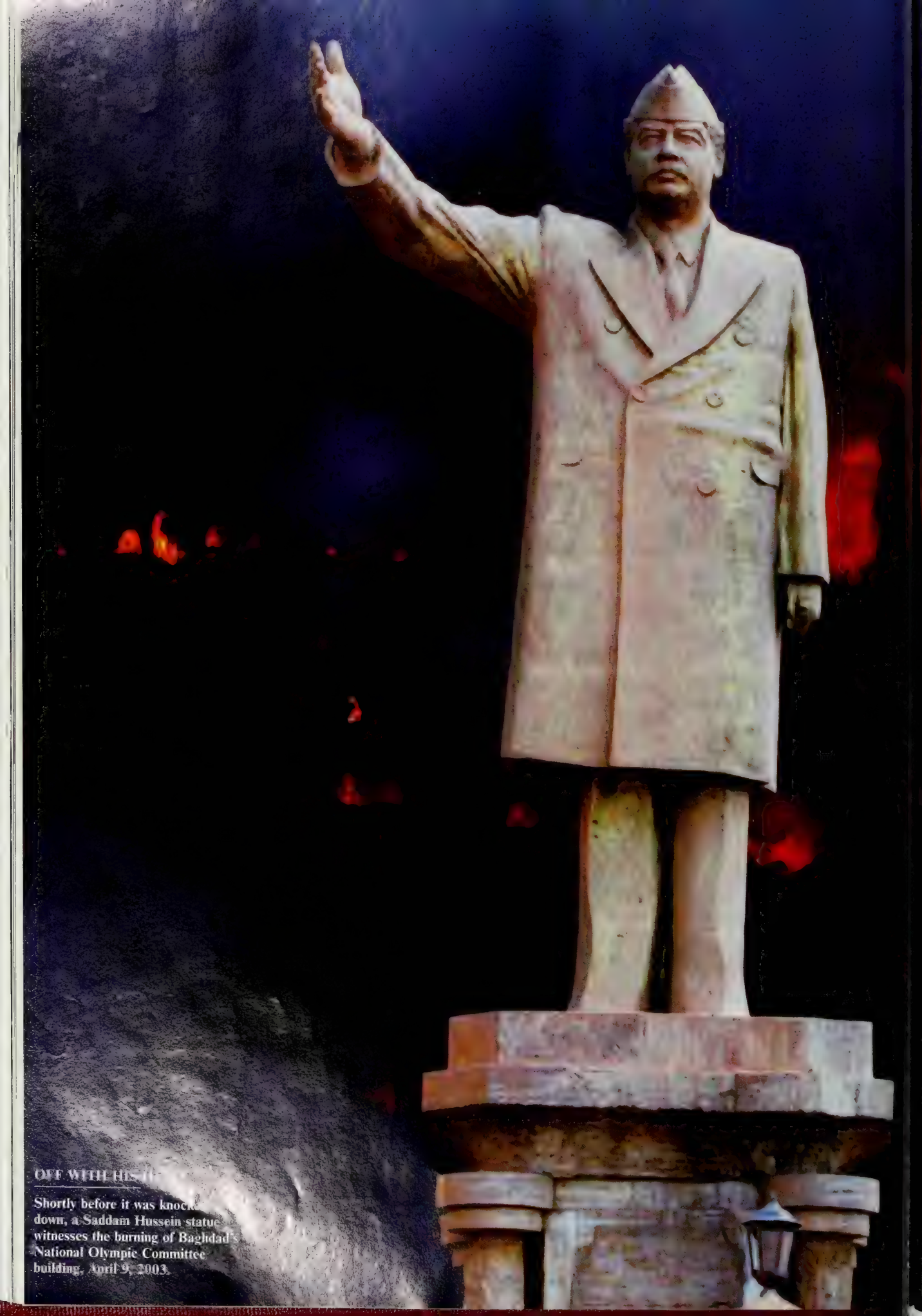
Barrymore cruises the Pacific Coast Highway in a 1957 Ford Thunderbird with her dog Vivian, whom she clearly adores.



SITTING PRETTY

After a history of turbulent romances, Barrymore says she's found happiness in her relationship with Fabrizio Sorrenti. "It's new. I love that [illegible]


"I would say that
the most difficult years
of my life, ironically,
were 13 and 26."

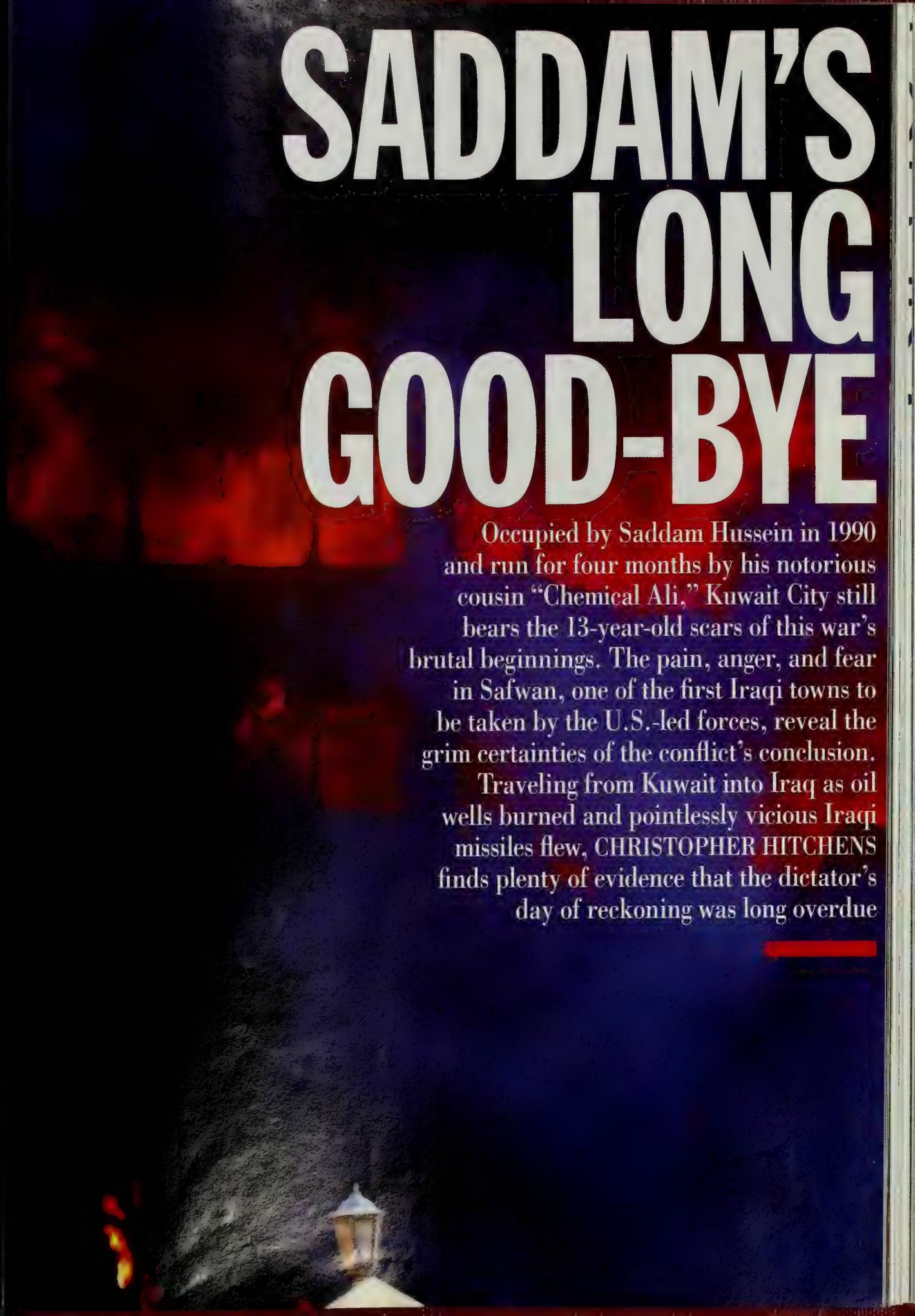


OFF WITH HIS H

Shortly before it was knock down, a Saddam Hussein statue witnesses the burning of Baghdad's National Olympic Committee building, April 9, 2003.

SADDAM'S LONG GOOD-BYE

Occupied by Saddam Hussein in 1990 and run for four months by his notorious cousin "Chemical Ali," Kuwait City still bears the 13-year-old scars of this war's brutal beginnings. The pain, anger, and fear in Safwan, one of the first Iraqi towns to be taken by the U.S.-led forces, reveal the grim certainties of the conflict's conclusion. Traveling from Kuwait into Iraq as oil wells burned and pointlessly vicious Iraqi missiles flew, CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS finds plenty of evidence that the dictator's day of reckoning was long overdue



Your own choice of a high moment, if I may invite it, from David Lean's *Lawrence of Arabia*? Let's agree to exempt the resplendent scene of flogging and implied rape, which is the cheapest kind of Orientalism. ("You're just Florence of Arabia," as a cynical cameraman on the set once phrased it to Peter O'Toole.) That may leave us to choose among the bitter trek by hardened freedom fighters across the desert, the pitiless bombing of Arab tents by Ottoman aircraft, the sabotage of the Hejaz railway by guerrilla warriors, the orgiastic massacre of the retreating foe by Lawrence and his overenthusiastic volunteers, and the quagmire or quicksand that engulfs his young "friend" Daud. For me, though, the climax has always been the anticlimax. Having taken Jerusalem and then Damascus, the Arab forces begin to quarrel and bicker, and to look with glittering annoyance upon their Western allies and patrons. Chaos, tribalism, and egomania overwhelm the grand enterprise. The British general Allenby watches cynically as the revolt peters out, giving the natives just enough time to pillage and loot, so as to wreck their own chances. And then the Arabs leave the city and fade back into the sand dunes, and out of history. What else could one expect?

In June 1976, I spent a while in the National Museum in Baghdad, doing some amateur research on the legend of Gilgamesh, King of Uruk, for a friend who hoped to write an opera on the subject. My guide was a poised and polished man named Mazen al-Zahawi—a professional "minder" for the regime, it is true (he also took me to meet the notorious assassin and saboteur Abu Nidal, then living openly as a guest of the Baath Party), but a fine companion for all that. He was partly Kurdish and wholly gay. He lived in the former Nazi German Embassy residence near the Tigris—an elegant enough house—and invited me to dinner with a publisher friend of his who lived on a houseboat. There he told me that his favorite recreation was to improvise a Mesopotamian version of Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*, with himself in the part of Lady Bracknell. Dear Mazen went on to become Saddam Hussein's interpreter, because of his superb English, and I wondered how long he'd survive. (Not all that long: he was tortured to death on a whim and then denounced for being a queer.) I mourn him terribly, along with many other brave and witty Iraqi and Kurdish friends. But I think he might rather be dead than have seen the recent vandalizing and desecration of the museum and the National Library. Is it profane to care as much for artifacts as for people? What are we defending when we talk about civilization?

It may seem like a small thing, even a trivial thing, but I spent an appreciable bit of my time in the early months of 2003 arguing just one point with people in Washington. Whatever you do about Iraq, or in Iraq, please don't use "Desert" in the code name. Everything is wrong with that designation. This is not a land of dunes and camels, as Bush Sr.'s "Desert Storm" and Clinton's "Desert Fox" condescendingly implied. It is a highly evolved and complex society. It is the site of Babylon and Ur and Babel, and the womb of the founding myths of civilization. (In *Gilgamesh* we read of a man who built a boat to survive a predicted flood.) Some of the very earliest Christian places are to be found there, and until 1948 there were more Jews in Baghdad than there were in Jerusalem. And our folklore doesn't come from the brothers Grimm: it originates with Sinbad, Scheherazade, and Haroun al-Raschid.

Among the better reworkings of these ancient tales was one by Somerset Maugham. It begins, "Death Speaks."

There was a merchant in Bagdad who sent his servant to market to buy provisions and in a little while the servant came back, white and trembling, and said, Master, just now when I was in the market-place I was jostled by a woman in the crowd and when I turned I saw it was Death that jostled me. She looked at me and made a threatening gesture; now, lend me your horse, and I will ride away from this city and avoid my fate. I will go to Samarra and there Death will not find me. The merchant lent him his horse, and the servant mounted it, and he dug his spurs in its flanks and as fast as the horse could gallop he went. Then the merchant went down to the market-place and he saw me standing in the crowd and he came to me and said, Why did you make a threatening gesture to my servant when you saw him this morning? That was not a threatening gesture, I said, it was only a start of surprise. I was astonished to see him in Bagdad, for I had an appointment with him tonight in Samarra.

As I went grinding up the road from Kuwait to southern Iraq in March, in the first few days after a gigantic, mechan Anglo-American-Australian-Polish army passed along the same route, I had a ilar sense of keeping an unpostponable I was watching the closing moment a war that had begun on August 2, 1 when the armed forces of Saddam Hus smashed in the opposite direction ac the Kuwaiti frontier. That conflict had posedly ended on February 27, 1991, the official restoration of Kuwaiti so eignty. But it had smoldered on for n than a dozen years, like a fire deep in a old mine, and was only now being brou to a conclusion.

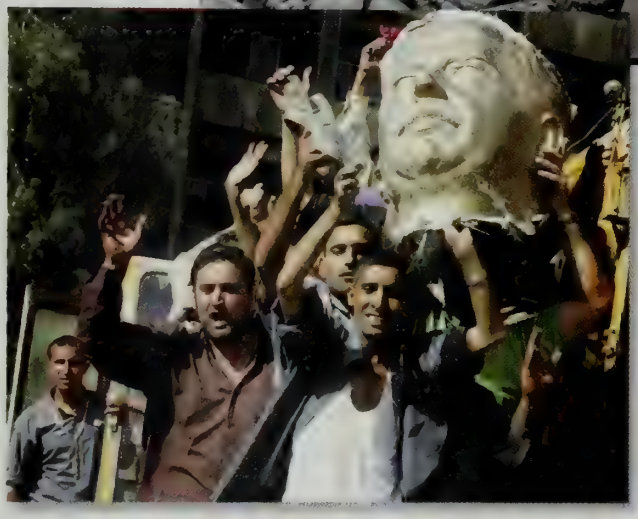
I went on a fairly easy day-trip, or ized by the Kuwait Red Crescent Soci to deliver supplies to the people of Safw This is the town inside Iraq which co claim the faint privilege of being one of first centers of population liberated fr Saddam's control. It lies not far from port of Umm Qasr, the harbor by wh "the coalition" aimed to open the herm state to the magnificence of the sea and munificence of humanitarian aid. C scripted dolphins were sporting in the b waters of Umm Qasr, gaily employing th sonar to detect Saddam's mines, but Safwan there was a scene of aridity, stag tion, and misery. As our relief convoy rived, with upbeat stencils and slogans the sides of the trucks, I swiftly realiz that it had been fatuous to hope fo greeting of sweets and flowers.

At first, the baked fields around t town appeared inactive, if not depopul ed. Then a group of children materializ waving and scampering. Soon it seem as if people were rising by magic from t dusty furrows and hillocks. Within m ments, the convoy was halted by the sh press of numbers, and a yelling throng w pushing so close that it prevented the re doors of the trucks from being opened. A ter a nasty, undignified scuffle in whi some limbs were broken, the Kuwaiti rel workers began to toss the precious carto out onto the heads of the mob, as if sup vising frenzy-time in some badly run zo I don't remember witnessing a more disp iting scene. The "Arab street," whether f or against, is no prettier than any oth scene of crowd emotion.

Older people were shoved to the rear, were the less aggressive children, so o had the chance to talk. On the whole, was the children who were most enthu astic about the new arrivals. One of the did an astonishing impression of a he copter gunship firing down, and then ga an emphatic "thumbs up" signal. (Gener ly, children provide the cheer-up mome in situations like this, so I disliked myse

I was covering end of the longest short war, or the shortest long war, that the U.S. has ever fought.









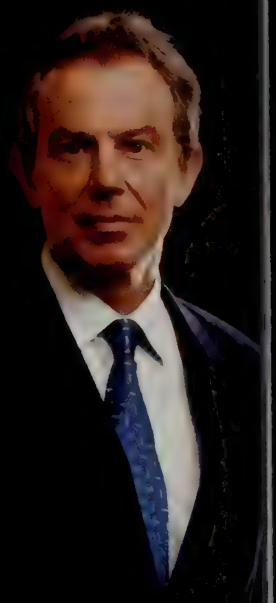
LIFE DURING WARTIME
From top: U.S. Army soldiers search a Baghdad presidential palace; a crowd cheers the beheading of a Saddam Hussein statue; the Kuwait Red Crescent brings food supplies to Safwan; a destroyed sculpture lies among the rubble after the looting of the National Museum in Baghdad.

noticing how many of n had pinched, acne- ded, wolfish faces.) ral of the grown-ups, gh, manifested acute ntment and annoy- e. "Why do you pho- aph us like animals?" one man, shaking displeasure. "Here— is how it should be e." And he produced n under his robe an qi-government ration ok, which with the p of my translator I iphered as a list of meager entitlements, as a father of four, n the local Baath Party. Gesturing fu- sly to the winner-take-all grabfest a few ndred yards away, the old boy made olubly plain that this was not his idea a fair deal. But he also made it clear t he didn't much like Kuwaitis. A reek envy was evident: Iraqis have been d for decades that their southern Arab ghbors are rich and fat and fit only to despoiled of their inherited oil wealth. r this man and others, it was shameful be the recipient of charity from such a raved source.

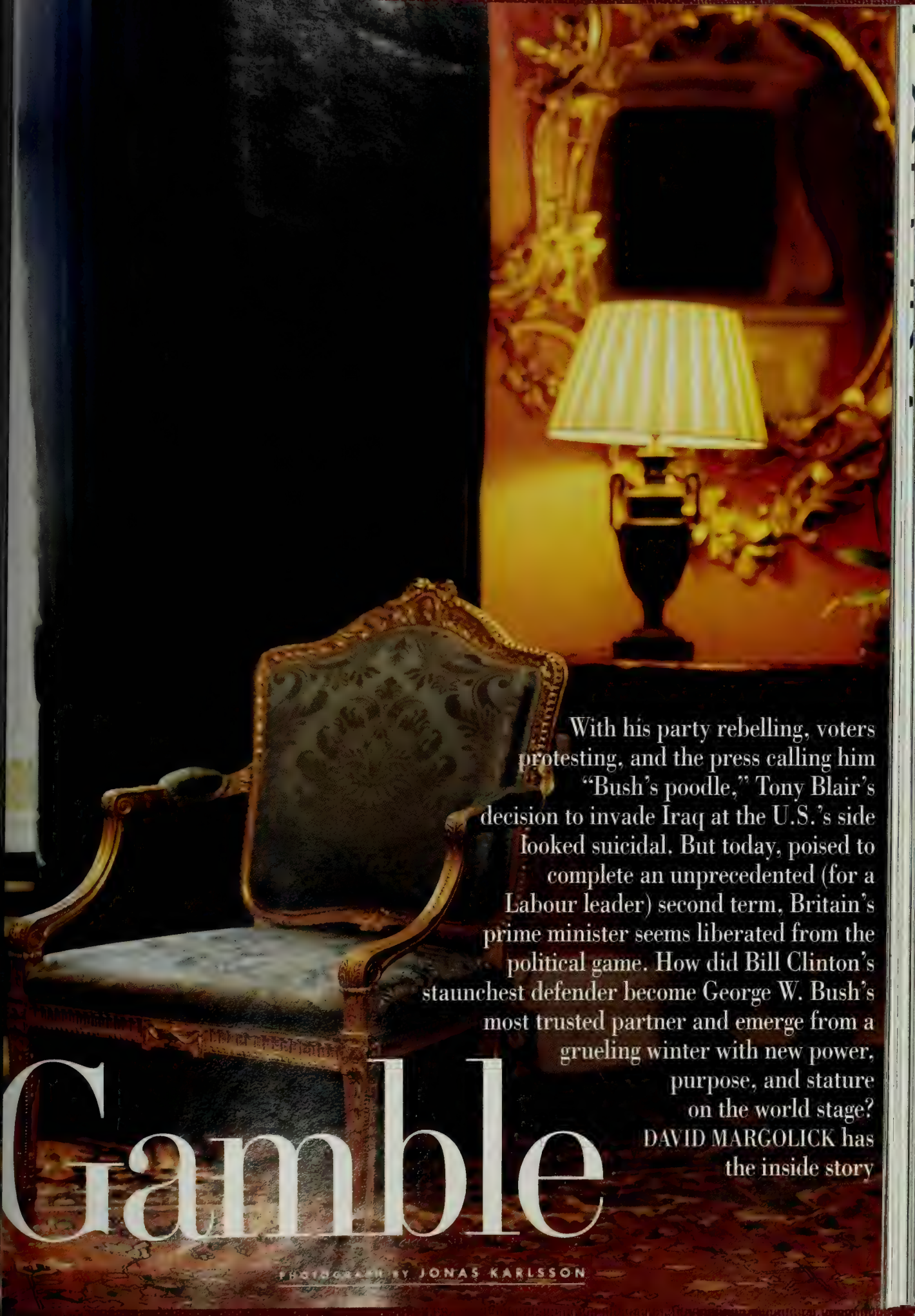
Boosh, Boosh!" was still the piping chant of the toddlers and the younger boys, even if some of them did distract the photographers and cameramen by this means, cunningly enabling other kids to circle behind and grab llets and water bottles. A Kuwaiti wom- , who hadn't wanted to dismount from bus, found her privacy and modesty aded by a small lad who nevertheless offered a sharp knife. A little earlier, a an named Ajami Saadoun Khlis, who d lost a son and a brother to Saddam, had wept unendingly in the presence of a journalistic colleague of mine, and said, "You just arrived. You're late. What took you so long?" But this, too, was a version of impotence and animosity and humiliation. I found several men—all the women hung back throughout, many of them winding their veils ever closer—who openly praised Saddam Hussein. "He is the only Muslim leader." "He is the only Arab who is a soldier." These were, admittedly, slavish quotations from repetitive regime propaganda, but they were being uttered several days after Saddam's army had dissolved or fled, and they obviously weren't being voiced in the hope of an extra handout.

Another man, wearing a red-and-white headdress, took my sleeve. "Yesterday I saw a British soldier shoot two small children just here on this road." This was a British sector, and there were British military police in the CONTINUED ON PAGE 228

Tony Blair in the Terracotta Room at 10 Downing Street in London on April 7, 2003. Later that day he met President Bush for their summit outside Belfast.



Blair's Big



Gamble

With his party rebelling, voters protesting, and the press calling him "Bush's poodle," Tony Blair's decision to invade Iraq at the U.S.'s side looked suicidal. But today, poised to complete an unprecedented (for a Labour leader) second term, Britain's prime minister seems liberated from the political game. How did Bill Clinton's staunchest defender become George W. Bush's most trusted partner and emerge from a grueling winter with new power, purpose, and stature on the world stage? DAVID MARGOLICK has the inside story

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONAS KARLSSON

In late March, shortly after the bombs began falling in Baghdad, George W. Bush and Tony Blair strode to a pair of lecterns in an industrial hangar in Maryland. Outside, it was a spring day on a mountaintop so beautiful that Franklin D. Roosevelt had called the place "Shangri-La," but just about the only sylvan touch indoors was a carved wooden sign that looked fresh from Jellystone Park. CAMP DAVID, it declared.

"America's learned a lot about Tony Blair over the last weeks," Bush began, lowering his voice, narrowing his eyes, smiling faintly, and jutting his head forward in that way he has, as if he were about to reveal some pleasant little secret. Pausing portentously between sentences, he intoned, "We've learned that he's a man of his word. We've learned that he's a man of courage, that he's a man of vision. And we're proud to have him as a friend." As Bush spoke, Blair aimed his electric-blue eyes at him. When the paean ended and Bush turned his way—not just looking over at him, but up—Blair smiled shyly and gave a modest nod.

When they'd first met, two years earlier and at the same place, everything seemed awkward, and not surprisingly, for it was hard to imagine two leaders with such different personalities and pedigrees: the British Labour Party leader and the right-wing Republican oilman; the onetime Oxford guitar-strumming rebel and the Yale frat-boy conformist; a man interested in ideas and someone who'd scorned deep thinkers as "all hat and no cattle"; the famous "Friend of Bill"—Clinton, that is—and the man who'd never forgiven Clinton for licking his father. "Where Mr. Blair is an intellectual lawyer with an earnest interest in social responsibility, Mr. Bush is a former oil executive with an earnest interest in baseball statistics," the *Financial Times* sneered at the time.

But now, here they were: soul mates. Blair had become the first foreign leader to spend two nights at Bush's ranch in Texas—Vladimir Putin got to stay only one. After September 11, Blair was one of the first foreign leaders Bush called. Eight days later, when the president spoke to a joint session of Congress, Blair had the best seat in the House, next to Laura Bush. In the days leading up to the war in Iraq, the two leaders talked almost daily. So close had they become that on March 27 the Israelis urgently called in the British ambassador in Tel Aviv; they feared that, in the wake of the war against Saddam Hussein, Blair, eager to placate his own party, British Muslims, and the Arab world generally, might single-handedly tilt the Bush administration toward the Palestinians.

Five years earlier and a helicopter ride away, Tony Blair had stood alongside another president, one who was engaged in a very different, more personal war—for his own political survival. Revelations about Bill Clinton's affair with Monica Lewinsky had threatened Blair's trip to Washington, his first as prime minister; perhaps there'd be no President Clinton to see. At first blush, it was another case of opposites: Blair the squeaky-clean family man, Clinton the self-destructive roué. But while oth were busy distancing themselves from Clinton, Blair gave hi bear hug, describing him as "someone I can rely upon, a ma am proud to call not just a colleague, but a friend." There are ferent versions of what Clinton told Blair that day as they left stage. "I'm going to make you very proud of what you dic there" is one. "I owe you one," goes another.

One thing you can say for certain about Bill Clinton a George W. Bush: few people like them both. But to Tony B both are first-rate. After the divisive international debate over Ir Blair's dream of being a bridge between the United States and rope may be in ruins, but his ability to negotiate the chasm tween the 42nd and 43rd presidents is almost as impressi Impressive, that is, to everyone but Blair. "They're very differ people, but so what?" he asks me, in the first of two interview one on his plane home from the Azores, the other at 10 Down Street. "We all have different friends."

People debate just how and why Blair pulled it off, and whe er it reflects loyalty, bravery, servility, affability, or necessity—i the Realpolitik faced nowadays by any British prime minis who knows that whatever international influence he wields m come largely through the United States. Blair himself has cal anti-Americanism of the sort rampant in Europe "a foolish dulgence," and said that the "special relationship" between country and the United States is "an article of faith" with hi

Few people disagree, however, about what Bl has withstood and accomplished over the p few months. He faced the biggest parliamenta rebellion in a century, when nearly a third of own party voted against British participation the Iraq war without a second United Natio resolution. One of his own Cabinet membe called him "extraordinarily reckless." Robin Cook, the leader the House of Commons, who was once his foreign secreta resigned in protest, then castigated the war as "bloody and u necessary." Along the Labour Party's backbenches, there w talk of an anti-Blair putsch. On the streets of London, thr quarters of a million people railed at him.

Blair was routinely called "Bush's poodle," a label that prom ed complaints—from the U.K. Poodle Council. The nation's lea ing religious figures, the Archbishop of Canterbury—whom Bl appointed—and the Archbishop of Westminster, the head of t Roman Catholic Church in England and Wales, expressed doul about "the moral legitimacy" of the war. And while Blair w staking his political career on involvement in the war, Americ defense secretary Donald Rumsfeld declared British help u necessary. Other, anonymous voices in Washington—Downi Street is convinced that the originator was the ubiquitous Richa Perle, neoconservative defense wonk and one of the prime arc tects of the war—griped in the newspapers that Blair was slowi things down. "One thing I never am is anonymous," Perle say "My view of Tony Blair is that he's courageous, and I have not ing but admiration for him and his handling of the Iraq issue

Over the winter Blair wore his troubles on his face. The Briti press, which follows him closely—listing every hors d'oeuvre h eats at every summit with every leader—offered almost daily r ports on the color and thinness of his hair, the breadth of the ba under his eyes, the emerging furrows in his brow, the tone of h skin. Invariably, the descriptions come in pairs; in a single day *Sunday Times*, he was "pale and grim," CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

"Bush is not someone . . . What's the best way of putting this? I was about to say, 'He's not someone who will philosophize,' but actually that's not true."



E BUDDY SYSTEM

sh and Blair on the unds of Hillsborough tle in Northern Ireland April 7. They discussed Middle East peace cess and the role of the N. in postwar Iraq.



The franchise-friendly juggernaut *Law & Order* was almost consigned to the TV junkyard before the ignition key was turned. A one-hour drama sharply bifurcated into two half-hours—the "cop half" and the "lawyer half"? Catch-it-if-you-can exposition? Characters with no personal lives? No teenagers?!

In 1990, after NBC finally greenlighted creator Dick Wolf the project light two other networks had spurned him, viewers embraced *Law & Order* in decisive numbers. The show plucked crime stories from the grubby pages of New York tabloids a fictionalized them with class: it was highly intelligent, unl ingly unflashy; it was, in other words, *New York City*. And ev as we came to love *Law & Order*'s flinty ensemble, we ca to accept that the inevitable passing of favorite charact was part of the Grand Design, just as we came to love th replacements.

Over the years the likes of Angie Harmon, Benjamin Bratt, c

A Perp's Worst Nightmare



NBC'S FINEST

Past and present cast members from the original *Law & Order*, plus producer Dick Wolf. Clockwise from upper left corner: Jesse L. Martin, S. Epatha Merkerson, Paul Sorvino, Wolf, Carey Lowell, George Dzundza, Jill Hennessy, Elisabeth Röhm, Richard Brooks, Chris Noth, Dann Florek, Fred Dalton Thompson, Jerry Orbach, Sam Waterston, Benjamin Bratt, and Angie Harmon. Photographed in March 2003.

Hennessy have lit up the show's authentically grimy set with sts of gym-toned sex appeal, but for the redoubtable linchpins aw & Order it's strictly earth tones: as the series approaches 300th episode, its two main stars are Jerry Orbach (Detective nie Briscoe), hangdog veteran of countless Broadway musi-s, and Sam Waterston (Assistant D.A. Jack McCoy), hangdog aracter actor nonpareil.

Wolf initially regretted selling *Law & Order*'s syndication rights to A&E for a "ludicrously low price," but now appreciates that the cable channel's aggressive rotation of old episodes has helped weave the show deep into the cultural fabric. Wolf, a Madison Avenue refugee, took his proven "brand" and launched the spin-offs *Law & Order: Special Victims Unit* and *Law & Order: Criminal Intent*, both consistently high in octane and ratings. Thus has he become a mogul within his own hard-boiled genre—an Aaron Spelling for the sentient set.

—STEVEN DALY

PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN JEAN ROY



LEGEND WITH A BULLET

When Phil Spector was arrested on suspicion of having murdered former B-movie queen Lana Clarkson at his California estate, music-industry people seemed unsurprised. After all, in his reign as the mad genius of rock 'n' roll, Spector had pulled guns on John Lennon, Dee Dee Ramone, and various girlfriends—wasn't it inevitable that somebody would end up dead? ROBERT SAM ANSON takes a hard look at what happened in the wee hours of February 3, 2003



SCENE OF THE CRIME

Spector's hilltop mansion as it appeared on February 3, the day Lana Clarkson was found in the foyer, dead of a gunshot wound. *Insets: top,* investigators examine Spector's Mercedes in the driveway; *center,* Clarkson in a portrait, circa 2000; *bottom,* Spector under arrest.















E FIRST TYCOON OF TEEN

Spector on the phone, 1963. With the Rolling Stones, 1964. At the Whisky à Go Go with ney Sinatra, 2000. (4) In his New York rtment, 1965. (5) Lana Clarkson, , with a friend, 2000. (6) Spector in his verly Hills mansion, 1978. (7) With Ronettes, 1963; his future wife Ronnie n the left. (8) Spector with money his mouth, circa 1965. (9) Clarkson's ne in Venice, California.





Sources close to the principals, the investigation, and the events and locales described—some 88 people in all—say the story goes like this:

He came into the House of Blues that night through the wrong door—characteristic of someone who built a legend by breaking rules.

The big blonde on hostess duty in the V.I.P. room was about to throw him out when a waitress said, "Don't you know who that is? That's Phil Spector."

Lana Clarkson, six feet tall and a still-stunning 40, gazed down on the wispy man in trademark black. The three-inch Cuban heels, the shades, the wavy, shoulder-length wig—how could she not have recognized the creator of the fabled Wall of Sound? She was a fan.

She nodded hello to his thirtysomething blonde companion, and, with one of the big smiles that made people instantly love her, guided Spector to his table.

He reportedly ordered a $250 bottle of champagne and a Bacardi 151, 75.5 percent pure alcohol by volume.

It was at least his second drink of the night. He'd had the first at Dan Tana's, a checked-tablecloth Italian joint on Santa Monica, where people like Bob Dylan and George Clooney could have a meal without hassle.

He arrived there with his friend after midnight and reportedly asked the waiter for a drink—"Something sweet and really light." The bartender thought the waiter must have gotten the order wrong; for the last year, year and a half, Spector had been strict Diet Coke. And thank God, people in the music business were saying. Because Phil liked guns. And when Phil got liquor in him, he'd been known to play with them.

The bartender went over to the table to double-check. Yes, Phil said, he wanted a drink. The bartender whipped up a daiquiri: Phil was off the wagon.

He sipped at it for more than an hour, while he picked at a salad and chatted with his friend—said to be a waitress at a Beverly Hills agent hangout with songwriting ambitions. From their body language, it looked like a date.

Spector signaled for a check. The tab came to $55; he left a $500 tip, another thing he was famous for. The Sultan of Brunei was said to be the best tipper in town, but Spector was a close second.

Outside, Phil and the blonde climbed into the back of his brand-new Mercedes S430, and the driver—a fill-in for the usual man—headed to the Sunset Strip and the House of Blues, where Rob Halford, former lead singer of Judas Priest, was playing. There was just enough time for a nightcap.

Phil polished off his rum and signaled for another. His friend had disappeared, but whatever had happened, Phil seemed mellow. He asked one of the help if she wanted to come home with him. When she passed, his eyes wandered to Lana. Legs that went on forever. Pinup-girl looks. What was her story? he asked.

Lana was giving Spector an appraising look. She was a new girl. On the job just weeks. B-movie queen way back. Roger Corman sword-and-sorcery flicks. Commercials, bit parts since. Down on her luck, but not giving up. Outta here soon as she found a gig. Interested in guys who could help her career.

It was closing time. Phil asked the manager the way to the john. Walking toward it, Spector saw Lana hang up her headset. The manager had his keys out to unlock the elevator door; Lana's Cougar was in the parking lot below.

"I guess I don't really need the bathroom after all," Spector said. He stepped into the elevator behind Lana. "I bet you won't forget me again," he teased. She let out a booming laugh, and Phil laughed back. As the doors hissed shut, she said, "I'll walk you over to your car."

The 911 call came into the Alhambra P.D. just after five, Monday morning, February 3. The man on the line reported hearing gunfire. He gave the location: 1700 South Grandview Drive. He didn't have to say more. In Alhambra, a working-class suburb 30 minutes down the freeway from the Sunset Strip, everyone knew that address. The cops were on the scene in minutes

The house—built in 1926 and called the Pyrenes Castle—was the biggest in town: 33 Spanish-style rooms set on three hilltop acres surrounded by a six-foot stucco wall topped by a wrought-iron palisade. With its tile-roofed turrets poking up over the pines, it looked like something out of *El Cid.*

Just outside the massive electronic gates, a black Mercedes, still bearing paper deal-

er plates, was pointed up the hill. The driver's-side door was open.

Eighty-eight concrete steps led to the mansion, all but invisible behind a screen of trees and overgrown gardens. There was an easier way, up the drive to the back, but visitors were instructed to make the long, steep climb. The master of the house thought it conferred drama on the occasion.

When the officers entered the residence, they encountered a small, disheveled figure wearing what appeared to be a white nightshirt. On the marble floor of the large foyer, the body of a tall, blonde woman lay in a pool of darkening blood. She'd been shot in the mouth.

The police dropped the little man with an electric stun gun and summoned the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department homicide division. At 6:09 A.M., Harvey Phillip Spector, 62, was placed under arrest on suspicion of violating Section 187 of the California Penal Code—first-degree murder.

A van transported him to the Alhambra Police Department, where he was booked at 7:38 A.M. He made no admissions and called Century City attorney Robert Shapiro, who'd been his civil lawyer and friend since shortly after his service on the O. J. Simpson Dream Team. On arrival, Shapiro checked in with his client and made inquiries about the $1 million bail that would be posted that evening, after Spector underwent a forensic medical examination. Before leaving the station, Shapiro—who declined to comment for this story—took a call from an Associated Press reporter. "I don't know answers to any of this," he said.

Everyone else seemed to. After decades of pulling guns on everyone from John Lennon to Dee Dee Ramone, the mad genius of rock 'n' roll had finally gone and done it.

Spector biographer Mark Ribowsky [illegible] ds to proclaim his [illegible]-ject "a murderer" and "insane." Donté Spector, one of three estranged, adopted Spector sons, termed his father a "psycho" on *Extra.* On *Dateline NBC* Donté's brother Gary told of what he went through more than once at roughly age 12, when his father blindfolded him and put him in bed with a woman.

Girlfriends came forward from different eras. Devra Robitaille (circa 1975) said he'd pointed a gun at her to prevent her from leaving after sex. Barbara Nichols (circa 1996) told a London tabloid that Spector carried two guns, hit her for no reason, and sent her a letter stating, "I remain mad, bad and dangerous to know." She also said he pulled out a pistol after one "kinky" session, announcing, "I could kill you."

Music-industry people relate similar tales. A rock icon tells of being held at gunpoint with a friend in the 1970s in Spector's Beverly Hills mansion—rescued, finally, by a private security patrol. "They said, 'Mr. Spector, we have warned you about this over and over and over again.' ... It was almost like a normal, everyday occurrence."

Remembrances of Lana Clarkson were mirror-opposite. Roger Corman, for whom she starred in such epics as *Barbarian Queen* and *Wizards of the Lost Kingdom II,* called her "a wonderful actress and an adventurous spirit." Actress Sally Kirkland, one of nearly 300 who attended her memorial service at the Henry Fonda Music Box Theatre in Hollywood, said, "I can't believe, of all the people I know in my life, this would happen to Lana, who is the most cheerful, trusting person—like a cheerleader."

The case appeared open-and-shut. Spector's own words seemed to remove any doubts. "I would say I'm probably relatively insane, to an extent," he told the London Saturday *Telegraph Magazine* a month before Lana's shooting. "I take medication for schizophrenia, but I wouldn't say I'm schizophrenic. But I have a bipolar pe[illegible] ality, which is strange. I'm my own v[illegible] enemy. I have devils inside that fight n[illegible]

All that seemed left an insanity plea. But ond thoughts tiptoe[illegible] Palimony attorney M[illegible] vin Mitchelson, S[illegible] tor's "best friend" o[illegible] years, said Phil had b[illegible] "very rational, very together," of "There's no way he could do this so[illegible] crime," he said. Even his ex-wife Ro[illegible] Spector, who'd sworn in court that S[illegible] tor had threatened her with death nu[illegible] ous times, took his side. "I don't thin[illegible] would murder anybody," she said.

Lana also turns out to be more con[illegible] cated than first thought. For starters occasion she'd carried a pistol—"the James Bond had," says publicist Edw[illegible] Lozzi, who dated her in the 80s. " could shoot the eye off a fly at a th[illegible] sand yards." She'd been chums with J[illegible] Nicholson, Warren Beatty, Bob Eva[illegible] Lou Adler; hung out with Bonnie R[illegible] Don Henley, Jeff Beck, Robert Bl[illegible] done the scene in Paris, Monte Carlo, Cannes; cruised San Francisco Bay on yacht of Hugo Quackenbush, one of founders of Charles Schwab. And fo[illegible] time in the early 1990s, according t[illegible] source who spoke to *Vanity Fair,* she wa[illegible] $1,000-an-hour call girl, working under name "Alana" for Beverly Hills mad[illegible] Jody "Babydol" Gibson.

"I found her to be very lovely," say[illegible] co-worker who knew her well. "Well s[illegible] ken, well mannered ... a good conv[illegible] sationalist.... Oriental guys loved l[illegible] even with her height, because they l[illegible] blondes.... She was the type who'd booked in a second on a $10,000 P[illegible] deal."

The case took an unexpected tu[illegible] when Los Angeles radio station KFI-A[illegible] (640) reported that CONTINUED ON PAGE



"I'm my own worst enemy. I have devils inside that fight me."



GUNNING FOR TROUBLE

Several women have accused Spector, shown here with a pistol and a bodyguard in 1975, of holding them at gunpoint to prevent them from leaving his house. *Opposite,* Spector behind the fence surrounding his well-guarded mansion, 1975.



UNITED

EVERYTHING FROM THE UNITED NATIONS' ROOTS (AMERICAN, ANTI-FASCIST)
TO ITS ASPIRATIONS (EGALITARIAN, UTILITARIAN, *INCLUSIVE*)
IS REVEALED BY ITS ARCHITECTURE, ART, AND LOCATION. **TODD EBERLE** PHOTOGRAPHS
A DREAM MADE CONCRETE, WHILE **CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS**
HAS A MODEST PROPOSAL FOR THE U.N.'S—AND NEW YORK'S—FUTURE

Y DESIGN



The podium of the General Assembly Hall. The podium is made of Italian ivory green marble.

Opposite: the lobby of the General Assembly. The building was given a small dome as an afterthought, because it was believed that the U.S. Congress would be more likely to appropriate funds for a domed structure.

Just as the state and city of New York have multiple names (such as "New York, New York," "the Empire State," "the Big Apple"), so the autonomous international territory on the East River has numerous titles ("the United Nations," "the U.N.," "the world body," and, to those who don't like the idea of it, "World Government"). The public architecture of the Big City is, also, exceptionally revealing as to time and place. The Village shows what Manhattan might have been if the grid system had not evolved. Columbia University illustrates the huge influence of the European university system. The skyscrapers of Rockefeller Center are a testament to the energy of modernism and the lure of Art Deco (as well as to the acute shortage of land on a small but inventive and dynamic island). Tudor City flaunts a persistent Anglophilia. Saint Patrick's Cathedral is the Fifth Avenue temple erected with the donations of penniless Irish immigrants. The Statue of Liberty is a reminder that America's oldest ally is . . . France. And the World Trade Center was not named by accident, nor did its name seem conceited or disproportionate.

And so it goes, in all its unified variety. But the headquarters buildings of the United Nations are unusual in that they represent a decision on the part of others in the modern world to acknowledge New York as their capital. If not their political capital, then at least their moral one. And its design preserves the ethos of the American New Deal: at once utilitarian and idealistic. I once heard a senior U.N. official hymning the structure as "the site of the world's first social contract." (He was gazing across from the shore of Roosevelt Island as he spoke.) That may have been a rhetorical excess, but the scheme and scope of the plan did convey the idea that the New Deal might extend beyond



The Delegates' Lounge, located on the [illegible] floor of the Conference Building, a four-story structure tucked beside the Secretariat tower. The brown chairs are by Florence Knoll; the tubular steel chairs are by Michael Thonet.


THE NAUGAHYDE-AND-STEEL
EFFECT IS INTENTIONAL.
THIS WAS TO BE A WORKING
ENVIRONMENT, WITH IDEALS
AS RAW MATERIAL.



The Progress
in the Conference Bu
basement; all signs at the
are in English and Fr

A revolving-door entrance to the Secretariat lobby. The Secretariat tower is 505 feet high and only 72 feet deep.





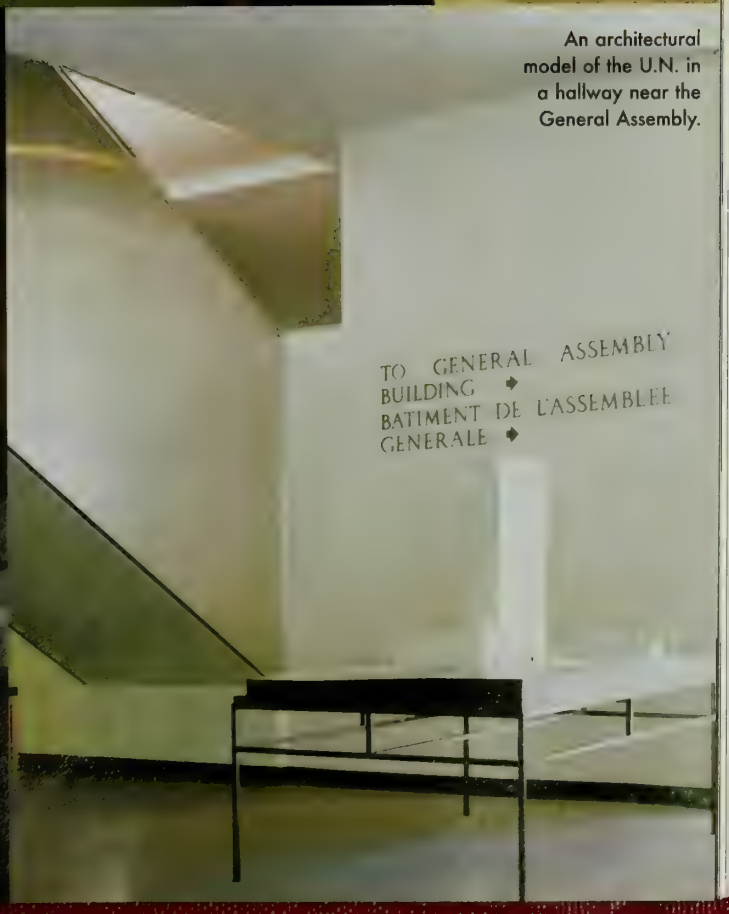
The
designed by Arnstein Arneb
Norway in olive and gold

eneral Assembly Hall,
heads of state address the
body. Translators and
edia are located in glass
overlooking the hall.

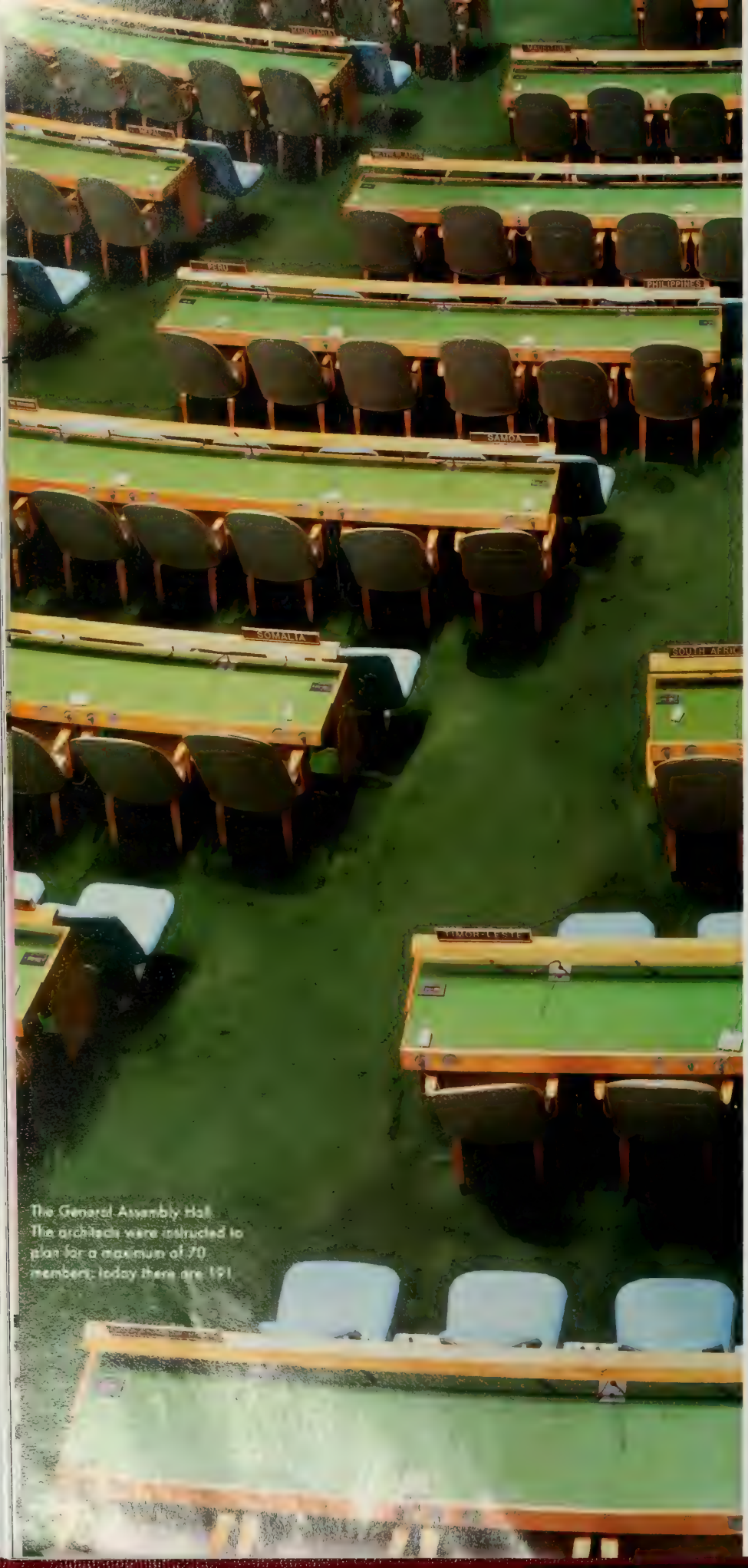


nslator's
space.





An architectural model of the U.N. in a hallway near the General Assembly.



The General Assembly Hall. The architects were instructed to plan for a maximum of 70 members; today there are 191.

American shores, and that the Statu Liberty did not "cover" only those had made it this far.

There are several important ferences between the U.N. its discredited predecessor, League of Nations. One of th differences is obvious: the U ed Nations had America a chief founding member—the title was agr upon after F.D.R. suggested it to Churc while he bathed at the White House— also as its host country. Another esser difference is less remarked upon. M member states of the U.N. endorsed Universal Declaration of Human Right document originated largely by F.D. dauntless and long-suffering First La Eleanor. Then again, while the League been a pact among signatory powers former combatants, purely for the outl ing of war as a means of settling disag ments, the U.N. was proclaimed while most terrifying war in human history actually being fought. Indeed, form neutral countries were obliged to decl war on the Axis as a condition of acc tance. (Argentina was given an extensi and Turkey just made the cut by aband ing its official neutrality on March 1, 19 while nations such as Eamon De Vale Ireland and Francisco Franco's Spain w excluded for some years.) Thus the inst tion itself accepts the paradox that dip macy is the last resort, after warfare been exhausted. And this forbidding r ism is instated in the permanent meml ship of its "Security Council"—itsel forbidding name—made up of those o nal powers (the U.S.S.R., Britain, the U China, and France) which were ready fight then, and which possess weapons mass destruction now.

All these elements are present in the sign, and in the location. No more w statesmen to forgather in the drafty, lo set-aside castles and palaces of "Old rope." Versailles had become a synonym that failed idea, and the Palais des Nati in Geneva was even more remote and ri ulous. Henceforward, a riverside struct of light and air would be the context of ternationalism, and its dignitaries wo have to confront New Yorkers, and N York traffic, on their way to the delib tions. Many of the ornaments and de rations of the building were contributed artists who had played a part of their c in the battle against Fascism, and who w committed as much to human rights as the practice of diplomacy. And the p lic arenas of the assembly would be fu tional, democratic, CONTINUED ON PAGE

MANY OF THE
DECORATIONS WERE
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eral Assembly,
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Rage of Angels

Director Mike Nichols has turned *Angels in America*, Tony Kushner's 1993 Broadway sensation, into a six-hour, two-part film scheduled to air on HBO this winter. Cinematographer STEPHEN GOLDBLATT photographs a stellar cast—including Emma Thompson, Meryl Streep, Mary-Louise Parker, and Al Pacino—as MICHAEL HOGAN follows the vision





TERRIBLE BEAUTY

Emma Thompson's winged angel smashes through the ceiling of the bedridden AIDS patient Prior Walter (Justin Kirk) and informs him that he has been chosen as a prophet.

These days it sometimes seems that America could use a little help from the angels, although if they're anything like the heavenly host depicted in playwright Tony Kushner's vast, audacious masterpiece, *Angels in America,* which opened in two parts on Broadway in 1993, we may be better off on our own. God has abandoned them, out of fear or wanderlust or both, and they're nervous wrecks. Their hope is that if they can just get human beings to stop growing, stop changing, stop being so fascinatingly unpredictable, He might be lured back. "You have driven Him away," shouts an angel who has just crashed through the ceiling of AIDS-racked Prior Walter's Manhattan apartment. "You must stop moving!"

Naturally, no one in *Angels in America,* which HBO will present as a six-hour, two-part film beginning in December, ever stops moving, loving, fighting, or evolving. Set mostly in New York during 1985–86, in the midst of what feels like an apocalyptic axis of AIDS and Reaganomics, the film follows eight principal characters, representing the spectrum of American society—homosexuals, Mormons, Jews, blacks, Wasps, Republicans—as they grapple with life and death, loyalty and betrayal, love and sex, heaven and hell.

The casting process, at least, was free of conflict, according to director Mike Nichols: "I wrote down my ideal cast, and then we got them. Nobody's arm was twisted." Al Pacino plays the rabid right-winger and closeted homosexual Roy Cohn, Meryl Streep is the Mormon matron Hannah Pitt, Emma Thompson is the Angel, Mary-Louise Parker is the overmedicated and undersexed Harper Pitt, and Jeffrey Wright is the wise but pissed-off gay black nurse, Belize (a role he originated on Broadway). "I once wrote jokingly that I hadn't accomplished everything I'd wanted to in Hollywood, because I'd never met Meryl Streep," says Kushner, who has a cameo in the film, "but now I'm in a scene with her." The film also stars Justin Kirk, Ben Shenkman, and Patrick Wilson.

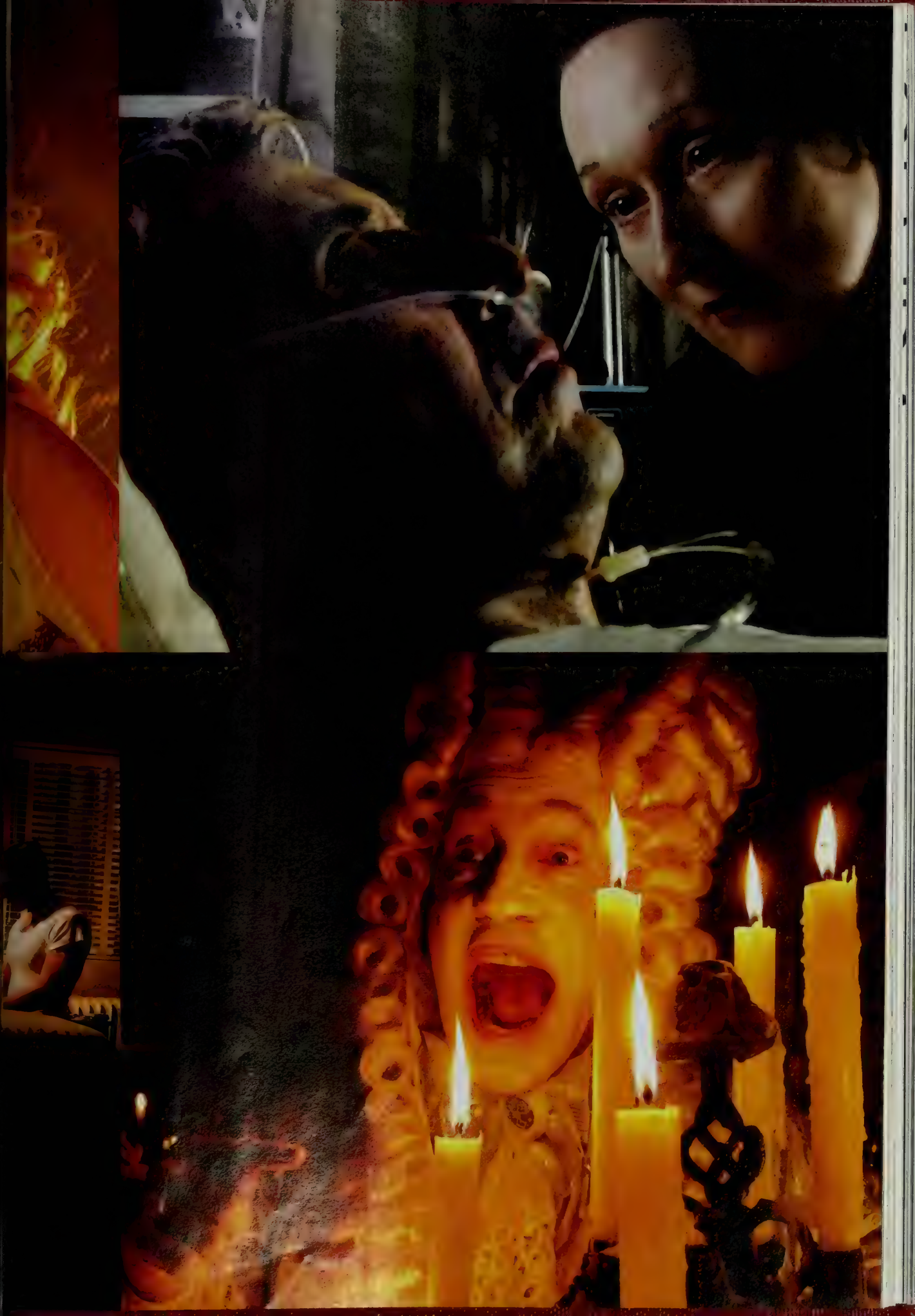
During the 10-month shoot in New York and Rome, Nichols, who was brought on by executive producer Cary Brokaw, exploited the power of film while being careful to preserve the script's theatrical heart. "It retains so much of its theatricality that it becomes a visually interesting animal," Kushner enthuses. "I've never seen anything like it." —MICHAEL HOGAN





MAGIC REALISM

Clockwise from top left: **Thompson as the Angel; Al Pacino as Roy Cohn, and Meryl Streep in her secondary role as Ethel Rosenberg's ghost; Simon Callow as Prior Walter's long-dead ancestor; the unhappy Mormon couple, Harper (Mary-Louise Parker) and Joe Pitt (Patrick Wilson).**





Acting teacher Lee Strasberg, at front, in glasses, conducts a session inside the sanctum sanctorum of the Actors Studio in 1955. His most famous student, Marilyn Monroe, listens attentively from the third row.

When she died, Marilyn Monroe left her belongings to her father figure Lee Strasberg, director of the Actors Studio, whose actress daughter, Susan, was a trusted friend and confidante to the star. Drawing on Susan's unpublished memoir, PATRICIA BOSWORTH—who experienced firsthand the heady days when Monroe, Richard Burton, and Peter O'Toole orbited the Strasberg household—examines how that legacy, including a fabulous pearl necklace, became entangled in the breakdown of a family

The Mentor and



the Movie Star

This is a true story. It all happened . . . and it's proved to me that life is really stranger than fiction—that nothing is too wonderful or terrible to be true.

—From *Confessions of a New Age Heretic,* an unpublished memoir by Susan Strasberg, left unfinished at her death.

On October 27 and 28, 1999, Christie's held a noisy, highly publicized auction of Marilyn Monroe's personal belongings, "a veritable time capsule of a great Hollywood icon," according to Nancy Valentino, a senior vice president at the auction house. Valentino estimated that the take from the Monroe auction would fall somewhere between the $5.7 million raised by the 1997 sale of dresses worn by Princess Diana and the $34.5 million earned the year before from the auction of Jackie Onassis's things. As it turned out, Marilyn's stuff brought in $13.4 million.

The approximately 1,000 items sold included 20 pairs of Ferragamo stilettos (slightly sweat-stained at the heels), rainbow-colored Pucci shifts, Maximilian furs, lace bustiers, baby-doll nighties, and furry mules. There was a gold Magnavox television, a set of gilt lighters from Frank Sinatra's Cal Neva lodge, and the platinum-and-diamond wedding ring Joe DiMaggio gave Marilyn. The star's temporary driver's license went for $145,500 and an anonymous bidder paid $80,000 for the certificate Marilyn got when she converted to Judaism. "All these things reflect Marilyn's vulnerability," Nancy Valentino said. "Vulnerability was part of Marilyn Monroe's irresistible appeal." Some of the relics had a haunting quality: an open compact half full of crumbling pink face powder, a strand of blond hair clinging to a hat. Then there were the poems Marilyn scribbled to herself: "I'm lucky to be alive," read one. "It's hard to figure out when everything I feel hurts!"

One wondered how Monroe would have reacted. There was something creepy, almost obscene, about selling a celebrity's personal belongings to strangers. Maureen Dowd of *The New York Times* bluntly called this "stuff of fame" phenomenon part of our "vulture culture."

Marilyn Monroe died on August 4, 1962, at the age of 36, "of acute barbiturate poisoning," according to the Los Angeles coroner. She left all her clothes and personal effects to her friend and mentor Lee Strasberg, the famous director of the Actors Studio.

When Strasberg passed away in 1982, his third wife, Anna Mizrahi Strasberg, inherited everything. The vivacious, auburn-haired former actress had never known Marilyn Monroe, and she has never explained why she decided to auction off all the star's belongings. (Anna Strasberg declined to be interviewed for this story and said that questions submitted to her about its content contained information that was false.) Monroe's will stipulated that Lee Strasberg "distribute these, in his sole discretion, among my friends, colleagues and those to whom I am devoted." Until Anna Strasberg assumed responsibility for the estate, however, Monroe's things had been in storage for years—"in wh coffin-shaped boxes," curator Meredith Etherington Smith wro Everything had remained in pristine condition except for the sob little black dress Marilyn had worn when she announced her e gagement to Arthur Miller. The moths had chewed it to bits.

Anna Strasberg was not present at the auction, she didn't hear the gasps and applause wh the glittery, formfitting, flesh-colored gown Mi ilyn had worn when she sang a sultry "Hap Birthday, Mr. President" to John F. Kennedy Madison Square Garden went for $1.26 millio The dress was purchased by Robert Schagri co-owner of the New York shop Gotta Have It!, which specializ in pop-culture memorabilia. "Marilyn Monroe is one of a few ternational icons who will transcend time," Schagrin says. "Alo with Elvis, Babe Ruth, and the Beatles, she is always a great i vestment for collectors. She's just gonna increase in value."

Ten months before, Schagrin had had what he calls a "real weird experience. . . . I mean, I had never had somebody die my arms before—right after I made one of the most importa sales of my life!" On January 21, 1999, he had an 11 A.M. a pointment with Susan Strasberg, Lee's daughter, who long a had become the youngest star on Broadway when, at 17, sl electrified audiences with her luminous performance as An Frank. "I'd just sold Susie's most treasured possession—Marily Monroe's necklace of vintage pearls—and I had the check f $100,000 in my pocket," he recalls. "I was delivering it to h that morning. The pearls were one of the greatest artifacts n partner and I had ever purchased; we sold them to Mikimot who'd made them back in 1954. Marilyn got the pearls in Jap when she was on her honeymoon with Joe DiMaggio."

In 1957, Marilyn gave the pearls to Lee Strasberg's second wi Paula, who was her coach at the time. Susan inherited the when her mother died. She had kept them for 32 years, but wh she needed money to pay bills and help out her daughter, Jenn she asked Schagrin to sell them for her. "I got Susie the buy Mikimoto right away," Schagrin says. "'I'll never forget what y did for me,' Susie told me. She seemed so happy, so relieved."

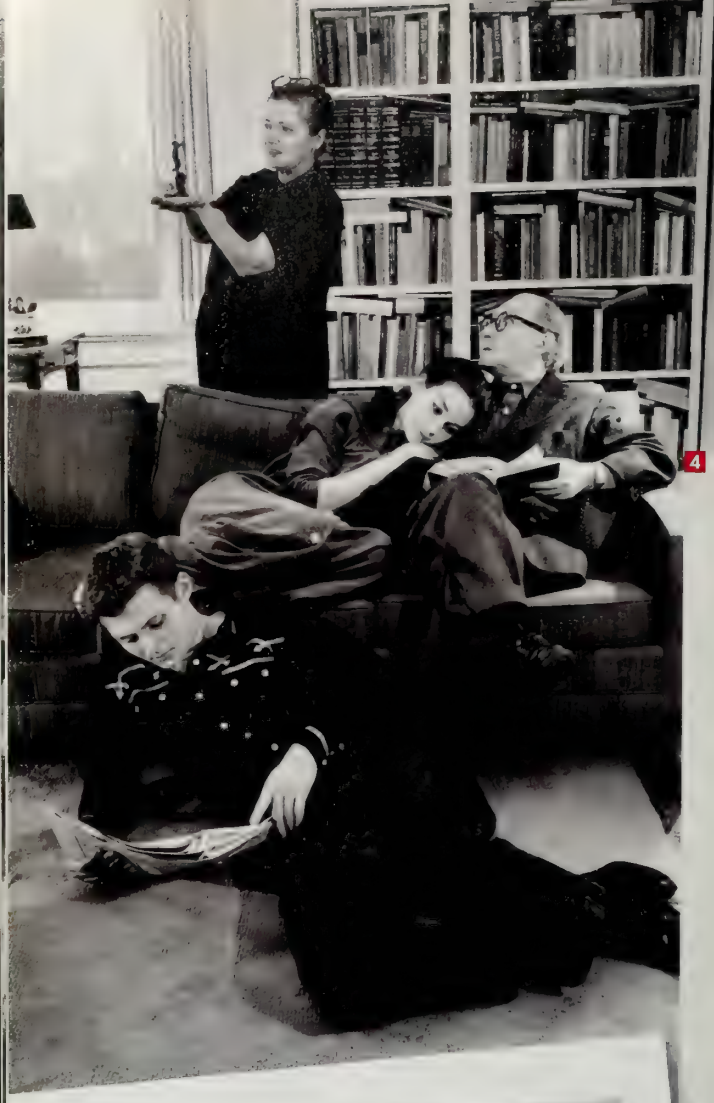
For several years, the 60-year-old actress had been writi and teaching and living off and on in a borrowed apartment Central Park South which belonged to her close friend the a tress Tanya Lopert, who spent much of her time in Paris. Sch grin says he would occasionally visit Susan in the apartment. first he didn't realize how ill she was. She never talked about h condition, although she mentioned traveling to San Francis for treatment with a healer, and she didn't discuss her precar ous financial situation. "Susie was a very proud woman, a bea tiful human being. She put a good face on everything," he say Schagrin had sold one other item for her, in early 1998, wh she first came into his shop to talk about the pearls. It was pen-and-ink drawing Marilyn had done on Fire Island in t summer of 1955 and given to Susan.

In the course of his visits to the apartment on Central Pa South, Schagrin had met some of Susan's friends, including t actress Cynthia Adler and the teacher Geraldine Baron, as w as the hairdresser John Patrick, who was one of her intimate

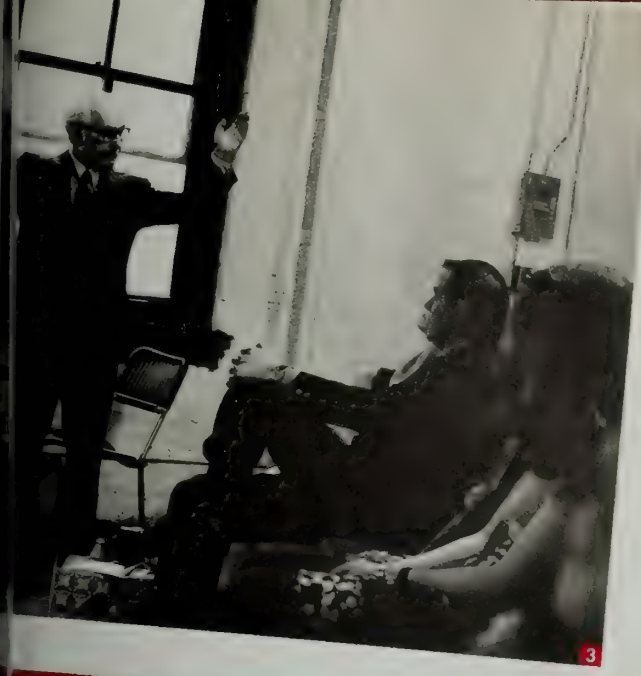
STAR IS BORN

san Strasberg, 17, exits Marty Fried's
on her way to a performance of
e Diary of Anne Frank. In *The New York*
nes, Brooks Atkinson described
as "a slender, enchanting young lady
h . . . a pair of burning eyes and
soul of an actress."

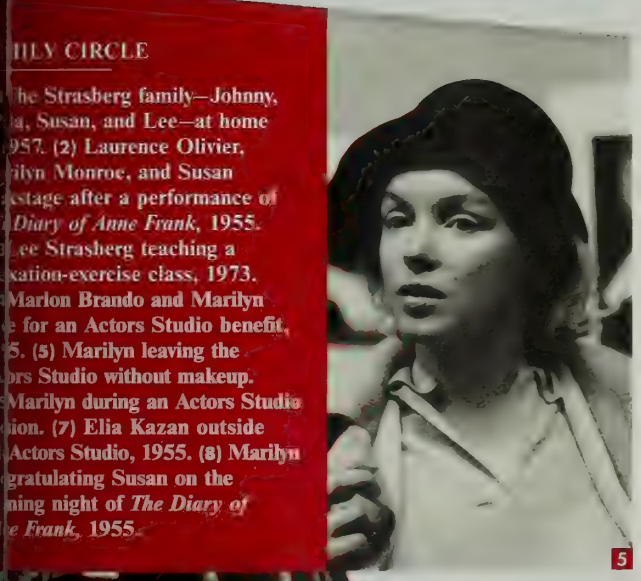








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8

ILY CIRCLE

he Strasberg family—Johnny, a, Susan, and Lee—at home 957. (2) Laurence Olivier, ilyn Monroe, and Susan stage after a performance of *Diary of Anne Frank*, 1955. ee Strasberg teaching a xation-exercise class, 1973. Marlon Brando and Marilyn for an Actors Studio benefit, 5. (5) Marilyn leaving the rs Studio without makeup. Marilyn during an Actors Studio ion. (7) Elia Kazan outside Actors Studio, 1955. (8) Marilyn gratulating Susan on the ning night of *The Diary of e Frank*, 1955.

He'd often cut and shape Susan's hair when she didn't feel like going out, and they would gossip together. A maid, Mildred Smith, was there every day to shop and clean and cook. "You're all part of my crazy family," Susan would say with a laugh. Occasionally she and Schagrin would have tea, and she would tell him about her daughter, Jenny, who was 32 and lived in Los Angeles. They were very close and spoke on the phone several times a day.

During her conversations with Schagrin, Susan would often refer to the ups and downs of her career: her triumph as Anne Frank; her disastrous romance with Richard Burton; the biker movies she had made with Jack Nicholson and Peter Fonda during the 1960s; her travels to Australia, Japan, Africa, and India. For the past 20 years she'd been on a spiritual journey that totally engrossed her. She was writing about it, she said. Her earlier memoirs, *Bittersweet* and *Marilyn and Me* (about her close friendship with Monroe), had both been best-sellers.

She did not tell Schagrin that in the new book she was trying to resolve once and for all the terrible pain and disappointment she felt toward her father for disinheriting her and her younger brother, Johnny.

Strasberg had left everything to Anna and their two young sons, Adam-Lee and David-Lee; he had not left Susan a single memento, not even the gold toothpicks she had given him or the long silver spoon she'd bought him for the coffee ice-cream sodas he loved to make with pineapple syrup. "Actually," she wrote in her unpublished memoir, "I hadn't expected anything major for myself in spite of the fact that I'd given my father so much money over the first thirteen years of my career."

Susan recalled how Lee had said to her, "Don't worry, Jenny will be taken care of like the boys." He promised that over and over again, Susan wrote, yet there was no mention of Jenny—his only granddaughter—in his will. "He had adored Jenny," Susan wrote. When friends told her she'd been naïve and too trusting, she would cry, "It must have been a mistake!"

An irony not lost on Susan was "that a good part of [my father's] estate was 75% of Marilyn's estate." The troubled star had assumed that Lee Strasberg would "care for her, protect her in death as he had tried to do," Susan wrote, "if unsuccessfully in life. Now she would be in the hands of people who had never known or loved or respected her as she so desperately wanted. Marilyn Monroe, who was not so unreasonably paranoid about strangers, now belonged to them."

Later, according to her memoir, a lawyer friend of Strasberg's confided to Susan, "Lee cried when he changed his will." (Through her spokesman, Peter Browne, Anna Strasberg maintains that she did not know the will had been changed until she heard it read in the lawyer's office.)

Susan did not tell Schagrin any of this. When she spoke of her father, he says, it was in glowing terms: he had a "jeweler's eye for discovering talent"; he nurtured talent, revered talent; he said that talent is not only something you are born with but also what you allow yourself to experience and perceive. But Susan did admit to a rivalry with Marilyn Monroe after she moved to New York to study acting with Lee at the Actors Studio and became a virtual member of the Strasberg family. "My dad treated Marilyn Monroe more like his daughter

than me," Susan would tell Schagrin, and then she would laugh her beautiful, sad, melodious laugh.

Schagrin says that when he put the check for $100,000 in his pocket that morning he was looking forward to seeing Susan smile when he gave it to her. "Susie had the most radiant smile—infectious. You automatically smiled back. Her smile radiated so much energy and intelligence and humor."

At 10:45 A.M. he knocked on the door of the apartment on Central Park South. "It was a little early, but I knew it didn't matter." Mildred Smith opened the door, but she didn't even say hello, Schagrin recalls. She just darted about the hall. Then Schagrin followed her into a bedroom, where they found Susan lying across a little daybed. Her stomach was horribly distended, and she wasn't moving. Schagrin ran over and tried to make her more comfortable, cradling her in his arms and speaking to her, but she didn't answer. Her eyes were open. He could feel a little breath come out of her like a sigh, "and then she was gone."

He called 911, and the police arrived almost immediately. Medics pronounced Susan Strasberg dead on the scene. Schagrin left the apartment after the police questioned him. "They took my name and asked why I was there," he remembers. "Oh, yes—I kept the check for the pearls in my pocket."

Within a couple of hours, says Mildred Smith, Anna Strasberg arrived. "I didn't know who she was. Susie never, ever mentioned her stepmother to me." According to Smith, Anna was dry-eyed and businesslike. By that time the body had already been taken to the morgue, but she spoke at length with the police, who were in the bedroom going through Susan's things.

Anna was still in the bedroom when the phone rang. A police officer answered it and informed the caller that Susan Strasberg was dead. The caller turned out to be Steffi Sidney Splaver, one of Susan's closest friends. Like most of Susan's good friends, she had been in daily contact with her. As soon as Anna Strasberg heard who was on the phone, she picked up the receiver. "She was very warm and friendly," Splaver says. "She told me she was arranging for everything—the funeral, the burial. She would be buried next to Lee and Paula, she said. I said, 'No, Susie wanted to be cremated,' and Anna said, 'I'll get a beautiful urn.' And I said, 'No, Susie wants her ashes spread out over the Pacific Ocean.' 'Oh,' Anna said."

Next, Anna called Jenny in California to tell her she had bought her a plane ticket to New York for the funeral. As soon as Jenny arrived, "Anna said, 'Don't sell those pearls,'" Jenny recalled. "She said the pearls belonged to the estate. I knew that wasn't true, but I was in a state of shock. My mother had just died, and Anna was telling me not to sell the pearls. I knew they'd already been sold, but I didn't say anything. I just listened. All I could think of was Mom didn't want a funeral and she certainly didn't want Anna to pay for it."

From Paris, Johnny Strasberg, Susan's brother, declared that he would not attend the memorial because Anna was paying for it. Asked to be a pallbearer, he refused.

In the following days, Anna glided about the city in her chauffeured town car, from the Frank E. Campbell funeral home on the East Side, to her apartment on Central Park West, to the Strasberg Theatre Institute on East 45th Street, which she ran with great efficiency. She bought Jenny [illegible] and took

AFTER HOURS

The kitchen of the Strasbergs' apartment on Central Park West—where all of Broadway gathered—in 1957, when Susan, bottom center, and Richard Burton, bottom right, were at the height of their romance.



"Jesus, those evenings
in the Strasberg kitchen,
with a drunken Burton
spouting poetry."

her to the hairdresser; she organized the memorial at Campbell's, had the programs printed. The pallbearers were among Susan's nearest and dearest—the hairdresser John Patrick; the producer Barry Parnell; Ralph Roberts, Marilyn Monroe's masseur, who once helped Susan to escape from her husband when he went at her with a gun; and Marty Fried, the handsome ex-boxer turned actor-director, who was practically a member of the Strasberg family. Long ago he had taught Susan and Marilyn how to drive.

Every so often, Anna would return to the subject of Marilyn's pearls. "Do you know where the pearls are?" she asked John Patrick, who had introduced Susan to Schagrin. "Anna wanted those pearls," Marty Fried said. When Anna learned the pearls had been sold, she asked Jenny to sign a power of attorney, and Schagrin handed the check for $100,000 over to Martin Garbus, Anna's lawyer. The check was made out to "Jennifer Jones Strasberg, c/o Susan Strasberg estate." (After the memorial, Jenny returned to L.A., hired her own lawyer, Burton Popkoff, and got the power of attorney back.) Anna would later say she had only been trying to protect Jenny, to get her more money for the pearls.

The day before the memorial, things turned ugly. Jenny signed the cremation order without telling Anna, and when Anna found out, Jenny says, she "went ballistic. She is all about control. I'm the daughter. I had a perfect right to sign the papers, didn't I?"

John Patrick, who'd gone to Campbell's to sit with Susan's coffin, ran into a distraught Anna Strasberg in the elevator. "I'm having a hard time with these people!" she exclaimed. "You *should* be having a hard time," Patrick snapped. "Everybody hates your guts. They all know what you did to Susan."

Anna replied, "There are two sides to every story, and you don't know my side of the story." Patrick said, "I know both sides." Anna said, "Lee and I didn't give Susan anything because she always gave everything away. She had no respect for money." Patrick countered with "That was her business what she did with her money—it was her money to do with what she wanted. She footed the bills for all those years on the apartment, the house on Fire Island. I know what *you* did!"

The following morning, Susan Strasberg's memorial was conducted with grace before an emotional, standing-room-only audience that included dozens of people from Susan's complicated life—astrologers, healers, psychics, and former students, as well as old friends such as Danny Selznick and Harold Reed and actors including Estelle Parsons, Eli Wallach, and Ellen Burstyn. The actress Lee Grant, her voice trembling, talked about "Susan's valiance. My husband, Joey, and I called her Blesséd. No matter how hard things were, Blesséd was like a little flag against adversity—and she always flew."

At the end, Jenny Strasberg, rosy-cheeked and gentle, recited a poem. "Do not stand on my grave and weep. I am not there. I do not sleep."

A week later, I had coffee with Marty Fried at his West Side apartment to rehash the proceedings. I'd been invited to speak at the memorial but had been felled with the flu, so Cynthia Adler had read my little tribute.

I had known Marty and Susan forever. We were members of the Actors Studio together, and a terrific energy grew out of our friendship. In 1956 we used to meet backstage at the Cort Theatre, where Susie was having her triumph as Anne Frank. I often stood in the wings to watch her performance, made more remarkable by the fact that she'd had no formal training. I was dating someone in the cast, s stop in almost every night. Marty would lounge by the do Susie's dressing room, smoking and talking as she took of makeup. In return for free acting lessons, Marty drove Lee Susan anywhere they wanted to go in his medallion cab.

Marty's parents had died when he was a baby, so he gre in and out of orphanages. "Marty was tough," his former Lena Tabori says. He was 28 when I met him, and by then been virtually adopted by the Strasbergs. Paula nursed him to health when he came down with hepatitis; Lee taught about music and theater and painting. Marty lived off an with the Strasbergs; later he would move from acting to s managing to directing on Broadway and in Europe. For yea was Susan's special friend and confidant. When Richard Bu left her and she had a nervous breakdown, it was Marty along with Johnny, drove her across the country to help her get. Along the way they stopped to photograph the Badlan South Dakota, and Marty almost lost his life when he slippe a steep, muddy hill. Johnny pulled him back to safety.

Now Marty sat hunched forward in his battered easy c with unread scripts at his feet. His handsome face was a m of sadness. "I can't believe Susie is gone," he growled, an another cigarette. (He would be dead within the year of a h attack.) "I can't believe Lee changed his will, that he disinh ed Susan and Johnny."

"It's about destroying a family," Marty said dolefully.

I tried to cheer him up by changing the subject and remin him of the day when we'd careened around in his cab durin lightning storm with Marilyn Monroe.

It was more than 40 years ago, and Broadway and Ti Square were shabby and intimate. Many of my frie lived in cold-water flats, ate baked beans at the Autor went to midnight screenings on 42nd Street, and sha in the adventure of becoming artists. That particular a noon it had started to rain. Susan and I had just run side after a session at the Actors Studio and were stan on West 44th Street debating whether or not to go shoppin Jax. Marty's cab was already idling at the curb nearby. Sudde Lee Strasberg appeared, dressed in mournful black. I was in aw my strange, implacable acting teacher. His praise and encoura ment could sustain me for months. Away from class he was c and remote, so when he brusquely offered me a lift I was surpris I was not part of his inner circle, which consisted of big sta

It was raining quite heavily, and Susan cried, "Come o and squeezed into the front seat with Lee, who was star straight ahead, an impenetrable expression on his face. As I s into the backseat, I saw Marilyn Monroe huddled in the cor dreamily smoking a cigarette. Her bleached-blond hair was t sled; she wore no makeup, and I noticed that there was dirt neath her fingernails. I couldn't stop looking at her.

We drove uptown in silence, and I knew she was aware I w looking at her. I always looked at her whenever I saw her– and out of class, at the coffee shop where she hung out w Lee, at midnight screenings she attended with Susan and Ma She was used to being looked at, and she wasn't self-conscio She had a mysterious, indefinable quality that made her a s and separated her from everyone else.

She had done two scenes in Lee's private classes: Mo Bloom's monologue from James Joyce's *Ulysses* and a section *Breakfast at Tiffany's* with Michael J. Pollard. In both she h



"My dad treated Marilyn Monroe more like his daughter than me," Susan would say.

TEACHER'S PETS

Marilyn Monroe and Susan Strasberg just before a session at the Actors Studio, photographed by Roy Schatt in 1955.

projected a luminous, yearning quality that was very appealing. At the moment she appeared to be floating in another world as she puffed delicately on her cigarette and blew the smoke oh so softly out of her mouth.

The newspapers were full of stories about her—how she'd left Hollywood and come to New York to be a "serious actress," how Lee was coaching her at his apartment and letting her "observe" sessions at the Studio. Part of Lee's great gift as a teacher was to get us to function at the highest level. He had a rare ability to pinpoint what we were capable of creating onstage, and his stern manner made us try to do our best to please him. According to Marty, Lee was encouraging Marilyn to play Cordelia in Shakespeare's *King Lear.* He would invite her to lunch at Sardi's with members of his inner circle, including the Greek director Andreas Voutsinas and the young Jane Fonda, and wax eloquent about theater history: Stanislavsky, Duse, Laurette Taylor. Then he would turn his attention to Marilyn's sparkling potential. Once, when Marilyn interrupted and said to Jane Fonda, "Aw, you play Cordelia, O.K.?," Lee's face cracked into a tiny smile.

Their relationship was intense and fascinating—the acting coach and the movie star. Clearly they saw each other in symbolic ways. Lee was the father Marilyn had never had (she called all the men in her life Daddy), and he validated her existence as an artist. Lee could give Marilyn respect. Marilyn was Lee's ticket to fame and celebrity.

It was muggy in the cab. The rain pelted down and lightning flashed as Marty drove through huge puddles on the street. Still no one spoke. After a while Susan rolled down the window and moist, cool air whooshed in. Marilyn gave a sigh and shrugged out of her coat.

That's when I noticed the pearls. She was wearing a necklace of what looked like vintage pearls; they were lustrous and creamy and matched her skin, which seemed almost iridescent. She positively glowed. "Those are gorgeous pearls, Miss Monroe," I said. I couldn't bring myself to call her Marilyn. "Yeah," Marilyn said as she fingered them absently. "The emperor gave them to me."

"The emperor?" asked Susan.

"Hirohito of Japan. When Joe and I were on our honeymoon in Tokyo, he gave them to me in a private ceremony." Her voice trailed off as if she'd lost interest in the subject. She had, we knew, quickly lost interest in Joe DiMaggio. They were about to be divorced, after a marriage that had lasted only nine months. Lately she'd been telling her friend the Hollywood gossip columnist Sidney Skolsky that she was going to marry the playwright Arthur Miller.

"Darling?," Lee Strasberg murmured tenderly from the front seat.

"Yeah, Lee?"

"Did you say the Emperor of Japan gave you those pearls?"

"Yeah."

He turned and stared at her with burning eyes. "How *wonderful,* darling." His voice was full of feeling. He so rarely responded in an overt way that it was thrilling to see him react.

Silence once more. Then we reached our destination, the Strasberg apartment on Central Park West. Lee got out of the cab without a word and disappeared into the ornate lobby. Marilyn undulated after him. Apparently she was on her way to see her psychiatrist, Dr. Marianne Kris, who lived and worked in an apartment near the Strasbergs'. Marilyn saw Dr. Kris five times a week, and afterward she would take the elevator to Lee's, where he would guide her in a series of sense-memory exercises, in which she acted like a child, in an effort to get in touch with her "real self"—her "real tragic power." "Do this [exercise] and you'll feel something," he would tell Marilyn, and she believed him because she needed to, for Marilyn Monroe was not often in touch with how she felt.

She would struggle mightily to release emotional and physical blocks as she recalled one of her most disturbing childhood memories—the time a relative tried to suffocate her with a pillow. But the pain of recalling those early years as Norma Jean Baker, the abandoned and abused child, was excruciating. Marilyn confided to Susan that occasionally, when Lee's questions became too probing, she would just "make something up."

Marty wandered into the kitchen to make some coffee for us. As it was perking, we returned to the subject of Susie's memorial, which Marty had found "infinitely sad." He said he'd heard that Anna had spent more than $70,000 on the tribute. Eventually we got back to Lee's will and the Monroe estate, "which must be worth a fortune now," Marty surmised. He recalled that an earlier version of Marilyn's will had left the Strasbergs just $25,000, though the final version left them a great deal more.

"And Susan said that Lee promised her on many occasions that he was going to take care of Jenny and presumably leave something to Susan as well," I said. "Why did he break his word?" Later, when I spoke to Johnny Strasberg, he said, "My father was always jealous of Susan. At 15 she was making more money than he ever did. She was more famous than he was. She was on the cover of *Life.* And she didn't study with him—she made it entirely on her own. She never had an acting lesson. That galled him."

Johnny went on to say that his father, a poor immigrant from Poland who was rai in a Lower East Side tenement, had b an idealist when he was part of the Gr Theater with Harold Clurman and Elia zan during the 1930s. After he resigned f the Group, he taught acting at the Am can Theater Wing and lived in Hollywo directing screen tests, but he was still scure. "Lee was secretly greedy for mo and fame," his son said. "But who isn't? the American way."

The director and teacher Jack Garfe whom I saw in Paris in April 2002, w another one of Lee's protégés in the 195 He later went on to direct *End as a M* and marry the actress Carroll Baker. Garf recalls, "Lee's stargazing and compromis started back at Fire Island the first summ Marilyn came out there, in 1957 and 19 The Strasbergs had this house on Fire land—I think it was Susie who bought th the house. Lee would barbecue steaks, a Marilyn was sharing Susie's bedroom a running around barefoot drinking cha pagne. Other stars would come out to F Island to kiss-ass with Lee—Shelley Winte Anne Bancroft. Lee was getting famous cause of his association with Marilyn."

At the time, Susan would complain Marty that her father wasn't paying any tention to her. He was totally focused Marilyn. Johnny Strasberg felt ignored, t and it made him angry. "Our parents w too busy with their own dreams of succ and fame to reflect over ambitions for m he said. "In some ways Susan and I were raised. We just grew up."

He remembers an argument with Lee wh he was 14. Johnny lashed out, pinning h against the wall of the living room. Lee, w couldn't stand to be touched, went as wh as a ghost and bleated, "Who do you thi I am—your mother?" Paula separated t two, who didn't speak for a month afterwa

Lee rarely expressed anger. When he d he would have a nosebleed. Blood wou gush all over his shirt and trousers, and wife Paula was once heard to say under h breath, "Someday he'll get a nosebleed a die."

Paula Miller Strasberg was a former Co munist who had testified in front of t House Un-American Activities Committ (HUAC) and been blacklisted. Paula had on been as beautiful as Susan, but she gr hugely fat. She would coil her long red h into a bun and stay in her room for hou Lee also liked to stay in his room, and wh he wasn't coaching special students such Jennifer Jones or Marilyn, he'd listen to mus

Classical music was always playing at t Strasberg apartment. "Everything in our li happened to music," Susan said. "Beethov Bach, Mozart, Vivaldi—our lives were sco by music."

Paula was a mystic. She taught Susan to lieve that everyone has the potential to ee" in the cosmic sense, and Susan inher-d her mother's passion for everything iritual—tarot cards, astrology, the afterlife. ee was contemptuous of all that. Paula ent much of her energy plotting ways to ake Lee Strasberg famous. "My mother as the one responsible for Lee's success," hnny says. "She brought people to my fa-er—he would never reach out to anyone. e was incapable of reaching out. Paula was e one who encouraged Marilyn Monroe study with Lee in New York."

She was also the one who managed to ay the avalanche of bills that kept arriving the mail. Sometimes she would ask rich iends for money. Mainly she would ask usan for the money, and in the 1950s Su-n, who'd starred in two big movies (*The obweb* and *Picnic*) and a roadway hit, had plenty. o Susan paid for a por-on of the rent on the Cen-al Park West apartment nd for the books Lee kept uying for his theater library. ooks were everywhere—ning the walls, piled up the living room and the athrooms, even overflow-ng into the kitchen. Susan lso paid for the Brie and aviar and champagne and lini and rich cakes that rammed the refrigerator.

The Strasbergs lived xtravagantly. Their New ear's Eve parties were leg-ndary. You could see al-nost every major celebrity here: Henry Fonda, Judy Garland, Bob Fos-e, and on and on. Paula would greet all the stars effusively, though at heart she was no more demonstrative than Lee. She, too, lived n her own little world, but whereas Lee left Susan and Johnny alone, Paula tried to dom-nate their lives.

It got so bad that Johnny put a sign on his bedroom door: KEEP OUT. THIS MEANS MOTHER! So Paula focused on Susan and lived vicariously through her.

When Susan signed to star in Jean Anouilh's *Time Remembered* on Broadway with Helen Hayes and Richard Burton, Paula was thrilled. She encouraged a romance between the burly, hard-drinking Welshman and her pale, ethereal virgin daughter. When the two fell in love, Paula egged them on, even though Burton was married and a womanizer. "Jesus, those evenings in the Strasberg kitchen," Marty Fried recalled, "with a drunken Burton spouting poetry and Peter O'Toole there, three sheets to the wind." Throughout, Susan would be laughing deliriously and clapping her hands. And Marilyn Monroe was more and more a fixture in the Strasberg apartment. Often she would have supper with the family and then wander into Susan's room to talk about her inability to sustain friendships and her paranoia about people. She would confide softly, "I always felt I was a nobody and the only way for me to be somebody was to—well, be somebody else, which is probably why I wanted to act."

Since Lee couldn't leave his classes, Paula coached Marilyn in *Bus Stop* and *Some Like It Hot.* For a short while Marilyn had a devoted manager, the photographer Milton Greene, who helped her launch the film company Marilyn Monroe Productions. After Greene almost went broke producing *The Prince and the Showgirl,* in which Marilyn starred opposite Laurence Olivier, she abruptly kicked him out of her life. His widow, Amy Greene, thinks the Strasbergs helped turn Marilyn against him. "And he only wanted the best for her," she says.





BEADS OF BURDEN

Left, Marilyn Monroe, wearing the necklace of vintage pearls, appears in Santa Monica Superior Court, on October 27, 1954, for a hearing on her divorce from Joe DiMaggio. *Right,* Susan Strasberg, right, wears the pearls as she and her stepmother, Anna, attend the 1982 Theater Hall of Fame Awards in New York.

In time, Marilyn grew to be as dependent on Paula as she was on Lee. She never lost her terror of being on a movie set, because Paula continually forced her to reach down for her "real self." In Monroe's case, that meant not only Norma Jean, the abused orphan child, but also Marilyn, the blonde, wiggly sex symbol. Referring to her split personality, Marilyn would say, "I feel as though it's all happening to someone right next to me. I'm close to it—I feel it—but it really isn't me."

Paula constantly had to make excuses for Marilyn's lateness on the set. Often Marilyn would simply soak in a hot perfumed bath instead of showing up for filming. She'd explain in her baby voice, "It isn't Marilyn in the tub, it's Norma Jean. I'm giving Norma Jean a treat. She used to bathe in water used by six or eight people. Now she can bathe in water as clear and transparent as glass." So Paula became the heavy, hated by most of Marilyn's directors and producers. This was nerve-racking for her, and she suffered migraines as a result. "I'm not that much of a monster," she'd cry. She felt entitled to compensation for all the troubles Marilyn heaped on her, and indeed she was rewarded handsomely. Lee insisted that she be paid $25,000 for coaching Marilyn in *The Prince and the Showgirl*—as much as some of the featured actors were getting—and she got it. Marilyn would have gone into a panic if Paula hadn't been there to hold her hand.

Paula let Marilyn know that she coveted her pearl necklace. "Oh, Marilyn," she'd gush, "I just love looking at those pearls!" Marilyn would smile and caress the pearls, not telling Paula that she really wanted to give them away, since they reminded her of her disastrous marriage to Joe DiMaggio. "All he did was watch TV night and day," she told Sidney Skolsky.

On Christmas Eve 1957, Marilyn sent the pearls to Paula in a brown paper bag. They were left outside the Strasbergs' apartment door, with a hand-scrawled note that read, "For Paula—from Marilyn." John Patrick remembers that Paula ran around the living room waving the pearls, her eyes full of tears. "Look at what she gave me! She knows how much I loved those pearls!" She wore them everywhere. Nothing had ever pleased her more. Marilyn was very generous to all the Strasbergs that Christmas. She gave Susan a Chagall sketch and bought Lee expensive art books and records. Later she gave Johnny her Thunderbird convertible for his 18th birthday. "She knew I was being ignored by everybody," he says. "She knew what that present meant to me. Everything."

By then Marilyn was married to Arthur Miller. She told Susan she hoped and prayed she could finally feel secure. Marty would drive her in his taxi to the hairdresser Kenneth, or to the deli. At first she talked about how much she enjoyed being Arthur's wife. She was learning to bake bread and make noodles, she said. Later, Marty and Susan drove up to Connecticut, where Miller

had just bought a house. "There was nothing to eat in the kitchen and Marilyn seemed depressed, and Arthur was irritable," Marty recalled. "We finally got some takeout."

Soon Marilyn began appearing at the Strasbergs' whenever she and Miller had a fight. She was on barbiturates—Seconal, Nembutal—and tranquilizers such as Valium and Librium, which she'd wash down with champagne. The pills made her alternately moody and lethargic, but they no longer relieved her stress, as they had for years. She complained that Miller was treating her like a child, telling her he felt like a hanger-on in her life. He couldn't write and had resorted to pasting clippings in her scrapbook. Reporters dogged them wherever they went. He had virtually no money, and she was supporting him.

Late one night, when Susan couldn't sleep, she went out into the hall on her way to the kitchen for a glass of milk and saw Marilyn half naked and clearly drugged, crawling on all fours to Lee's room and scratching on the door like an animal. A groggy Lee came out and carried her back to Johnny's room. (Johnny was away at college.) He left the door partly open, and in the dim light Susan could see her father in his old blue bathrobe, cradling Marilyn in his arms and singing, "'Go to sleep, little baby . . . dream of angels . . . ' It was the lullaby he'd sung to me when I was a little girl. Now he was caressing Marilyn's golden hair as he once caressed mine." Susan thought, "What about me? I can't sleep, either."

The more she saw of Marilyn and her father together, the more confused and resentful she became, because "Marilyn broke all the rules I was expected to follow," she wrote. "She was unpredictable, but he didn't yell at her. He constantly validated her. With her Pop was vulnerable, paternal, permissive. With me he was impersonal, critical, forbidding. What was I doing wrong? Why didn't he give me permission to be myself as he did her?"

Not long after that, Lee forbade Susan to star in the movie *Peyton Place* with Lana Turner. Playing Turner's daughter was beneath her, he said. Then he and Paula refused to allow her to do a screen test for the movie version of *The Diary of Anne Frank,* which the director, George Stevens, was insisting on. Shelley Winters, who had already been cast, arranged for Susan to have an interview with Stevens in Los Angeles, and Paula accompanied her. Stevens decided against using Susan as Anne, even though she had been so wonderful in the stage production, because he was afraid Paula would be on the set coaching her daughter as she had coached Marilyn in *Some Like It Hot.* Billy Wilder had told him "horror stories" about Paula, and Stevens didn't want her disrupting his movie.

And so it went for several years, until Susan escaped her parents' suffocating influence and flew to Rome to star in *Kapò* for director Gillo Pontecorvo. The movie, about concentration-camp victims and survivors, was nominated for the Academy Award for best foreign film of 1960.

Meanwhile, Marilyn Monroe was growing more and more despondent. She had an affair with Yves Montand in an effort to make Arthur Miller jealous, but he ignored her infidelity. "He wouldn't tell her off, and that really bugged her," Susan told me. "He wanted her to star in *The Misfits,* the picture he'd written for her. That seemed more important to him than anything, but Marilyn didn't like the part. In the end she agreed, but it was the end of her marriage."

The last time the entire Strasberg family visited Marilyn together was on location for *The Misfits* in the scorching Nevada desert. "Pop wore cowboy boots and a hat and tried unsuccessfully to mediate between [director John] Huston and Miller and Marilyn," Susan told me. "Marilyn was really misbehaving, always late, very into pills." Eventually the production had to shut down for a couple of weeks while Marilyn was hospitalized and detoxed.

Soon after the movie wrapped, Arthur Miller and Marilyn Monroe were divorced. She returned to California and drifted back into the tawdry life she'd had when she first went to Hollywood, posing nude for photographers and partying all night with powerful men. She had an affair with Frank Sinatra and, according to Susan, spent one night with John F. Kennedy at Bing Crosby's house in Palm Springs. "It was O.K. to sleep with a charismatic president," Susan said, "and Marilyn loved the secrecy and the drama of it, but Kennedy was not the kind of man she wanted to spend her life with, and she made that very clear." That night at Crosby's, Kennedy asked Marilyn to entertain at his 45th-birthday party at Madison Square Garden.

By then she'd bought a house in Brentwood. She had a new analyst, Dr. Ralph Greenson, who controlled her every move and tried to keep old friends such as Susan and Ralph Roberts away from her. Lee wanted to direct her in a television production of Somerset Maugham's *Rain,* and Sidney Skolsky planned to produce a movie about Jean Harlow with Marilyn.

On August 4, 1962, the last day of Marilyn's life, she was on the phone a lot, with old lovers such as Marlon Brando, who later maintained that she had been murdered, and her former manager-producer, Milton Greene, whom she hadn't spoken to in years. She confided to him that she felt sudde paranoid about the Strasbergs, felt they l been using her, and said she was going change her will. She called her lawyer, M ey Rudin, to discuss the matter. But she d before she could follow through with change. Her death was ruled an accide overdose, but there has been endless spe lation about the real cause ever since.

Lee flew out to California, and he a Paula joined a handful of mourners, incl ing Joe DiMaggio, at the tiny Westwood neral parlor where Marilyn lay in an op casket, wearing a green Pucci dress an platinum wig. As the organist played "Sor where over the Rainbow," Lee gave a tear eulogy. He seemed genuinely stricken. and Paula inherited all of Marilyn's cloth and personal possessions, and the estate v estimated to be worth $200,000.

Eventually, with the help of a maid, Pa cleaned out Marilyn's house and her apa ment in New York, and everything, incl ing Marilyn's greasy oven mitts, was put i storage. It was rumored that some of her p sessions were in a small studio on the sa floor as the Strasbergs' apartment on Cent Park West. Every so often Lee would say r erently, "Marilyn's things will ultimately to a museum." He and Paula kept her wh piano in a place of honor in the apartme as well as some artifacts and photograph

They were both indignant when Linc Center staged Arthur Miller's *After the Fa* directed by Elia Kazan, in October 196 The events and characters in the play we obviously inspired by Miller's tempestuo marriage to Marilyn. "Pop thought *After t Fall* was a betrayal of Marilyn," Susan t me not long before she died. "Pop thoug Arthur had portrayed Marilyn as a who Didn't he remember how she'd stood up f him when he was called up in front of HU to answer questions about his Commun affiliations? She risked her entire career f him."

By 1965 the list of Lee Strasberg's studer who would go on to fame and fortu in Hollywood included Steve McQuee Robert De Niro, Al Pacino, Dustin Ho man, Sally Field, Faye Dunaway, Jane Fo da, Ellen Burstyn, and Robert Duvall. H aura as a master teacher was such that wh he walked into the Studio you automatical stepped aside to let him pass. "He knew h reputation was based on the movie acto he produced," says Madeleine Sherwoo another of his alumni.

By that time I had left acting and ha become a writer, but I was still attendi Studio sessions. One especially memorab morning, the young Al Pacino performed monologue from *The Iceman Cometh* an then a soliloquy from *Hamlet.* Lee was so i spired by Pacino's audacious performanc

t he ordered him to switch characters and y Hickey as Hamlet and Hamlet as Hick- Pacino complied. Afterward, Lee com- mented him on his "freshness and spon- neity" and praised him for his courage, hich is rarer than talent."

In 1966, Paula Strasberg was diagnosed th cancer. She suffered horribly. Johnny rsed her, sitting in a rocking chair by her d as she screamed in pain. When she d, Johnny was the one who orchestrated funeral, ordered the casket, and spoke the rabbi. "I took over. I was suddenly ad of the family—my father could not ake a move."

In her will, Paula left everything to "Lee d the children," but one of Lee's lawyers ked Susan and Johnny to let their father ve whatever money and valuables made the estate. Lee needed e money; he was broke. Susan and Johnny gned over everything, though Susan did take arilyn Monroe's necklace vintage pearls, since r mother had specifical- left them to her. Susan ad been very fond of larilyn. "Marilyn's pearls," e'd say when she wore em, grinning impishly.

By then Susan had mar- ed the actor Christopher nes, who was charismat- , surly, and troublesome. e resembled James Dean nd would go on to star in *yan's Daughter,* directed y David Lean. Christopher niffed coke and packed gun, and he knocked Susan around a lot. lthough she was in love with him, she was on trapped in an oppressive, abusive re- tionship. Their daughter, Jennifer Robin, as born on March 14, 1966, with a cleft alate and four holes in her heart, which eant she would always have trouble get- ng enough oxygen. Susan was afraid that he and Christopher were responsible for eir daughter's condition, because they had aken so many drugs.

A month after his mother's funeral, John- ny Strasberg, tripping on LSD, plunged hrough a plate-glass window of an apart- ent building off the Sunset Strip. His fall as broken by a balcony, but the shattered lass punctured his lung and almost severed ne of his arms. Later he told Susan that e'd been so emotionally desperate after their nother's death that he thought LSD might elease him from his grief. He hadn't want- d to kill himself. From then on, Johnny traightened himself out. He practiced yoga nd became a vegetarian. Then he moved to Europe and started to direct and teach in Madrid and Paris. He wrote a book about his beliefs and his turbulent life and called it *Accidentally on Purpose.*

Susan, too, had begun a spiritual journey. In 1969 she ran away from her husband and moved with her baby into Jennifer Jones's Malibu beach house. She took a mind-control course that introduced her to brain waves and spirit guides and past-life memory. Like her mother, she'd always longed to find answers to eternal questions: Who are we? Why are we here on earth? What is life's purpose? In time she investigated all kinds of extrasensory perceptions and paranormal phenomena and became fascinated by the idea that she could expand her consciousness. Her father was contemptuous whenever she tried to tell him of her discoveries. "If



BEFORE THE FALL

The Strasberg clan in the 1970s, before it split into "two families." At rear, from left, are Susan, Jenny, Lee, and Anna. In front are Lee and Anna's two sons, David-Lee and Adam-Lee.

I'm nuts, what about Thomas Edison? Abe Lincoln? Benjamin Franklin?" she would cry, naming others who had dealt with psychic phenomena and the soul of man. Lee would snort, "Darling," and ignore her.

When Susan wasn't working, all her attention was focused on Jenny, who required constant care. John Patrick says, "Susan devoted almost every waking hour to Jenny," but she knew her daughter would not be able to lead a normal life unless she had major heart surgery. In 1972 a friend introduced Susan to Dr. Denton Cooley, who had successfully performed open-heart surgery on a number of children. Cooley agreed to operate on Jenny at the University of Texas Medical School in Houston.

Susan's close friend Steffi Sidney Splaver accompanied her. Lee overcame his fear of planes and blood and went to the hospital. The operation was a success. When Lee saw that Jenny's fingernails had turned from blue to a healthy pink, he started to cry.

No one was more supportive during Jenny's difficulties than Anna Mizrahi, Lee's third wife and Susan's new stepmother. "Susan and Anna were very close for a while," says Susan's friend Barry Parnell. Anna was born to Sephardic Jewish parents in Venezuela, where her father became a wealthy builder; she was one of five sisters. In the early 1960s she went to New York, where she acted Off Off Broadway with the Washington Players Theatre. Then she moved to Los Angeles, where she auditioned for Actors Studio West, which had just been formed. Lee, who happened to be present at the audition, commented gruffly, "I've never seen such a sensational pair of legs." He urged everybody to vote Anna into the Studio and bypass a young actor who'd auditioned the same night—Jack Nicholson. Lee Grant, one of the judges, says, "We violently objected. I mean, Jack was going to go on to be one of the greats and we knew it." (Anna was rejected that time but accepted after another audition.)

Paul Newman formally introduced Anna and Lee at a party in Beverly Hills. "The first thing Lee said to me was 'Would you like an ice-cream soda?,'" she later recalled. Friends say Lee was immediately drawn to the seductive, outspoken Anna, who was some 30 years younger than he.

Susan was one of the two witnesses at their wedding in 1968. "They were crazy about each other," says a friend. "Anna opened up entire worlds for Lee. For the first time he began to really enjoy himself and take an interest in life away from his teaching." And Anna reveled in being Mrs. Lee Strasberg. She always wore long white dresses, because Lee wanted her to. She didn't seem to mind that many of Lee's followers resented her for taking Lee away from them. Shelley Winters, for one, threw a tantrum because she could no longer get Lee on the phone without talking to Anna first. In time the atmosphere simmered down, and Lee and Anna had two sons in quick succession, Adam-Lee and David-Lee.

Anna was a terrific businesswoman, and she helped Lee set up a Lee Strasberg Theatre Institute in New York, Los Angeles, and London. The two U.S. schools proved successful financially, and before long hun-

dreds of students were flowing in and out in a given year.

Anna set about creating a magical ambience for the master teacher in New York and Hollywood. She called their home in Brentwood their "love house." "It was a place of enchantment," Leslie Garis wrote in *House & Garden.* "Fresh flowers everywhere, rooms full of wicker and lace, a wishing well in the garden, and a huge portrait of Susan as Camille [her last Broadway role] hanging in a place of honor." There was also a special room for Jenny, whom Lee doted on and adored. After Susan's divorce, Lee became like a father to the little girl. "We were really close then," Jenny says. "We were all part of the Strasberg family. I loved my half-brothers, Adam and David, and they loved me and my mom."

In her unpublished memoir, Susan recalled sitting with her father "in the outdoor summer kitchen of the Brentwood movie star home he loved," watching Lee's little sons playing with Jenny in the garden. And then Lee would tell Susan, "Jenny will be taken care of, I promise—just like the boys."

There were many happy times in the Brentwood house. At noisy brunches students from the institute would mingle with movie stars such as Al Pacino, and Lee would make ice-cream sodas for everybody. There were even more lunches and dinners at the house after Lee acted in *The Godfather II* and was nominated for an Academy Award. After years of helping to develop stars, he was being treated like a star himself, and he enjoyed it. "He became a better teacher," Lee Grant says. "He was much more compassionate with his students after he exposed himself as an actor."

The Strasberg acting schools flourished. In 1976, Johnny Strasberg was running the institute in New York and doing a good job, hiring the best teachers, creating a summer program to fill up the slow time, and connecting the institute with N.Y.U. After two years Johnny asked for a percentage of the business. To his surprise, Lee seemed incensed.

In 1978, Johnny left the institute. "I knew it was the last time I would try and win the love and approval of my father," he says. "I knew then he would leave nothing to me or Susie or Jenny in his will, as he promised to do. It was clear we had become two families—[Anna's] and ours."

Johnny did not see his father for several years. He says he was not permitted to visit the Brentwood house or the New York apartment. However, Lee invited Johnny to the house once when Anna was away on a trip. Johnny had dinner there and filled his father in on everything he'd been doing, such as running the Mirror Rep Company in New York with his then wife, Sabra Jones, and directing plays in Spain and teaching acting in Paris. "Lee really enjoyed hearing about what I'd been doing," Johnny says. But when Anna returned and learned from her two sons that their half-brother had visited, "she freaked out," Johnny says. "I hear she really got pissed at him." Soon after, Lee told his assistant, Geraldine Baron, "I should never have been married. I am not cut out to be a husband or a father. The only thing I'm good at is teaching."

During the early 1980s he and Anna traveled to Paris, where he gave lectures on the Method to standing-room-only crowds. The Strasbergs always stayed at Tanya Lopert's apartment on the Left Bank. A former student of Lee's, Lopert was a close friend not only of Susan's but also of Lee and Anna's. "I loved them all," she says. On more than one occasion Lee confessed sadly to Lopert that he loved Susan and Johnny and knew he'd been a bad father to them. "I am trying to be a better father to David and Adam," he said.

In February 1982, Lee Strasberg had a heart attack while he was performing in "The Night of 100 Stars" at Radio City Music Hall, kicking up his heels in a chorus that included Robert De Niro. "There he was, participating in a garish showbiz pageant—it was like the end of *Don Giovanni,*" actor Michael Wager told the author Foster Hirsh. "Lee had a heart attack dancing with celebrities. How ironic and appropriate."

Lee was taken to Roosevelt Hospital, where Susan came upon Johnny, Anna, Al Pacino, and Ellen Burstyn waiting tensely outside Lee's room. When a doctor came out and announced, "Lee Strasberg is dead," Anna burst into wild sobbing and flung herself into Johnny's arms. He comforted her as best he could, although they had not spoken in six years.

Four months later, on Marilyn Monroe's birthday, June 1, Susan found out that she and Johnny had been disinherited and that there was no mention of anything for Jenny in Lee's will. Eventually, Susan heard that everything in the will, including Marilyn Monroe's estate, had been probated and that a court officer had been appointed to administer her half-brothers' affairs. Friends urged Susan to sue for a share of the estate, but she wouldn't. "If I did, I'd have to admit to the world that my father was a shit," she said.

Lee's betrayal kept eating away at her. At times the disillusionment was so intense that she felt weighed down, unable to move. In some ways, Lee's death was the cataclysmic event of Susan's life. "For over forty years I'd sought the love and approval of this brilliant, dominating man," she wrote, "and now there was no one left I had to please except myself, and I didn't know who that s[illegible]

Anna Strasberg continued to give gant soirées in the Central Park V apartment and in the Brentwood ho where Mike Nichols and Carly Simon w drop by. Al Pacino was now the virtual father of Anna's sons. He spent most w ends with them, playing baseball and k ing them company at supper.

Anna had made it known that she w like to be artistic director of the Actors dio. It made sense to her—she was Mrs. Strasberg. But Paul Newman, who was t president of the board of directors, and er board members, including Elia Kaz gently explained that it wasn't feasible.

In 1983, Anna began a bitter court ba with the Studio, claiming that the hundr of tapes of Lee moderating sessions were property of the Strasberg estate. The Stu maintained that the tapes belonged to it an educational tool for its members. T court decided in Anna's favor. Today owns the tapes, which are kept in a st room at the Strasberg Institute. As part of court settlement, the Studio was supposed get copies, but so far none have been for coming.

In 1988, Anna suddenly arranged fo meeting with Susan, because, she said, was worried about Jenny's future. Jenny v 22, and Anna knew that Susan had virtu ly no money and was living in borrow apartments. Anna told friends she disa proved of her stepdaughter's lifestyle; Sus was too involved with gurus and spiritu ism. She'd been too indulgent with Jenny, lowing her to drop out of high school a letting her watch too much television a gorge on junk food.

The meeting between Anna and Sus took place at the Pacific Palisades home Mimi Nathanson, who had been one of Pa Strasberg's best friends back in the 193 and had known Susan since she was a bab "I liked Anna," Nathanson, aged 90, sa today. "I believe she was really concern for Jenny and for Susan too." She recalls t meeting as very civilized. The two wom embraced; voices weren't raised. Anna t Susan she would give Jenny a job as a ceptionist at the institute in Los Angel She would buy her a car and pay for h health insurance. "As far as I know, An lived up to all these promises," Nathans says. She did. Jenny worked at the institu for the next 11 years. She was paid well, b she felt she was never treated like a me ber of the Strasberg family. In fact, she w told to introduce herself to students as Je ny Jones, not Jenny Strasberg.

Nathanson remembers that Susan ask for nothing for herself but pleaded with An to fulfill Lee's promise and set up a tru fund for Jenny, like the ones the boys ha Anna said she would talk to her lawyer abo it. Susan also suggested that Anna give Je

a small percentage of the Monroe estate. think she asked for 1 percent," Nathan- recalls, adding that Anna laughed and d, "Oh, darling, the Marilyn Monroe es- e isn't going to be worth very much!"

After the meeting, Susan felt reassured: at least Jenny would have a job, health urance, and some security. She did not ar from Anna again about setting up a ist fund for her daughter, but she didn't sh it. Lee Grant thinks Susan was afraid Anna: "She never wanted to make waves ce Jenny had that job." Barry Parnell ys he helped Susan compose a letter to na reminding her of a possible trust fund Jenny, but she never sent the letter. Jen- says her mother was afraid that if she shed too hard "Anna might let me go. I is afraid of that, too."

Susan continued to struggle financially. ie was often on the move, starring in the ad company of *Agnes of God,* in which she ayed the chain-smoking, fast-talking law- r, or working with Orson Welles in Care- ee, Arizona, on his never-to-be-released ovie *The Other Side of the Wind.*

Marty and I would see Susan whenever ie came through New York. She always oked lovely and wore pastel colors and onderful hats. I cooked dinner for her ne night and invited the anthropologist ionel Tiger, whom she'd always wanted meet. She regaled us with stories of her mes with Jess Stern, Glenn Ford, and ary Grant, all of whom shared her fasci- ation with the occult. She didn't tell us ne'd lost her wallet and all her credit cards r that the I.R.S. was after her. She never lked about her troubles. She continued to ust and to love the boyfriends who went ff with her money.

She started performing her one-woman now, *A Woman's Rites,* a combination of nonologues from the plays she'd done and necdotes about her life. Audiences never red of her stories about her friendship with Marilyn Monroe: the shopping sprees they'd one on to Bloomingdale's and Macy's; the mes Marilyn had disguised herself in a wig nd dark glasses and walked the streets un- ecognized. During the performances, Susan would often wear Marilyn's necklace of vin- ge pearls. She had tried to sell it, but no one vas interested. She wore the pearls on talk hows and when she went out. John Patrick emembers going with Susan to her car the norning after a late-night party in Malibu nd finding the pearls scattered all over the garage floor. "Susie must have caught the necklace on the steering wheel when she vas parking," he says. "We got down on our hands and knees and picked up every one of he pearls. Susie had them re-strung, and she vas more careful with them after that, be- ause she was always trying to sell them."

By 1991, John Patrick was urging Susan to write about her friendship with Marilyn Monroe. Everybody else was making money off Marilyn—why shouldn't she? Since Marilyn's death, nearly 30 years earlier, her legend as a zonked-out American pop icon had been polished, deconstructed, and transmogrified. Andy Warhol had immortalized her in such portraits as *Orange Marilyn,* which was sold in 1998 for $17.3 million. There had been tributes, novels, songs, dozens of biographies, and essays by intellectuals such as Diana Trilling, Gloria Steinem, and Norman Mailer. Susan's book, *Marilyn and Me,* was a big best-seller. "I think Susie made close to a million dollars on that book, but she spent it very quickly," Tanya Lopert says.

Susan was still having trouble with the I.R.S. She had borrowed money from and lent money to so many people that she never had any money herself. At some point Barry Parnell mortgaged his house to pay her taxes. The amount was $10,000. "I'd do it again and again if I had to," he says. "I loved Susan Strasberg."

In 1994, Anna Strasberg sold the Marilyn Monroe estate, plus licensing and royalty rights, to CMG Worldwide, an Indianapolis firm that describes itself as the premier company for representing the families and estates of deceased celebrities. Ultimately, CMG would help to generate $7 million a year from Monroe items. There are some 700 licensed products in all, including Marilyn Monroe slot machines, Marilyn Monroe wine (Marilyn's Merlot), Marilyn Monroe purses, and Marilyn Monroe bras and pottery. Anna Strasberg is said to receive a percentage of all the profits.

In April 1995, Susan was diagnosed with breast cancer. She had no money and no health insurance. Her friend the actress Diane Ladd phoned Anna and asked her to help Susan out. Later, Anna would insist that she'd phoned Susan repeatedly to offer assistance but couldn't get through to her. "I tried. I really tried," she told Ladd.

Doctors recommended a mastectomy, followed by chemotherapy and radiation. "But I didn't want my breasts cut off. My breasts were beautiful," Susan said. "And I didn't want to be burned by radiation." She spent the next days walking on the beach in Malibu, talking with Barry Parnell, a fellow believer in the occult and the afterlife. After much searching, Susan settled on alternative medicine and chose a ponytailed 36-year-old Russian physicist and clairvoyant named Nicolai Levashov, who was based in San Francisco and advocated a system called psychic healing. According to Dr. Richard A. Blasband, a psychiatrist in Marin County who practices bioenergetic mind-body therapy and who studied with him, "Levashov possesses remarkable abilities to move energy in the body" and rid the body of toxins.

Tanya Lopert lent Susan $10,000, which enabled her to move to San Francisco indefinitely. Susan told only her daughter and a few close friends of her decision; she was afraid most people would think she was nuts. For the next two years she lived in a fleabag hotel at the top of Nob Hill and saw Dr. Levashov every day for 15 minutes. "He never touched me or used spirit guides or entities," she wrote. "He was able to treat at a genetic level—modify DNA and chromosomes, regenerate cells and organs, repair damaged immune systems."

After three months of treatment, Susan went for a checkup and the doctors said that the cancerous tumor in her breast had disappeared. Her spirits soared. "I have never seen Susie so happy or serene," says her friend Cynthia Adler, who flew to San Francisco on several occasions to keep her company. "The hotel was awful—a flophouse—but Susie made her room, which was on the top floor, very pretty with fresh flowers and her Porthault sheets. There were scented candles, photographs of her beloved daughter, Jenny. She was also painting for the first time in years," Adler adds. Susan had a wonderful view of the Golden Gate Bridge and the bay. She loved watching the fog roll in, loved hearing the foghorns hoot. She was reading a lot and writing about her spiritual journey.

She was finally free of that awful feeling of anxiety, which had plagued her most of her life, and doing exactly what she wanted. She was no longer listening to others—Lee, Paula, her husband, her various lovers. And she was no longer angry with her father and Anna. She told Adler she felt only love for people—love for life and for its infinite possibilities.

In the fall of 1998, Susan returned to New York, hoping to sell her new memoir, *Confessions of a New Age Heretic.* She told me she'd always wanted to write a book about her occult experiences and her belief that "death isn't the end—that our soul exists independently of the body." In the next month I visited her a couple of times at Tanya Lopert's apartment. Phones were always ringing, friends visiting. Susan was busy working on the book. She stayed in bed, but she seemed in fine spirits. She told me once that she'd just been writing about visiting her mother's grave in Westchester.

It had been a raw, chilly day, very windy. The trees were like skeletons. She couldn't find the grave. She ran around the sloping grounds, heart pounding. Finally she found it and almost wept with relief. "I took some of the white tulips I'd brought and placed them on Mother's grave. The headstone had

Marilyn Monroe

been changed since I'd last been there. Now on the right corner there was a brass plaque which read, THIS GRAVE IS MAINTAINED BY AN ENDOWMENT OF ANNA STRASBERG," she exclaimed.

One night in mid-November, we had dinner at the restaurant Patsy's with Tanya, who was just in from Paris. Susan was very pleased because she finally had a buyer for Marilyn Monroe's pearl necklace: Robert Schagrin of Gotta Have It! Hoping to up the price, Schagrin had found a photo from the *New York Post* of Marilyn wearing the pearls on her honeymoon with Joe DiMaggio in Tokyo. "Now he's going to be able to sell the pearls to Mikimoto," Susan said.

When Susan went to the ladies' room, Tanya's eyes filled with tears. "She's dying," she told me. The cancer had come back, but Susan was in total denial. She was extremely heavy—her stomach so huge she looked pregnant.

Eventually, Susan went to a hospital, where she was examined by a mainstream doctor, who discovered that she was riddled with cancer. A tumor was pressing against her heart and making it difficult for her to breathe.

On December 31, 1998, Tanya, Susan, and I went to Lee Grant's New Year's Eve party together. Lee's husband, Joey, snapped a picture. In it, Susan looks beautiful as always, but she is leaning on a cane. She could hardly walk, the tumor was so big. She told everybody she had to get back to San Francisco to see Dr. Levashov, and then she was going to be a bridesmaid at Diane Ladd's wedding.

By then she'd sold the pearls, but she hadn't bothered to pick up the check. "Go figure," John Patrick says. "She had all this money waiting for her and she wouldn't go to the shop. I told her I'd pick it up for her." Finally, Schagrin said he'd drop it off.

On the morning of January 21, 1999, Susan was getting ready to fly to San Francisco. She kept phoning Levashov, but she never got through. She was vomiting; she had lost 30 pounds in the last week; she complained of extreme fatigue. Her friend Geraldine Baron came by and washed her hair and helped her pack for her afternoon flight.

Cynthia Adler says, "I phoned Susie around 10:30, and she told me she was very, very tired." Adler told her to sleep for a half-hour. "Then I'll wake you with a call." Susan said O.K. Mildred Smith was helping her dress, but "Susie was so weak she couldn't pull on the sweater by herself. She said she just had to lie down."

The doorbell rang and Smith ran to answer it. When she turned back to see how Susan was, she was lying on her bed, her stomach horribly distended. She was losing consciousness. Then Robert Schagrin entered the room, took Susan in his arms, and held her as she took her last breath.

Since Susan died, the $13.4 million fr the Marilyn Monroe auction has gone to eracy Partners and the Hollygrove Orph age, where Marilyn spent nearly two ye as a child. Proceeds from the sale of M lyn's furs have been given to the World W life Fund.

In 2001, a number of magazines ran f page ads announcing limited editions of Marilyn Monroe necklace from Mikimot "a strand of cultured pearls inspired by beauty, fame and romance of an Americ icon." Next to the blurb was a photograph Marilyn wearing the necklace and look absolutely delighted. According to *Forb* the demand for the Monroe image is grea than ever; other companies that use her p ture include Mercedes-Benz, Levi's jea and U.S. Bank.

Jenny Strasberg got the $100,000 che for the pearls four months after her mo er's death. She quit her job at the Strasb Institute and now works at a booksto She paid all of Susan's debts, including t $10,000 owed to Barry Parnell.

Parnell remains a great believer in t afterlife. A couple of months ago phoned to tell me of a dream he had h about Susan: "She was sitting in the st light in a lovely garden, and she a nounced in a loud, clear voice, 'I'm w Lee and Paula and Norma Jean and we all here just waiting for Anna.' And th she smiled that beautiful, radiant sm of hers, and there was a wicked gleam her eye." □

Drew Barrymore

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 170 before her? It occurs to me that had she not landed in rehab as a teenager she might well have ended up cutting hair in Kansas instead of speaking to a crowd of reporters and luminaries about the virtues of peace.

At the reception immediately following the press conference, Barrymore mingles easily, a drink and cigarette in hand. Yes, she still drinks and smokes, but only in moderation. These days she's hooked on work, not chemicals. To attend tonight's event, she had to get special permission to leave the set of *Fifty First Kisses,* her second romantic comedy with Adam Sandler. (The first was *The Wedding Singer.*) She'll be back there tomorrow before most people at the reception have crawled out of bed.

Meet the new and improved Drew Barrymore, who, without sacrificing her free-spirited persona, has defied countless dire predictions and become a prolific actress and a reliable hit-maker. She is still the same self-described "sunshine junkie" who for years refused to eat meat or wear leather. (She does both now, though she continues to eschew fur.) She still talks like a Valley Girl, professes an unabashed love of beauty products, and freely mixes Marc Jacobs designs with her favorite vintage finds. She does not shy away from burping audibly or discussing how important "regularity" is to her, and she has never bothered to memorize her home phone number. And yet, at just 28, Drew Barrymore has one of the most successful production companies of any actress in Hollywood.

In the nine years since Barrymore founded Flower Films with her partner, Nancy Juvonen, the company has specialized in quirky hits such as *Never Been Kissed* (1999), in which Barrymore was joined by John C. Reilly, Molly Shannon, and Leelee Sobieski, and *Donnie Darko* (2001), which starred the Gyllenhaal siblings. The sequel to *Charlie's Angels,* the company's biggest hit to date, comes out this month. In October, Flower Films will release *Duplex,* with Ben Stiller, followed by *Fifty First Kisses* on Valentine's Day weekend.

One person who is not surprised by B rymore's success as a producer is the m who discovered her. Steven Spielberg, w cast a six-year-old Drew as the lovable lit sister, Gertie, in his 1982 mega-hit, *E.T. T Extra-Terrestrial,* observes, "She was a p ducer at six years old. She came on boa *E.T.* with a lot of ideas of how the sto should be told. Drew did nothing but of one good idea after another. Now she's 28-year-old whose ideas are becoming c tage industries like *Charlie's Angels* and *D nie Darko.*

"Listen," Spielberg adds, "at some poi she'll probably run a studio and pull me c of retirement and give me a good script direct."

"I wanted to enable myself to go furth than just being an actor," Barrymore says her decision to branch out into producin "I've never sat by the phone. I hate waiti around. I like to make it happen. I'm not control freak—well, I probably am. But w sit around and think, What if . . . ? or, I could just get in there . . . You have to *get* there." She continues, "Nothing in my l has come from sitting back and watching

king that someone else will take care of
I've just found that I'll always have to get
by myself and do it. And as exhausting
it is, it is invigorating at the same time."
McG (Joseph McGinty Nichol), the di-
tor of *Charlie's Angels* and the upcoming
arlie's Angels: Full Throttle, describes Bar-
nore as "the secret weapon of all time"
d says her combination of business sense
d charm is irresistible. "You go up to her
d-century Hollywood lair, where the Bea-
s used to record and the Rat Pack used
hang out with Angie Dickinson, and you
swimming and you play with her dogs
d by the time you're done
th that afternoon you've
eed to everything she's ever
ked for."

Actor Sam Rockwell puts
it another way. "She kind
makes me feel like my cock
10 feet long," he says. Rock-
ll starred in George Cloo-
y's directorial debut, *Con-
sions of a Dangerous Mind,*
which Barrymore gave what
ay be the best performance
her career. "She has that
bbly quality in life, and
e's able to put that on-
reen," Rockwell says, "and
at's not easy. The movie
orks because she is the light
the film. Everybody loves
rew Barrymore, so if she
ves this guy Chuck Barris,
ho does all these horrible
ings—exploits people on TV,
ommits] adultery, kills peo-
e off—if she loves him, then
e can't be all that bad."

Rockwell had never met
arrymore when she ap-
roached him about playing
e villain in the first *Charlie's
ngels.* There was no script
r him to read, so she sent
im a video compilation of
cenes from other films which she felt
aptured the tone she was hoping to achieve.
Her knowledge of film is unbelievable,"
ockwell says. "You can look at it and go,
Well, she's nuts,' but you can also look at
and go, 'Wait a minute—she's a fucking
enius.'"

I was able to get a copy of Barrymore's 80-
inute montage, which included clips from
ost in America, The Jerk, The Red Balloon,
nd *Raging Bull,* to name just a few, and fea-
ured performances by everyone from Bruce
ee to Peter Sellers. "I always make compi-
ations for a film, because I want everyone
o know specifically what page I'm on," says
Barrymore, who worked at a video store as
teenager. "I can talk until the cows come
home, and I do, but I love giving those refer-
ences out. I love every single detail in a movie.
Every shot, every moment, every intricacy."

When I visit Barrymore's trailer on the set of *Fifty First Kisses,* she is giving her final approval to the marketing campaign for *Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle,* which wrapped just three weeks ago. Photographs of Barrymore with her co-stars, Lucy Liu and Cameron Diaz, whom she affectionately calls Pussy and Poo, respectively, are stacked in boxes on the sofa.

I have already been to the editing room



FLOWER POWER
Barrymore's Flower Films has produced the quirky hits *Never Been Kissed, Donnie Darko,* and *Charlie's Angels.*

and seen some scenes from the film, which, like its predecessor, is a sexy, fast-paced monument to California cool. The formula is simple: hot girls doing guy stuff—wrestling, surfing, driving monster trucks and muscle cars—without losing their girlish identities. "How do you have girls who are that wickedly capable," Barrymore asks, "but who totally laugh at themselves and eat and have fun and enjoy women, and yet love men and want to see them at the end of the day? Those are the things I wanted to incorporate into the film."

For the sequel, Barrymore persuaded Demi Moore, who hadn't made a movie in several years, to play the role of Madison Lee, the "fallen Angel." "They asked if I would just sit down with them, because they didn't have a script to show me," remembers Moore, who, at 40, holds her own standing next to Cameron Diaz in a black bikini. "The feeling from them was that I was the only one they wanted to do this character." Like so many people I speak to, Moore says she was won over by Drew's absolute belief in the project: "The predominant element that was there from the first moment I sat down with them until the last day of shooting was this tremendous, very uplifting passion and enthusiasm."

Barrymore also recruited the stand-up comedian and sitcom star Bernie Mac to replace Bill Murray as the middleman between the elusive Charlie and his Angels. "I was so flattered," Mac tells me. "I wanted to bring some Mac flavor and shit, and Drew allowed me to do that. I was really impressed by the chemistry that she had with the girls. You could see that they had built a relationship around one another, that they respected one another, which is very important in this crazy-ass business."

The closed set of the original *Charlie's Angels* movie became the subject of endless gossip in the months before its release. There was an infamous altercation between Lucy Liu and Bill Murray, and word leaked out of endless script revisions and budget overruns. Some predicted it would be the biggest flop since *Waterworld.*

"I was very stressed out," Barrymore remembers, "wondering if we were going to be able to keep our promises, not only to Sony but to every actor. The pressure was enormous, but I just stayed focused on the film that I knew I'd set out to make."

The gamble paid off handsomely. When *Charlie's Angels* hit theaters in 2000, audiences embraced its fizzy mix of sex appeal, martial-arts action, loud music, and pop culture. It went on to gross $263 million worldwide.

Since making the first film together, Barrymore, Diaz, and Liu have become close friends and spend time together as often as possible. "Drew's just so open," Liu tells me. "She lays it all on the line both personally and professionally, and she lives without guile

or ego." But Liu also acknowledges the unique circumstances that set Barrymore apart from other actresses. "Fans have an emotional reaction to her; people feel attached to her. I have never seen that before. She is not aware of all the people she's touched."

From the beginning, Drew Barrymore's life was anything but ordinary. John Barrymore Jr., her physically abusive, alcoholic father, and Ildiko Jaid Mako, her eccentric mother, had already parted ways by the time Drew was born on February 22, 1975. A struggling actress, Jaid relied heavily on baby-sitters (including Drew's troubled half-brother, Johnny), who would stay with Drew at the Barrymores' small, one-bedroom apartment while Jaid attended auditions and worked at various waitress jobs. "Drew is a person who had to raise herself, had to parent herself," says John Calley, chairman and C.E.O. of Sony Pictures, which owns Columbia Pictures, the studio that underwrote the *Charlie's Angels* films. "She has an internal sense of decency and a need to achieve and honor her heritage."

Drew landed her first acting job, a commercial for Puppy Chow, when she was 11 months old. It was a modest beginning to a career that would confirm her as the rightful heir to her family's celebrated theatrical legacy. Drew's great-great-grandfather John Drew was an Irish-born Shakespearean comic actor who, together with his wife, Louisa Lane Drew, became the founding couple of an extraordinary dynasty. Their daughter, Georgiana Drew, and her husband, Maurice Barrymore (born Herbert Blythe), were accomplished actors in their own right, but their children, Lionel, Ethel, and John (Drew's grandfather), were a phenomenon, known collectively as "the first family of theater." (Drew's godmother is Anna Strasberg, widow of Lee Strasberg.) The Barrymore siblings were as self-destructive as they were successful, with the possible exception of Ethel, who lived to the age of 80 and became so associated with the stage that in the 1952 musical *Singin' in the Rain* Gene Kelly greets Debbie Reynolds, playing an aspiring thespian, with "Well, if it isn't Ethel Barrymore!" Lionel, who was predominantly a character actor, was confined to a wheelchair at age 59 as a result of crippling arthritis and is best known to audiences today for playing the sinister millionaire, Mr. Potter, in *It's a Wonderful Life.*

Drew's grandfather John Barrymore, known in his lifetime as "the world's greatest actor," moved to Hollywood in the 1920s and married the third of his four wives, the actress Dolores Costello, in 1928. They had two children, Dolores Ethel Mae and John junior (Drew's father), but after seven years Dolores became fed up with Barrymore's drinking and womanizing and left him. Toward the end of his life, John Barrymore, racked by alcoholism, was reduced to reading off cue cards, and he died prematurely, at the age of 60. John's oldest daughter from his first marriage, Diana, died of an overdose at the age of 38, shortly after publishing her autobiography, *Too Much, Too Soon.* John junior was as handsome as his father and just as self-destructive. He went into acting as a teenager and had some luck making Westerns, but he never hit his stride.

Drew tells me that she often feels her grandfather's presence, and she credits him with guiding her through some of her more difficult times. "I feel him around me," she says. "I have conversations with him in my head."

Drew once told a reporter, "When people talk about my past over and over again, it gets irritating." But it's her triumph over her past that makes her America's perennial "It girl." For the truth is that, while Drew Barrymore may not have always been in fashion, she has always been popular.

With the 1982 release of *E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial,* Drew became a major movie star, and Jaid became her manager. Steven Spielberg recalls, "She was staying up way past her bedtime, going to places she should have only been hearing about, and living a life at a very tender age that I think robbed her of her childhood. Yet I felt very helpless because I wasn't her dad. I could only kind of be a *consigliere* to her." In 1982 she became the youngest person ever to host *Saturday Night Live* (a record she holds to this day). She was invited to the White House by the Reagans in 1984 and '87, and Madonna attended her 12th-birthday party. A year later, Drew entered rehab for alcohol, marijuana, and cocaine. Her best-selling autobiography, *Little Girl Lost,* was published when she was 15, and later the same year she became legally emancipated from her parents. "The years between 13 and 16 totally changed who I was fundamentally," she says, "which was good, because I'd rather be the person I am now. Even though I kept fucking up along the way and will continue to fuck up, I've tried so hard to work on myself and I'm really aware of everything I've done."

She has always been irrepressible, has always insisted on living her life out loud. In 1995 she achieved the remarkable feat of tongue-tying David Letterman by climbing on top of his desk, gyrating her hips, and flashing her breasts at him. Shortly thereafter, she posed for *Playboy.* (Jaid Barrymore appeared in the magazine eight months later.) Still, there's been no jail time, no drug busts, no wandering around on a freeway speaking in tongues, and through it all she has worked steadily, starring in *Poison* in 1992, *2000 Malibu Road* and *The A Fisher Story* in 1993, and *Boys on the S Batman Forever,* and *Mad Love,* all in 1 Woody Allen cast her in his 1996 mus *Everyone Says I Love You,* and her pe mance the same year in Wes Craven's m thriller *Scream* quickly became the stu teen-movie legend. (It was her idea to h her character die 15 minutes into the fi It was in 1998, however, that two films, *Wedding Singer* and *Ever After,* establis Drew once and for all as an adult act who can carry a picture.

Barrymore has long been known for turbulent love life, beginning with her m riage at 19 to a Welsh bar owner named emy Thomas, which lasted two months. has had public romances with Eric Erla son, the guitarist for Courtney Love's ba Hole, and Luke Wilson, her co-star in 1998 comedy *Home Fries.* "Luke is on my dearest friends, and I'm very good frie with most of my exes," she says.

Then there was her notorious courts with and marriage to the Canadian com an Tom Green, whom she had met in 19 while working on *Charlie's Angels.* Th seemingly mismatched relationship was subject of rampant speculation, which fueled by stunts such as a fake wedding *Saturday Night Live* (the real one followe 2001) and Green's televised operation testicular cancer. "I would say that the m difficult years of my life, ironically, were and 26," she says. During the latter year, of her three dogs came into the bedro where she and Green were sleeping and w them up, saving them from a fire that c sumed her Hollywood Hills home. She l everything except the guesthouse, wh Ben Affleck now resides. Not long after fire, the marriage disintegrated.

"It just didn't work," Barrymore sa "Obviously that [relationship] was someth I needed to go through in order to ma changes that were necessary in my life." S continues, "I always said this business does affect relationships, or you can't let it, bu can and it does and it's difficult. I'm an op person, but at the same time I've learned to let anyone into my personal life, or to p it out in public, and that feels good."

Since the divorce, Barrymore tells n she has worked hard at not being a "to people pleaser." "I'm glad I'm not like t anymore," she says. "I've finally broken t pattern."

Today, Barrymore is dating Fabrizio M retti, the 22-year-old drummer of the st ish and popular New York rock band t Strokes. "Our love is very functional a kind and supportive and communicativ Barrymore says. "It's, like, a love that p good energy onto the world, yet it's priva and sacred. There's nothing gossipy or sc

ous about it. It's just a beautiful thing in life."

During our time together, Barrymore lets look at her journal, which she writes in y day. It's an ordinary daily planner, but each page she has attached memorabilia n that day: ticket stubs, boarding passes, oirational notes to herself, Polaroids of nds or of a dinner she and Fabrizio made ether. (She never goes anywhere without camera.) As she flips through the journal h its many photographs of Fabrizio, Barnore's face breaks into that famous smile. e is just my best friend," she says.

The offices of Flower Films are lined from floor to ceiling with shelves filled with otography and reference books, as well Emily Post's guide to etiquette and a volie of E. E. Cummings's poems. The film rary looks like the inside of a Blockster video store, its walls decorated with tage movie posters—*Butterfield 8, Stripes, tle Darlings, Foul Play.* Like Barrymore, the -year-old Nancy Juvonen never wears ts, and she carries a green JanSport backck instead of a Prada bag. "I try to hire ople who really enjoy what they're dog," Juvonen says. "There are going to be s and downs, but our mantra is 'Happiss is a choice.'"

The partners met in 1993 in Seattle. They ere introduced by Nancy's brother, Jim, no was a producer's assistant on the film *ad Love,* which starred Barrymore and aris O'Donnell. At the time, Nancy was orking as an assistant to Clarence Clemons, e saxophone player of Bruce Springsteen's Street Band. A week later, Barrymore lled Juvonen and dared her to come to os Angeles and join her in starting a proiction company.

"A huge goal for us was to learn the lessons quietly and with our own money," Barrymore says. "I was determined that I would rather invest my own money, because it wasn't about money from a studio, it was about the opportunity."

The partners don't spend much time socializing with the show-business crowd. "We are not scene-sters," says Barrymore. "It is so much more important for us to, like, be hard workers than be friends with everybody. We share a creative vision, which is most important. We started as work associates, and then we became friends."

Barrymore's relationship with Juvonen is perhaps the strongest of her life. No relative or romantic partner has ever offered her as much stability. "For 10 years, Nancy has been this consistent, solid, creative, interesting human being, and I appreciate it so much, and I know how lucky I am," Barrymore says. "I know for a fact I would not have the life that I have, or the career that I have, and the company that I have without her. It is so important to me that she's the woman who inspires me to be the best person I can be."

Today, Drew and Jaid Barrymore speak infrequently, which is an improvement over the decade or so when they rarely spoke at all. "The desire to make that relationship at peace is abundant and ubiquitous in me," Drew says. "The guilt and pain that comes with that relationship is ubiquitous and abundant. It's just amazing how much torture and guilt families can instill in you, and yet you still have this constant need to make them right." Drew sees her father very rarely—he's a bit of a nomad—but she recently had dinner with her mom. "She was really cool, and we kept it light, because for some reason family to me is closely associated with, like, strapping 500-pound bricks to your feet and jumping in the water."

"I don't think there's anything in Drew's life of note that hasn't been in print," Juvonen says, but growing up in public has made Barrymore philosophical, not bitter. "The cool thing is, shit's gonna happen to everyone, and whether it's in public or not, it feels just as heavy to each person, because we all live in our small, contained worlds," Barrymore explains. In fact, she says, she loves gossip and reads all the celebrity magazines. "It just takes some of the joy out of it when you are reading about yourself."

"I always knew that Drew was going to survive whatever life handed her, and learn from it and become deeply spiritual because of it and grow into a fine woman," Steven Spielberg says. "I know I've been through a lot of weird shit in front of everybody," Barrymore tells me, "but I care so much about what I do and I've tried so hard to be professional and to show up and be present. I have this business side of me and this professionalism, and sometimes I feel like my faults or my mistakes on the personal side supersede all that I'm trying to do in my life. I just appreciate every good thing that comes to me."

Drew Barrymore has always possessed an unflinching talent to entertain, which translates into a tremendous confidence onscreen. Now, with age, she appears to be gaining the perspective to match that confidence. "As I am getting older, I'm looking back and thinking, Holy shit, I must have a serious level of fucking confidence to go in there and say, 'I can be a good producer, I can be a good friend, and I can be a great girlfriend,' and not pretend that I am perfect at the same time." □

nited Nations

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 196 and generally nonystical. (One of the expressions of this as the "round table" equality of the Genral Assembly, which simply seated national elegates in alphabetical order and which—ntil Ireland finally took its place—as a reult put Israel next to Iraq.)

If the United States—and New York—had ot become the home of so many Jews, Italns, Africans, and Irish, its settler origins ould be as plainly Dutch, Scandinavian, nd Teutonic as they are Anglo-Saxon. There s no way of proving this aesthetically, but ho can deny that there is something esentially Protestant about the U.N.? It may e cathedral-like in scale, but no touch of the aroque or the Renaissance or the rococo ffects it: the resemblance is more to a giant 20th-century Lutheran or even Quaker house of worship. It is sparse in point of décor, and because of the plain white marble which forms all of its two end walls, it denies even to its most exalted officers the most coveted thing in New York: an executive corner office. The larger front and back sides are almost all windows, free of stained glass and open to the world.

Pressing this a little further, one may want to remember that the U.N.'s first two secretaries-general were a Norwegian and a Swede, and its first martyrs (Count Folke Bernadotte and Dag Hammarskjöld) were Swedes also. Bernadotte was assassinated in 1948 in the effort to mediate the Israel-Palestine dispute, and Hammarskjöld was killed in 1961—some say murdered—in the struggle over the independence of the Congo. Next in line as secretary-general was an austere and ascetic Burmese named U Thant, from a recently decolonized country. His modest Buddhism made the same point in a slightly different way. When the U.N. turned to "Old Europe" and Old Vienna, in the disagreeable shape of Kurt Waldheim, it brought upon itself a shocking degree of shame and embarrassment, generated from the very squalor it had been created to try to dispel. Today, two plazas opposite the headquarters are named for Raoul Wallenberg and Ralph Bunche—two self-sacrificing men who tried to uphold the ideas of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, in one case in a country (Nazi-occupied Hungary) where the words of the declaration could not have penetrated, and in the second in a United States where the Nobel laureate could not then get a restaurant table or a taxi because of his color. Both spaces are simple, and you may pass through them or by them without noticing. Architecture

remains the most revealing of the arts.

The final design of the building reflects a mélange of contributions, most of them from the schools of art and architecture, in Europe and elsewhere, that had in turn been most influenced by Americanism. Native Americans like Frank Lloyd Wright were eliminated early on, as were Mies van der Rohe and Walter Gropius (considered to be too German). Oscar Niemeyer of Brazil and Le Corbusier were to be present at the creation. Fernand Léger sketched murals, and Henry Moore and Barbara Hepworth were recruited for sculptural purposes. Both Niemeyer and Léger had trouble visiting the United States, because of their Communist affiliations (Léger was eventually prevented from coming at all), but then, the temporary secretary-general of the founding conference of the U.N. had been Alger Hiss ...

Like Europe itself for much of the century, the patch of land between First Avenue and the East River, and between 42nd and 49th Streets, had been an abattoir. This reeking stockyard was the property of one William Zeckendorf. In the spirit of *Citizen Kane*, he had wanted to build an ambitious complex including an opera house, concert hall, and marina on the site, and we might be speaking of the Zeckendorf Center to this day had not Nelson Rockefeller offered him an enormous sum in cash for the property for the future U.N. Chief broker in the deal was Wallace K. Harrison, whose architectural firm of Harrison & Abramovitz had furnished the plans for the site's original design. (The handover of the money took place in a temporary office of the United Nations—housed aptly enough in the Empire State Building.) Just as Rockefeller had once found himself the regretful patron of Diego Rivera—whose subversive murals had to be chiseled off the walls of Rockefeller Plaza—so his deep pockets now financed the erection of a temple of nonproletarian internationalism.

On an average day, the lounges and corridors of the U.N. buildings are thronged with delegates and visitors and lobbyists of every conceivable provenance. These come not only from governments but also from the newest force on the international scene—the nongovernmental organizations, or NGOs, which have taken over so much of the strain in Kosovo, Bosnia, Somalia, and Afghanistan, and will in tomorrow's Iraq. The last time I paid a visit, it was to introduce a stateless Kurdish leader to a Czech official—this year's president of the General Assembly—who himself had once been a political exile. The architects were originally instructed to budget for a maximum of 70 members. At the first meeting of the General Assembly, in 1946, with much of the globe still colonized, the member states numbered 51. Today, the number of nations represented is 191. The impression of overcrowding is palpable.

But, as these hauntingly unpeopled photographs demonstrate, the building was designed to take a lot of wear (and it will soon get a $1.2 billion rehabilitation, due for completion in 2011). The Naugahyde-and-aluminum effect, undergirded with a good deal of molded plastic, is intentional. This was to be a working environment, with ideals as raw material and raw materials as ideal. The functional character of the interior is offset by the noble aspirations of the murals and sculptures, and by the light and airy character of the surmounting building. (An all-glass curtain wall was a new thing when the United Nations was inaugurated, but within a short time Gordon Bunshaft had come up with Lever House, on Park Avenue and 54th Street, and now this combination of bureaucracy with loftiness is a feature of the tower style that punctuates our cityscapes.)

A "tower" was what the inhabitants of Babel tried to build, in ancient Iraq, in order to storm the heavens. They were punished for this lèse-majesté by the ironic means of an outbreak of tongues, which rendered the human race polyglot. Language barriers are among the most intransigent of the divisions which perpetuate human ill will and mutual incomprehension, as can be seen from the simple fact that French is still the formal language of diplomacy, while English has become its ... lingua franca. In consequence, much of the U.N. apparatus is given over to microphones and simultaneous-interpretation facilities, and the characteristic "shot" of a speaking delegate has him, or her, wearing earpieces as the substitute symbol of the monolingual.

It was thought at one point that this might reduce debate to a low common denominator, but the U.N. has been the scene of some great parliamentary moments. (The physical design of the General Assembly includes a dome, which rather contradicts the angular planes and lines of the rest of the structure, but Senator Warren Austin of Vermont, then American ambassador to the United Nations, had warned Harrison that without a dome the U.S. Congress might not want to lend any money to the project. Denizens of the U.S. Capitol liked a nice dome for their money, he insisted.) The intense exchange between Adlai Stevenson and Valerian Zorin of the U.S.S.R., a high point of the Cuban missile crisis in October 1962, actually had Stevenson scornfully telling his Soviet opponent, "Don't wait for the translation." One can remember also the theatrical moment in 1974 when Archbishop Makarios of Cyprus addressed the Security Council as elected leader of a count Cyprus—from which he had been expe by a Greek military coup and a Turkish itary invasion. He had nothing but w with which to defend himself, but he did back to his island in the end, and did sume the reins of power peacefully. Cyp Israel, and Namibia are, as states, the comes originally of United Nations in tives. So is the future Palestinian state. was free South Africa, which existed in mind of the United Nations long befo became a reality.

New York now contains far more pe than it was designed to house or ploy, and it still constitutes a magnet for migration. The United Nations has fo space under its roof for new arrivals will have to accommodate still more a evolves. Space considerations meant t many U.N. agencies, concerned with man rights, disarmament, law, and fo were decentralized to other capital cit The F.A.O. (Food and Agriculture Orga zation) is in Rome, the International Co of Justice is in the Netherlands, the Inter tional Atomic Energy Agency HQ is in V na, and so forth. And who even rememb that the World Bank, now centered in W ington and a shimmering symbol of the hi and lows of globalization, was first desig as the development bank of the U.N.? It r seems like a bank for the rich and not poor. The geographical dispersal has me a dissipation of energy and focus.

Might it be possible—am I dream here?—to find room for all this concer effort in one place? Does New York, ha pressed as it is, have the generosity and imagination to call the entire spectrum supranational organizations into one co mon home? Such an invitation would h no precedent. But then, neither did the one. Everybody has recently had to end the spectacle of a U.S. at odds with the U. of a quarrel between what is legitimate what is lawful, of a falling-out between spirit and the letter of important resolutio Some of this division of opinion is inevita and even welcome. But much of the p fractiousness might have been avoided. W if the U.N. offices of peacekeeping and forcement, of law and justice, of hum rights and intervention, of aid and trade, refugees and development, were all wit reach of the main deliberative body? A where else to do this but in the frontline of multiculturalism? Rising before us is phoenix of Ground Zero, which was o as pulverized as Berlin or Warsaw had b in 1945. What if one of those renasc towers were now to be re-dedicated, and embody the fresh start that not even the sign of New Deal practical optimism c now contain? □

ony Blair

TINUED FROM PAGE 180 "tense and grey," ggard and tired," and "pale and drawn." re are also regular updates on his cough; etimes, it seemed that catarrh was ng followed as closely as Qatar. he accounts made Blair sound Roosevelt at Yalta: anemic, wast- away, exhausted, spent. But Blair ays bounces back. Standing und in shirtsleeves on "Blairforce e," the chartered British Airways ing 777 he takes to his frequent mits, and swigging from a bot- of mineral water—reportedly, he oped drinking alcohol for the du- on of the war—he appears plenty rgetic to me. It is mid-March, and are returning from Blair's meeting h President Bush in the Azores. ere, Bush had warned that unless United Nations authorized war against q in the next 24 hours the "coalition"—lly, the Americans and the British—would ahead without it.

lair is nearly seven years Bush's junior, but standing with him earlier that day prime minister seemed far more fully med. Bush lurched from thought to ought, his tone changing just as frequent- Blair spoke in perfect cadences, with ort, sharp gestures to match. Bush labored sound grave, something ir knew how to do. Bush uched, while Blair stood ight. Off-mike, Bush emot- and blinked and frowned d twitched and dissociated; ir's demeanor was impec- ble. Bush appeared eager ingratiate; Blair was past, too preoccupied for, that. But to listen to Blair, all at surface stuff means ab- lutely nothing: Bush's light- ight image is "complete ll . . . just nonsense," he ys. "He's not someone who ll . . . What's the best way putting this? . . . I was about to say, 'He's t someone who will philosophize,' but ac- ally that's not true, because he does," Blair ls me. "But 'directness' is the best way I n describe it. He has a very, very direct ay of stating exactly what he feels about a uation. He is highly intelligent, and it's not otted by so many nuances that the mean- g is obscured." (On another occasion, over beer in a pub in Sedgefield, according to reporter, Blair put it more bluntly. "He esn't dick around," Blair said.)

Secretary of State Colin Powell, who calls air "a remarkable politician" and "a bril- liant man," has seen that rapport firsthand. "They will walk into the lodge at Camp David and plop into two sofas—just two old buddies talking to one another, without any of the preliminaries or folderol often seen in high-level diplomatic exchanges," he tells me.







THE COMMON TOUCH
Blair speaks in the House of Commons on March 12, 2003. Six days later he staved off political disaster by persuading a majority of Labour Party M.P.'s to support British participation in the Iraq war.

"They're essentially inside each other's thinking. They complete each other's thoughts." Having come to a decision, according to Powell, Blair proceeds with conviction and determination. "In that way, he is very much like guess who. George Bush," Powell says.

Blair says that, among his other virtues, Bush has a sense of humor. He gives me an example: "The other day he says to me on the phone, 'So, you still have all these problems with the left-wingers?' I said, 'Yes, quite a few problems with the P.L.P. [Parliamentary Labour Party],' and he says, 'Let me tell you what I'm doing. I'm going to pick up the phone and call 60 or 70 of them, and I'm going to say to them, "Look, I was wrong about [the] Kyoto [global-warming protocol], I'm going to sign up Kyoto, and I'm going to return America to an agrarian society."'"

Using his personal bond with Bush, Blair helped persuade the president, most of whose advisers were very much inclined to go it alone, to take his case to the United Nations, not once but twice. In the process, Blair became the war's most eloquent champion, convincing skeptics in a way Bush never did.

Unlike Bush, Blair repeatedly defended the policy, often before astonishingly hostile audiences. Indeed, they were audiences selected specifically for their hostility, apparently in the belief that he would score points for his courage. In these crowds, war was never an option, no one need ever make hard choices, George Bush was no better than Saddam Hussein, and, because they, too, had weapons of mass destruction, the United States and Britain were every bit as bombworthy as Iraq.

On one TV show, a young questioner addressed Blair, coolly and contemptuously, as "Mr. Vice President" and "the Right Honorable Member for Texas North." On MTV, a Swedish student type said he could make anthrax in his bathtub, so why didn't Blair bomb Sweden? On a third program, an audience of glowering women—the wife of a "human shield" in Iraq, for instance, and a mother whose only child died at the World Trade Center—lit into him. Blair was unfailingly low-key, courteous, patient, respectful. Still, a few of the women "slow-clapped" him afterward. Had they been in Baghdad, they'd probably have hit him with their shoes.

On March 18, the House of Commons debated going to war, and Blair made his case. He also made one of his greatest speeches, displaying a ferocious eloquence in place of what the British press snidely calls his usual "emollient" manner. Ignore Saddam Hussein today, he warned, and you'd face a far more lethal Saddam Hussein, possibly in league with terrorists, tomorrow. He lament-

ed the failure to win a second U.N. resolution, but blamed that squarely on Paris, a theory which played well in the gallery. As one tabloid reporter put it, persuading the English to take on Iraq was hard; urging them to fight the French was not.

From the outset, Blair had the votes, for the Tories favored going to war. What he needed, for symbolic reasons, was a clear majority of his own party, in which large elements have long had a hate-love relationship with him: they hate him for moving the party to the center and (they feel) betraying its soul; they love him for getting them all elected, and in the majority. He turned to his old friend Clinton, commissioning him to write an editorial for that morning's *Guardian.* "Trust Tony's Judgment," it urged. Ultimately, the rebels collected 139 of the 410 Labour votes: unprecedented, to be sure, but still manageable. "You've got another landslide," Bush told Blair afterward.

On March 20, while Blair sat awkwardly across a dinner table in Brussels from French president Jacques Chirac, he appeared, via tape, on British television. The setting was simple, and the props were few: no flags, no lapel pins, no family pictures. Blair's rhetoric was stripped-down, as well: the country was too divided for anything Churchillian. There was no "good evening," no "good night," and no reference to God, just a quiet call to arms. Britain, he said, had never "been a nation to hide at the back."

Peter Mandelson, who has served in Blair's Cabinet and probably will again, says a Tony Blair comes along only once in a generation. As one of Blair's closest friends, he's biased, but it's hard to argue with his conclusion. Having already revolutionized British politics, poised to be the first Labour prime minister ever to complete two terms, he has also become a giant on the world stage. He has given his nation a degree of influence far in excess of what it probably warrants, and he just turned 50 years old.

In the United States, Blair now enjoys a level of name recognition and popularity unmatched since Churchill. "The American Prime Minister," *Time* magazine has called him. He has been nominated for the Congressional Gold Medal, an honor previously bestowed on the Wright brothers, General Douglas MacArthur, Mother Teresa, Pope John Paul II, and Nelson Mandela. British tourists in America, even those who don't like Blair, find themselves smothered with affection.

"It's a profile in political courage we haven't seen in a long time," says James P. Rubin, the former State Department spokesperson, who now lives in London. "The last one was [former Israeli prime minister] Ehud Barak, and look what happened to him. But he wasn't as savvy as Blair."

In Britain, too, Blair's stance has won him new admirers, even among those who opposed the war. For years, the rap on him was that he stood for nothing except his own political survival. He was "Tony Blur," the subject of "The Which Blair Project." But in the past few months a new, more determined Blair has emerged, one who seems to feel freer to be bold. If Bush sees Osama bin Laden and Saddam Hussein as threats to American security, Blair sees them as excuses to remake the world. Or at least guide the only superpower in remaking it, striving to keep it responsible and engaged with everyone else.

"He seemed like such a 1990s figure: the showman, obsessed by public opinion, more celebrity than politician," says Matthew d'Ancona, a deputy editor and political columnist for *The Sunday Telegraph.* "When 9/11 came along he was able to adapt to it. He saw it as an opportunity to make his mark, to free himself from the constraints of focus groups and polling, and actually participate in history."

Once the shooting started, even the *Daily Mail,* the voice of "Middle England" (the British version of Richard Nixon's "Great Silent Majority"), lined up behind Blair. Voters, tired of packaged politicians, like passion, even if they think it wrongheaded; passion was Margaret Thatcher's trump card. Thus, even when support for the war was low, Blair's personal standing rose.

At four o'clock in the morning on May 2, 1997, Tony Blair, the youngest prime minister–elect in nearly 200 years, got a call from President Clinton. Blair's smashing victory was really a win for them both; it proved that Clintonization—modernizing traditional left-wing parties by moving them to the political center, later known as "the Third Way"—was exportable. "Blair is the younger brother Clinton has been yearning for," Sidney Blumenthal, then a staff writer for *The New Yorker* and later a Clinton aide, wrote at the time.

At this point, though, the two were strangers. "You have to build me in some private time with this guy," Clinton told staffers before he and Hillary visited London a few weeks after Blair took office. "I just don't know him."

Clinton attended a Cabinet meeting at Downing Street, and the two first couples—two pairs of lawyers immersed in politics—dined together at Le Pont de la Tour, Sir Terence Conran's palace of a restaurant by Tower Bridge. The press clamored for pictures of the two world leaders jamming together—Clinton on his saxophone, Blair on his guitar—but it was something that the ultra-serious Blair aides never allowed.

For Clinton, it was all a welcome respite from the Paula Jones affair. Indeed, it seemed that whenever Clinton and Blair met over next year or two a bimbo haunted the ro In Washington in February 1998, it was M ica Lewinsky. Her ghost stalked the gala ner the Clintons threw for Tony and Ch Blair, by all accounts one of the social h points of the Clintons' White House ye Steven Spielberg, Harrison Ford, Tom Ha and John Kennedy Jr. and his wife, Car Bessette, were there, and Blair sat nex Barbra Streisand; Stevie Wonder saluted missus with "My Cherie Amour."

But it was a phrase from Sir Elton Jo who also performed that night, that captu the emerging bond between the two coup "How wonderful life is while you're in world." In his toast, Blair likened Hillary C ton to the late Princess Diana, then tur to the embattled president. "Bill, I'm plea to call you a good colleague and proud call you a good friend," he said. Standing the wings, a Clinton aide was moved to te

At the press conference the next day, ing which Lewinsky vied with the time Saddam Hussein for attention, Blair hea on still more praise. Clinton and Blair bon further over golf, the peace process in No ern Ireland, and the war in Kosovo. "T were kids in a candy store, free diplom electrons bounding around the crowd, spe ing their own language and sharing eve thing" is how they looked to one Ameri diplomat, who saw them huddled togethe the funeral of Jordan's King Hussein in 19

But as the 2000 presidential election proached, British officials pondered w might happen if a political opposite such George W. Bush succeeded Clinton. Bla sympathies lay with Al Gore, not surp ingly, even though, according to one st the vice president had read off file cards first time the two men met. Officially, thou Downing Street was strictly neutral. A hedging its bets, it set out to learn m about Bush. In the late 90s the British a bassador to the United States, Sir Chris pher Meyer, made two trips to Texas, wh he met Bush and Karl Rove. Meyer a Bush hit it off, and the ambassador was positioned to brief Downing Street wh Bush finally became president.

The Texan, Meyer told Blair, seemed fable and easygoing, but had his moth steel. He lacked Clinton's glibness and tellectual pyrotechnics, Meyer said, but every bit as good at working a room. At eign affairs he was a neophyte, getting tripp up as a student cramming for finals mig But Bush was not afraid to ask and to list both of which he'd probably do plenty of w Blair. In his personal relations, loyalty what most mattered to Bush; he still reme bered Egyptian president Hosni Mubara complaining when they'd met that Clint called only when he wanted something. U

some around him, then, Bush under-
d—and even respected—Blair's ties to Clin-
they suggested the kind of steadfastness
admired. In Texas, Meyer related, Bush
been playing on a small stage as a "Di-
on One striker," the soccer equivalent of a
ble A outfielder. But underestimating him
uld be a huge mistake. He recommended
rmal contacts between Blair and Bush.

Their first Camp David meeting, in Feb-
ruary 2001, featured informality of the
st premeditated kind. Bush wore a leather
nber jacket with a fur collar and the Camp
vid seal; Blair wore a blue pullover, blue
de shoes, and jeans so tight his hands
uldn't fit comfortably into his pockets.
e put the charm offensive on me and it
rked," Bush said of Blair. Asked what
y had in common, Bush told the press,
Well, we both use Colgate toothpaste."
"They're going to wonder how you know
t, George," Blair shot back.
It was a bizarre start to an odd coupling.
hey're not on the same planet, really," says
air's biographer John Rentoul of *The In-
pendent.* But to Jonathan Freedland of *The
ardian,* ego—Blair's—was an unspoken
hesive. "With Clinton, it was master and
pil, with Blair always written of as the ju-
r partner," Freedland says. "Now he can
the experienced statesman."
In the afternoon, the two went for a long
lk. Blair detractors thought it symbolic
t, when, reportedly, Bush let out a shrill
istle to call his spaniel, Blair hurried after
n. That evening the two couples and some
their aides watched *Meet the Parents,* a
medy starring Robert De Niro and Ben
ller. Rather than suggesting this occurred
cause they had nothing more to say, the
hite House depicted it as the ultimate com-
iment—normally, Bush would have gone
aight to bed. (In fact, Condoleezza Rice
ll asleep watching the movie.) "The world
ust be a fairly safe place if the President of
e United States and the Prime Minister of
itain can spend their first evening togeth-
chortling in front of a lightweight caper
out a botched marriage plan," the *Mail*
eclared. Six and a half months later came
eptember 11.

Blair, who heard the news as he was about
to speak to trade unionists in Brighton,
atched the second aircraft hit the World
rade Center. He spoke from the stage for
vo minutes. Then, fearing that London, too,
ight be hit, he headed there in his armor-
lated Jaguar. On television that night, he
id that Britain stood "shoulder to shoul-
er" with America.
Early the next morning, Bush called Blair.
I like your style," Bush later wrote him in a
ote. Over the next several days, Blair, seek-
g to put together an international coalition
against terrorism, met with or spoke to more than two dozen world leaders. On September 20, he flew to New York, reading the Koran along the way. There, he spoke at a memorial service for Britain's dead in the World Trade Center attack. Kofi Annan and Bill Clinton were present; when tight scheduling forced Blair to cancel a visit to a local firehouse, Clinton, along with Cherie, pinch-hit for him.

Blair then went to the White House and, after dinner with the president and time in his private quarters, accompanied him to Capitol Hill. "I am so honored the British prime minister crossed an ocean to show his unity with America. Thank you for coming, friend," Bush said to a joint session of Congress, prompting one of two standing ovations Blair received.

A strong bond between the two men, though Blair generally ducks the issue, is religion. Both Bush and Blair are devout Christians who keep their Bibles handy. Some Englishmen consider Bush's religious fundamentalism to be primitive—"that kind of overt evangelical praying when the car won't start," as one religious member of Parliament put it to me. But however different their creeds, each man apparently finds his faith emboldening. "The good thing about [Bush] is that once he does really think that an issue has to be tackled he has big reserves of courage for doing it, and he won't really be diverted," Blair says.

There was little in Blair's background to presage the Christian interventionist he became. His father, Leo, a lawyer and law professor, was an atheist; the little religion Blair got came from his mother, who occasionally took him to church. It was at Oxford that Blair embraced both Christianity and socialism, really in tandem. The spark came from Peter Thomson, a liberal and charismatic minister, with whom Blair spent long nights, fueled by caffeine and nicotine, discussing life, theology, and social betterment. Thomson, in turn, was a disciple of John Macmurray, a Scottish socialist and philosopher, who stressed the importance of community and the duty to heal. Blair has called Macmurray's writings among the great influences in his life. Thomson, now a chaplain with a social-welfare agency in Melbourne, describes Blair as someone of "enormous moral fiber." "This is not cowboy, off-the-top-of-the-head stuff," he says, referring to Blair's decisions regarding Iraq. "This is a very, very committed human being. And when I say 'committed,' it's not just to an ideology. It's a commitment to life."

When Blair became a devout Christian, he did not broadcast it to his classmates. "I said, 'Do you believe in God?' and he said, 'Yes, absolutely,'" one of them recalls. "To me, he was a longhaired student who played guitar in a band; being a superficial student, I didn't associate rock singers with Christ. We called [religious students] the 'God Squad' and didn't go near them."

"Christianity is about justice," Blair wrote in 1993, by which point he had become one of the Labour Party's brightest prospects. His commitment to what the British call "Christian Socialism" was not just a matter of conviction, but good politics: it was another way for him to differentiate the "New Labour" party he was developing from an "Old Labour" party whose fierce atheism had cost it the support of "Middle England."

Politically, it was a delicate maneuver: pointing out one's faith, while keeping a certain distance from it. "I can't stand politicians who wear God on their sleeves," Blair wrote in 1996, when he was effectively prime-minister-in-waiting. "I do not pretend to be any better or less selfish than anyone else; I do not believe that Christians should only vote Labour." But in the same article, he let it be known that he found prayer "a source of solace" and read the Gospels—"a most extraordinary expression of sensitive human values"—and he accused the Tories of having "too selfish a definition of self-interest." One line he cut from the piece—probably just being careful—encapsulated his credo: "Jesus was a modernizer," he'd written.

Blair's faith is an extremely divisive issue in England. To the secular, it makes him seem flaky and sanctimonious. To those more religious than he, it is inconsistent, superficial, and, oddly enough in the context of Iraq, unilateral: they say Blair does what he pleases, ignoring religious authorities and teachings, whenever he considers it "the right thing to do."

Several years ago, for instance, Cardinal Hume of England and Wales told the Anglican Blair to stop taking Communion in Roman Catholic churches when he worshiped there with Cherie, who is Catholic. Blair said he would, but added, "I wonder what Jesus would have made of it." In a country where public displays of religiousness are considered uncouth and political culture is distinctly secular—on the £10 note, the flip side of Queen Elizabeth is Charles Darwin—Blair knows better than to flaunt his faith. He has refused to discuss his flirtation with Catholicism, for instance, and Downing Street revealed virtually nothing about his audience in February with the Pope, to which he went accompanied by Cherie, their four children (Euan, 19, Nicky, 17, Catherine, 15, and Leo, 3), and Cherie's hairdresser.

It was left to the Vatican, normally a bastion of discretion, to furnish most of the details, along with a photograph of the two men together. That picture appeared in *The Mail on Sunday,* over a caption reading, "The Pope Has an Audience with His Holiness."

Tony Blair

It also ended up on the cover of *Private Eye,* the satirical magazine, complete with cartoon bubbles. "Peace be with you," the Pope, who opposed the war in Iraq, tells the prime minister. "You must be joking!," Blair, hands clasped reverentially, replies.

Few questions arouse the normally unflappable Blair more than whether he and George Bush pray together. That might be all right in the United States, but to the "chattering classes" of the United Kingdom it conjures up images of a half-demented Richard Nixon on his knees with Henry Kissinger, and threatened to give Operation Iraqi Freedom the look of a Christian Crusade. When talk-show host Sir David Frost asked Blair about it on television in September 2002, recalls one of those watching, "you could hear Blair's sphincter tighten." He said that they didn't pray together, but someone close to him told me that they probably do.

Still, some of what the young and unguarded Blair once concluded about his faith is something to which George W. Bush could easily subscribe. "Christianity is a very tough religion," he wrote in 1993. "It is judgmental. There is right and wrong. There is good and bad." (Other passages from the piece might not go down quite so well with Bush, to wit: "To radicals, Christianity has always had especial validity. Radicals want change, and change—personal and social—lies at the heart of the Christian religion.")

"I can't say it's something we've discussed," Blair says on our plane ride of his and Bush's respective religious beliefs, "but it's something we share."

As he always does, Alastair Campbell, the former London newsman who is Blair's director of communications, political strategist, and protector, hovers nearby, ostensibly involved in a separate conversation. But when the topic turns to religion, his ever sensitive antennae home in. Campbell, who worships a soccer team more than any church, has never forgotten the 1996 article and how it was construed to mean that Tories were too selfish to be good Christians. Ever since, he has tried to steer Blair clear of the topic. "Is he on to God?" Campbell asks Blair—the "he" being me. "We don't do God," Campbell declares. "I'm sorry. We don't do God."

There have been occasional blips in Blair's friendship with Bush. In July 2002, the London *Times* reported that the "special relationship" between the two was "under considerable strain" after Blair had passed on to a friend something Bush had supposedly told him after a meeting with Chirac: "The problem with the French [illegible] is that they don't have any entrepreneur.'" Downing Street declined to comment.

Potentially more problematic was Clinton's speech last October to the annual Labour Party conference in Blackpool, England. Blair's relationship with his party, shaky at best, had grown rockier with his Iraq policy, and he turned for help to Clinton, who'd come to town with actor Kevin Spacey in tow. Once Clinton finally got onstage—he'd lingered so long in the wings that Blair had to go fetch him—he delivered, giving a performance which, as *The Independent* put it, "made both his Oscar-winning pal and Mr. Blair" look like amateurs.

The speech was partly a love letter to Blair. "When the prime minister spoke yesterday I thought to myself, I hope I'll be able to give a speech like that when I grow up. It was just unbelievable," Clinton began. He then suggested, without mentioning the president by name, that when it came to Iraq only Tony Blair could hold George Bush in check. "As an American, and a citizen of the world, I am glad that Tony Blair will be central to weighing the risks and making the call," he declared. He then insisted that the United Nations should be central to any resolution of the matter, and that war be used only as a last resort.

But Clinton was only getting started. (So rapturously was he received that the speech was likened afterward to a sexual experience. "I need a cigarette," said Dr. John Reid, then chairman of the Labour Party.) He then launched a broadside against the Bush administration, saying he disagreed with it "about nearly everything." He even attacked its legitimacy. "They won it fair and square: five to four at the Supreme Court," he said. Blair called Bush immediately afterward, but not, he insisted to me, to smooth any ruffled feathers in Washington; the conversation had been scheduled "ages and ages" before.

Blair struggled to defend going after Saddam Hussein. At times, he grumbled to colleagues, he'd have been better off without some of the American "help" he received; he complained that Bush made things worse for himself—and confirmed unflattering European stereotypes of him—by using such rhetoric as the "axis of evil."

Although several traditionally Conservative papers—the *Telegraph,* for example, and Rupert Murdoch's *Times*—have backed Blair on the war, he still has his conservative critics, such as Matthew Parris, a political columnist for *The Times.* Three years ago Parris described Blair to me as an essentially shallow man, a crusader in search of a crusade. In remaking Iraq, Blair has found his cause all right, Parris claims, attaching himself to it with such ferocity that he's become "unhinged." What he sees as Blair's Manichaean worldview, his pathological optimism, his fervent belief that he's always right—all are evidence of what Parris calls "the Madness of King Tony."

In fact, Blair was warning about Sadd Hussein when George W. Bush was still dea with the Texas Legislature. In November 1 Blair told the House of Commons, after S dam had driven out American U.N. arms spectors, that "it is absolutely essential t he backs down on this, that he be made to b down. . . . If he doesn't back down, we simply face this problem, perhaps in a dif ent and far worse form, in a few years' tin

Blair described to Paddy Ashdown, th leader of Britain's Liberal Democratic P ty, what he'd learned from British inte gence about Saddam's arsenal. "It really pretty scary," Blair said, according to 2002 book *The Ashdown Diaries.* "He is v close to some appalling weapons of m destruction. I don't understand why French and others don't understand th

In December 1998, American and Brit planes bombed Baghdad for four days, a p lude to the recent campaign that was larg overlooked as Clinton simultaneously c tended with the impeachment process. F months later, speaking in Chicago, Blair l out what he called "a doctrine of internatio community." Because of "dangerous and r less men" like Saddam and then presid Slobodan Milošević of Yugoslavia, he stat the criteria for military intervention sho change: "acts of genocide can never b purely internal matter." The concern sho be not only national survival, but "a m subtle blend of mutual self-interest and mo purpose in defending the values we cheris

John Kampfner, political editor of the N *Statesman* and author of the forthcom book *Blair's Wars,* says that Blair has lo been alarmed by Iraq, but thought that sa tions, periodic surgical strikes, and a co from the inside would solve the problem. O when Bush pushed for regime change, says, did Blair, seeking to preserve his ties the United States, take it up, too. John Ll of the *Financial Times* offers a slightly diff ent thesis. Blair's liberal interventionism a Bush's neoconservatism came to the sa conclusion, he says: that you could bri democracy—or at least some less hidec form of government—to Iraq if you had t will to see it through.

Friend and foe alike believe that Blair n er thought he'd have to extend himself so on Iraq. He expected that the U.N. inspect would find some weapons or some gern and that the Europeans, particularly t French, would sign on as well. That goes ba to Blair's faith, or perhaps to what some s as his excessive faith in himself: he is, as M thew Norman of *The Guardian* describes hi "so vain and deluded about his charm a persuasiveness as to verge on dementec

Blair, who has much more credibility th Bush in the Arab world, will have to be t principal voice of reconciliation with it. Li

, Blair faces a mammoth job of postwar onstruction: he must mend fences with opeans, with British Muslims, with the ted Nations, with Arab states, and with his n party—all tasks that could jeopardize his utiful friendship with the White House.

hortly after the fighting began, I revisited London's Imperial War Museum, whose y name suddenly resonated with those vinced the war was all about oil. I'd have ught the fighting would have brought out crowds, but the place was far emptier n it had been three weeks earlier. Why guns and bombs and tanks in a muse-, the man in the cloakroom explained, en you can watch them live on television? On display was "Anthem for Doomed uth," an exhibition on the English soldier-ets of World War I. Another war had sud-ly made their poems topical again. This e British soldiers would die in sand and d rather than on the rich European soil in ich Rupert Brooke had imagined himself ng buried. But, when that started to hap-n, Blair only helped himself further by keep-a low and dignified profile. He mourned dead quietly. He visited soldiers' families hout huge trains of reporters in tow. He dged that packages could be sent free to tish boys in Iraq—as long as they were "sen-ly sized." Even when the Saddam statues ppled, he stayed largely out of sight.

In his office on Downing Street, I ask the me minister how he felt when the 25-foot odel in central Baghdad took a tumble. pauses awhile, looks upward, and smiles. he beginning of the end?" he says. "A nse of . . . I suppose a sense of renewed nfidence in why what we were doing was ht . . . even though it's only a symbol.

"The reason I hesitated is that I don't feel y sense of triumphalism now at all," he ntinues. In fact, he says, he only glanced at e television, then moved on. "I think we did e right thing, I think it's going the right way, t I'm now on to the next problem, which is aking sure that everything's sorted out in e aftermath. That's what I tend to be like."

Three weeks of warfare after I first saw m, Blair, in striped shirtsleeves and sipping a, still seems fresher than the press reports m to be. "Fortunately, I feel better than they scribe me," he says with a laugh. He even ad time to promote tourism in Britain by nding his character—and his voice—to a rthcoming episode of *The Simpsons*. Near-y were all the family photographs that had een omitted from the sets for his televised peeches. One of them shows him kissing eo, who is, he says, his only recent cause of eepless nights.

A few days before we met, Blair had seen ush in Northern Ireland, and for domestic olitical purposes, happily so: the president ad finally come to see him, and to help with one of his thorniest problems. Bush talked about everything Blair would have wanted: his commitment to the "Good Friday agreement," between Catholics and Protestants; the "vital role" the U.N. would play in postwar Iraq; re-activating the Middle East peace process.

Bush had been strikingly confident and even eloquent that day with Blair in Ulster, a far cry from the awkwardness of their two previous summits. Perhaps it was the turn the war had taken, but watching the two, I couldn't help but think that Bush had learned something in the interim by watching the man at his side. On the streets of Belfast, I spotted an anti-Bush poster to which someone had appended a cartoon bubble. "Tony, U can get off u knees now," Bush was saying. To me, though, it had been Bush who had been at Blair's feet—studying.

The usual slew of domestic problems—complaints over the public health service, mass transit, hikes in student tuition—will soon re-emerge. But Blair is enjoying what one commentator has called a "Baghdad bounce." He has become, according to the *Telegraph*, "the strongest prime minister in living memory"—strong enough to run for a third term in 2005 and, maybe, to realize a pet project: scrapping the pound and adopting the euro.

The real difficulties, however, could come with the Americans. Blair and Bush could clash over the role of the U.N. in Iraq, or installing Ahmad Chalabi of the Iraqi National Congress to lead postwar Iraq, or mending fences with France and Germany, or taking further pre-emptive actions—against Syria, say, or Iran. Or, most likely, over Israel.

Blair calls himself a "staunch" supporter of Israel, which, like all principal members of the coalition—including Spain and Australia—knows all about terrorism. "I understand what it's like, especially if you're a democracy and your citizens are being blown up in buses and cafés—you've got to take action," he tells me. But in the Labour Party, his is a minority view. Sit in on the House of Commons and you hear something rarely encountered in Congress: unrelenting, unabashed Israel-bashing. Listen and you'd think that Israel was solely responsible for every problem in the Middle East, and certainly every problem with the Palestinians. Lump Osama bin Laden, Saddam Hussein, and Ariel Sharon together, as one Labour M.P. did in one debate, and you'll hear hardly a peep.

The senior member of the House of Commons, Tam Dalyell, even tells me he thinks Blair is unduly influenced by a cabal of Jewish advisers. He mentions Mandelson, Lord Levy (Blair's chief fund-raiser), and Jack Straw, an Anglican who had a Jewish grandparent.

Facing repeated demands to show "even-handedness" in the Middle East, Blair has enthusiastically backed the peace plan devised by the U.S., U.N., European Union, and Russia, the so-called "road map," which envisions a Palestinian state by 2005, and pushed Bush to commit to publishing it before he was inclined to do so.

The Israelis oppose the plan, at least as it stands. This could force Bush to choose, in effect, between Britain and Israel. And it's unclear which side Bush—reluctant to offend hyper-Zionist Christian fundamentalists and eager to attract a few more Jewish votes in 2004—would pick. But Blair thinks he and Bush see things the same way. And then there's that special bond. "I trust him, and that is extremely important at our level of politics," Blair says. "Though you will often say that about people, to really mean it about someone in his position is important."

But was it unusual too? "Well, let me put it in a diplomatic way," he says. "When you go through something like [the Iraq war], you really find out whether you can or can't trust somebody." He starts to laugh. "Don't ask me to go through all the world leaders and rate them on scores of 1 to 10, because I won't do it. But you know what I'm saying."

Blair says someone recently sent him what he calls Churchill's "wonderful" description of the relationship between the United States and Great Britain, from a speech to the House of Commons in August 1940, as America was beginning to help Britain fight Hitler's *Luftwaffe*. "Like the Mississippi, it just keeps rolling along," Churchill said of the bond. "Let it roll on full flood, inexorable, irresistible, benignant, to broader lands and better days." That, Blair says, "is where I think it is, today, too."

I ask Blair whether anything in poetry, music, literature helped him get through his recent trials. There were, he says, but they are "private things." But he says that he is heartened by letters from Iraqi exiles, and that, among his regular religious readings, he continues to turn to the Koran.

"The remarkable thing about the Koran is that, if any Christian or Jew reads it, everything it talks about is entirely identifiable to us," he says. "It contains lavish descriptions of the Old Testament stories, of Jesus, of Mary. The reflection you constantly take from it is how sad it is that there is such huge misunderstanding between these religious beliefs that in fact share so many common values and so much common heritage.

"One of the things that I think is so important out of this," he continues, "is that we show through what we do in Iraq after liberation that we have indeed made the condition of people better—we made it more free, we made it more prosperous, we made it more just, we protected their rights—and let that stand as an example of how in fact the best motivations of people from our religion and the best motivations of people from the Muslim religion are in the same line of tradition." □

Iraq

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

town, so I asked him to tell me more about it. "He shot them with an M-16." I offered to take his complaint to a nearby British officer, even though I know that British forces don't carry M-16s, whereupon he became somewhat evasive and silken. "All right, then," I said. "Forget the officer. Where are the bodies?" "We buried them right away." "And as for the funeral?" "There wasn't time." At this point my companion and interpreter, a vast bear-shaped Palestinian whom I shall call Omar, touched my arm and said, "Come along, Mr. Christopher. These people are all liars."

The Iraqi who had spoken was certainly a liar, and a poor one as well as a mean and low one, but something in me wanted to resist Omar's conclusion. Or perhaps to explain it away. The townspeople of Safwan didn't owe me an explanation. They certainly didn't owe me a welcome, or a friendly pelting with the rose petals they didn't have. They really did live in something like a desert. On previous visits to Iraq, I had been embarrassed by the hospitality of those who had much less than I did. On this trip, I felt awkward for the opposite reason. But on this occasion, after all, the soldiers, the relief workers, and the reporters outnumbered the population. Should the locals have put on a feast for people who were casually throwing them food? Especially when what they most wanted, and most often mentioned, was water? In the end, even when it takes a vain form or a truculent or sullen shape, pride is an essential part of self-respect. As I departed, a titanic convoy began to roll by. It took forever to pass me, with its massive squadrons of earthmovers, ditchdiggers, tanks, and armored cars, feeding one of the longest supply lines in the whole story of warfare, already stretching all the way to the suburbs of Baghdad. By agreement, the soldiers of the coalition do not fly their national flags on the soil of Iraq. Good. But there was no mistaking their origin, and they roared by the dwarfish mud-brick dwellings without looking to left or right.

I realized that I had seen something faintly similar in my past. It was in Romania in 1989, when the Caligula regime of Nicolae Ceauşescu was overthrown by the army and the people. I was in Transylvania and had with me some photographs of the late dictator with his awful wife, Elena, lying riddled with bullets on the floor. Nobody, for the first few days, could believe these pictures to be genuine. It was unthinkable that a man who had occupied the skulls of his people for so long could really be dead. Surely some vampire-like trick had been pulled? And, in the ground-down wasteland of southern Iraq, [illegible] any time before Saddam. The colonization of the mind still persisted, with trauma right below the surface. It would take more than a few M.R.E. handouts (jambalaya flavor preferred) to dispel this waking and sleeping nightmare.

Just a few months previously, the inhabitants of Safwan had been forced to celebrate not just a 100 percent national vote for Saddam Hussein, the sole candidate in a presidential referendum, but a 100 percent turnout as well. What's it like to endure such a sadomasochistic ritual? There are two ways of surviving these challenges to self-respect. One is the Mafia syndrome, where you play along with the local bosses and learn a shitty way to smile, and the other is the Stockholm syndrome, where you take a tiny consolation out of the "security" the boss can provide. Even the children of Safwan had picked up these elementary lessons.

It had taken me a few days to attain my paltry journalistic ambition of setting foot, however briefly, on the soil of newly liberated Iraq. And the eventual experience had been anticlimactic, to say the least. But I gradually came to appreciate that I had been on "liberated" territory the entire time. Thirteen years previously, the whole of Kuwait had been appropriated by force as the 19th province of an expansionist Iraq. Arab and Muslim countries had fought and invaded each other before, inflicting casualties of the kind that would be called "barbaric" if imposed by Westerners, but not until 1990 had one Arab state simply abolished the existence of another. The reminders were on every hand. A few miles from Safwan, the Rumaila oil field was burning. The field itself straddles the Iraq-Kuwait border, and was one of the prizes coveted by Saddam in 1990. It has more than 400 oil wells, 9 of which had been ignited by retreating Baathists in the first hours of the recent war and some of which were still ablaze as I crossed the border. The heat is so infernally intense that it turns sand into glass around the wellheads, while the sky darkens with choking plumes (as with the ghastly, quasi-medieval siege tactic of flammable oil ditches, set off in Basra and Baghdad by the literally "last ditch" black-shirted diehards of the regime). But in 1991, and in defeat, Saddam had ordered the blowing of more than 600 wells, and flooded the Gulf by opening the pipelines. The reprise was a sputtering, closing version of the original conflagration.

The futile sabotage of March 2003 was not comparable to the petro-holocaust of February-March 1991 in point of its scale, but it helped rephrase the whole idea of a war that's "all about oil." Here is a sadistic leader who, if he can't annex the oil for himself, will put it to the torch and toxify the entire regional environment. One experienced the same pungent recollection when responding to the almost daily air-raid warnings [illegible] Kuwait City. At unpredictable intervals, [illegible] discharged missiles at its former colony. [illegible] generic term for these is "Scuds," tho[illegible] it's not always clear what make or type[illegible] weapon is involved. Kuwait City is in the[illegible] the best-defended capital in the world w[illegible] it comes to "missile defense," and the [illegible] generation of Patriot interceptors is desig[illegible] to destroy warheads instead of knock th[illegible] down, leaving only shards to be analyzed[illegible] we were kept intriguingly in the dark a[illegible] whether these were the fabled Al Samou[illegible] Al Ababil missiles—in other words, whet[illegible] they were missiles with a range alre[illegible] banned by the United Nations (or whet[illegible] the Hans Blix rules didn't actually ban [illegible] siles fired at nearby Kuwait). Their effect[illegible] the ground was the same: at the first wai[illegible] the sirens the people rushed to the shelt[illegible] and the press corps made a point of look[illegible] tough and indifferent. I saw one brief exc[illegible] tion to this in late March, when the sir[illegible] sounded at midday during a driving sa[illegible] storm, and nobody could see anything in[illegible] sky. The two high-altitude explosions co[illegible] be heard almost before the sirens gave[illegible] alert, and I did notice a few reporters w[illegible] tling with their expensive gas-mask equ[illegible] ment in the streets.

Through the disagreeable atmosphe[illegible] mixture of pelting sand and burning oil, [illegible] could discern no plan or strategy emanat[illegible] from Baghdad. What was the point of th[illegible] raids? A single missile hurled from the I[illegible] north was useless unless it had a chemica[illegible] biological payload. And we were continu[illegible] assured, raid by raid, by the specially trai[illegible] Czech Chemical Protection Battalion t[illegible] was "in country," that the wreckage bore[illegible] toxic trace. The damn things were practi[illegible] ly innocuous. The worst night was the[illegible] one I was there, when what seemed to b[illegible] Chinese-built Silkworm cruise missile m[illegible] aged to get under the radar and strike a do[illegible] town shopping mall. (Iron rule: The one t[illegible] is successful is the one that doesn't trigger[illegible] sirens.) But that effort had less force tha[illegible] car bomb would have. The same was true[illegible] the shell that whistled over our relief buses[illegible] we paused at a roadblock, and banged lo[illegible] ly into the landscape off to our left. It wa[illegible] the same time vicious and meaningless.

We were parked and pulled over, j[illegible] near the Mutlaa Ridge. This esca[illegible] ment is traversable by way of Highway [illegible] long straight road which connects Kuw[illegible] City to southern Iraq. In 1991 it had b[illegible] the scene of a terrible and disfiguring atr[illegible] ity committed by the allied forces. A h[illegible] convoy of retreating Iraqis had been str[illegible] gling back from Kuwait as Baghdad ra[illegible] announced their withdrawal. It was la[illegible] with every refrigerator, television set, and it[illegible] of food or clothing that the late occupi[illegible]

been able to carry off with them. This gish, crawling monster was caught right in the open by pilots flying off the deck ne U.S.S. *Ranger.* They bombed the front ne convoy to prevent it from going any ner, and they bombed the rear of it to ent it from retreating. And then they bed it some more.

The aircrews later breezily described the erience as a turkey shoot, comparable to fing the road to Daytona Beach during ng break. For hours, while the ship's P.A. em blasted the *Lone Ranger* theme, they ened back for fresh loads and roared off lump the fragmentation bombs and to ash armor-piercing incendiary rounds he helpless thieves below. The resulting nage and carrion are imperishably described in *Martyrs' Day,* Michael Kelly's book ut the "first" Gulf War. (Mike would be d on April 3, on the very outskirts of Baghdad airport, while riding with United States Third Infantry Division. He has a monument in the rts of many friends, Iraqi and nerican, but this book is his t memorial.)

On the Mutlaa Ridge, I came ealize again that I was covng the end of the longest rt war, or the shortest g war, that the United tes has ever fought. It s in Safwan in 1991, r the eviction of Sadn Hussein from Kuit, and as the Shia ople of southern Iraq re mounting a desperintifada, that allied and qi generals met for a permanent cease-fire. A transcript the meeting tells the whole story. utenant General Sultan Hashim Ahmad, presenting the Iraqi side, had a request:

We have a point, one point. You might very ll know the situation of the roads and bridges d communications. We would like to agree ut helicopter flights sometimes are needed carry some of the officials, government ofials or any member that is needed to be nsported from one place to another because roads and bridges are out.

To this clever request, the victorious genal Norman Schwarzkopf felt able to give a agnanimous response. As long as none of ddam's choppers flew over American poions, he replied, there was "absolutely no oblem." Hashim Ahmad could scarcely beve his luck, as the transcript shows:

Schwarzkopf: "I want to make sure that's corded, that military helicopters can fly over aq. Not fighters, not bombers."

Hashim Ahmad: "So you mean even helopters that is [sic] armed in the Iraqi skies n fly, but not the fighters?"

Schwarzkopf: "Yeah, I will instruct our Air Force not to shoot at any helicopters that are flying over the territory of Iraq where we are not located . . . "

And then the rain of horror from the sky as the Baath Party and its airborne gunships restored order, cleared a space for the special police squads and Republican Guard, slaughtered as many as 60,000 Shia civilians, shelled the holy sites of Najaf and Karbala, and recaptured all of the other places whose names have lately become familiar to a mass readership, or in some cases familiar again.

But, for the powerless, immiserated population of Safwan, on the day I saw them, it was about 12 years since they'd seen it all before. The big, happy, friendly, gullible Western officers; the fat smiles; the sly grins; the done deal—all déjà vu. Much depended on how smart the second wave would be. A few miles up the road, in the city of Qalat Sukkar, the Marines of 2003 arrived with an interpreter and guide named Khuder al-Emiri, who had led a rebellion in the town in 1991 and then escaped with his life. He had been working in Seattle ever since and had volunteered to help with the intervention. He was well liked, and he knew his way around. If there had been more of that kind of intelligent preparation, there could have been much less looting and panic and revenge. But as I write this, I am numb with misery about the torching and plundering of the National Museum and the National Library of Baghdad: a disaster to be compared to the Mongol desecrations of antiquity. Yet what if we, and our Iraqi and Kurdish allies, had put an end to the Saddam system in 1991?



I was in Iraqi Kurdistan that summer, and when I look at my old notes and photographs I start to quiver. Here it all is. The victims of chemical bombing in the city of Halabja, some of them with injuries that were still burning and festering. Villages voided and scorched by Saddam's ethnic cleansing, in a darkened landscape that seems to stretch to hell and back. White-faced refugees and defectors from the South, telling stories of oppression that harrow the soul. But also the triumphant parades of cars and trucks, their occupants chanting "Boosh, Boosh," pictures of Bush Sr. on the windshields. Exiles returning, at first nervous and tentative and then delighted, from years of enforced emigration. And the odd encounter with laconic 40 Commando Royal Marines, manning the strongpoints on the road. (I have a note of Captain Michael Page and Lieutenant Dominic May in the town of Amadia, telling me "some of Saddam's chaps tried something on our perimeter after nightfall. They rather came off second, though.") Without their presence, and that of other soldiers, the gunships might have finished the annihilation of Kurdistan that year, too.

"Bushistan," they called it then, half in jest and half in tribute. I don't think there's a single picture of Bush Sr. in the region these days. And where are you now, Hoshyar my friend, and all the other brave men who more or less carried me across those streams and mountains? Were you by any chance right to be cynical about superpower patronage? Would you have bothered if you thought that Saddam was going to get another dozen years?

Those 12 years were eaten by the locusts. The trunk of the tree of Iraq was allowed to rot, and its branches to wither. And all the time, a huge and voracious maggot lay at the heart of the state. Trade turned into a racket, the market was monopolized by the mafiosi, the sanctions screwed the poor and fattened the rich, and palaces with gold shithouses were constructed to mock the slumdwellers and the conscripts. A class of lumpen, uneducated, resentful losers was bred. When the Great Leader wanted to be popular, as on the grand occasion of his last referendum, he declared amnesty for the thieves, rapists, and murderers who were his natural constituency. To his very last day, he continued to divide and rule: to pump gangrene and pus into the society, disseminating lies and fear and junky religious propaganda. And there his bastard children were when the opportunity for hectic

destruction and saturnalia presented itself.

The evidence of this in Kuwait was everywhere, and still horribly fresh, even after the passage of 13 years. Here are the places used as dungeons and execution chambers for fellow Arabs and Muslims. Here is the place where Sheikh al-Fahd Ahmed al-Jabir, the most pro-Palestinian man in the country's leadership, was shot down by the Baathist invaders. Here is the citizens' committee, which to this day seeks information on the hundreds of Kuwaiti P.O.W.'s taken off in blindfolds and never seen again. Here is where the Kuwaiti libraries and museums were gutted. Iraq promised at the U.N. to give compensation and accounting for these and other depredations, but never did. It was for all this, and not just because of the morbid ambition to acquire weapons of genocide, that Saddam brought ruinous sanctions on his luckless country.

There was a clinging stench of wickedness left behind, and it was traceable to one nameable individual. General Ali Hasan al-Majid, a cousin of Saddam Hussein himself, was placed in charge of the occupation of Kuwait for four of those atrocious months. He had earned this rough promotion with some gusto, having commanded the ethnic cleansing of Iraqi Kurdistan between 1987 and 1988, during which time he boasted openly of using chemical techniques to suppress the population. ("I will kill them all with chemical weapons," he can be heard saying on a notorious tape. "Who is going to say anything? The international community? Fuck them . . . " Alas, his low opinion of the international community was correct—or at least it was then.) His media nickname—"Chemical Ali"—was entirely too jaunty. He was on every human-rights "Wanted" list in the world, for murder and torture and rape. And in March of 2003 he was appointed to command the southern region of Iraq, and to hold it for Saddam. An easy way to get a facial expression to change, in the flyblown streets of Safwan, was to mention the name of either man. There was no mistaking the abrupt flash of panic and insecurity that came into the eyes.

Kurdistan, Kuwait . . . and then the pitiless destruction of the independent habitat of the marsh Arabs near Basra, where the dirty smoke from the immolation of their ancestral territory had been vis from the space shuttle *Endeavour.* So where way up the road north of Safw there was a rendezvous with this crime f ily that couldn't be put off any longer. early April, outside Basra, Ali Hasan Majid was (I hope and believe) shred by a laser-guided missile that was m more selective and scrupulous than the l bombings and strafings had been, and lions of Iraqis and Kurds made a holi in their hearts. As for Saddam himself, t had to make do with graven images. A not very far from the clan's hometow Tikrit is a once lovely city on the banks the river Tigris, containing the tombs of great imams and a spiral minaret that is of the region's wonders. In the ninth c tury, when many Europeans were dresse skins, it was the shining capital of the basid dynasty. I say "once lovely" beca it has more recently become the site of most inspected "facility" in Iraq, a plant t at one point produced an officially admit 4,000 tons of mustard gas, VX, sarin, other nightmarish chemical agents. Sama is the name of the town, in case you are rious, and it's been waiting for the appo ment for a very long time. □

Phil Spector

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 188 "law-enforcement sources" believed that Lana had accidentally shot herself. "We hate to use the words 'I told you so . . . ' but I did tell you so," said Spector in an E-mail to friends.

"We still believe that a crime occurred," homicide-division chief Captain Frank Merriman shot back. "I could be talking about manslaughter and I could be talking about murder."

With some 95 pieces of physical evidence to analyze—among them, several guns recovered from the house, including, police say, the weapon that fired the fatal shot—Spector won't be arraigned until August at the earliest, according to the L.A. District Attorney's Office. If he's charged at all.

What's not in dispute is the talent and torment of the prospective defendant.

He burst onto the scene just after Elvis went into the army, when relieved parents were starting to believe that rock 'n' roll had been a fad. Phil Spector made it permanent.

He did it by doing what no one else had done: build songs layer upon endless layer until the sensory whole not only overwhelmed the parts but rendered them irrelevant. Instead of one piano, he used three or four; six guitars instead of two; three drum sets instead of one—plus numerous horns, bells, timpani, and strings (not to mention a choir or two), all enhanced with reverb. Sixty musicians were a commonplace at a Spector session; he once employed 300.

"Little symphonies for the kids," he called his work; to a generation who grew up listening to the Crystals, the Ronettes, and the Righteous Brothers, it was the Wall of Sound.

And what a sound. The first time Brian Wilson of the Beach Boys heard "Be My Baby" on his car radio, he had to pull over to take it in; he has listened to it nearly every day in the 40 years since. More than 50 Spector songs are counted as pop classics. "People call me a genius," Bob Dylan once told a concert audience. "Well, Phil Spector is a genius."

No one believed it more than Spector. "I knew Beethoven was more important than whoever was playing his music," he said. "That's what I wanted to be."

Beneath the swagger, though, he was vulnerable and lonely. "You don't want my life," he said not long before his arrest. "Because it hasn't been a very pleasant life."

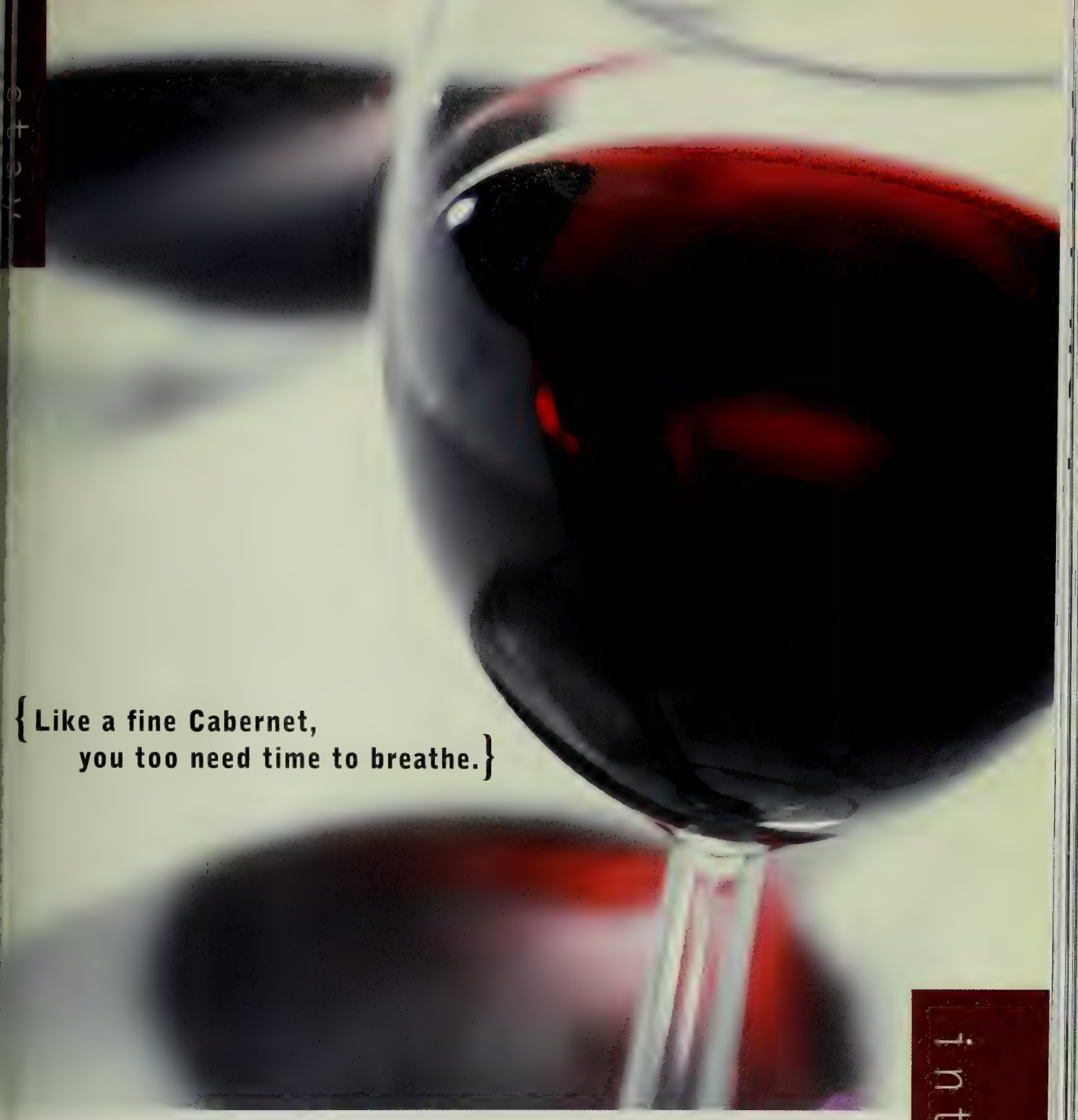
Life seldom is for those with "bipolar affective disorder"—or, as it's also known, "manic-depression." Defined by the National Institute of Mental Health as "a brain disorder," the illness—which tends to run in families—has no certain cause nor any known cure. In the manic phase symptoms include "racing thoughts," "little sleep needed," and "provocative, intrusive, or gressive behavior." During the depress flip side there are "loss of interest or pl sure in activities once enjoyed" and "thoug of death or suicide."

Van Gogh, Schumann, Handel, Poe, C ridge, Woolf, Hemingway, Balzac, Rachm ninoff, Rossini, Robert Lowell, and Syl Plath make up a partial list of those who believed to have suffered its effects. A then there's Spector, who has been un psychiatric care for much of the past f decades. His credits begin in the Bronx, N York, the day after Christmas 1940.

His father, Ben, an immigrant Russian J was a Brooklyn ironworker deeply in de He asphyxiated himself in his car when P was eight. Mother Bertha, a seamstress, v subject to frequent rages. Older sister Sh ley was in and out of mental institutions an adult—"the sane one in the family," P called her.

Short (five feet seven inches when he v fully grown), slight (130 pounds), watery-ey and all but chinless, he was always whe ing from asthma. At night, when other b dreamed of going on adventures, Phil im ined being strangled.

Bertha moved the family to Los Ange when Phil was 13. They settled in a secon floor walk-up in the working-class-Jewish Fa fax district. Phil, who spoke flawless Fren had thoughts of becoming a U.N. translat but it was music that possessed him.



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hil Spector

ied piano, French horn, drums, guitar, accordion. He sang in the Fairfax High club and played in jazz combos at 16.

st out of high school, Phil formed the eddy Bears (named after the Elvis song) two neighborhood friends, Annette Klein- and Marshall Leib, and scraped together for blank tape and a few hours of studio :. The A side of the single was "Don't Worry Little Pet," the B side a song he'd ten after a visit to his father's grave at the n David Cemetery in Elmont, Long Is- l. The epitaph on Ben's headstone was know him was to love him."

Phil sang harmony, played guitar, and did mix. In August 1958, a friend with a tiny ord label mailed out 500 copies. No reac- —until a D.J. in Fargo, North Dakota, ed the B side, "To Know Him Is to Love n." The result was a quick order from the onal distributor for 18,000 more copies an invitation to appear on Dick Clark's *erican Bandstand.* By December 1, the g was No. 1 on the *Billboard* pop chart, l went on to sell two and a half million ies. Phil's cut was $3,000.

He'd be the toughest of the tough at deal- king from there on. Another incident would p make him the most security-obsessed. During a break in a Teddy Bears show, r toughs beat Phil to a pulp in a men's om, then urinated on him. "That flipped n out forever," says longtime Spector friend l sideman David Kessel. "It enraged him much that it was like, 'I better have a onger persona to keep people away from ing that.... Nobody is fucking with me.'" The Teddy Bears soon broke up, per rock- up habit, and Phil made a temporary ing as a stenographic court reporter on Caryl Chessman and Johnny Stompa- to cases. Years later, he showed up to be posed during a lawsuit, armed with his isty steno machine. As opposing counsel ed questions at him, Phil's hands poised er the keys. But after three hours, he'd yet tap one. "Why aren't you taking anything own?" asked the unnerved lawyer. An- ered Spector: "I'm waiting for you to say mething important."

n 1960, Spector went to New York to ap- prentice with the premier Brill Building io, Leiber and Stoller. He co-wrote "Span- h Harlem" for Ben E. King, played the itar solo for the Drifters' "On Broadway," oduced Top 10 singles for Ray Peterson Corrine, Corrina") and Curtis Lee ("Pretty ittle Angel Eyes"), and, at age 20, became a p A&R man for Ahmet Ertegun's Atlantic ecords. Then Phil started his own record ompany, Philles Records, with Lester Sill as his partner. Before long Phil bought Sill's share in properties eventually worth millions for $60,000. "I just wanted the fuck out of there," Sill said. "If I wouldn't have, I would've killed him."

Five Brooklyn girls calling themselves the Crystals got a taste of the Spector method later that year, when they begged off flying to L.A. to record. That didn't stop Phil. He hired three girls called the Blossoms, changed their name to the Crystals, and got to work on "He's a Rebel," which went to No. 1. Thereafter, Spector moved at light speed. By December 1965 he'd put 23 records in the Top 50 and was being profiled by Tom Wolfe as "The First Tycoon of Teen."

As his fame increased, so did his shrink visits and phone consultations from the studio. "Sometimes Phil placed several calls a night," Spector gofer Sonny Bono wrote in his memoir, *And the Beat Goes On.* "When he hung up the phone, everything was better." It was worse when the doctor wasn't in. A prominent record producer recalls being at the studio when Spector's engineer pushed a wrong button, erasing a laboriously laid-down choral track. "Phil completely lost it," he says. "He didn't get angry—[he] crawled under the console and started sobbing.... He stayed under there for four hours."

In 1963, while inconveniently married to longtime sweetheart Annette Merar, he took up with Veronica Bennett, the Ronnie of the "Be My Baby" Ronettes. Big-haired, booty-shimmying Spanish Harlem native Ronnie was hard to resist. Annette was soon pitched over the side, and Phil and Ronnie set up camp in a 23-room Beverly Hills mansion.

Phil, who'd been Ronnie's biggest booster, started finding excuses to keep her at home and out of the studio. He was hyperjealous and limitlessly insecure, but the romance was tolerable as long as things were going well with his music. They went spectacularly in 1964, when Phil paid a $5,000 advance for rights to an unknown act, the Righteous Brothers, and set them to work on a three-minute 50-second epic entitled "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'." Brother Bill Medley did virtually all the vocals, which led Brother Bobby Hatfield to ask what his job was. "You'll go to the bank," he was told. Bobby made a number of trips: "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'" went to No. 1 and, with over nine million spins and counting, has gone on to be the most-played radio song of all time, according to the BMI licensing organization.

With Tina Turner, Phil made "River Deep—Mountain High," his most ambitious recording. It reached No. 3 in the U.K., but it stalled at No. 88 in the U.S. Phil took out ads in the trade papers proclaiming, BENEDICT ARNOLD WAS RIGHT!

A depressed Spector began spending time with the even more depressed Lenny Bruce, sustaining the comedian with cash and financing a 10-day run in a virtually empty Hollywood theater that would later be the site of Lana Clarkson's memorial. Phil was also there to throw himself beside Lenny's naked corpse after his heroin overdose in August 1966. He paid for the funeral—and then stayed home with Ronnie, closeting himself in his darkened second-floor study. When Ronnie toured in Europe not long after Bruce's death, Phil would call at night and have her leave the phone on the pillow so he could listen to her breathing until morning.

They married in 1968. Ronnie awoke from her wedding night to the sound of workmen surrounding the estate with a barbed-wire fence. Bars went on the windows next, and monitoring intercoms were installed in all the rooms. Then a set of 10-foot electrified gates went up.

Time passed. Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated. Phil locked the door of his home office and played a recording of King's speeches. Top volume. For days. More time passed. Phil started watching *Citizen Kane.* Without stop. Weeping when "Rosebud" was hurled into the furnace. Still more time passed. Phil pulled a gun on Ronnie. She started drinking. They adopted a son, Donté, and sent out birth announcements. A month later, in April 1969, he went back to work.

His first project was "Black Pearl," a Top 20 hit for Sonny Charles and the Checkmates. He followed that up with a cameo as the coke dealer in *Easy Rider.* And then came the Beatles.

Spector had been tight with them since 1964, when he was on their first flight to the U.S. He'd become especially close to John Lennon—"the brother I never had." John was just as crazy about Phil and in January of 1970 had him produce his first solo single, the hit "Instant Karma." Spector would later go on to produce John's *Plastic Ono Band* and *Imagine* and did the same for George Harrison's triple-album debut, *All Things Must Pass,* which stayed on the charts 38 weeks and spawned a No. 1, "My Sweet Lord."

In March of 1970, he turned his attentions to the tapes of *Let It Be,* the Beatles' swan song, which had been recorded and shelved in 1968. Two producers had failed to make sense of "the shittiest load of badly recorded shit," in John's description, so Spector Spectorized it. Paul McCartney labeled his lushly orchestrated mix of "The Long and Winding Road"—with added choir and strings—an attempt "to ruin my career artistically."

As this was going on, life with Ronnie went from bizarre to surreal. Phil had shrouded the estate's windows with heavy drapes, limited her television viewing to *Mission: Impossible,* and bought a life-size dummy of him-

Phil Spector

self—complete with cigarette dangling from its lips—to sit next to her in the car during the rare times he allowed her out alone. He also talked her out of divorce with the aid of an unusual surprise Christmas present—blond, six-year-old twin boys.

Ronnie wasn't in shape to be very maternal, however, as evidenced by the morning she awoke from a drunken episode thinking she might be staying at a Holiday Inn when in fact it was the St. Francis sanatorium. After her return, Phil's odd behavior continued, and in June 1972, Ronnie fled into the night barefoot (Phil had swiped her shoes). Soon afterward, he invited his mother-in-law to his basement for a peek at Ronnie's next resting-place: a solid-gold coffin with a glass top—"so I can keep an eye on her after she's dead."

This time the divorce stuck. "I knew that if I didn't leave I was going to die there," said Ronnie, whose touring for a time was confined to psychiatric wards. When the judge ordered support of $1,300 per month, Phil had a Brink's truck deliver the first payment to her lawyer's office—in nickels. The court put a stop to that, so Phil switched to checks stamped with "FUCK OFF" on the back.

He went to London to produce another album for Harrison, *Living in the Material World.* The sessions were a mess. "I literally used to have to go and break into the hotel to get him," George told *Musician*. "I'd climb into his window calling, 'Come on! We're supposed to be making a record!'"

He reunited with Lennon, who'd left Yoko for a Los Angeles romance with his 20-year-old assistant, May Pang. Work on a collection of classics to be called *Rock 'N Roll* commenced at Herb Alpert and Jerry Moss's A&M Studios in October 1973. After one drunken late-night session, Spector and his 300-pound bodyguard hauled a raving Lennon up to his bedroom and bound him hand and foot with neckties, then, as Lennon roared, "You Jew bastard, give me my glasses, I can't see!," they locked him in. "This man is capable of great danger," Spector advised a stupefied Pang. "Keep your distance." As he turned to go, he looked back and said, "By the way, wasn't it a terrific session?"

Later, a frustrated Phil—togged out that day with a pair of pearl-handled pistols strapped across his chest—shot up the ceiling of a studio toilet. "Phil," beseeched John, "if you're going to kill me, kill me. But don't fuck with me ears. I need them."

Jerry Moss thereupon decided that A&M had no need for its famous tenants, and shortly thereafter John ended the eight months in L.A. that he called "my lost weekend," [illegible]

the recording tapes. Those Spector hid away, giving them up five months later for $94,000.

In February 1974 he crashed his Rolls and was hurled through the windshield. He emerged from the hospital with his head spray-painted silver and gold (to distract from his battered face). Ten months later, he won custody of the kids, and Ronnie waived her royalties, agreeing, she said, only when Phil—who claimed to have hired a hit man—made her an offer she couldn't refuse.

Little was seen of Spector until 1977, when he reappeared with the release of *Phil Spector's Greatest Hits.* To promote the two-record set, Spector granted an interview to Robert Hilburn, pop-music critic of the *Los Angeles Times.* "I feel extremely ready musically," he said. "I understand what I want to do, and I will do it."

After *Greatest Hits* failed to crack the Billboard Top 200 and Warner Bros. didn't even bother with a U.S. release of an album he'd produced for Dion, Spector was back to his old self. At one point during the sessions for Leonard Cohen's *Death of a Ladies' Man,* in 1977, Phil ordered an offending violinist out of the studio at gunpoint. At another, he sidled up to Cohen with a jug of Manischewitz Extra Dry Concord Grape in one hand and a .45 automatic in the other. Pressing the muzzle into Cohen's neck, Spector said, "Leonard, I love you." Replied Cohen, "I sure hope you do."

The Ramones took him on in 1979 for their *End of the Century* album. "He had all the quick-draw, shoot-to-kill pistol techniques," said bassist Dee Dee, who found a pistol leveled at his chest when he attempted to leave the mansion.

Spector tried patching up his relationship with Lennon—but the now stable John kept his distance. "It seems that talented people must always be in great pain," he said. "Their sensitivity is what makes them great artists—but what a price to pay." They still hadn't reconciled when Lennon was shot to death by a deranged fan outside his apartment on December 8, 1980. Spector flew to New York to be with Yoko, who presented him with one of her husband's guitars. He installed it in a place of honor in his new mansion in Pasadena, then shut himself off from the world.

His closest companion was Janis Savala, a music-industry back-office veteran who handled his business affairs and eventually became his third wife. They had twins in 1982, a girl, Nicole, and a boy, Phillip junior. With millions a year in royalties and licenses, Spector was more removed than ever. "I just sat and emulated what I thought the great kings of the past did," he'd later say, "or what Howard Hughes did."

The few times he left his estate, it was in the company of a bodyguard, sometimes two or three. Even going to his high-school reunion was not thought safe without hea[illegible] hand. One fateful day, however, his bodyg[illegible] was off. Worse, Spector had run out of [illegible] arettes. After prolonged agonizing, nico[illegible] deprivation forced a solo drive to a co[illegible] nience store on Sunset—where an encou[illegible] with a mugger confirmed his paranoia. "[illegible] you O.K.?" a friend asked. Yeah, said Sp[illegible] tor. "They got me on a night when I only [illegible] $1,000 in my wallet."

He ended his exile with characteri[illegible] abruptness in 1988 by flying to N[illegible] ville to accept an award for a remake of [illegible] Know Him Is to Love Him," the year's m[illegible] played country song. He delivered a grace[illegible] funny speech, and the same was expected [illegible] next year, when he was to be inducted [illegible] the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame.

Propped up by bodyguards, Spec[illegible] weaved unsteadily to the podium. "I d[illegible] get it," he began. "I'm very sorry to h[illegible] missed the inauguration." With that, [illegible] lurched into a barely coherent 20-min[illegible] monologue that left his audience squi[illegible] ing. "Where is the inauguration?" he fin[illegible] closed. "God bless you. The credibility [illegible] tor has really changed."

Humiliated, Spector resolved to get h[illegible] self together. By 1991 he was again tell[illegible] Hilburn of his eagerness to work. "I nee[illegible] to get a focus," he said. "For a long tim[illegible] just didn't know how I wanted to spend [illegible] life. It was after Elvis died and John, [illegible] there was all that disco and you just sort[illegible] lose interest for a while."

The words were hardly out when, [illegible] Christmas Day, nine-year-old Phillip jun[illegible] died of leukemia, hurtling Spector into [illegible] other depression. His marriage collapsed [illegible] thoughts of a comeback ceased. "The m[illegible] vulgar and obscene four-letter word in t[illegible] language is 'dead,'" he said at the next H[illegible] of Fame dinner. "It is indecent. It has [illegible] redeeming social value."

Spector brooded for three years. Then [illegible] saw Celine Dion singing "River Deep" [illegible] the Letterman show. The word quickly w[illegible] out: Phil had found his instrument.

Sony, Celine's record company, pronounc[illegible] itself ecstatic. Recording got under way in J[illegible] 1995 at Hollywood's Ocean Way Studio w[illegible] a 60-piece orchestra. Spector invited a gall[illegible] that included Brian Wilson, Chris Isaak, [illegible] Turner, Bob Dylan—even Kato Kaelin. "T[illegible] sessions were like a party," says music[illegible] Andy Paley. "Nonstop kidding around."

With Spector's comeback seemingly c[illegible] tain, director Cameron Crowe—who'd writ[illegible] Lana Clarkson's film debut, *Fast Times [illegible] Ridgemont High,* where, in the role of t[illegible] wife of the nerdy science teacher, she h[illegible] one line, "Hi"—began gearing up a movie [illegible] his life, with Tom Cruise set to play Phil.

But when *Falling into You* appeared [illegible] early 1996, there was not a trace of Spec[illegible]

t. "We needed to get a record out," Ce- said at the time. "Phil wanted more . He wanted two years." Spector laid blame on Celine's handlers, who "sim- wanted to record 'hits' even if they were rived and repugnant."

One thing they should have learned a time ago," he went on in a lengthy writ- statement. "You don't tell Shakespeare t plays to write, or how to write them. don't tell Mozart what operas to write, or to write them. And you certainly don't Phil Spector what songs to write, or how rite them; or what records to produce or to produce them."

The record he dismissed as "repugnant" t on to win Grammys for album of year and pop album of the year. But elect group of admirers rallied round. They'd gather at the Pasa- a place to nosh on Pink's dogs and Orange Crush le their host, perched on a throne, held forth. He'd ictuate his stories with h-perfect imitations of ev- one from Ertegun to Elvis. e does this king-and-his- rt kind of scenario," says egular at the get-togethers. u're sitting there talking to master ... just guys that e hearing his stories.... r Phil, it was like a group rapy, almost."

Spector began to venture , showing up courtside at ker games and glad-handing ckstage at Springsteen, U2, l Stones concerts. He even rted turning up at parties and began host- a yearly blowout at a suburban bowling ey, where the crash of pins vied with the st of Spector songs. But there were other oments when the old Phil took control.

One night at the Polo Lounge of the Bev- y Hills Hotel, with one of the former Ted- Bears looking on, he pulled a gun on a man who had made a crack about his rillo pad" hair. Another night, at the Car- e Hotel in New York, he did the same to girlfriend who had refused to accompany n to his suite. And then there was the L.A. ening when Phil was sharing a limo with a nior record-company executive from Tokyo. they headed to an industry event, Spec- , who'd been sampling the limo's liquor pply, pulled a piece from his tux, took aim the executive, and snarled, "You fucking panese! You attacked our country!" Be- re things got out of hand, the driver opped Spector at the Peninsula, where walked into the lobby and threw up.

In 1998 he bought the castle in Alhambra— hick town where there is no place to go at you shouldn't," he said. The isolation was attractive, as was the price: $1.1 million, less than a pool house in Beverly Hills. Once ensconced, he began to take serious stock.

Previously "terrified" of therapeutic drugs, in mid-1999 he began taking medication for his manic-depression, most likely Prozac and lithium. At some stage, one or another of his psychiatrists (Spector has them on both coasts) added to the mix a medication ordinarily prescribed for schizophrenics. Spector also stopped drinking, a prerequisite for the cocktail to work. And bit by agonizing bit, it began to.

He tried to reach out to two of his sons, inviting Donté to a Laker game, and sending a letter to Gary: "My writings are nothing more or less than the ramblings of a diseased mind and soul. And sometimes I am such a manic-depressive, I wish my dear sweet mother had been on the pill." The boys were unimpressed.



PRODUCER AND ARTIST
Spector with John Lennon in 1972, at a sound check prior to Lennon's Madison Square Garden concert to benefit the Willowbrook School for Children.

A year later, in December 2000, he began going around with Nancy Sinatra. ("He is very much like my father," Nancy said.) Julian Lennon dropped by the house to discuss potential projects, and Bob Shapiro had a grand time with Phil at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame dinner. In England, *Born to Be with You*—the 1977 album produced for Dion—was re-released to rapturous reviews. "Utterly magnificent," said the London *Times*. In the U.S. the same critical noise greeted the re-release of *All Things Must Pass*.

Phil, said friends, was looking and acting great. And he was holding on to a good relationship with his daughter, Nicole, a British-music nut about to enter college who told her father of a group he simply had to hear—four lads from Liverpool called Starsailor. Phil gave a listen and not many weeks later Starsailor was in his living room, howling at his tales of another Liverpudlian foursome he had known.

Last October, Spector and the band began six weeks at the Abbey Road Studio in London. Following his return to L.A., certain of good times to come, he agreed to an interview with Mick Brown of the London Saturday *Telegraph Magazine*—his first formal press session in 13 years.

Spector sent his 1964 white Rolls to fetch the reporter from the Hollywood Hyatt in mid-December and had him wait an hour in his living room. He entered to the accompaniment of Handel. Blue shades, black silk pajamas with his initials embroidered in silver on the breast. Bizarre, Brown thought. Yet curiously magnificent. They talked for hours. "I am a different person today," Spector said.

As he was recounting his progress to Brown, Lana Clarkson, after a difficult year, was about to begin her job at the House of Blues. The previous Christmas, while demonstrating dance steps to the children of friends, she had slipped on a throw rug and fallen, breaking her hands and wrists in 26 places. Pins were needed to reset the bones, and it was months before she could do any kind of work.

Not that there was much clamor for a six-foot actress the north side of 40. She hadn't had a major role since 1996, when she played a predatory lesbian detective in Corman's *Vice Girls*, and residuals from the few commercial jobs since were running out. To get by she was putting off bills and selling autographed pinups of herself on the Web. But she wouldn't quit. "She always believed that she was one phone call away from the audition that would result in the part that would turn it all around for her," says a friend. "It's like the gambler who just lost almost everything at the blackjack table and has a few chips left in his pocket. What are you going to do at that point? Go home? What would happen if you played the next card?"

She met an ex–pro football player who, she thought, might be a serious relationship, and her new agent was shopping a comedy reel she'd made to the networks. Come spring she hoped to be doing a pilot.

She was leery of the hostessing job at first. What would producers and agents think? But by the end of January, Lana had decided that the House of Blues was turning out to be a great place to meet the people who would make her career.

Recent months had not been as kind

Phil Spector

to Spector. McCartney had gloatingly announced the release of a "de-Spectorized" *Let It Be*—sans choir and strings—to be called *Get Back*, and word had come from England that Starsailor would be using only one or two Spector tracks on their upcoming album. "It was like two worlds colliding," James Walsh, the 21-year-old lead singer, told a British music weekly. "But he learned a lot from us about how studios work these days, and we learned from him about older techniques."

In mid-January, Spector fired Janis, who'd continued as his executive secretary since their divorce and been his rock. Jay Romaine, an L.A.P.D. veteran who'd been his bodyguard (protecting others from Phil, the crack went), was no longer around, either. Phil had dispensed with him in September. The relationship with Nancy Sinatra appeared finished, too; she was in Nashville, making a record with producer Lee Hazelwood, who'd split with Spector 40 years before.

As he headed out the evening of Sunday, February 2, Phil Spector—the mad genius who'd used guns to keep from being left alone—had no one.

A lot has happened since that night. Ronnie and Donté Spector are trying to sell their stories, a special-effects man who lived with Lana for a year has acquired a publicist named Hope Diamond, and as the police ask Lana's friends whether she'd been depressed lately, Robert Shapiro is predicting exoneration for his client. In other quarters, Lana's madam, Babydol, is completing a memoir.

This being L.A., there's also movie interest. Marvin Mitchelson, who had a script based on Spector's life concluding with his triumphant return to Abbey Road, feels his project hasn't been derailed by recent events. Says Mitchelson, "It makes the story even more gripping."

No one except Shapiro and the cops seems to know the "undisclosed location" where Phil is living these days, but he's popped up in Elaine's restaurant in Manhattan, where he was wowed meeting Yogi Berra, and has been keeping in touch with friends via E-mail. The first one he sent out, three weeks after the shooting, contained four color photographs of Japanese girls shot from behind, with their underpants seemingly visible. The joke was the girls were actually wearing specially silk-screened skirts.

More recent communications have been more sober. The other day, for instance, Phil sent a note to one of the regulars at the Castle gabfests, thanking him for a message of support. "Be good to rock and roll, and it will be good to you," he [illegible] Phil."

CREDITS

FASHION



Cover: Drew Barrymore's Calvin Klein sweater from Nordstrom and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; **Prada** bra and boxer shorts from selected Prada stores; Sarajane Hoare for Vernon Jolly.

Page 40: Drew Barrymore's **Tom Ford for Gucci** kimono and dress from selected Gucci stores.

Page 63: Evan Rachel Wood's Jared Gold T-shirt from Barneys Co-op New York, N.Y.C.; Janine Israel for Celestineagency.com.

Page 72: Bottom, styled by David Youkhannah for Cloutieragency.com.

Page 82: Top, **David Cossin, Robert Black, Evan Ziporyn, Lisa Moore, Wendy Sutter,** and **Mark Stewart** styled by Jane Hershipps; chairs from Cosmo's Cosmos, Brooklyn, N.Y.C.; bottom, **Surge Joebot, Disco, M., the Rock and Roll Indian,** and **Dick Valentine** styled by Susie Crippen for www.exclusiveartistsmgmt.com.

Page 84: Dylan Lauren styled by Joanna Hillman.

Page 157: Fred Weller's Michael Kors sweater from Michael Kors, N.Y.C.; **John Varvatos** pants from John Varvatos, N.Y.C. and L.A.; **Bottega Veneta** gloves from Bottega Veneta boutiques nationwide; **TAG Heuer** watch from the TAG Heuer boutique, N.Y.C.; Bruce Pask for Judy Casey Inc.



Page 161: James Cramer and **Lawrence Kudlow** styled by Jane Hershipps. Cramer's suit by **Ermenegildo Zegna Soft Collection,** from Zegna boutiques nationwide, or go to www.zegna.com, or call 888-880-3462; shirt by **Canali,** from Barneys New York, N.Y.C., and Bloomingdale's stores nationwide; shoes and tie by **Boss Hugo Boss,** from Hugo Boss, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills, and Bloomingdale's stores nationwide. Kudlow's tie by Boss Hugo Boss, from Hugo Boss, N.Y.C.; shoes by **Bally,** from Bally, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills.



Pages 168–69: Drew Barrymore's **Peter Som** gown from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., Kirna Zabête, N.Y.C., and Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco.

Pages 170–71: Tommy Hilfiger dress from selected Tommy Hilfiger stores; **Dior by John Galliano** dress from selected Dior boutiques, or call 800-929-DIOR, or go to www.dior.com

Page 172: Dior by John Galliano dress from selected Dior boutiques, or call 800-929-DIOR, or go to www.dior.com; **Jill Stuart** shoes from Jill Stuart, N.Y.C.



Page 173: Calvin Klein dress from Calvin Klein, N.Y.C. and Dallas.

Pages 182–83: The aggregate cast of the original *Law & Order* styled by Janine Israel for Celestineagency.com. **Benjamin Bratt's** suit by **Dior Homme by Hedi Slimane,** from Neiman Marcus, San Francisco and L.A., Jeffrey, N.Y.C., and Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. and Bal Harbour, Fla. **Richard Brooks's** shirt by **Tom Ford for Gucci,** from selected Gucci stores; tie by **Barneys New York,** from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. **Dann Florek's** suit by **Giorgio Armani,** from selected Giorgio Armani boutiques; shirt by **Prada,** from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. **Angie Harmon's** dress by **Vera Wang,** from Vera Wang, N.Y.C.; earrings by **Rosalina,** from selected Neiman Marcus stores, or call 800-395-1036. **Jill Hennessy's** dress by **Narciso Rodriguez,** from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. and L.A.; jewelry from Jennifer Kaufman, L.A. **Carey Lowell's** dress by **Dolce & Gabbana,** from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills; earrings and neck[lace] by **Renee Lewis,** from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. **Jesse Martin's** suit by **Banana Republic,** from Banana Repu[blic] stores nationwide, or call 888-BRSTYLE; shirt by **Herm[ès]** from Hermès boutiques nationwide. **S. Epatha Merkerson's** pants and coat by **Escada,** from Escada boutiques nationwide, or call 800-869-8424; blouse by Hermès, from Hermès boutiques nationwide; earrin[gs] by **Paul Morelli,** from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C. **Chris Noth's** suit and shirt by **Tom Ford for Gucci,** fro[m] selected Gucci stores. **Jerry Orbach's** suit, shirt, and ti[e] **Paul Stuart,** from Paul Stuart, N.Y.C. and Chicago. **Elisabeth Röhm's** top by **Max Mara,** from Max Marc[o] Boston and N.Y.C.; pants by Dolce & Gabbana, from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills; necklace by **Julie Baker Design,** from Fragments, N.Y. **Sam Waterston's** suit by Giorgio Armani, from selecte[d] Giorgio Armani boutiques; shirt and tie by **Brooks Brothers,** from Brooks Brothers stores nationwide; for b[elt] by **Cole Haan,** go to www.colehaan.com.



Page 219: See credits for page 172.

Page 238: Ali MacGraw styled by Elisa Goodkind[.]

BEAUTY AND GROOMING

Cover: Drew Barrymore's hair styled with **Clinique** Healthy Shine Serum, Extra Body Volumizing Spray, and Non-Aerosol Hairspray, from Saks Fifth Avenue, Bloomingdale's, and other department stores nationwi[de] or go to www.clinique.com; Serge Normant for Jed R[ot]h Moisturizer and makeup products by **Yves Saint Laur[ent]** from Saks Fifth Avenue, Neiman Marcus, Nordstrom, [and] Bloomingdale's stores nationwide; on her face, Hydra Tech Optimum Hydration Lotion, Lisse Expert Eye & Li[p] Anti-Wrinkle Concentrate, Tein De Jour Tinted Moisturizer in No. Golden Honey, a Touche Éclat Radi Touch in No. 1 Luminous Radiance; on her eyes, Ombres Vibration D[uo] in No. 27 Steel Blue/Silver Mist and Dessin du Regard Haute Tenue Long Lasting Eye Pencil in No. 1 Intense Bl[ack] with Mascara Longueur Intense in No. 5 Mink Touch; [on] her cheeks, Teint Parfait Complexion Enhancer in No. 1 Radiant Mauve; on her lips, Glossy Touch Multi-Purpos[e] Gloss and Lisse Gloss Smoothing Lip Gloss in No. 6 Sk[in] Caress; on her nails, Vernis Naturel Traitant Fortifying Natural Nail Lacquer in No. 2 Porcelain Rose; Lisa Pos[ter] for OPI/Celestineagency.com.



Page 40: Graydon Carter's grooming by Lisa Forste[r] for Judy Casey Inc. For Drew Barrymore's beauty deta[ils] see credits for pages 168–169.

Page 48: David Margolick's grooming by Jenn Streiche[r] for Artistsbytimothypriano.com.

Page 63: Evan Rachel Wood's Bum and Bumble Styling Lotion, from www.bumbleandbumble.com. On her eyes, **MAC** Crème Liner in Dark Brown and **Chanel** Instant Lash mascara in Black/Brown; on her cheeks, MAC Sheertone Blush in Peaches; on her lips, MAC Lip Conditioner; MAC products from MAC stores nationwide, or go to www.maccosmetics.com; Chanel products from www.gloss.com. Kali for Bumble and Bumble/Celestineagency.com; Joanne Gair for Smashboxagency.com.



Page 72: Gigi Levangie Grazer's hair by Rob Talt for Luxe; makeup by Karan Mitchell for Luxe.

Page 74: Mishal Husain's hair and makeup by Lori Celedonia-Pressman for T.H.E. Artist Agency.

e 80: Eric Goode's and **Sean MacPherson's** ming by Claudia Andreatta for DMA-Deborah in Agency.

e 82: Top, **David Cossin's, Robert Black's, Evan ryn's, Lisa Moore's, Wendy Sutter's,** and **Mark art's** hair by Barbara Fazio and makeup by Gigi , both for Artistsbytimothypriano.com. Bottom, **Surge ot's, Disco's, M.'s, the Rock and Roll Indian's, Dick Valentine's** grooming by Dawn Brocco for ory Artists.

e 84: Top, **Dylan Lauren's** hair by Lisa-Raquel for Management; makeup by Mally Roncal for Contact. ter, **Anthony Logistics for Men** products from ora and Nordstrom stores nationwide, or go to .anthonylogistics.com; for products by **Min,** go to .min.com, or call 866-227-2566; for **Kiehl's** products, o www.kiehls.com; **Kanebo** products available at dorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and selected Saks Fifth ue stores; **Darphin** products from Neiman Marcus s nationwide, or go to www.neimanmarcus.com. m, **Maybelline** products from drugstores nwide; for **MAC** products, call 800-387-6707, or go ww.maccosmetics.com; for products by **Lancôme,** o www.lancome.com; for **Bobbi Brown** products, go ww.bobbibrown.com; **Sisley** products from Neiman cus stores nationwide, Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., selected Saks Fifth Avenue stores.

e 100: Catherine Furniss for Kiehl's/ estneagency.com.

e 130: Sharon Ive for Carol Hayes Management.

e 157: Fred Weller's hair styled with **Bumble and nble** Styling Wax, from the Bumble and Bumble Salon, C., or go to www.bumbleandbumble.com or v.webbeautystore.com. On his face, **Decléor** Day am; on his lips, Decléor Lip Balm; Decléor products n Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., Skin Care Lab, N.Y.C., high-end spas nationwide, or go to v.decleor.com; Eric Polito for Decléor/IGroup.

ge 161: James Cramer's and **Lawrence Kudlow's** and grooming by Claudia Andreatta for DMA-borah Martin Agency.

ges 168–69: On Drew Barrymore's face, **Yves Saint urent** Énergie Teint Oil Free Liquid Foundation in Pink ber and Touche Éclat Radiant Touch in No. 1 Luminous diance; on her eyes, Ombres Vibration Duo in No. 27 el Blue/Silver Mist and Dessin du Regard Haute Tenue g Lasting Eye Pencil in No. 1 Intense Black with scara Longueur Intense in No. 5 Mink Touch; on her eeks, Blush Variation in No. 2 Pink Bloom; on her lips, ssy Touch Multi-Purpose Gloss and Lisse Gloss oothing Lip Gloss in No. 6 Skin Caress.

ges 170–71: See credits for cover.

ges 172–73: See credits for pages 168–69.

ges 182–83: Benjamin Bratt's grooming by Erin llagher for Koko-represents.com; all other men's oming by Diana Schmidtke for Alterna/Celestineagency



.com and by Gigi Hale for Artistsbytimothypriano.com. **Angie Harmon's** hair styled by Jimmy Paul for Bumble and Bumble using **Bumble and Bumble** products, from bumbleandbumble.com; makeup by Kristofer Buckle for Artistsbytimothypriano.com; keup products by **Neutrogena,** from drugstores tionwide. **Jill Hennessy's** hair styled by Miles Haddad Pantene/Cloutieragency.com; hair products by **Pantene,** from drugstores nationwide; makeup by Meghan McClain for Chanel/Solo Artists; makeup products by **Chanel,** from Chanel boutiques nationwide. **Carey Lowell's** and **S. Epatha Merkerson's** hair styled by Rheanne White for See Management; makeup by Hector Simancas for Shiseido/Art Department. **Elisabeth Röhm's** hair styled by Luca Blandi for the Oscar Blandi Salon; makeup by Nick Barose for Art Mix (the Agency).

Page 219: See credits for pages 168–69.

Page 238: Ali MacGraw's hair styled by Rheanne White for See Management using **Privé** Detailing Pomade, from Privé Salon, L.A. Makeup by Gigi Hale for Artistsbytimothypriano.com; on her face, **Shu Uemura** Nobara Cream Foundation in No. 365; on her eyes, **Nars** the Multiple in South Beach with **Maybelline** Great Lash mascara in Blackest Black; on her cheeks, Nars the Multiple in Palm Beach; on her lips, **Lorac** Lip Palette Pro 9. Shu Uemura products from Shu Uemura and Sephora stores nationwide; Nars products from Neiman Marcus and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; Maybelline products from drugstores nationwide; Lorac products from selected Nordstrom stores and Sephora stores nationwide.



PHOTOGRAPHS AND MISCELLANY

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Page 42: Top, courtesy of *The Weekly Standard.*

Page 56: From the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Page 60: Courtesy of the Jean Howard Collection, American Heritage Center, University of Wyoming.

Page 63: Chris Gaskill for Smashboxagency.com.

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Page 88: Left, from A.P. Wide World Photos; center and right, from Gamma.

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Page 100: Production by Ruth Levy; 1958 Rolls-Royce courtesy of Executive Productions.

Page 102: From A.P. Wide World Photos.

Page 104: From NBC News/A.P. Wide World Photos.

Page 106: From BEP/*La Provence*/MAXPPP.

Page 111: Left, from Gamma; right, from AFP/Corbis.

Page 115: From Agence France-Presse.

Page 116: Left, from BEP/*Le Parisien*/MAXPPP; right, from BEP/*Le Progrès*/MAXPPP.

Page 124: Top, from AFP/Corbis; bottom, from Gamma.

Page 127: From Corbis Sygma.

Pages 132–38: Eric Charbonneau for Berliner Studio.

Page 140: Large photograph from Magnum Photos; inset from the Condé Nast Archives.

Page 142: Large photograph from the John F. Kennedy Library, Boston; inset from the Everett Collection.

Page 144: Top, from the Condé Nast Archives.

Page 146: Inset from the Condé Nast Archives.

Page 147: Top three photographs, © 2003 by Archivesmhg.com.

Page 150: Inset © 2003 by Archivesmhg.com.

Page 153: Large photograph from *The Washington Post*/Zuma Press.

Page 157: For Vespa, go to www.vespasoho.com or www.vespausa.com.

Page 164: From AFP/Corbis (McCaffery, Turgidson), by Carlo Allegri/Getty Images (Franks), from Corbis (Ike), from Corbis Bettmann (Cooper), from Corbis Images/PictureQuest (medical help), from the DoD/Getty Images (MOAB), by Jules Frazier/PhotoDisc/PictureQuest (hair, president), Gregory Pace/Corbis Sygma (Jennings), Erik S. Lesser/Getty Images (Brown), Lawrence Lucier/Getty Images (Rivera), courtesy of NBC (Arnot), by Gianni Dagle Orti/Corbis (Mona Lisa), from PictureQuest (joker), by F. Schussler/PhotoLink/ Photodisc/PictureQuest (diet book), Howard Sokol/Index Stock Imagery/PictureQuest (dog), Alex Wong/Getty Images (Pentagon, Rumsfeld, Clark), Stefan Zalkin/Getty Images (Clarke).

Pages 168–73: See credits for cover.

Pages 174–75: From *The New York Times.*

Page 177: Top to bottom: from A.P. Wide World Photos, from *The Washington Post,* from AFP, from Polaris.

Page 181: From A.P. Wide World Photos/White House.

Pages 182–83: Set design by Peter Gargagliano.

Pages 184–85: Large photograph from Getty Images. Insets: top left, © 2003 by Ramey Photo; bottom left, from the Clarkson family/Zuma Press; bottom right, from the *Los Angeles Times*/Retna.

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Page 205: From Globe Photos.

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CORRECTION:

On page 427 of the April issue ("Angels with Pretty Faces"), Cameron Diaz was styled by Guy Miracle.

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Michael Lutin advises Geminis to put on clean underwear

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21


Cole Porter

Considering that you have just endured a horrendous rite of passage—quite successfully, by the way—it's a wonder you have even a drop of patience left as you wait for that fabulous dawn that's supposed to follow the darkest night. Trouper that you are, you're sure to emerge smiling as brightly as if you hadn't spent the past two years going through the threshing machine. Despite your resilience, however, when Neptune makes a retrograde station, you can't predict when the paparazzi are going to pop up. Try not to get caught with your pants down.

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22


Senator Dianne Feinstein

Will somebody please tell you why it is that whenever you get a chance to go wild and have a good time your conscience immediately kicks in and ruins all the fun? Shrinks may say that as long as you keep looking for love in all the wrong places you're bound to be disappointed. From an astrological point of view, however, the fault lies in 7th- and 8th-house retrogrades and in Saturn's presence at the end of your 12th house. No matter where you choose to lay the blame, the fact remains that—try not to gag—in moments of doubt you have only faith to rely on.

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22


Neil Armstrong

Saturn's last gasp in your solar 11th house indicates that, although it's been ages since you've had a clue about what to do with the remainder of your days, your path to success and good health seems to be unfolding by itself. As for your personal life, it's difficult to say who is stranger: the wacky people you associate with, or you for being attracted to them in the first place. The odd dance Neptune is doing in your 7th house draws you to seductive individuals who are not always there for you and who, frankly, are not all there.

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22


Carmen Kass

Forget for the moment the anxiety that a few unusual and undiagnosable maladies have been causing you lately. The passage of Neptune through your 6th house should be providing you with inspiration and a fresh creative approach to your work, which in the end is all that really matters. Your emotional life is another story, however. A very pesky asteroid in your solar 5th house has been affecting your heart quite deeply. The good news is that you have been stricken with the illness we all want: love. The bad news is that there is no known cure.

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23


Sharon Osbourne

Blessed are the blissful idiots who grew up in happy homes and have no childhood issues to work out. There must be about five of them living somewhere on this planet. Be cheered by the notion that, no matter how smooth their lives may be, they too will eventually have to face a Chiron transit of their 4th house, as you are now, and will have to deal with memories that keep coming back like malaria. Fortunately, you have the smarts to separate the present from the past and to know that love conquers all. At least it's supposed to.

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21


Anthony Kiedis

You've learned a lot about communicating honestly in sexual matters, and during these crucial moments in the transit of Saturn and Chiron you must try to be as truthful as possible. That won't be easy with life coming at you from all angles. Whether you're a brainy computer whiz, a high-minded legislator, or a publisher of porn, you're bound to be juggling your career, family, and relationships and, with a new-moon T square surrounding you, feeling drained by all three. Luckily, your little Scorpio-mobile

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21


Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg

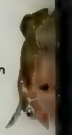
As Chiron goes stationary in your 2nd house, it might cheer you up to hear that there are very few people in the world who are sane or balanced on the subject of money. On top of the fact world markets are undergoing a period of reorganization (read "chaos"), your personal issues of control and dependence are making economic life a hundred times more complicated than it normally is. wonderful thing about you is that, no matter how much you rant rave, you honestly don't give a damn.

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN


James Blake

The recent transit of Chiron through your sign opened a ber of old wounds, brought some feelings of rejection to the face, and dented your self-confidence. As a result, you have withdrawn much of the social intercourse you once enjoyed. Happily, your nol tangere attitude and solitary lifestyle have helped you reap great ben giving you ample time and space to improve your health, sharpen your s and hone your craft. You have to admit that all that negative garbage getting old. Very old.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18


Paris Hilton

At this point it may be difficult to remember the good old days, when you awoke each morning fired up to go out and kill any and all business-world wolves who dared threaten your survival. That long before Neptune entered Aquarius and Chiron moved into your house. New times demand new attitudes, however, and whatever re you may have, it won't do you a damned bit of good to sit around watc ice cubes melt in your glass and calling yourself a big fat flop. This is a for self-reflection, not self-recrimination.

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH


Benicio Del Toro

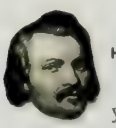
Some people have simple lives with little room for confus They go to the mall, make popcorn in the microwave, and t about it. Whoever they are, they are not you. The fact that Neptune, ruling planet, has just begun its retrograde motion in your 12th house cates that you must face the same old dilemma: should you tell everyboc go straight to hell, and do what *you* want for a change, or should you s fice your own pleasure for the good of others, whether they deserve it or And you thought you were done with that nonsense forever.

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

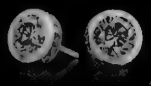

Maya Angelou

If it were possible for you to give in to your escape fantasies, you could simply walk away from the post you have been so valiantly defending and devote yourself to the pursuit of truth and mean All the political infighting has eroded your ambition and left you wi serious case of nausea. You're a pro, however, and although the thoug going down with the ship doesn't exactly turn you on, you're not about t a little thing like Chiron's retrograde mess up your whole life plan. If you weren't so plagued by desire.

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY


Honoré de Balzac

Naturally you'd prefer to have the world sitting in the palr your hand and not square on your shoulders. But with a luna occurring at the midpoint of a Jupiter-Neptune opposition, you are fe the pressure as you struggle simultaneously to defend your beliefs, sup your family, deal with the regime, and maintain some semblance of a tionship. Although you know it may be time to give it all up and retire life of sunshine and walks on the beach, you're not quite ready to sur der your turf. What's it going to take—an earthquake?



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A DIAMOND IS FOREVER



ALI MacGRAW

With 1970's *Love Story*, Ali MacGraw found herself the most famous actress in the world and an imminent Oscar nominee for best actress. Soon after wrapping her next film, *The Getaway*, she and producer Robert Evans divorced, and she married her new co-star, Steve McQueen. Then, at the height of her fame, she made a Garbo-like retreat from the movies. Author of the memoir *Moving Pictures* and narrator of the documentary *The Fire of Yoga*, MacGraw takes center stage to report on her love for Rilke, the postcollege tour, and death in Venice

What is your greatest fear?
That human beings will completely destroy our once perfect planet.

Which living person do you most admire?
His Holiness the Dalai Lama.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Fresh flowers.

What is your favorite journey?
The ones in my mind.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
Age.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
Every kind of hyperbole.

What is your greatest regret?
Not having lived in Europe after college.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
My son, Joshua.

Which talent would you most like to have?
I would love to have real musical talent.

What is your current state of mind?
Although I am in despair about the state of most of humanity, I choose optimism and love.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
I wish my parents and brother were still alive.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Surviving Hollywood.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
One of my animals.

What is your most treasured possession?
A specific letter from Joshua.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Not having any choices.

Where would you like to live?
I am trying to figure that out right this minute!

What is your most marked characteristic?
Optimism.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Generosity of spirit.

What do you most value in your friends?
Loyalty.

Who are your favorite writers?
Dostoyevsky, Rilke, F. Scott Fitzgerald.

What are your favorite names?
India, Joshua, Lucca.

What is it that you most dislike?
The "flavor of the month."

How would you like to die?
Asleep in a gondola in Venice.

What is your motto?
"There is undoubtedly a bigger picture."

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BY JAMES WOLCOTT

20 PAGES OF THE HOTTEST TEEN AND TWEEN STARS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK SELIGER

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, AMANDA BYNES, ASHLEY OLSEN, MARY-KATE OLSEN, MANDY MOORE, HILARY DUFF, ALEXIS BLEDEL, EVAN RACHEL WOOD, PAYTON AND LINDSAY LOHAN.

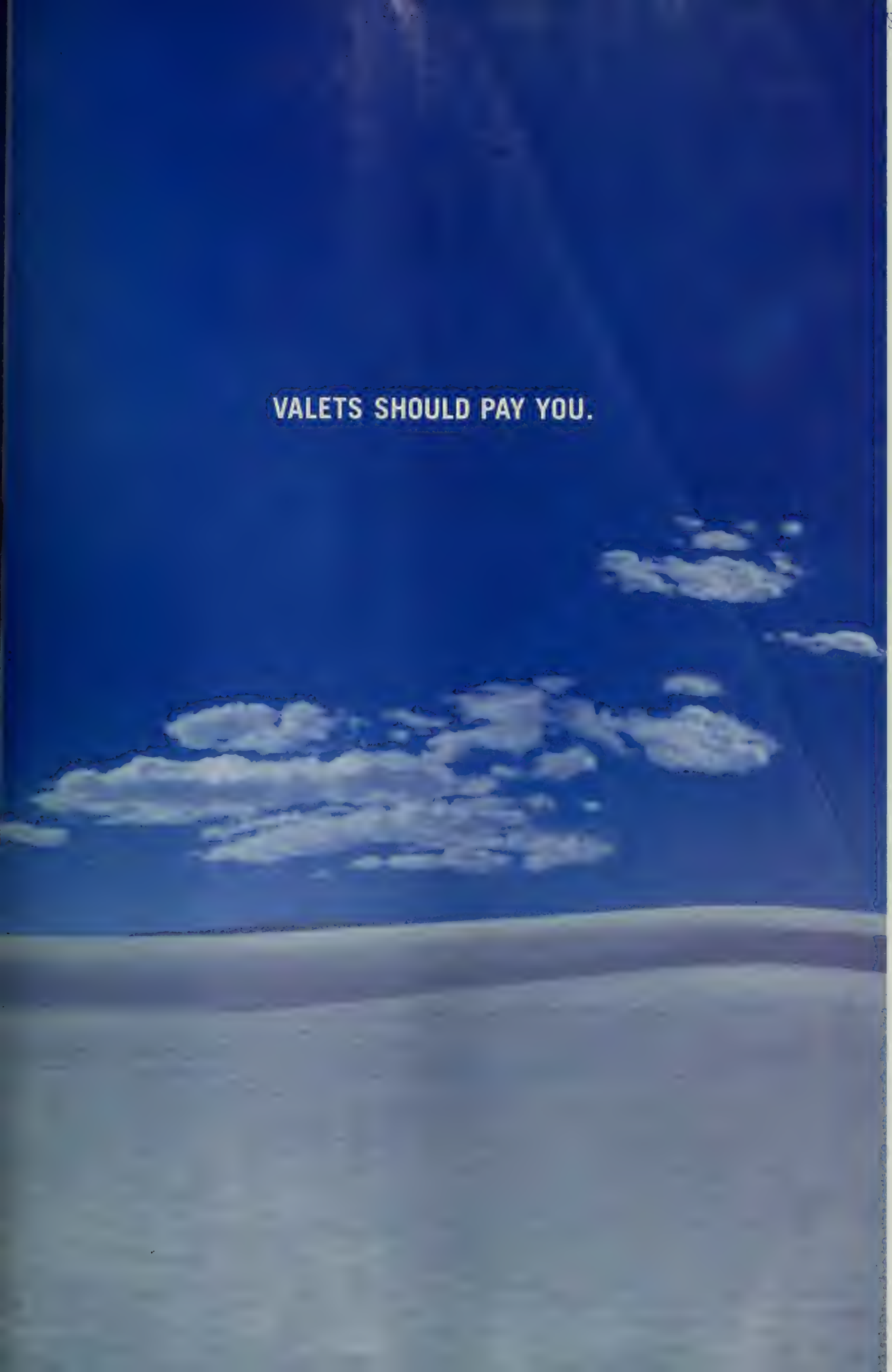
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FEATURES

96 TEEN ENGINES: RIDING WITH THE KID CULTURE They're everywhere, and they're targeting a teen near you! Mark Seliger captures 28 girl-power goddesses (think the Olsen twins, Hilary Duff) and cute-boy wonders (Bow Wow, A. J. Trauth), while Krista Smith pops a quiz on their crushes and pet peeves. Plus, James Wolcott decides that the kids of this Millennial generation—wired from birth, allergic to phonies, and reverential about Brad—really are all right.

114 BUSH'S BRAIN TRUST In from the political cold, the neoconservatives took control after 9/11, when George W. Bush found himself in need of a muscular foreign-policy doctrine. Sam Tanenhaus focuses on the movement's intellectual troika: Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Wolfowitz, controversial ex-official Richard Perle, and *Weekly Standard* publisher William Kristol. Portraits by Nigel Parry.

120 REALITY KINGS As shows such as *The Bachelor, American Idol,* and *Joe Millionaire* blanket the networks, viewers have two men to thank—or blame. Mark Seal tunes in the masters of reality TV, Fox executive Mike Darnell and independent producer Mike Fleiss, close friends and arch-rivals, for whom restraining orders, scornful critics, and arrest records mean only one thing: a ratings bonanza. Portrait by Jason Schmidt.

126 AMERICA'S WRITING FORCES Timothy Greenfield-Sanders and Matt Tyrnauer salute the nation's greatest living World War II novelists—Norman Mailer, Kurt Vonnegut, and Gore Vidal—for their loyal opposition to the latest war.

128 DEVASTATING LUXURY Neighbors rant about the monstrosity of Ira Rennert's mansion—"the house that ate the Hamptons"—but that offense pales next to the damage his mills and mines have done in towns in Missouri, Utah, and Peru. How, with his empire shrinking, does Rennert appear closer than ever to his retirement dream of a billion in the bank and the largest new private compound in the country? Michael Shnayerson investigates.

134 THE LURE OF TIM BURTON Mary Ellen Mark and Bruce Handy preview Tim Burton's heartwarming but (rest assured) fancifully bizarre *Big Fish,* starring Billy Crudup, Ewan McGregor, Albert Finney, and Jessica Lange.

136 A FIRST-CLASS AFFAIR The drama behind the making of Terence Rattigan's 1963 jet-set glamourfest, *The V.I.P.s,* was at times more sensational than the movie itself. Sam Kashner reconstructs the off-camera turmoil, when Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton, coping with the media glare thrown on their scandalous liaison, clashed and got smashed amid co-stars including Louis Jourdan, Maggie Smith, and Orson Welles.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

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FANFAIR

39 31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE The Brothers Polish—Krista Smith on Mark and Michael Polish's *Northfork.* Hot Reels: Bruce Handy reviews *28 Days Later* and *The Legend of Suriyothai;* Coming Attractions—Walter Kirn swashbuckles with *Pirates of the Caribbean.* Lisa Robinson's Hot Tracks. Brian Thomas Gallagher on the Long Island ladies of Northern State.

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52 LINGERING SHADOWS Dominick Dunne has given away his duct tape and consumed his bottled-water reserves. In other words, the war is over, and the diarist is busy—lunching with Johnnie Cochran, eyeing the Laci Peterson case, and tracking Alfred Taubman. Portrait by Antoine Le Grand.

68 TRIBECA LIGHTS At the opening of the second annual Tribeca Film Festival, Krista Smith and *V.F.*'s camera squad caught the dazzle of America's *other* film capital.

72 PALM BEACH'S BAREFOOT PRINCESS It began as a warm-weather wardrobe solution and became an all-American status symbol. The paradise-colored Lilly Pulitzer shift once again rules beach clubs, following a decade-long hiatus, and Lilly Pulitzer Rousseau herself, at 71, is back in business. Laura Jacobs profiles a high-society classic. Portraits by Jonathan Becker.

VANITIES

89 BE LIKE MIKE Suggested presidential backdrops; Out & In—pork bellies look good. Henry Alford's translation quiz. George Wayne with the original *Sex and the City* girl, Candace Bushnell.

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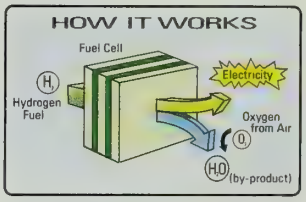
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Moneyman



During the past two decades, more money has probably passed through New York than through any other city in history. And yet, unfathomably, we're on the brink of financial crisis. One in 10 New Yorkers is out of work. Less than two years after September 11 we're closing fire stations and laying off support staff. The city is letting go almost a thousand classroom aides, including two who were cited for heroism after helping students in wheelchairs escape from their school near the World Trade Center during the attack. Garbage collection is being cut back, as are city park-maintenance staffs and the crews that clean public toilet facilities. Hours at the city's magnificent cultural institutions, including the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the New York Public Library, may be curtailed.

Michael Bloomberg, who was elected mayor by the slimmest margin in the city's history, has taken it upon himself to fix the problem the way any businessman would: by reducing overhead and increasing revenue. The trouble is he's doing this largely on the backs of middle- and working-class New Yorkers. He raised the sales tax and the local income tax. He also upped property taxes—by a breathtaking 18.5 percent. Police officers, who were threatened with severe cutbacks in the mayor's "doomsday budget," have seen their role change from one of protection to that of being just another part of the revenue stream. Like salesmen, they have their quotas to make. Silly, petty laws are being enforced in order to bring in more money. A deli owner on the East Side was fined $2,500 for having too many words on his awning. A man was ticketed for resting on a milk crate outside a Bronx barbershop.

This has not made the police popular. And it's not doing much for Bloomberg's reputation, either. The mayor's approval rating dropped from 48 percent in February to 32 percent in May. The same poll, conducted by a local college, included a more damning statistic, especially for a sociable city like New York: 40 percent of those surveyed said they wouldn't want to have dinner with the mayor. That really hurts. I have broken bread with Michael Bloomb both before he was elected to office after. He is nothing if not affable, g company, and a terrific host. *As lon you don't want to eat in a restaurant.*

Here, Michael Bloomberg loses n and a lot of others. With the enormou nancial and service problems the city fa and with tourists staying away in dr because of terrorism and SARS (and until that garbage starts piling up in heat of the summer), why does he sq der valuable political currency by pus a law banning smoking in all bars and taurants? There are approximately 25, such establishments in the city, and t bring in more than $10 billion annu Most restaurateurs, even if they do v barely get by. A recent survey of 50 random bars and restaurants by *New York Post* found that business was down by half at some of th since the law went into effect in April. After making it impossible to and smoke inside, the mayor decided to do the same for outside, rai the price of outdoor-café licenses by 400 percent this year. Call 311, city's non-emergency hot line, to complain about bar patrons kee you awake till all hours of the morning because they're out on the s walk smoking, and your call gets logged into a computer and the po respond when they have time. Oh, and, unlike 911, the call will cost

Michael Bloomberg is clearly a good business executive—he mad that money, didn't he? But he's used to being a boss—you know, ha people laugh at his jokes and getting to order them around. In jus months in office, he's done the unimaginable. He's made New York cool. Michael Bloomberg should know that to succeed as mayor yo got to rule with your heart *and* your head. You need carrots as we sticks; the gifts of conciliation and compromise, not just tenacity blind conviction. And to be the mayor of the city of New York, yo got to be just a bit bigger than life—both commanding *and* colorfu really should be part of the job description. New York likes leaders, hall monitors. You don't have to be Jimmy Walker, but you don't h to be Barney Fife either.

—GRAYDON CART



ON THE COVER: From left to right, **Amanda Bynes** (wearing a skirt by Marc Jacobs, shoes by Jimmy Choo, watch by Bedat & Co., and diamond necklace by Harry Winston), **Ashley Olsen** (wearing a dress by Proenza Schouler, shoes by Valentino Garavani, and bracelet by Boucheron), **Mary-Kate Olsen** (wearing a tunic by Chloé), **Mandy Moore** (wearing a dress by Chanel), **Hilary Duff** (wearing a top by Calvin Klein, pants by Prada Sport, shoes by Pierre Hardy, and bracelet by Bulgari), **Alexis Bledel** (wearing a top by Chloé, shoes by Dolce & Gabbana, and necklace by Fred Paris), **Evan Rachel Wood** (wearing a dress by Louis Vuitton, shoes by Chanel, and necklace by Fred Paris), **Raven** (wearing a T-shirt by Dior by John Galliano, pants by DKNY, shoes by Versace, scarf by Hermès, necklace by Harry Winston, and earrings by Dior by John Galliano), and **Lindsay Lohan** (wearing a dress by Kors Michael Kors, shoes by Gucci, necklace by Dior by John Galliano, and ring by Harry Winston). All hair and makeup products by L'Oréal. Styled by Inge Fonteyne. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Mark Seliger at Smashbox Studios in Culver City, California, on April 27, 2003.


DOLCE & GABBANA



AUDEMARS PIGUET TAKES MANHATTAN

On Monday, June 23, Audemars Piguet will celebrate the opening of its first U.S. flagship boutique in New York City. To celebrate this unprecedented event, Audemars Piguet will launch the exclusive "Terminator 3" watch, featured in the upcoming blockbuster film *Terminator 3: Rise of the Machines*. Hosted by *T3* star Arnold Schwarzenegger, the opening will benefit the actor's charity, the Inner City Games Foundation. At the event, Audemars Piguet will auction off "Terminator 3" watch-prototypes and other exciting items from the film. The limited-edition timepiece, modeled after Audemars Piguet's famous Royal Oak design, will be available exclusively in the U.S. until September 1 and is sure to become an instant collector's item (retail price: $19,000). Those who purchase the watch will receive DVDs of both *Terminator 1* and *Terminator 2* in their watch box; the *Terminator 3* DVD will be sent to every purchaser as soon as it is released. For more information and a list of Audemars Piguet retail locations,

CONTRIBUTORS



Vanity Fair couldn't have found a better person to examine the neoconservative movement for this issue than contributing editor **SAM TANENHAUS,** who is currently writing a biography of William F. Buckley Jr., a longtime ally of the movement. "There is a lot of debate and argument in Washington about how influential the neocons are," says Tanenhaus, who began writing for *V.F.* in 1999. "There are conspiracy types who think the neocons run everything. Then there are journalists who say they are getting too much credit. I learned that the neocons do indeed exert a powerful influence in the White House, and I realized that their world has more layers than I had thought."



SAM KASHNER has written extensively about 1950s and 60s Hollywood, but he nevertheless learned a thing or two about Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, and Orson Welles while investigating the making of their 1963 film, *The V.I.P.s.* "One interesting discovery came when I met Burton's widow, Sally Hay," says Kashner. "They were married just one year when he died, at age 58, and it's such a tragedy because with him he was going to have a sane life." Hay even showed Kashner some of Burton's poetry. "Burton, who revered authors and poetry, was a wonderful writer, and it was great fun to see his work," Kashner says. In December HarperCollins will publish Kashner's latest book, a memoir entitled *When I Was C*



Covering the reality-TV craze for this issue brought back childhood memories for writer **MARK SEAL,** who was just 10 when his father, Berney Seal, left his hometown of Muscle Shoals, Alabama, to become a comedian. "We thought we were going to Hollywood, and we ended up moving to Corpus Christi, Texas, where he proceeded to make himself a star in local television," Seal says. "When I met Mike [Darnell] and Mike [Fleiss] and the people who populate their reality-TV shows, I saw my dad in them—lifelong fans who would do anything to get on television and will do just about anything once the cameras are on them." A movie adaptation of *Without a Badge,* the book Seal wrote with former N.Y.P.D. detective Jerry Speziale, is currently in the works.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

THE AMC PROJECT

With The AMC Project, a collection of original films airing monthly on the network, AMC reveals unconventional, fresh perspectives on the evolving culture of Hollywood. Each installment of The AMC Project uncovers unexpected and provocative snapshots of this always colorful epicenter of entertainment. To create the series, AMC put out an open call to filmmakers offering the chance delve into one of their most intriguing passion points about the industry. What each director discovered on their journey ultimately eals Another Side of Hollywood.



AY HOLLYWOOD

REMIERES MONDAY, AUGUST 11 AT 10PM

ne town is supposedly ruled by the Velvet Mafia, yet being gay in ollywood isn't always a power trip. In fact, it can still be a drag. Filmmakers Randy Barbato and Fenton Bailey wanted to see ow today's gay men are making their mark in town. With more ay characters appearing on big and small screens, and gay men and women wielding more power behind the camera, they wondered how life in the real gay Hollywood has changed.

Gay Hollywood chronicles the experiences of five gay men trying to score their big breaks in screenwriting, acting, and fame.

TV FOR MOVIE PEOPLE amc

THE amc PROJECT



HOLLYWOOD AND THE MUSLIM WORLD

PREMIERES MONDAY, JULY 14 AT 10PM

How are "Friends" and J. Lo received in Cairo? Where does Al-Jazeera fall in the political spectrum of the Arab world? What themes are resonating with the independent film scene in Beirut? How does a young mother feel about the typical portrayal of Muslims in American films?

Hollywood and the Muslim World offers a contemporary Middle Eastern view of American entertainment. As satellite television erases traditional borders, the region struggles to integrate old ways with modern media. This film explores how a diverse group of Muslims see and experience the idea of America exported by Hollywood.

The insights offered reveal as much about America's cultural hegemony as it does about modern Islam.

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TV FOR MOVIE PEOPLE amc



MALKOVICH'S MAIL

PREMIERES MONDAY, DECEMBER 8 AT 10PM

Every year, more than forty tons of screenplay pitch letters are dropped into the Hollywood in-box. With the chances of discovery next to nil, what outrageous gimmicks, sly deceptions, and all-out drama does it take to stand out in the slush pile?

Malkovich's Mail, a film by Lou Pepe and Keith Fulton who directed "Lost in La Mancha," opens up an intriguing collection of pitch letters crossing the desks of Mr. Mudd Productions. The reputation of John Malkovich, one of the partners at Mr. Mudd, attracts more than its share of unsolicited ideas from aspiring filmmakers from all walks of life.

Malkovich's Mail captures the stories behind a diverse group of scripts. And for a few lucky souls, Malkovich briefly screen-tests their treatments, bringing the characters to life personally.

TV FOR MOVIE PEOPLE amc



I WANT TO BE CLIVE McLEAN

PREMIERES MONDAY, NOVEMBER 17 AT 10PM

What happens when an Ivy-league grad whose modest success in making films forces him to consider work in the porno trade to pay the bills? You'd expect him to make a tawdry exposé of a scurrilous industry. And you'd be wrong.

To land his first money shot, writer and director Peter Mattei sought a mentor. He considered an array of auteurs to emulate but knew he had something unique when he met Clive McLean, a gracious gentleman pornographer. Yes, a gentleman pornographer.

The skin trade discovered by Mattei—from a casting call to a romp in the hay at the McLean ranch—is remarkable for its overall ordinariness. "The people in this business just do their jobs," says Mattei. "They do them without apologies, without shame or guilt, and go home at night to their families."

TV FOR MOVIE PEOPLE amc

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HE HOLLYWOOD HUNT CLUB

EMIERES MONDAY, AUGUST 25 AT 10PM

eir snapshots of fame are beamed around the world, but the paparazzi have toiled in relative anonymity. Until now. Accustomed scrutinizing the goings-on of celebrities, the paparazzi in **The llywood Hunt Club** emerge from behind the zoom lens reveal- their unique spin on the people and phenomena they cover. From a Winona shopping spree to a Britney club crawl to eting Christina, Justin, and Keanu at LAX, The Hollywood Hunt Club tells the stories behind the candid photos that fill the tabloids. These aren't sordid tales about the stars, but the incredible lengths to which Hollywood's 24-hour corps of roving paparazzi will go in their efforts to outfox celebrities, and each other, to get the exclusive shot.

TV FOR MOVIE PEOPLE amc

THE amc PROJECT



REALITY PEOPLE

PREMIERES MONDAY, JUNE 16 AT 10PM

How does intense exposure to instant fame transform the so-called normal people who populate the growing roster of reality programming? What happens sixteen minutes later when the cameras disappear and your old life feels totally foreign?

How the thousands of reality refugees fared in their return to real life fascinated directors Rick Velleu and Eddie Rosenstein. "We found that nobody goes back to their old lives," says Velleu. "It changes them." **Reality People** traces what happens post-reality to Tonya Paoni of "Big Brother 3," Chadwick Pelletier of "Road Rules Australia," and George Boswell of the original "Big Brother."

THE AMC PROJECT

ORIGINAL SERIES PREMIERE DATES

HOLLYWOOD AND THE MUSLIM WORLD JULY 14 AT 10PM

GAY HOLLYWOOD AUGUST 11 AT 10PM

THE HOLLYWOOD HUNT CLUB AUGUST 25 AT 10PM

I WANT TO BE CLIVE McLEAN NOVEMBER 17 AT 10PM

MALKOVICH'S MAIL DECEMBER 8 AT 10PM

Dates and times subject to change.

TV FOR MOVIE PEOPLE amc

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Above: Film critic Roger Ebert enjoys the festival alongside actor Greg Kinnear.

CALLING ALL FILM FANS

The most influential and critically acclaimed films of past years—*Talk to Her, Bowling for Columbine, The Fast Runner, Rabbit-Proof Fence, Crouching Tiger Hidden Dragon,* and *Amélie*—all shared their world or North American premieres at one place: the Telluride Film Festival, presented by the National Film Preserve with Polo Ralph Lauren. Embracing all aspects of the art of film, from forgotten gems of the past to cutting-edge contemporary movies, the Telluride Film Festival is a world-renowned celebration of film. The festival program, which is kept secret until opening day, includes premieres, features, remarkable re-discoveries, tributes, documentaries, shorts, and much more amid breathtaking mountain scenery. Join other movie fans in a truly unique experience, and be the first to see the films—brand-new and masterfully restored classics—that everyone will be talking about.

For information on the 30th Telluride Film Festival, August 29 through September 1, visit www.telluridefilmfestival.org, or call 603-433-9202. Passes are on sale now. For travel and lodging, call Telluride Central Reservations at 800-921-9463.

"Attendees appreciate the Telluride Film Festival for its genial, anything-can-happen atmosphere—like stardust flung across a stage by hippies. It tends to be a place that hypnotizes newcomers. Longtime fans speak of the festival like family."

–Elvis Mitchell, The New York Times

Festival sponsors include Polo Ralph Lauren (Presenting Sponsor), Volkswagen, *Vanity Fair,* Neutrogena, Telluride Mountain Village, Starz! Encore Group, Virgin Atlantic Airways, Kodak Entertainment Imaging, Sterling Vineyards, Universal Operations Group, Turner Classic Movies, Dolby Digital, Edouard Foundation, Lucky Star Foundation, Ken Burns, La Paz Foundation, and Tom Cruise. Special support provided by the Academy Foundation of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

SEX AND THE CITY®

An all-new season of HBO's smash-hit series *Sex and the City,* starring Sarah Jessica Parker, premieres Sunday, June 22 at 9 P.M./8 P.M. Central. Only on HBO.®

AGNONA OPENS ITS FIRST U.S. STORE

No one knows cashmere like Agnona. Dedicated to making the finest fabrics in the world, Agnona is a pioneer in the field of luxury textiles including cashmere, alpaca, vicuna, camel-hair, mohair, and wool. Now, the renowned weaver of precious fiber has opened its first retail store in the U.S., at the luxurious Peninsula Hotel in Beverly Hills. The boutique will carry an exquisite collection of women's ready-to-wear, knitwear, accessories, and home fashions, all for discerning clients who appreciate the finest in quality and design. Experience Agnona at the new store, or at Neiman Marcus, Bergdorf Goodman, and selected specialty stores. For more information, visit www.agnona.com.



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Above: Models sport customized GUESS? jackets at the second annual Night of the Butterfly event.

CELEBRITY-DESIGNED JACKETS ON eBAY

On March 20 in Bel Air, *Vanity Fair* and GUESS? hosted the second annual Night of the Butterfly to benefit Chrysalis, an organization that helps find jobs for financially disadvantaged individuals living in the Los Angeles area. Actress Rebecca Gayheart and director Brett Ratner reigned as the evening's power hosts, welcoming over 500 guests to one of the most elegant fêtes of the season. Throughout the evening, models wearing celebrity-designed GUESS? jackets mingled with the well-heeled crowd. Beginning June 16, consumers can bid on these one-of-a-kind jackets—created by stars such as Gayheart, Ming-Na, Grace Slick, and Robert Downey Jr.—by visiting www.ebay.com. All sales proceeds will benefit Chrysalis.

VANITY FAIR **AGENDA**
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NEUTROGENA PRESENTS THE TELLURIDE FILM FESTIVAL SWEEPSTAKES

Celebrating five years of partnering with the Telluride Film Festival, Neutrogena and *Vanity Fair* are giving away 1,000 Neutrogena gift sets.

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- **Norwegian Formula® Hand Cream**
- **Rainbath Refreshing Shower & Bath Gel**

Enter to win today by logging on to VanityFair.com and filling out the on-line entry form.

All entries must be received by August 28, 2003. Winners will be announced on or about September 15, 2003. For complete rules and regulations, visit VanityFair.com.

CONTRIBUTORS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

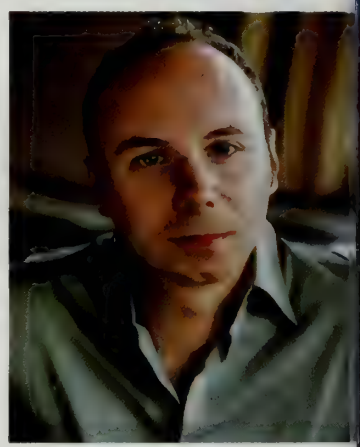


NAME: **KRISTA SMITH.** SIGN: Libra. BIG BREAK: Being named *V.F.*'s West Coast editor. RECENT PROJECTS: Cover stories on Drew Barrymore, Salma Hayek, and Reese Witherspoon. FAVORITE LIP GLOSS: Bonne Bell Lip Smackers (Dr Pepper flavor). FAVORITE DESIGNERS: Dolce & Gabbana and Levi's. FAVORITE GUY'S GUY: John Elway. FAVORITE PRETTY-BOY: Allen Iverson. CELEBRITY CRUSH: Gwen Stefani. FAVORITE OLD TV SHOWS: *Bewitched* and *Charlie's Angels.* CONTRIBUTIONS THIS MONTH: Teen captions, Polish-brothers profile, Michael Pitt interview, *V.F.* Camera. CATCHPHRASE: "I mean, come *on!*"



JONATHAN BECKER

Contributing editor **LISA ROBINSON** (he with Bono at this year's *V.F.* Oscar party) listens to over 100 CDs for her bimonth Hot Tracks column. Robinson, who also spends nine months a year lining up subj for *V.F.*'s annual Music Issue, hears musi in cars, recording studios, and over the ph She is relentless in her efforts to get music in advance of release, despite the parano about CD burning and downloading on- "As if I would even know how to *do* that. says Robinson, who admits to limited technical skills. "At home, I play music c a boom box from the late 1980s. If someth sounds good on that, it really sounds goo



In the two and a half years since assistant art director **CHRIS MUELLER** joined *V.F.*, he has become an expert storyteller. "I really enjoy digging into a manuscript, learning as much about a subject as I can, and then trying to tell a story with piles and piles of pictures," he says. In addition to designing features and columns, Mueller usually works with Graydon Carter and design director David Harris on the magazine's cover. Outside the office, Mueller, who was raised in Nova Scotia by his native–New Yorker parents and now lives in Brooklyn, moonlights as the drummer of the band Swain.



MELANIE DUNEA

Photographer **NIGEL PARRY** recently traveled to the Pentagon to take a portrait of Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Wolfowitz for this month's article about neoconservatives, which begins on page 11 "It was strange," Parry says of his high-security assignment. "I have never been on a shoot where I have had to give up my cell phone. Apparently, even when your phone is off, whoever is wishing to eavesdro can use your phone as a microphone." In the fall of 2004, Powerhouse Books will release *Precious,* Parry's collaboration with photographer Melanie Dunea.

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New York

can lead to sudden respiratory failure and death in some patients. For almost a month I could barely swallow liquids.

I want to warn as many people as I can about the danger of Botox. Others have told me of their various side effects from the drug, which have included terrible headaches and sinus infections that have lasted for months. What is the potential long-term danger to the immune system? Botox is a cash cow for doctors who have forgotten the Hippocratic oath and for drug companies that prey on individuals' vulnerabilities. Howard Weitzman is despicable to reduce Medavoy's claim to moneygrubbing. Perhaps a class-action suit against Allergan would be best?

JULIA KENNEDY
Malibu, California

THE PRITZKER FEUD

AS THE FORMER CHAIRMAN, C.E.O., and builder of Ticketmaster, I have been close to various members of the Pritzker family for more than 20 years ["Shattered Dynasty," by Suzanna Andrews, May]. Both Jay Pritzker and his son John have been especially close friends and associates. On a personal level, John has been loyal, honorable, and very responsible. On a professional level, he provided invaluable assistance in guiding Ticketmaster's development. On both levels, his integrity is beyond reproach.

I enjoyed a close relationship and spent a lot of time with Jay Pritzker, who was a mentor, partner, and friend to me. My experience was that John at all times conducted himself as a team player and integral member with regard to his family's business interests. In all those years I never saw any evidence that Jay ever disparaged or doubted John's ability. In fact, Jay frequently turned to John and me to involve us in his activities.

Both John and Jay played instrumental roles in building Ticketmaster. To suggest that John was a player at the fringe of the family's interests or that he simply ignored Jay's wishes in no way reflects my experiences with the Pritzker family. It is not an accurate characterization of the facts.

FREDRIC D. ROSEN
Los Angeles, California

SUZANNA ANDREWS did an excellent job of describing the unfolding drama. If Liesel Pritzker's father drained his daughter's trust funds, then she may not have had a choice but to sue, publicity or no publicity. It appears that she did not act lightly, knowing that accusing her father of fraud is serious business. It will probably be hard for her to recover anything. She will need all her courage and energy to stay the course.

ALEXANDER R. LEHMANN
Briarcliff, New York

LETTERS ON THE EDITOR

I FOUND GRAYDON CARTER'S commentary on George Bush's handling of the Iraq crisis ["Playing in the Bush Leagues," Editor's Letter, May] to be refreshing after so many months of being spoon-fed pablum by nearly every major media outlet in the country. That seemingly intelligent people do not see that America's invasion of an Arab country will lead only to mistrust and hatred of America in the Arab world is astonishing to me. President Bush employed a yeehaw, cowboy mentality to pursue what should have been a well-informed and sensitive approach to whatever he saw as the problem with Saddam Hussein. Thank you, Mr. Carter, for your straightforward, honest commentary. If only there were more such brave voices out there.

DANA RISLEY
Arlington, Massachusetts

I AM A LONGTIME FAN of *V.F.*, but Graydon Carter's Editor's Letter sent me straight to the computer to congratulate him on a courageous, intelligent, politically sensitive, albeit upsetting, editorial on what Bush has chosen to call the "Iraqi Freedom" war. What you anticipated on March 18 has happened. Who can guess what's yet to come? As I watched Bush on television, speaking in Belfast, I noticed there were still no worry lines on that face, no hint of regret/compassion—just the same tunnel-vision determination and not a clue about the Middle Eastern mind-set we are dealing with. It's scary that Americans' being hated in most of the world doesn't seem to affect the man who is, unfortunately, their president. Your editorial letter said it all. Thank you!

EDIE LOCKE
Los Angeles, California

I SUPPOSE Graydon Carter's comments on the then impending war deserve to be taken in the context of his status as both editor and Hollywood player. (Having taken the Beverly Hills–liberal party line right before his big Oscar party will no doubt keep him in the good graces of his guests for years to come.) Graydon Carter edits the finest general-interest magazine in America. The notion that our foreign policy must result in other nations' liking us, however, is misguided. Being nice in the 1990s did not ensure our security, as the 1993 World Trade Center attack, subsequent bombings of U.S. Embassies in Africa, and the U.S.S. *Cole* incident attest. Years and years of attempted diplomacy in regard to Iraq led to nothing but expelled weapons inspectors and broken promises on the part of Saddam Hussein. To have backed down to the U.N. Security Council would have done irreparable damage to our credibility as a nation that can be counted on to act as tough as it talks. As to whether Iraq threatens America: Hussein's flouting of international demands did a lot more to undermine U.N. authority than President Bush ever did. Eventually the time would have come when others looked to us to do something about Hussein. Meanwhile, untold numbers of Iraqi citizens would have been killed, jailed, or made to vanish; certainly you must understand this. America is different. We risk our popularity in the name of Iraqis who will never be able to reciprocate, and that fact will always distinguish America (and Britain) from our fellow Western powers.

MATT WILLIAMS
Astoria, New York

THE DRINK'S ON ME

AS A FELLOW JOURNALIST who has his own share of enemies, Dominick Dunne was surprisingly unsympathetic when I was doused with a drink by Ed "the Angry" Limato on Oscar night ["Guilty Pleasures," June]. I think I should be applauded for my restraint in not taking a swing at an elderly martini-armed man. Instead, Dunne gleefully gloats, "It must have been humiliating." No, Dominick, "wet" would be more accurate. Limato humiliated himself.

Dunne expresses his surprise "that Johnson made no mention of the incident the following day on 'Page Six,' where there was lengthy coverage of the night's festivities." Only he would be surprised. "Page Six" is a different kind of column from the one Dunne writes. It's not all about me, me, me, me, me.

RICHARD JOHNSON
Editor, *New York Post*'s "Page Six"
New York, New York

CORRECTION: In our article on Irena Medavoy, Dr. Andrew Blumenfeld was identified as a consultant to Allergan. While Allergan repeatedly referred V.F. *to Dr. Blumenfeld for comment, he does not have any such relationship to the company.*

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. Letters to the editor will also be accepted via fax at 212-286-4324. All requests for back issues should be sent to FAIR@neodata.com. All other queries should be sent to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of *Vanity Fair*.

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Founded in 1981, the Beverage Testing Institute conducts tests in a specially designed lab that minimizes external factors and maximizes panelists' concentration. The Institute selects judges based on their expertise, and its tasting and scoring procedures are widely praised as the best in the industry.

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93	Stolichnaya Gold Vodka
92	Staraya Moskva Premium
91	Van Hoo Vodka
91	Stolichnaya Vodka
90	Tanqueray Sterling Vodka
90	Rain 1995 Harvest Vodka
89	Ketel One Vodka
88	Wyborowa Vodka
87	Kremlyovskaya Vodka
86	Finlandia Vodka of Finland
86	Alps French Vodka
85	Skyy Vodka
82	Original Polish Vodka
82	Glenmore Special
82	Fleischmann's Royal Vodka
81	Mr. Boston Vodka
80	Pole Star Vodka
80	Luksusowa Potato Vodka
80	Absolut Vodka
78	Cardinal Vodka
78	Barton Vodka
78	[illegible]
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76	
76	
74	
[illegible]	[illegible]
72	Schenley
69	Mr. Boston Vodka

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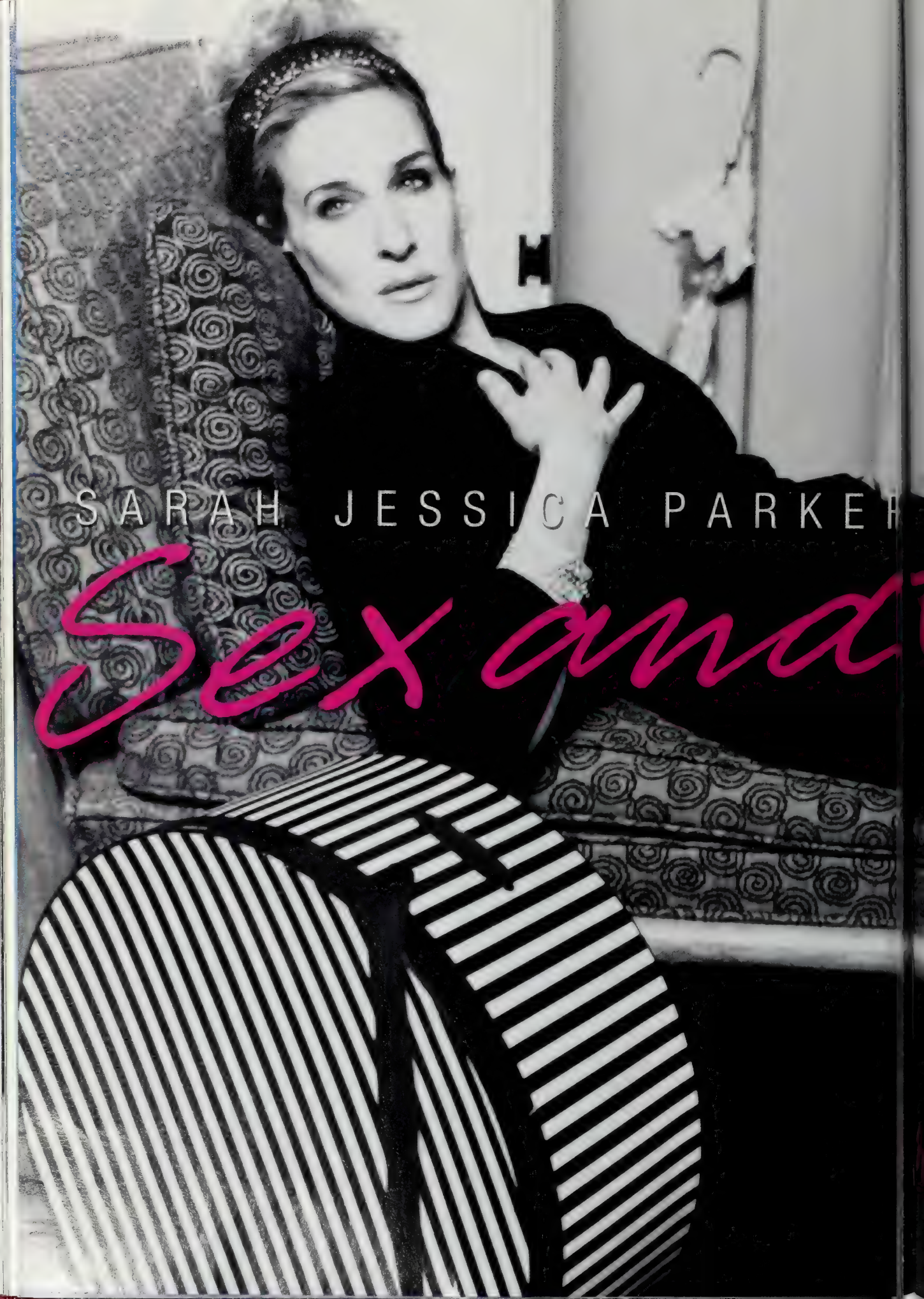
July 2003

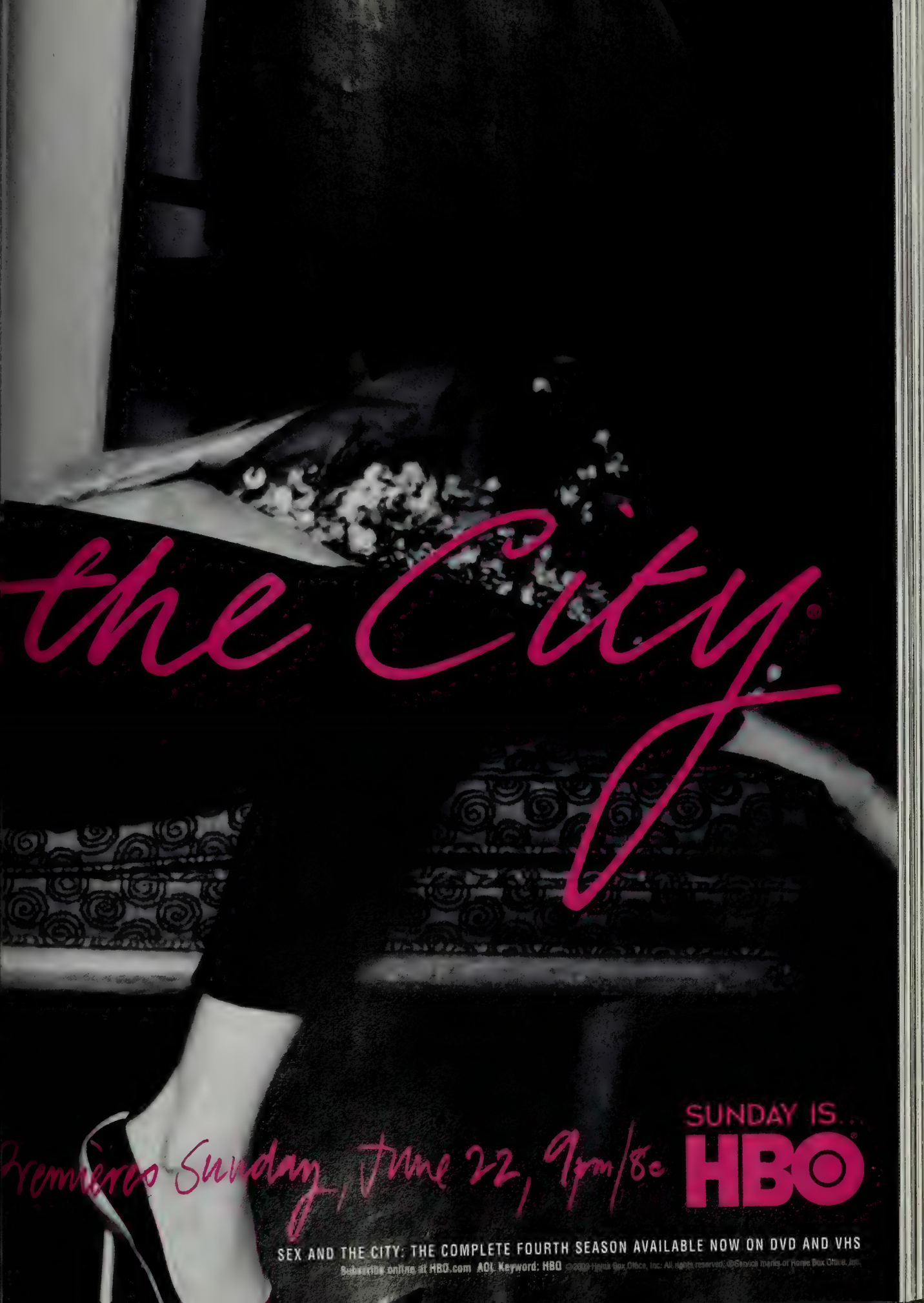


Double Trouble

Twin brothers Michael (left) and Mark Polish wrote and produced *Northfork*, out from Paramount Classics this month. Photographed in L.A. on March 27, 2003. For story, see page 50.

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July

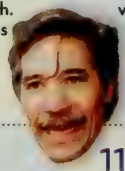
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY



1
Some Sing, and All Sign: This month, N.Y.C.'s Roundabout Theatre Company joins Deaf West Theatre for a Broadway revival of the musical *Big River*, based on *Huckleberry Finn*. (Jazz hands *and* A.S.L.: this could get fluttery.)

2
Longtime *Washington Post* photojournalist Arthur Ellis, who died in 1989, has his work shown at Washington, D.C.'s Corcoran Gallery of Art.

3
London's Porter Gallery: over 50 photographs of gardeners, garden-history writers, plant finders, etc., by Tessa Traeger and Patrick Kinmonth. Herbaceousness in evidence.



4
Happy birthday! The United States turns 227, and Geraldo Rivera turns 60: two birthday celebrants with very different gift needs.



5
London's Design Museum op the first major sur show—ceramics, textiles, visionary prototypes—of Dutch designer He Jongerius. (What time does it start? Hella'f I know.)

6
Wimbledon men's final. Grassy calm punctuated by bursts of nonverbal communication.

7
Running of the Bulls, in Pamplona, Spain. Some people will go to any length to make themselves exercise.

8
Dance Theatre of Harlem opens its production of *St. Louis Woman* at N.Y.C.'s Lincoln Center.

9
Theater director Deborah Warner (Broadway's *Medea* with Fiona Shaw) stages a site-specific work (viewers are given a map of venues to visit), *The Angel Project*, at N.Y.C.'s Lincoln Center Festival.



10
To Maquette We Go: The University of Chicago's David and Alfred Smart Museum exhibits the maquettes of sculptor Robert Arneson.

11
New York's Museum of Modern Art, in Queens, opens "Ansel Adams at 100." Magisterial mountains, adorable pinecones.

12
Portland, Oregon the literary journal *Tin House* hosts a weeklong series of writing workshops. Bookishness, sexing.





14
PBS premieres *History Detectives*. *Antiques Roadshow* meets *CSI*, or Angela Lansbury tries to find missing silverware in her pattern.

16
Top achievements in sports are recognized at the ESPY Awards (not to be confused with the S.O.B. Awards), held at Hollywood's Kodak Theatre.

17
Portland, Oregon's Powell's City of Books: Carolyn Parkhurst reads from her debut novel, *The Dogs of Babel* (and, on the 29th, Jon Krakauer reads from his new book, about Mormons).



19
New York City prepares for Central Park's 150th anniversa A can of whoop-ass—a dignified can of whoop-ass is opened.

20
The Hollywood Bowl welcomes India Arie, Money Mark, and Blackalicious as part of KCRW's world-music festival. Let's smoke a Bowl, dood!



Chagall's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, 1939.

22
This week HBO airs John Leguizamo's directorial debut, *Undefeated*, about a Puerto Rican boxer tempted by fame (and starring John-Lo himself).

23
Boston's Museum of Fine Arts celebrates Callot, one of the most celebrated printmakers of the 17th century. "Shall we go / To the Callot? / I like his prints / *Rearing Horse* for inst."

24
Lincoln Center hosts the 37th season of the Mostly Mozart Festival beginning this weekend, overseen by new musical director Louis Langrée.



25
Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Photography opens "Garry Winogrand 1964."

26
Paintings and drawings by Chagall—some ne seen in the U.S.—c the San Francisco Museum of Mode Art. (If the painter had gone into martial-arts movies, he'd have bee Steven Chagall

27
That muffled, hangover-y quality in the air? Today is the day after Mick Jagger turned 60.



28
That muffled, hangover-y quality in the air? Today is the day after the day after Mick Jagger turned 60.

29
Foxy jazzbird (and Elvis Costello companion) Diana Krall lights up Monte Carlo's Sporting Club.

30
The New York City Ballet visits St. Petersburg, Russia, for the first time in more than 30 years. They will perform Balanchine's *Serenade*, *Symphony in Three Movements*, and *Symphony in C*.

31
Last day of July. Summer romances reach their dizzying peaks before August's slow unraveling and September's sudden kiboshing.




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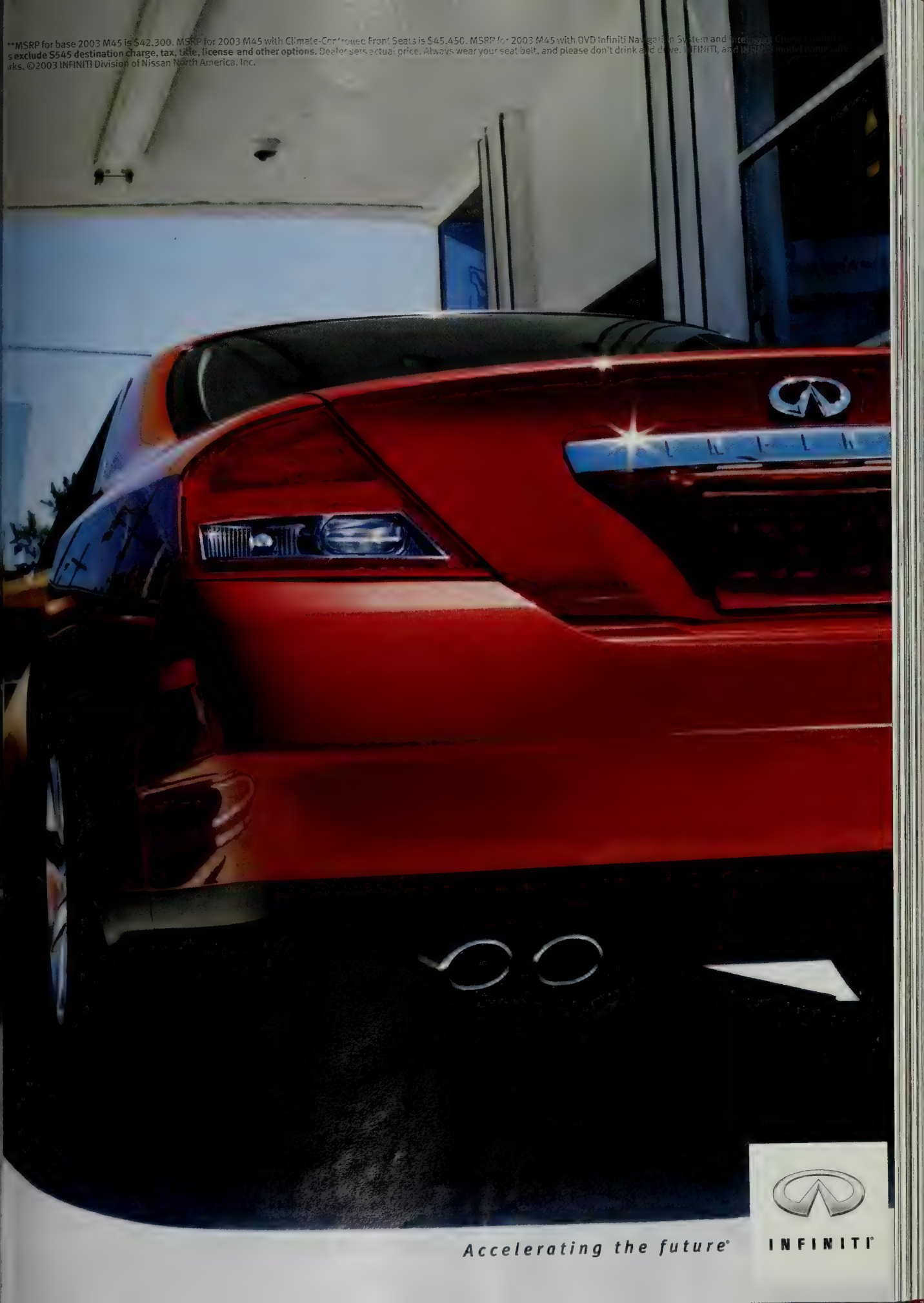
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Zombie Power

DANNY BOYLE'S APOCALYPTIC NIGHTMARE, *28 DAYS LATER*



ALL THE RAGE Cillian Murphy in *28 Days Later*

HOT REELS

Production of *28 Days Later* began before September 11, before anthrax, before Code Orange, before SARS—and it's British to boot. Nevertheless, it's hard not to view this apocalyptic film as a pop response to recent (frequently) American history in much the same way that *Godzilla* replayed Hiroshima in a fun-house mirror. The vehicle is a jolting, end-of-the-world zombie picture, an homage to *Night of the Living Dead,* its sequels, and, of course, the beloved *Omega Man* (in which **Charlton Heston's** overcooked messianism makes even his Moses look medium rare). Director **Danny Boyle** (known best for *Trainspotting*) and screenwriter **Alex Garland** (he and Boyle collaborated on the adaptation of Garland's novel *The Beach*) thought they were making a broadly resonant parable about psychological violence when they started production in July of 2001. A prologue has animal-rights activists breaking into a research facility where chimps, instead of learning to ride tricycles, are injected with a virus referred to only as "rage." (Isn't that what **Mohammed Atta** had in his bloodstream?) Twenty-eight days later, the vast majority of humanity, or at least Londoners, have turned into murderous, blood-vomiting, opaque-contact-lens-wearing "infected." As zombies, they display an uncharacteristic lack of interest in eating flesh. Genre aficionados will otherwise be able to foresee most plot points way ahead of the scrappy band of mostly unknown actors who constitute our heroes. And that's O.K. The movie's charms have less to do with novelty than with filmmaking verve, stray touches of mordant wit, and a violent rush of an ending that transcends its tired we-have-met-the-enemy-and-he-is-us conceit with gobs and gobs of flying viscera. (**Rating:** ★★★) —BRUCE HANDY



COMING ATTRACTIONS

Geoffrey Rush as pirate captain Barbossa.

Trailer of the month: *Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl.* **Produced by:** Jerry Bruckheimer. **Directed by:** Gore Verbinski. **Starring:** Johnny Depp, Geoffrey Rush, Orlando Bloom, Keira Knightley. **Coming to a theater near you:** July 9. **Based on a true ride:** Your favorite Disneyland robots become a crew of live, swashbuckling adventurers crossing swords with a horde of undead skeleton people while attempting to rescue a kidnapped maiden and recover a dubious-looking Aztec coin. **Soon to become a major Happy Meal toy:** Thanks to rippling shoulder-length hair extensions, dark eyeliner, and a cute prop pistol, Johnny Depp re-emerges as a sexy buccaneer sure to win millions of pre-teen female hearts and fuel a new craze for men's shirts with puffy sleeves. **Shiver me knockers:** Apparently there was nothing under a D cup in pirate days. **The curse of *Hook*:** Though Hollywood knows that pirate movies don't work these days (and that they never really have), its original pact with the Devil stipulates that it produce a new one every 10 years or so or face the loss of its evil magic powers. (**Rating:** ★★★½) —WALTER KIRN

Rad Thai

CHATRI CHALERM YUKOL'S SOUTH ASIAN EPIC



CROWN JEWEL M. L. Piyapas Bhirombhakdi as Suriyothai.

The Legend of Suriyothai is a historical epic from Thailand, and you know what those are like.

You don't? Start by imagining *I, Claudius* fleshed out with clanging, cast-of-thousands battle scenes, the sort that Hollywood now shortcuts with digital effects but that were here produced the old-fashioned way, with extras dragooned from the Thai Army. The action takes place in the 16th century, a particularly dark period in Thai history, or so we learn, what with the monarchy's being destabilized by foreign invasions, shifting internal alliances, and poison. Rising to the patriotic challenge is the title character, a princess who for centuries since has inspired her nation with her uncomplaining, Mrs. Miniver–like devotion to duty. For Thais, this may all be very rousing, and the picture boasts further patriotic pedigree in having been written and directed by **Chatri Chalerm Yukol,** an actual Thai prince who studied at U.C.L.A. Unfortunately, while Western audiences may enjoy the rare chance to miss the King of Burma, they may also find the royal intrigue nearly as dumbfounding as the galactic politics in the *Star Wars* prequels. (A long time ago in a galaxy far far away, George Lucas at least knew how to tell a story.) The real reason to see *The Legend of Suriyothai* is the battle scenes, the best of which feature elephants lumbering into combat ridden by cavalrymen equipped with what look to be 10-yard lances. The result is a kind of slow-motion, herky-jerky joust that has to be seen to be believed. (The film's publicity material also promised bare-breasted Amazon warriors, but I must have missed them amid all the tumult.) (**Rating:** ★★★) —B.H.


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HOT TRACKS

LISA ROBINSON



From above: Terence Trent D'Arby, Dianne Reeves, John Mellencamp, and Junior Senior.





Be in time with the tunes: let your freak flag fly.

Outkast's forthcoming *Speakerboxx–The Love Below* is a breathtaking, creative work. **Bubba Sparxxx** releases *Deliverance*—an album's worth of clever, redneck hip-hop. *Run to Ruin,* the third CD from **Nina Nastasia** (engineered by Steve Albini), sounds both mournful and uplifting; it's alternative music at its best. *Chain Gang of Love,* from Danish duo **the Raveonettes,** combines the much-needed best of the Ronettes, good-time 60s bubblegum, and raw garage rock. Take one part B-52's, add a dash of Devo and some Cramps, and you've got yet another Danish sensation: **Junior Senior's** entertaining, disco-flavored, ready-for-aerobics *D-D-Don't Don't Stop the Beat.* As for the real **Cramps,** after 27 years of every-night-is-Halloween, they still manage to turn out terrific punk-in-the-Rue-Morgue rockabilly on *Fiends of Dope Island.*

Overdue: Except for the overuse of a wah-wah pedal on some clichéd guitar solos, *Strays* is the welcome, explosive new one from (re-formed) **Jane's Addiction.** While not as aloof as their last effort, **Radiohead** are once again mysterious and demanding on *Hail to the Thief.* **Terence Trent D'Arby** changed his name (to Sananda Maitreya), his country (he moved to Italy), and his record label (legal hassles encouraged him to go independent), but the enormous talent is intact and all over his adventuresome new *Wildcard! The Joker's Edition.* **Michael Franti and Spearhead** are rhythmically infectious, musically varied, and serious—but never preachy—on *Everyone Deserves Music.* Trip-hop pioneer **Tricky** presents his new vocal muse, Costanza Francavilla, on the intriguing *Vulnerable.* Fans of **Edie Brickell** will be glad to know her exquisite voice is back on her Charlie Sexton–produced album. *Masked & Anonymous* is the soundtrack from the remarkable, allegorical movie starring **Bob Dylan.**

Understated: The terrific jazz stylings of **Dianne Reeves** are evident on the Arif Mardin–produced, brilliantly stripped-down *A Little Moonlight.* Both **Jimmy Scott's** *Moon Glow* and **Aaron Neville's** *Nature Boy* contain heartbreaking new versions of old standards. **John Mellencamp** recorded *Trouble No More* on a 16-track machine, sang Willie Dixon and Son House songs into tube microphones, and has produced the highlight of his 21-album career. Eric Clapton and B. B. King join blues great **Buddy Guy** on his sexy *Blues Singer.* **R. L. Burnside's** *First Recordings* were made at home in 1968, before he ever went into a professional recording studio.

Underground: If you don't want to spring for individual CDs but are curious about the "hot," "new" New York rock scene, get *Yes New York,* with contributions from **the Strokes, Le Tigre, Yeah Yeah Yeahs** (performing here as **Unitard**), **the Witnesses,** and more. On *Bazooka!!!,* **the Star Spangles** have Carnaby Street style and a disdain for trust-funded, temporary rockers. **Rooney,** a cute, catchy pop-punk band of trendy rockers, release an eponymous debut.

Overheard: **Allison Moorer's** *Show* was recorded in concert in Nashville and features such associates as her sister, Shelby Lynne, and Kid Rock. **Gillian Welch's** *Soul Journey* is a thoughtful, countrified CD. **Novel,** the talented grandson of Solomon Burke, releases *The Word,* and on *Coming from Where I'm From,* newcomer **Anthony Hamilton** has a strong soul voice. Also out: new CDs from **Thalía, Iggy Pop, Thrice, Metallica, Monica, Depeche Mode's Dave Gahan, Death in Vegas, Ashanti, Steve Winwood, Michelle Branch, Diane Schuur, Big Bad Voodoo Daddy,** and the clever rap skills of **Da Brat.** Reissues this month come from artists as far-ranging as **Chet Baker, the Buzzcocks, Billy Eckstine, Björk, Bad Brains, Duran Duran, Lou Reed,** and **Frank Sinatra.**

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Twin Peak

THE POLISH BROTHERS COMPLETE THEIR TRILOGY WITH *NORTHFORK*



BROTHERS IN FILMS
Michael, top, and Mark Polish, photographed in Los Angeles, March 2003.

At just 32, identical twins **Mark** and **Michael Polish** have completed their critically acclaimed trilogy with *Northfork*, which Paramount Classics will release this month. Like its predecessors, *Twin Falls Idaho* (1999) and *Jackpot* (2001), *Northfork* is set in the rugged Northwest, where the Polish boys grew up. "It's a trilogy about the kinds of towns we traveled through as kids, and now we're done," says Mark, who stars in all three. (Michael is the director.) Set in 1955, *Northfork* focuses on a small, religious farming town that is being vacated to make way for a hydroelectric-power project. "I remember as a young child touring the dams that my grandfather helped build and seeing the pictures of the towns that were beneath the lake," Mark continues. "I was struck by that: how can you just kick people out?" The opening shot, in which a coffin shoots up from the depths of a lake, succinctly conveys the town's status as a place both dammed and damned.

The twins, who wrote and produced the film together, turned the shoot into a Polish-family affair: their father, Del, was in charge of constructing the eccentric sets, and their older brother, Matt, shot a behind-the-scenes documentary. With almost no budget, Michael and Mark managed to draw an impressive cast that includes **Nick Nolte, James Woods, Daryl Hannah, Anthony Edwards, Kyle MacLachlan,** and **Peter Coyote.** "We've never had a casting director. We just contacted the people ourselves," says Michael. "It was like drafting an N.F.L. team," adds Mark. *Northfork*'s Big Sky location—it was shot in just 24 days in freezing northern Montana—lends it a sense of epic scope. "We used a 10-scale gray chart," says Mark, referring to the film's nearly black-and-white chromatic scale. "Michael wanted to represent the film in the 'gray zone,' between life and death." The result is a surreal and lyrical fable about loss, dreams, and the price of creating the future at the expense of the past. —KRISTA SMITH

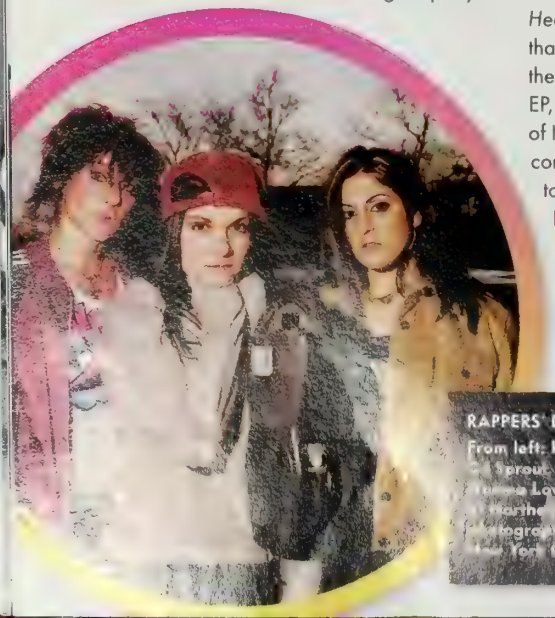
WORLD BEAT

Craving dance music in **Phnom Penh?** Head to the weekend dance parties at Riverhouse (Street no and Sisowath).... Loungelover Bar (56 Redchurch Street), in **London's** Shoreditch neighborhood, is filled with anatomical models, dolls, and fish heads.... In **Sydney,** crowds are lining up for the hot-pink vodka ice cream at RQ (242 Crown Street, Darlinghurst).

Girls' Club

THE LONG ISLAND LADIES SHAKE UP HIP-HOP

Money, cash, hos. Isn't that what hip-hop is all about? Well, maybe, but thanks to Northern State you can add to the list literary references, feminism, and old-fashioned rocking-the-party.



RAPPERS' DELIGHT
From left: Hesta Prynn, [illegible]

The group—made up of three smart young ladies from suburban Long Island, **Hesta Prynn, Guinea Love,** and **DJ Sprout**—is annotating the rap rule book. Their 2001 EP may have been titled *Hip Hop You Haven't Heard,* but their music won't have that status for much longer. With the recent release of their second EP, *Dying in Stereo,* the girls of Northern State are having a coming-out party. Having already toured with fellow Long Islanders De La Soul after some much-talked-about shows in Manhattan, the group leaves this summer to open for the Roots on a U.K. tour. In addition, they recently signed a deal with Columbia Records to release their first full-length album.

The girls have a clear, rowdy sound (they get compared to early Beastie Boys so often they're already sick of it), and routinely peel off clever lyrics such as "It's just me and the girls making joyful noise / I'm like Dorothy Parker when I run with the boys." But don't think they don't have an edge, especially when it comes to liberties with language. "Do we need to add a curse sometimes?" Guinea Love asks rhetorically. "Absolutely—why the fuck not?" Overall, however, Northern State tries to put forth a positive image and let other young women in on the secret they discovered. "If we can do this, so can you," says Guinea Love. "Furthermore, you should." DJ Sprout adds, "I'm watching MTV and I'm not pleased with what I see. When we make a video, there will be no hos dancing around in bikinis on a boat." —BRIAN THOMAS GALLAGHER





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GLOBE-TROTTER
The diarist was photographed in Monte Carlo on December 1, 2002.

Lingering Shadows

A mystery woman in the Laci Peterson murder, lunch with Johnnie Cochran, and Alfred Taubman's post-prison battle: as the author makes his monthly report, ripples from cases old and new also include an unexpected letter concerning a juror in the trial of his daughter's killer

We've won the war and watched the troops come home and reunite with their families in very moving tableaux, and everyone is glad that it's over, but there seems to be no sense of victory in the air, no merriment at having won. From the start, winning was a given. At 18, I was a soldier in combat in Europe during World War II. How different everything was. When that war ended, there was international jubilation such as no one had ever seen. People wept and cheered and hugged strangers while bands played "God Bless America" and fireworks lit up the sky. We loved our land. We loved Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill. It was a delirious moment in history. That kind of exhilaration has been absent this time around, and maybe it's because there's such a thing as being too powerful. However, life is back to normal. There are things besides Iraq on television. I'm drinking all that Poland Spring water I stocked up on in case New York got bombed, and I've given away the duct tape I was prepared to seal my windows with. I kept the face mask, however, in response to the SARS scare.

One result of the Iraq war was that I grew to dislike Jacques Chirac, the president of France, especially after seeing him interviewed most revealingly by Christiane Amanpour on *60 Minutes*. I think it will be interesting to see what happens when the next couture collections take place in Paris—whether the American fashion world will storm Paris as usual, or whether there will be a noticeable cutback.

Recently I had lunch at Michael's, the popular hangout for the publishing crowd, with the defense attorney Johnnie Cochran. It was the first time we had met face-to-face since the day of the verdict in the O. J. Simpson trial. I think it's safe to say that we weren't pals during that trial, where he was in charge of Simpson's defense team, although I always remained on pleasant terms with his handsome wife, Dale. Henry Schleiff, the chairman and C.E.O. of Court TV, on which I have a series and with which Cochran has an ongoing affiliation, came up with the idea of our having lunch together, after I wrote in my April diary that Cochran had spoken nicely about me in an upcoming Court TV biography of me. It seemed like a good idea. When you go through a yearlong trial, you get to know everyone, no matter what side you're on. And there are no two ways about it: Johnnie Cochran, one of the justice system's most charismatic figures, was the undisputed star of the Simpson case. The courtroom was his, not Judge Ito's, to rule, and rule it he did. He even upstaged his client, who had spent a lifetime being the center of attention. Some of the things Cochran did and said back then outraged me, but I could never stop watching him. It's not much different if you're having lunch with the man. Everyone in the restaurant was aware of his presence. We didn't talk much about O.J.; he hadn't seen him in two years. I didn't bring up the 911 call Simpson's daughter, Syd-

Dear Ketel One Drinker
Thank you.

ney, recently made to the Miami-Dade police after a family fracas. We discussed the standstill in the Phil Spector case. We also talked about the incredible coincidence that Chandra Levy and Laci Peterson, the two most famous missing persons in years, both came from the city of Modesto, California, and that they both turned up, after several months, as decomposed corpses. Cochran said the Modesto police must have evidence we don't know about if they can go after the death penalty for Peterson. Cochran is very funny, so we had a few laughs. At one point he borrowed my cell phone to call Dale in California. He said, "I'm here with a friend of yours," and handed me the phone. It was a nice moment, and a nice lunch—and a perfect way to get rid of old grudges.

The tragic discovery near Berkeley, California, in April of the washed-up remains of Laci Peterson, minus the head and legs, and the fetus of her unborn son, Conner, effectively ended the around-the-clock war coverage on television. Scott Peterson, after his arrest, became as reviled as O. J. Simpson had been a decade earlier. Peterson was front-page news and the lead story on television, with his dyed blond hair, his red prison uniform, and his cuffed wrists. The popular defense attorney Mark Geragos, a lawyer for Winona Ryder and Gary Condit and frequent talking head on *Larry King Live,* stunned everyone when he replaced Peterson's public defenders as lead counsel. The next time Peterson appeared, he was in a brand-new blue suit and had no restraints on him. His dyed hair was returning to its normal color, and he looked like a different person. Geragos, in a bit of pre-trial posturing, appealed publicly to a mystery woman who allegedly has important information about a credible suspect in the murder to step forward. He promised her anonymity. This gesture was clearly intended to create a reasonable doubt in people's minds. A rumor also arose that the defense might pursue a theory that members of a satanic cult had murdered Laci. However, so far my original opinion on this case remains unchanged.

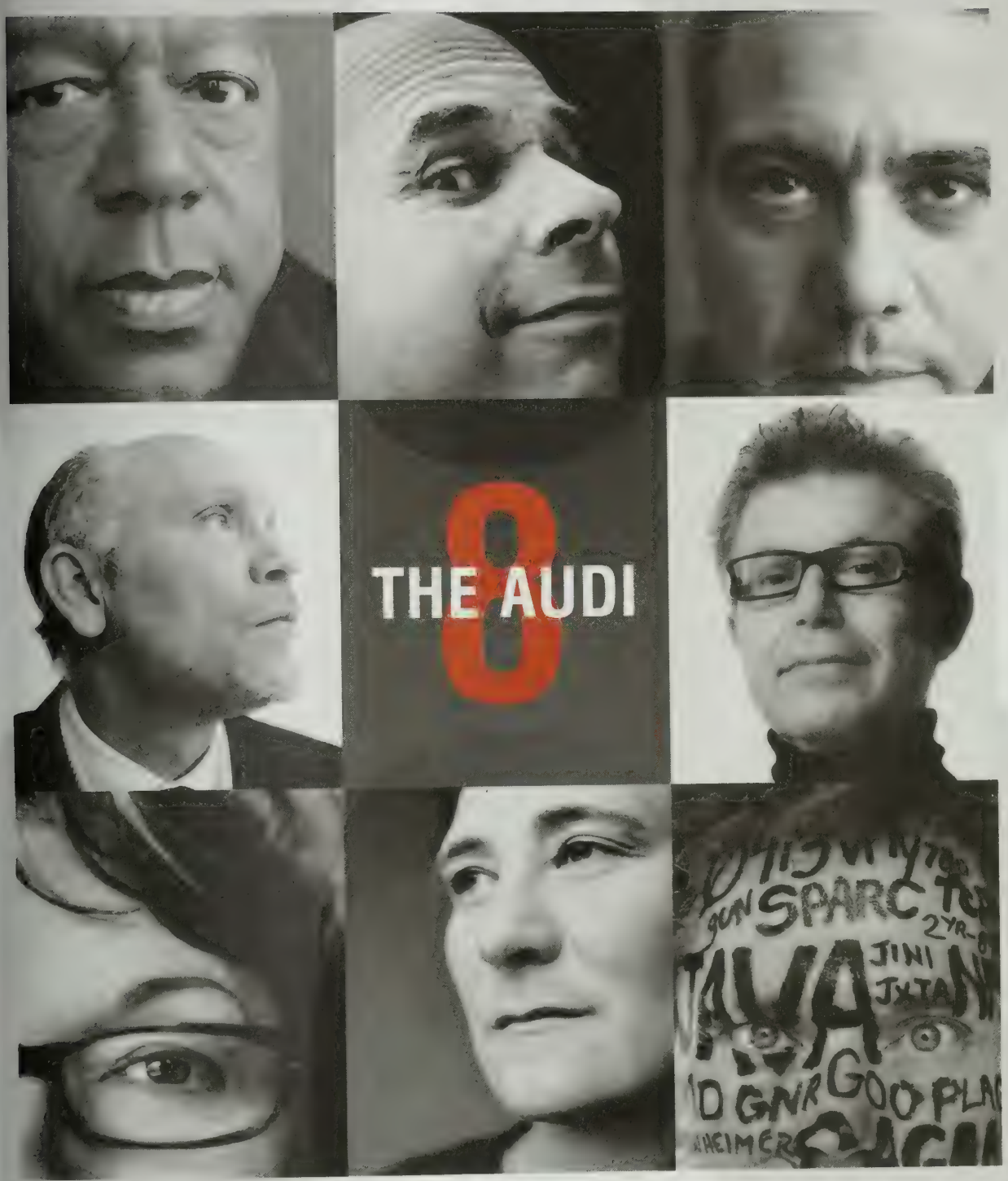
Twenty years after the trial of the man who killed my daughter, Dominique, I had a letter from one of the jurors. Actually, since the juror is now 90 and unwell, her daughter wrote the letter for her. My daughter's killer, John Sweeney by name, although he subsequently changed it to John Moira, got a slap-on-the-wrist sentence of six years, which was automatically cut to three, and, with time served, he got out in two and a half, to the utter astonishment of everyone who covered the case. The juror said she had served on several prior juries and had always had great faith in the legal system. "All that changed after Sweeney's murder trial," her daughter wrote. Her mother felt "completely duped" by the slant of the evidence presented. She felt that the jurors had been given only half of the story. "She still damns the judge for excluding the evidence that would have helped the jury come to a just verdict." The juror never served on another jury. I wrote her back, thanking her for her letter, and I sent copies of it to Steven Barshop, the prosecutor in the case, as well as to many of the people I knew who had attended the trial.

I have become acquainted with a fascinating woman, a new figure on the big-time scene and a great curiosity to Washington's Old Guard, who seem to feel that she is trying to buy her way into their rarefied circles. Her name is Catherine Reynolds, and she recently gave $100 [illegible] to the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. She [illegible] o stir controversy two years ago, when she pledged $38 milli[illegible] to the Smithsonian Institution, only to make headlines by rescin[illegible] offer a year later, after it became apparent to her that the Smithsonian's plans for her enormous contribution did not take her wishes into account. With a letter asking me to have lunch with her and her husband, Wayne Reynolds, at the Four Seasons restaurant in New York, she sent along a videotape of Mike Wallace interviewing the two of them on *60 Minutes,* where she discussed her disenchantment with the Smithsonian. She is a good-looking, no-nonsense lady who appears to be in her late 40s. She has a 10-year-old daughter and lives in McLean, Virginia. She was dressed expensively but conservatively, and wore very good pearls. Her husband is not a member of the Reynolds tobacco family or the Reynolds aluminum family. "I didn't marry money," she said to Mike Wallace. "I didn't inherit money. I actually made it." Mrs. Reynolds made a fortune by means of a system of underwriting student loans. She had previously given $10 million to the Kennedy Center and $1 million to Ford's Theater, and had underwritten exhibitions at the National Gallery of Art in Washington. She is the largest benefactor of the arts in Washington since the days of the munificent Andrew Mellon and his son, Paul. She is on close personal terms with heads of state and Nobel Prize winners.

By chance, I had a previous but remote connection to Wayne Reynolds, whom she married in 1999. I had met him in 1994 in Las Vegas, Nevada, when I was one of the honored recipients of a golden plate from the Academy of Achievement, an unpublicized nonprofit organization which brings outstanding students together with people of achievement. The academy was founded by Wayne Reynolds's father 40 years ago. Each year the event is held in a different location. I'll always remember that extraordinary weekend in Las Vegas. I was late for the dinner in the ballroom because I simply couldn't tear myself away from the television in my suite, to which I was riveted by the coverage of O. J. Simpson and Al Cowlings during their freeway chase in the white Bronco.

When we met for lunch at the Four Seasons, Wayne Reynolds remembered that that evening had led to my covering the Simpson trial. I had declined to attend this year's academy event in Washington because it conflicted with *Vanity Fair*'s part in the Tribeca Film Festival in New York, but in the end I was able to adjust my schedule so that I could go to the opening ceremony, and it turned out to be a memorable night. With 225 of the smartest graduate students from 44 countries in attendance, we met in the Supreme Court chambers, where Justices Sandra Day O'Connor and Ruth Bader Ginsburg talked about the Court's controversial 5-4 decision that gave the last election to George W. Bush. Secretary of State Colin Powell stopped by on his way to the airport to fly to Madrid to meet with José Maria Aznar, the president of Spain, and then to Syria. He defended the war in Iraq and took a few questions from the students. The dinner was held in the Supreme Court, where the soprano Kathleen Battle sang for us. I was seated next to Catherine Reynolds at Sandra Day O'Connor's table. My friend Scott Berg, a former recipient of the golden plate and Pulitzer Prize winner for his biography of Charles Lindbergh, was also at the table. He was scheduled to speak the next morning at the Air and Space Museum, beneath the *Spirit of St. Louis.* To my right was a graduate student from St. Andrews University in Scotland. I asked her how she had been chosen. She said they had not been told. After dinner we boarded buses to the Lincoln Memorial, where the 87-year-old Pulitzer Prize winner Herman Wouk stood on the brightly lit steps in front of the statue of Lincoln. "The first thing I want you to do is forget about that hunk of marble. This was a guy," he said and went on to tell what a guy Lincoln was. We then moved on to the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, where Neil CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

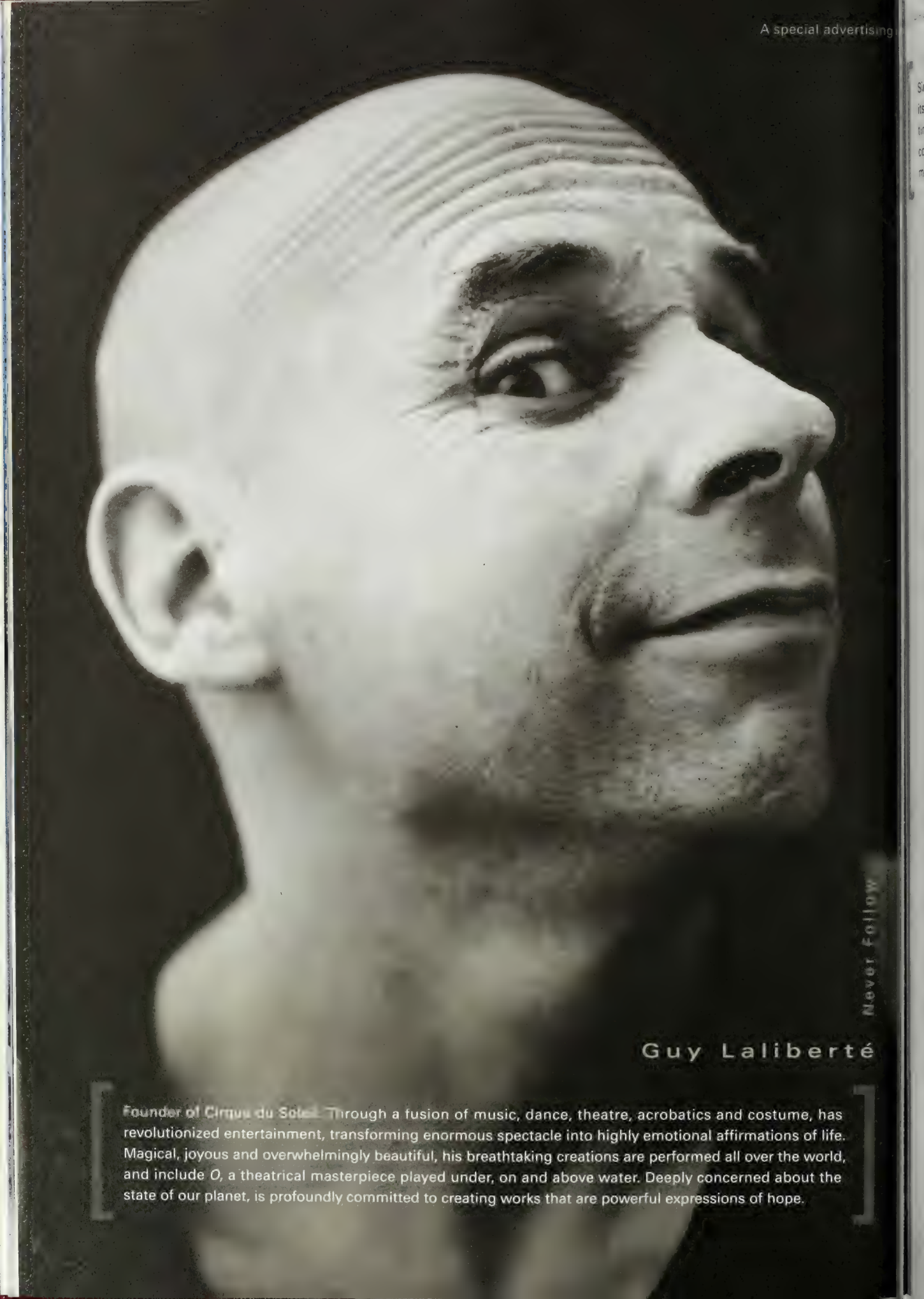
Some friends feel Taubman may not hold on to his company.



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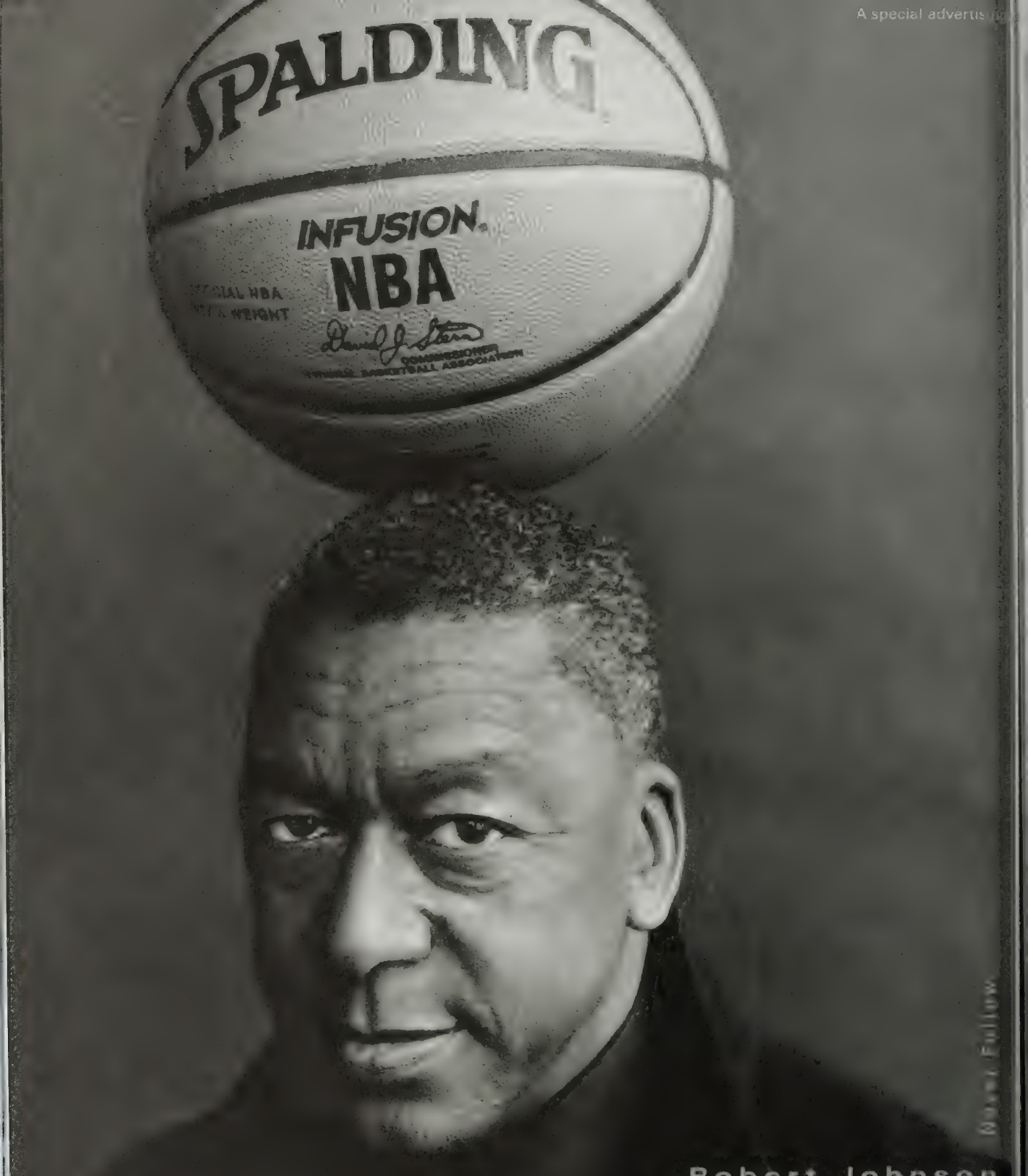
Singer, songwriter. With her gifted voice and uncanny ability to reach into the heart of a song and realize its emotion, has garnered three Grammy® Awards, and is regarded as one of the finest vocalists of our time. Singing everything from country to pop to jazz to cabaret, is a musical nomad by choice, and considers her voice the distillation of who she is. Unexpected, unconventional, always brilliant and moving, wants more than anything that her music be a vehicle of compassion.

k.d. lang

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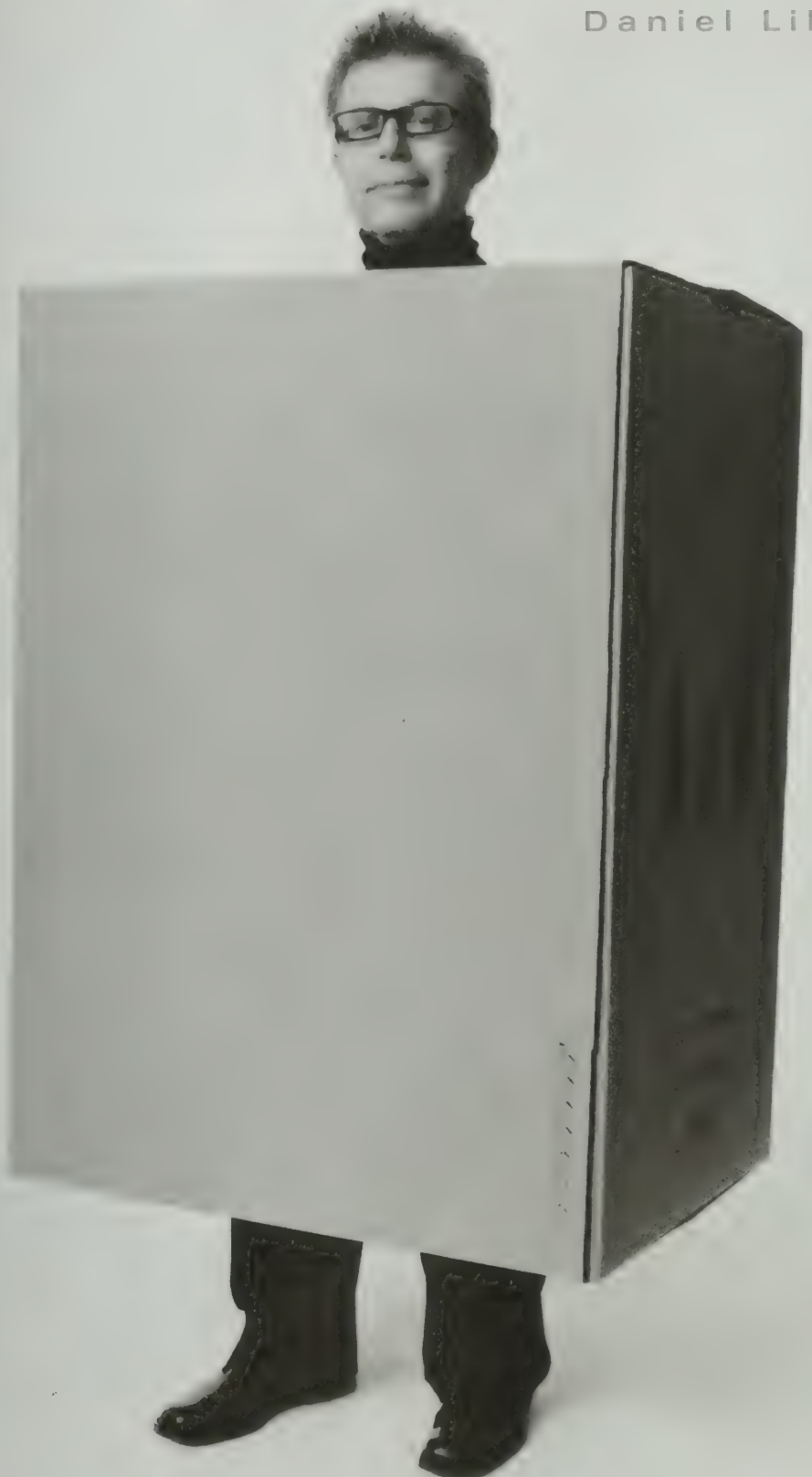


Robert Johnson

Founder, Chairman and CEO of Black Entertainment Television (BET). By pioneering BET, the first network to target African-Americans, created the largest black-owned and -operated company in the country. As a result, has shattered countless barriers, including becoming the first African-American billionaire, and the first to gain controlling interest in an NBA team – achieving a lifelong dream. A visionary, considers creating economic opportunities for African-Americans his greatest accomplishment.

Considered an architect's architect, was recently awarded the commission of the century – the rebuilding of the World Trade Center site. Designer of some of the world's most provocative buildings, has virtually reinvented architecture, transforming sand and stone into spiritual structures that resonate profoundly with the heart. The first architect to be given the Hiroshima Art Prize for work that promotes peace, is relentless in his vision to create spaces that are positive responses to the brutalities that surround us all.

Daniel Libeskind



All the individuals celebrated here have one thing in common: They never follow. They break rules, sma
borders, and question absolutely everything. It is a philosophy that is at the foundation of Audi. It is wh
has kept us on the leading edge of automotive design since 1899. And it is what has led us to this mo
extraordinary of cars: The all-new A8 L. The culmination of over 100 years of thinking outside the box, it
one of the most technologically advanced cars in the world. And everything about it attests to that fa



ding the now legendary quattro® all-wheel-drive system; MMI™ (Multi Media Interface), the central rol for nearly every function on the car, and perhaps the most intuitive interface there is; and the Audi e Frame, an all-aluminum frame that is considered one of the most significant automotive achievements e century. The all-new A8 L. It's what happens when you never quit, never do the expected, never rest our laurels, and never, ever follow.

The Audi A8 L

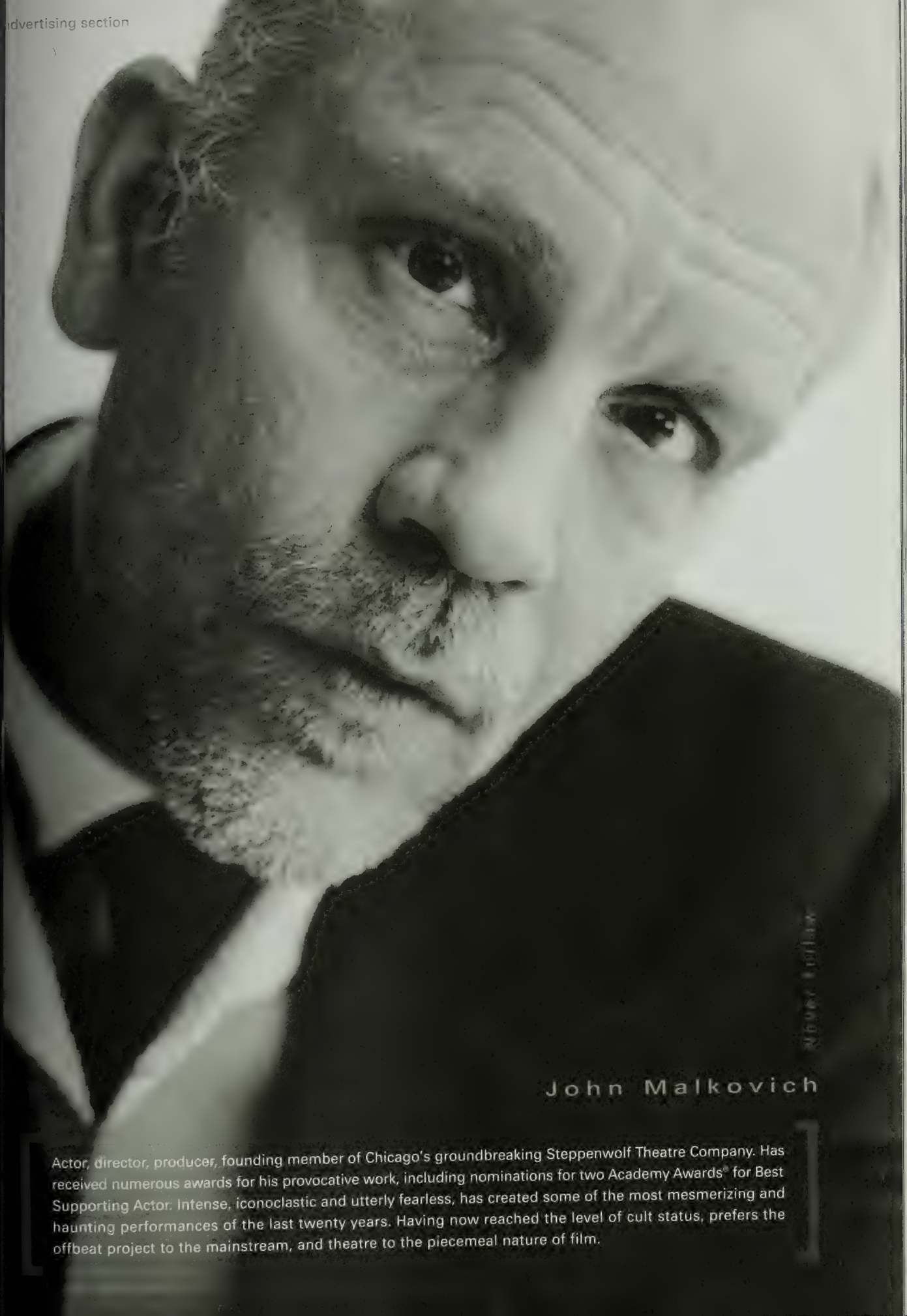
never follow





Narciso Rodriguez

Fashion designer. Known for his exquisite tailoring and keen attention to detail, this Cuban-American wunderkind is considered a visionary for his streamlined, highly approachable collections. Never a fan of fashion that draws attention to itself, wants his creations to frame women, not distract you from them. Forever striving to strip his designs to their purest, most beautiful form, this gifted, giving artist has dedicated his life to empowering women through his work.



Never Endian

John Malkovich

Actor, director, producer, founding member of Chicago's groundbreaking Steppenwolf Theatre Company. Has received numerous awards for his provocative work, including nominations for two Academy Awards® for Best Supporting Actor. Intense, iconoclastic and utterly fearless, has created some of the most mesmerizing and haunting performances of the last twenty years. Having now reached the level of cult status, prefers the offbeat project to the mainstream, and theatre to the piecemeal nature of film.

Founder of Arts Opera Promotion, artistic light producer. Mixing the latest lighting technology with traditional painting approaches, has created a new art form, transforming ordinary buildings into shimmering dream palaces, and everyday spaces into radiant wonderlands. Believing that light is the source of all life, is committed to bringing wonder to the world through her larger-than-life illuminations. More than anything, loves turning ugly buildings into joyous cathedrals of light and color.

Lucette de Rugy





Bill Joy

Co-founder and Chief Scientist at Sun Microsystems, is considered one of the most influential and prolific inventors in the computer industry today. Hailed as "The Edison of the Internet," has helped design virtually every critical technology that is at the heart of the Internet, including JAVA and the UNIX operating system. A software wizard with breathtaking technological clairvoyance, cares greatly about the future of our planet, believing that what is needed most now is human, ethically responsible solutions.

A CELEBRATION IN LIGHTS

Join Audi this summer as they celebrate The Audi 8 with four dazzling illuminations produced by Arts Opera Promotion, with designs by Casa Magica. Using light as their paint box, they will magically transform the facades of some of the country's most prominent buildings into larger-than-life public works of art.

The Biltmore Hotel, Coral Gables
June 11 – 17
Inspired by Narciso Rodriguez

Meyerson Symphony Center, Dallas
June 18 – 24
Inspired by Bill Joy

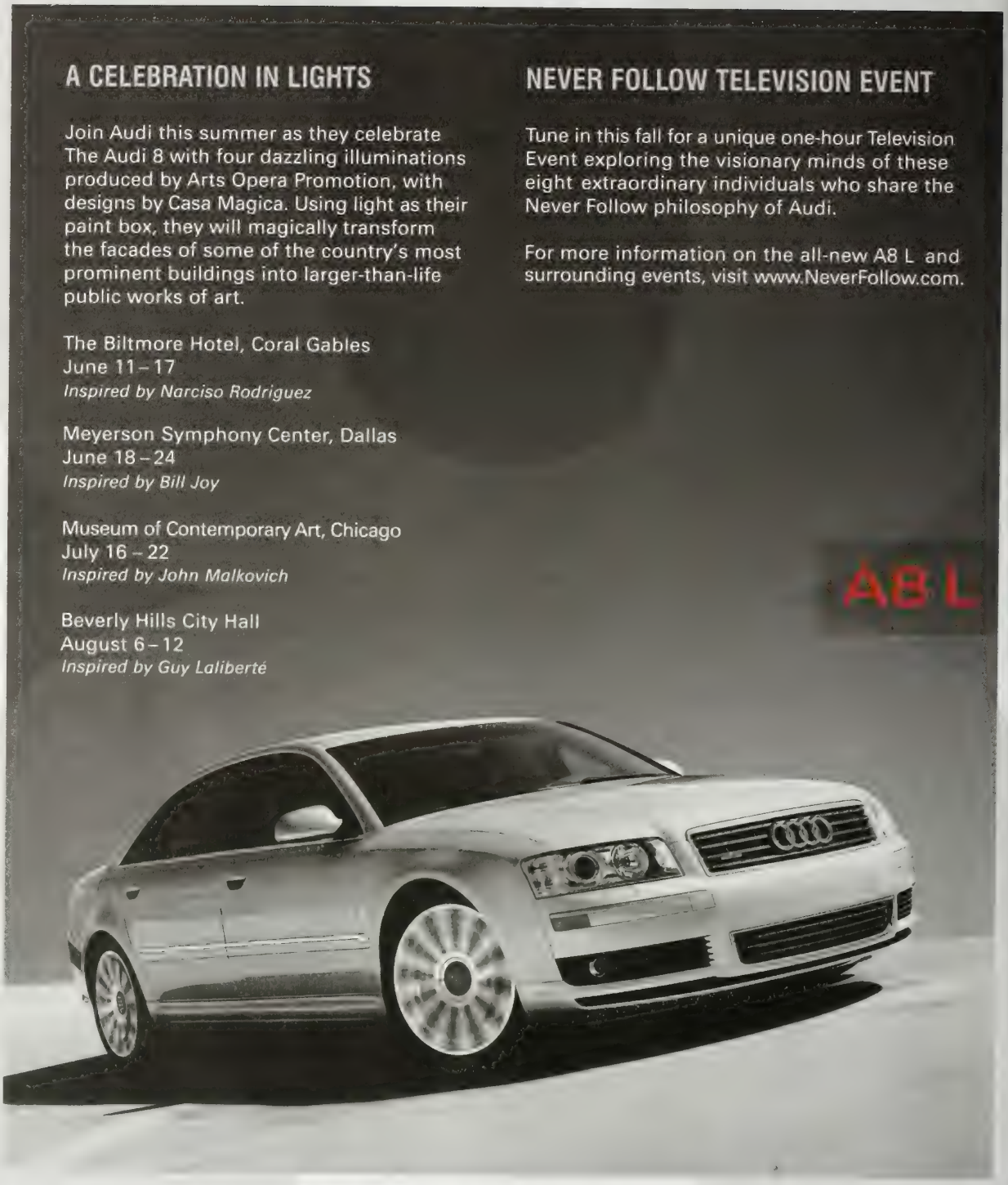
Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago
July 16 – 22
Inspired by John Malkovich

Beverly Hills City Hall
August 6 – 12
Inspired by Guy Laliberté

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54 Sheehan, another Pulitzer Prize winner, for a book about that war called *A Bright Shining Lie,* spoke about the men who had fought in it. "When you stand here, you stand on holy ground," he said. That was the first of four evenings dedicated to American history. Catherine Reynolds was quoted in *The Washington Post* as saying, "The reason these people are here, because none of them have to be here, is because they actually believe that one individual can make a difference in the world."

Alfred Taubman got out of prison on May 15, after having served nine months of his year-and-a-day sentence for collusion in the Sotheby's-Christie's price-fixing scandal. He was released at 9:15 A.M. and met by his son Robert and his controversial wife, Judy, who had flown out from New York. They flew on Taubman's private plane to Detroit, where he had made his fortune in malls—he has 30 of them nationwide—and where he maintains a fully staffed mansion in Bloomfield Hills. He had several leisure hours to spend with his family in the privacy of their home before he had to check into a halfway house. From all reports, his prison was like the Ritz compared with the grim halfway house, which is called Monica House, a "squat, brick building perched over a freeway," as Jennifer Dixon, who sat next to me at Taubman's trial, reported in the *Detroit Free Press.* "It's a real dump in northwest Detroit, the worst part of the city," said Christopher Mason, who is writing a book about the case called *When the Gavel Falls.* During the months of Taubman's imprisonment, his friends would fly to Rochester, Minnesota, to visit him at the federal facility there. Everyone gave him high marks, reporting that he did not complain about life in prison but made the best of it. He even formed a bridge club. Right up to the time of his release, however, he continued to insist that he was innocent, telling one person I know that he had had no knowledge of what was going on at Sotheby's when he was chairman of the board and Diana Brooks was running the company. On the night before his release, I went to a party in New York which Taubman certainly would have attended if he had been a free man. It's an annual event, and he was there last year when the host made a toast to him and wished him luck. This year everyone was saying, "Alfred's getting out tomorrow," and speculating about whether the Taubmans would resume the high-powered social life he had so enjoyed. Most people did not think so. Taubman was released from Monica House on May 23, but he is not allowed to leave his Detroit residence for a month. The first thing on his agenda is to fight an attempted hostile takeover of Taubman Centers, Inc., by Mel Simon, head of Simon Property Group of Indianapolis, a despised rival who used to be a friend. The takeover effort began after Taubman went to prison. A financial analyst told the *Detroit Free Press* that Robert Taubman would "slit his throat rather than sell out to Simon." Even some of Alfred Taubman's friends feel he may not succeed in holding on to his company.

The lives of the children of the famous, I have observed, may have their perks—good clothes, big houses, nice cars, private schools—but in the long run they are not enviable. The suicide rate is enormous; I personally have known nearly a dozen who have chosen that route. Often the individual bears terrible anger against his or her parents. I remember one who jumped off a roof on Mother's Day and left a suicide note on a Mother's Day card. I remember another who shot himself on his father's front lawn. Many simply carry their resentment with them into middle age. Such a person was Lucy Saroyan. All of us who knew her were saddened to hear of her death last month in a motel room in Texas. Her father was William Saroyan, who in the 40s and 50s was one of the most famous writers of novels and plays in the United States, much written about in the way that Gore Vidal, Truman Capote, and Norman Mailer would be later. He even co-wrote a popular song, "Come on-a My House," which Rosemary Clooney turned into an enormous hit in the early 50s. Saroyan married a celebrity debutante named Carol Marcus of Park Avenue, New York, who was inseparable friends with Gloria Vanderbilt, a front-page celebrity from the time she was seven, and Oona O'Neill, the daughter of Eugene O'Neill, America's greatest playwright. The trio of beauties were fixtures at the Stork Club and El Morocco, and they all married much older men. Gloria Vanderbilt married Leopold Stokowski, the renowned conductor. Oona O'Neill married Charlie Chaplin. Carol Marcus married William Saroyan, later divorced him, then married him again and divorced him again.

A rumor arose that a satanic cult had murdered Laci.



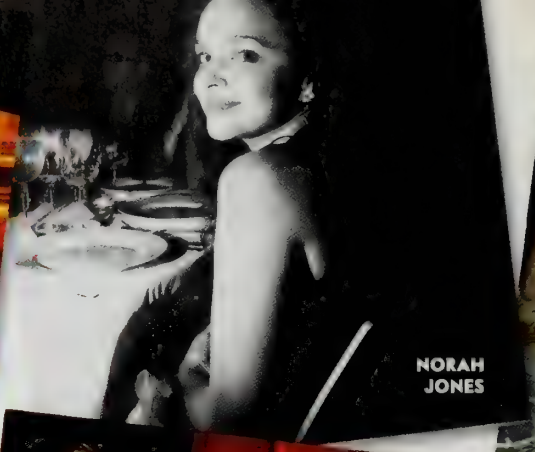
HEADLINE CASE
Scott Peterson, accused of murdering his wife and unborn son, at a hearing in Modesto, California, with his defense attorney Mark Geragos.

Lucy and her brother, Aram, were the children of that marriage. About 30 years ago, Carol Marcus Saroyan married Walter Matthau, the film star. Lucy got lost in the shuffle. People liked her, though, even after she got to be trying. She had a brief glamorous period. Nora Ephron, the writer and film director, remembers her coming into Elaine's restaurant one night years ago on the arm of Marlon Brando, looking absolutely wonderful, on top of the world. But she had drug problems, and several of her romantic relationships were with well-known druggie stars. She was one of those people for whom nothing ever worked out. She wanted to be an actress or a writer, but it never happened. She could be hilarious, but there was always an undertow of sadness in her character. The last time I saw her, she was selling books at Book Soup on the Sunset Strip in Hollywood. She said joyously, "Guess what. I'm in the program!" She meant that she was clean and dry. We hugged. But it didn't last. Her friends heard that things had gone bad. She had a new guy, younger, and they were moving to Texas. She had said she wanted to be cremated and have her ashes spread over San Francisco, where she had lived during a happy period. I learned that her ashes were buried in William Saroyan's grave.

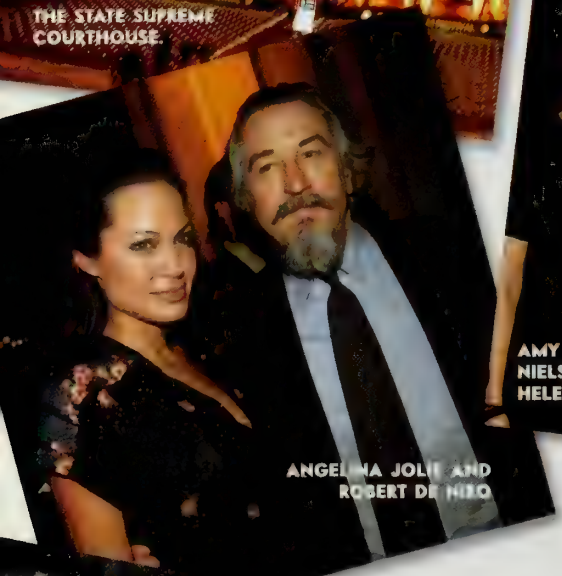
"But I thought she didn't get along with her father," I said to a great friend of her mother's.

"Oh, darling, she was obsessed with her father." □













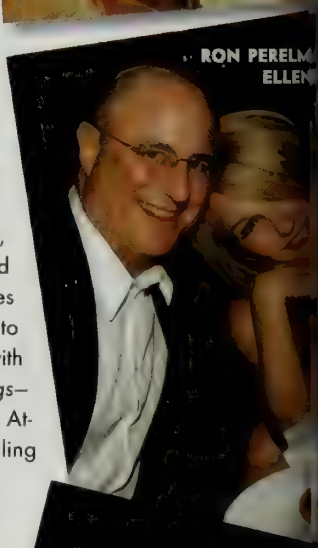
TRIBECA LIGHTS

V.F. kicks off the Tribeca Film Festival

Although the terrace was filled with smokers, no one dared light a cigarette off any of the 900 votive candles that once again illuminated the steps of the State Supreme Court building in Lower Manhattan for *V.F.*'s dinner celebrating the opening of the Tribeca Film Festival, which Robert De Niro and his partner, Jane Rosenthal, launched last year. The festival took place over nine days in May and showcased more than 200 films—everything from commercial features to independent shorts—at venues ranging from United Artists theaters to Stuyvesant High School. Inside the courthouse, Paul Rudd, who stars with Rachel Weisz and Gretchen Mol in Neil LaBute's *The Shape of Things*—one of the festival's main attractions—personally complimented main Attraction Elvis Costello on his late-night performance filling in for the ailing

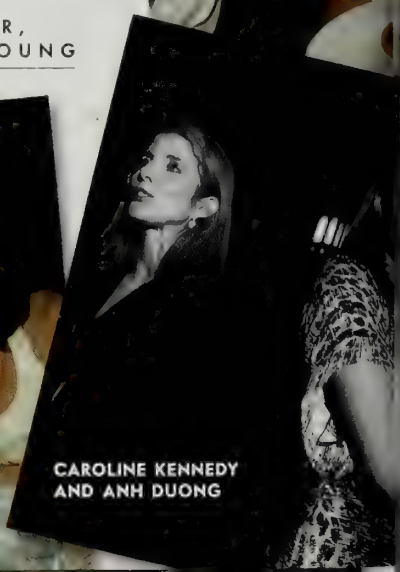
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN BECKER, PATRICK MCMULLAN, AND RICHARD YOUNG









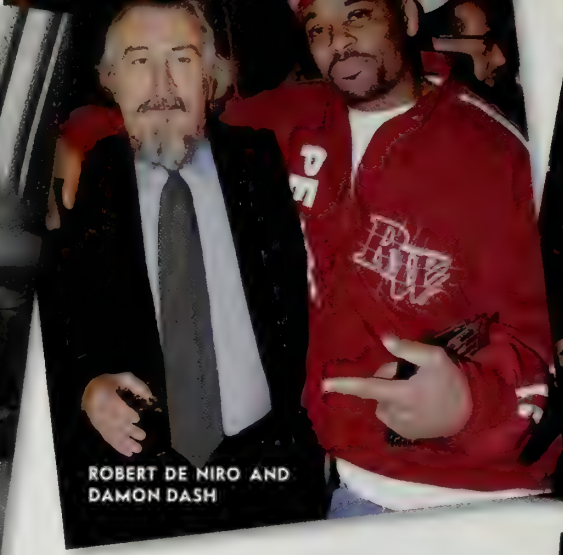




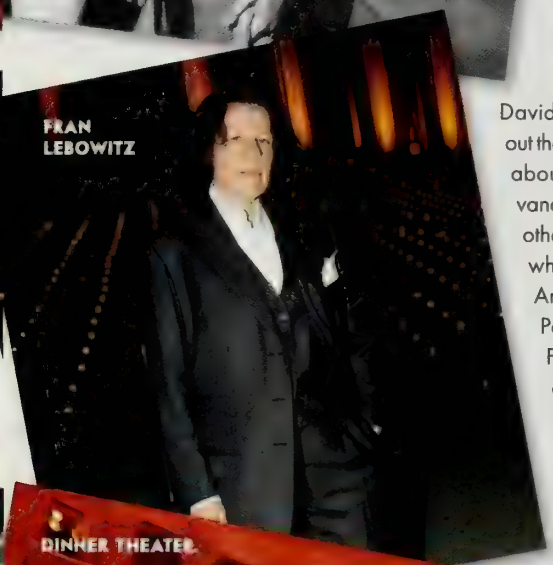
Bombay Sapphire Martini
by David Rockwell

SAPPHIRE **INSPIRED**


HILARY DUFF AND HER SISTER, HAYLIE DUFF

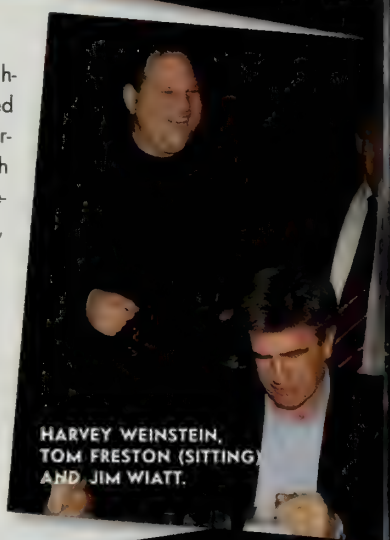

ROBERT DE NIRO AND DAMON DASH


OLATZ AND JU SCHN


FRAN LEBOWITZ

David Letterman. Costello, whose music is featured throughout the film, later caught up with David Bowie and reminisced about their non-meeting at the New York restaurant Nirvana in 1977, when the two stars pointedly ignored each other. ("Isn't youth so arrogant?" Bowie remarked.) Elsewhere, Alba and Francesco Clemente, Les Moonves, Angelina Jolie, Kurt Andersen and Anne Kreamer, Police Commissioner Ray Kelly, Alex Witchel and Frank Rich, Kelly Lynch and Mitch Glazer, and Lady de Rothschild, to name just a few, sat around the Leonidas-rose centerpieces and tucked into zucchini-and-avocado bisque, baked halibut, and the showstopping sweet-potato-and-leek gratin, all supplied by Town restaurant. It looks like "Hollywood East" is here to stay.

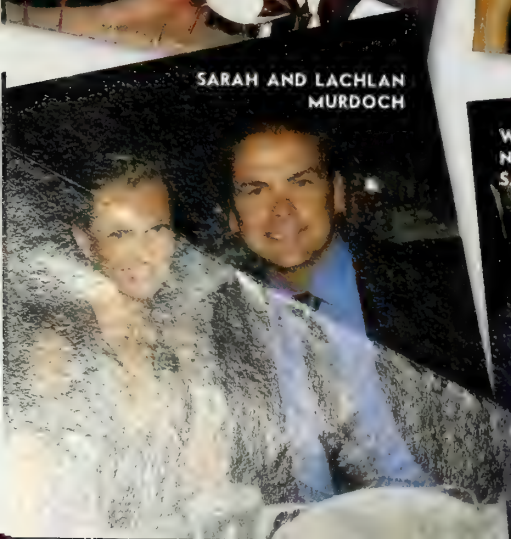
—KRISTA SMITH


HARVEY WEINSTEIN, TOM FRESTON (SITTING) AND JIM WIATT.

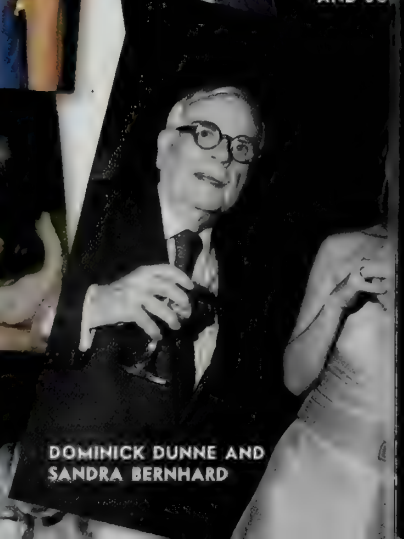

DINNER THEATER


ALBA CLEMENTE, HEATHER WATTS, AND KELLY LYNCH


ARTHUR SULZB AND JO


SARAH AND LACHLAN MURDOCH


WALTER CRONKITE, STEVEN NEWHOUSE, AND GINA SANDERS


DOMINICK DUNNE AND SANDRA BERNHARD



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DIAMOND IS FOREVER



Palm Beach's Barefoot Princess

Like the little cotton shift (undies optional) that she turned into a fashion must-have, *Social Register* flower child Lilly Pulitzer epitomized the barefoot pleasures of wealthy Waspdom. At 71, with her madcap colored prints riling resorts once again, she recalls the creation of an accidental status symbol

BY LAURA JACOBS

What do you wear in paradise? How do you dress for a turquoise ocean and grass the color of katydids, for hot-pink hibiscuses that drop like drunk butterflies, and palm trees sifting breezes with the *sss* of soft rain? What's proper for shopping one block from the beach, and also good for car pools, poolside, and polo in a land of loggias, striped awnings, and old clubs sprouting sun umbrellas like mushrooms in the morning? What's the next-best thing to naked in resort towns of the rich?

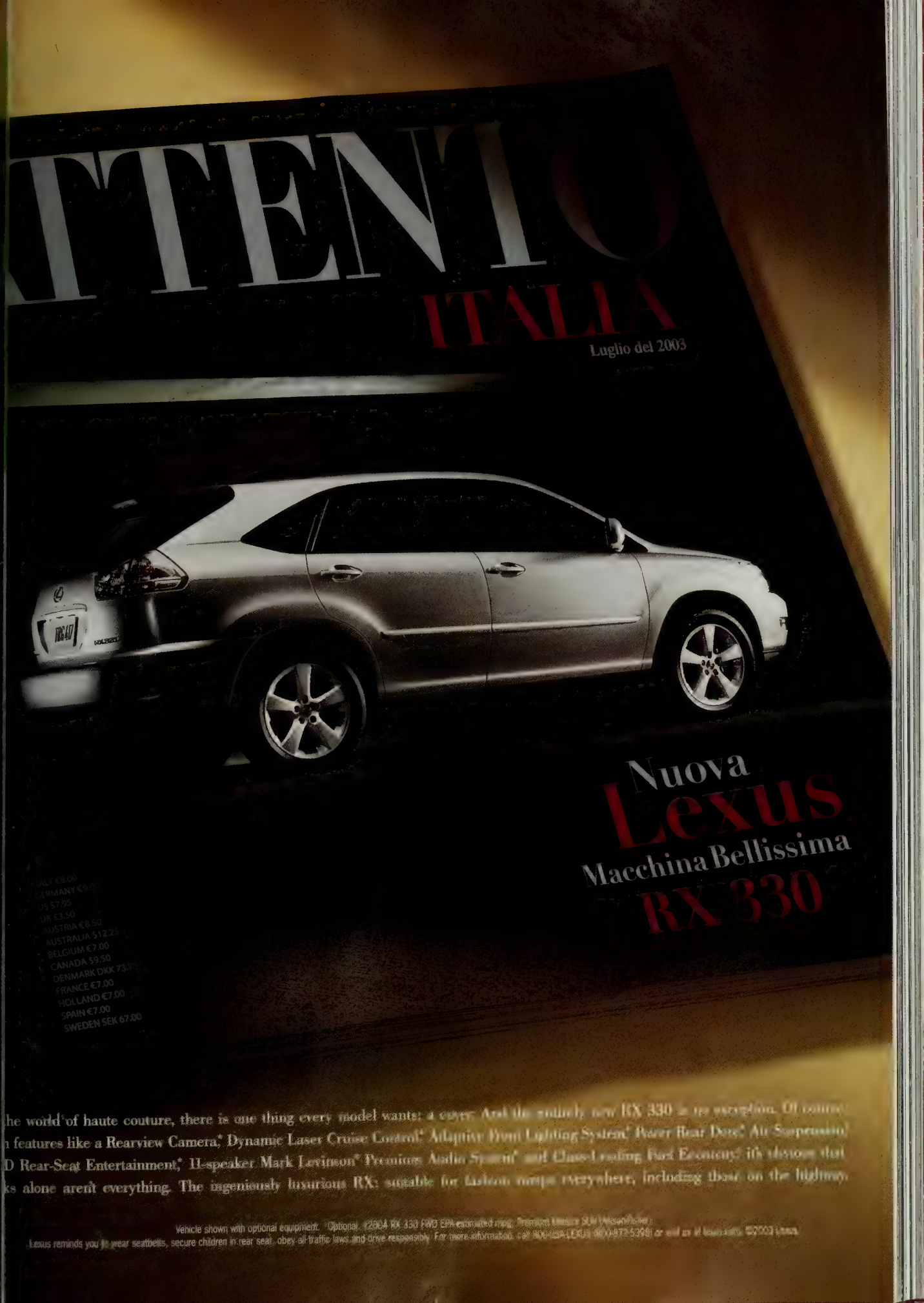
Hint: Knowing the answer puts you halfway there.

Another hint: It's a Palm Beach thing.

If you answered the Lilly, "you got it," as Lilly herself might say.

What's a Lilly? In short, a shift. It dropped upon the world in 1960, two side seams, two darts, and three holes (head and arms) run up in a dime-store cotton of Kool-Aid colors—the fashion equivalent of a paper parasol in a daiquiri. In 1962, *Time* magazine decided the Lilly was "somewhere between a chemise and a muumuu." If the couturier Mainbocher had deigned to make a flowered housedress (which he didn't), you'd have a Lilly. If a woman who really couldn't sew whipped up a shift for her daughter's Barbie doll—you got it, Lilly. In their upside-down-beach-bucket simplicity, Lillys blur the line between woman and child, mother and daughter, experience and innocence. Put on a Lilly and you're the first girl in the garden, Paradise Found.

Indeed, the Lilly is more than sun-kissed resortwear; it is shorthand for Wasp wealth at play. The Good Life dressed in plain old, if wildly colored, cotton, the Lilly embodies Puritan ethics of balance and value. It is not about setting yourself above or apart: a bunch of women in Lillys look like eye-popping paper dolls, one and the same. Like the woman for whom it was named, the Lilly isn't a strategy of reverse snobbery; it's completely down to earth, unsnob. As one Lillyphile says, "Jackie Kennedy and her maid wore Lillys." And how does one wear it? You step in (with or without undies), zip it up as far as you can (the half-zipped


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Macchina Bellissima
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GERMANY €9.00
US $7.95
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he world of haute couture, there is one thing every model wants: a cover. And the stylish, new RX 330 is no exception. Of course
n features like a Rearview Camera,* Dynamic Laser Cruise Control,* Adaptive Front Lighting System,* Power Rear Door,* Air Suspension,*
D Rear-Seat Entertainment,* 11-speaker Mark Levinson® Premium Audio System* and Class-Leading Fuel Economy;† it's obvious that
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Vehicle shown with optional equipment. *Optional. †2004 RX 330 FWD EPA-estimated mpg. Premium Unleaded Fuel Recommended.
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zipper is part of the charm), slide into your sandals (Luigis, naturally, today selling under the name Stephen Bonanno, Luigi's nephew), and you're out the door and into the club. Lilly's club. That would be Lilly Pulitzer, now Lilly Pulitzer Rousseau.

"Ohhhh," groans Lilly on a hot Palm Beach morning in late February. "What can be interesting?" Lilly Pulitzer Rousseau does not want to do this interview. She is 71, and during the 24 years her company flourished, from 1960 to 1984, she had more than enough of the story, wonderful as it was, told and retold. In the early 90s, however, she sold the license to Sugartown Worldwide, and the Lilly—10 years gone but not forgotten, living on in vintage limbo and battled over on eBay—rose again, riding a tide of pink and green to swarm beach towns from Key West to Bar Harbor, not to mention barrier islands in between. Lilly is the conscience and consultant of the new company and, as such, must now and then step into the limelight, which she's never liked. Lilly is private. Even her closest friends complain of how tucked away she keeps her feelings—"a sphinx," one calls her. "Scorpio" is what she calls herself. "They do everything in excess," Lilly explains, "but keep things very close to the chest. I'm not into horoscopes and all that, but it is telling. Scorpios hold everything in." Just like the Lilly. When that whimsical shift is on, you can't tell what's happening underneath.

"Should I look at some of these questions?," Lilly asks. She's dressed in turquoise linen from the new Lilly Pulitzer line and matches the turquoise and white stripes on her poolside chairs and lounges. Lilly was an exotic in her younger years, a brunette with burning eyes and skin brown from the sun. Now she is pale, a blonde of old ivory, the Gauguin princess polished and bleached by wind, water, and time. Her hair is unstyled, blown about; her light-brown eyes have flecks of gold in them—and quickness. She is regal the way a lioness is regal. And she's still padding around barefoot—a Lilly Pulitzer signature—though perhaps padding more slowly, having gone through a triple-bypass two years ago. This is the woman who used to walk shoeless down Worth Avenue, her hair in pigtails, her feet in the dirt. When Lilly extends her hand for the offending pages, there is nothing to do but give them over.

"Ooohhhh. I hate it. I can't put into words what I think [illegible] your mother and father like?" then answers, "I don't have a clue." Which has nothing to do with Lilly's memory, and everything to do with her highest-society upbringing.

"I don't like my whole life dragged out," she says. "I don't want anyone to know about me, because I don't think I'm very interesting.... I like my work. I like what I gave. And that was it. It was so easy.... I mean, I don't know how to explain what it was like to run my business, the joy of every day. I got a kick every time I went into the shipping department. I had to pat [the dresses] all on the box and kiss them. I loved seeing them going out the door. I loved them selling in the shop. I liked them on the body. Everything. There's no explaining the fun I had."

She reads more questions, which is embarrassing when you're the one who wrote them.

"Oh, I don't like any of this stuff. It's all making Lilly such a statement now, instead of just a lovely little thing that was part of everyone's life."



She was born Lilly Lee McKim in 1931. Her father was Robert McKim and her mother Lillian Bostwick—both from old-line families. McKims were rich, but Bostwicks were richer: Lillian's grandfather Jabez Bostwick helped create the Standard Oil Company. The couple had three daughters: blonde Mimsy (the beauty), brunette Lilly (lots of giggles), and redheaded Flossie (the most like Mother). The house in Roslyn, New York, was run like an English manor with a massive staff. Fresh vegetables were grown in the garden.

"Everything was very soup-to-nuts," says Nancy Harris, one of Lilly's best friends from childhood. "But there was no pretension about it. It was just natural."

Lillian was tough, jolly, and generous, a woman with great style (her Vuitton luggage bore her stable's racing stripes), but not in the kitchen. "We always said," Flossie recalls, "'Mother can boil an egg—wrong.'" (The eggs exploded.)

"Lilly's mother was wonderful fun," says Harris. Robert McKim—"Pappy"—was, too. "He was divinely attractive. A great guy."

And yet the couple split when Lilly was six. It is said that McKim had difficulty handling the fact of his wife's greater wealth. It is also said that Lil, having fallen in love with racing legend Ogden Phipps, paid McKim $1 million for a divorce. (One insider says, "I think it was more than that.") Even with divorce and remarriage dropped into the script, it was a charmed childhood of horses (foxhunting with the Meadowbrook Hounds) and boarding schools (Chapin and Miss Porter's, where Lilly was right

Lilly was an exotic in her younger years, a brunette with burning eyes and skin brown from the su

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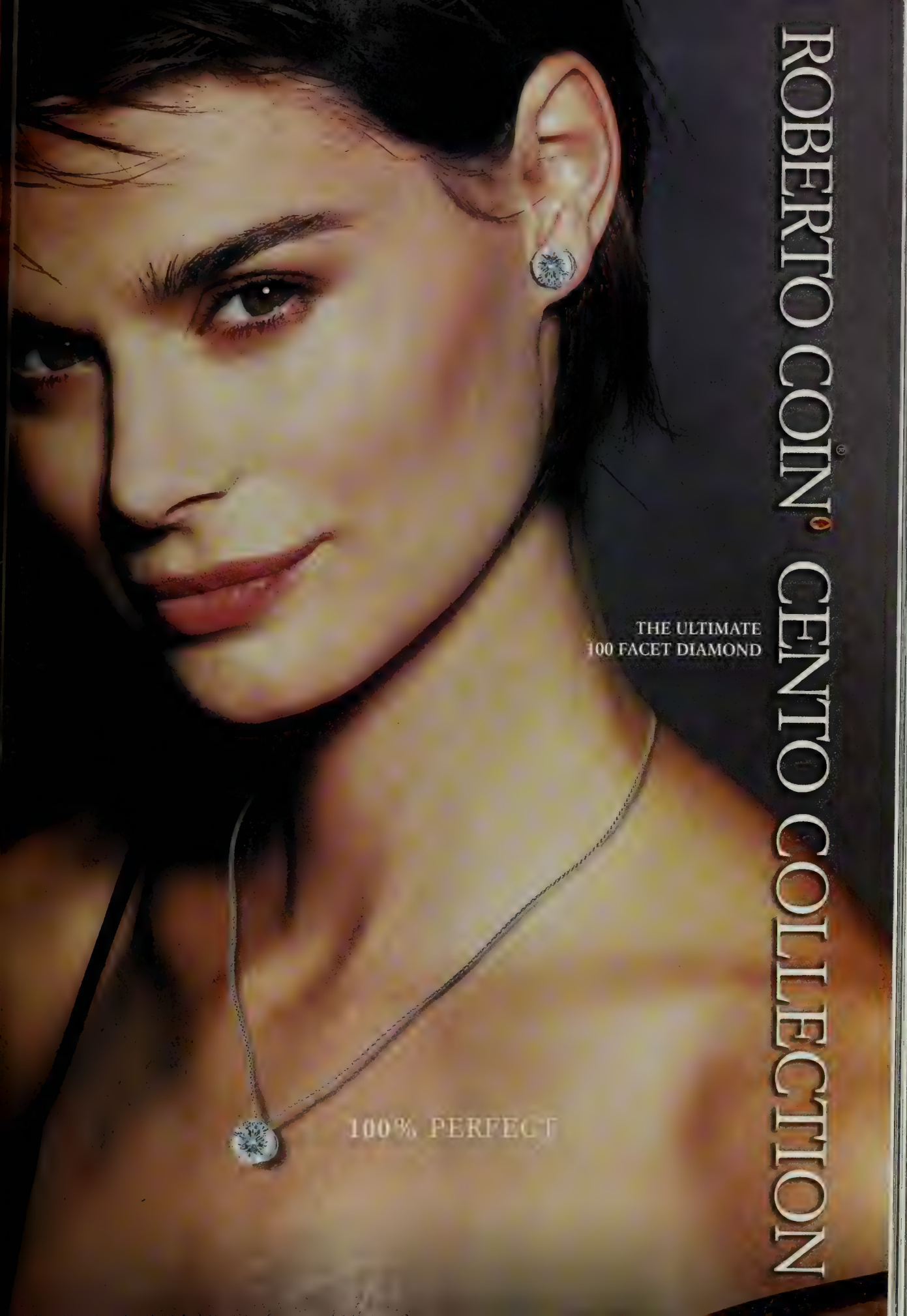
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etween the Bouviers—Jackie Kennedy and Lee Radziwill). Lilly's emories of those years are specific and irresistible. She didn't ke cotillion because Lil made them wear bronze slippers and all ie other girls were in black patent leather. She loved Jones Beach, ie smell of the seaweed, the picnics of deviled eggs and melted omato sandwiches ("the mayonnaise would goo," she says). Un- ire if she ever had a coming-out party—"I had a party every year, nd one of those, I guess, was my coming-out"—Lilly warmly re- alls Flossie's debut, a costume party at which Ogden and Lil ere Farmer and Mrs. McGregor, and Mimsy, Flossie, and she

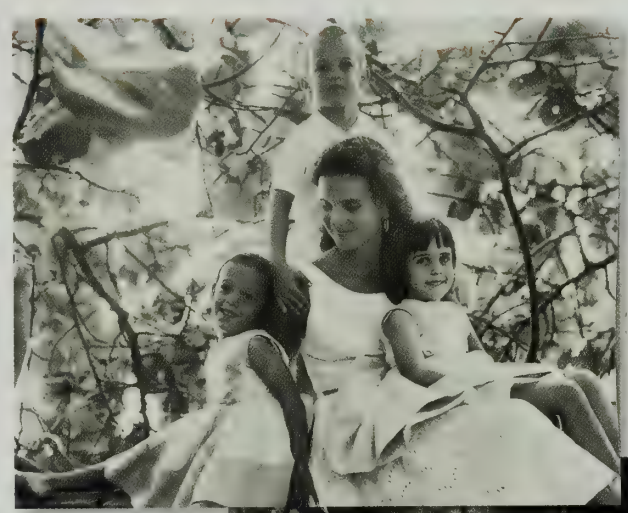
"He was racy," says bandleader Peter Duchin, a family friend. "I mean in the sense of just jumping into his plane and flying off. He eschewed the normal social crap."

"Lilly was very young," says Susanna Cutts, director of public relations and special events at Saks Fifth Avenue in Palm Beach, and a longtime friend of Lilly's. "Peter was drop-dead gorgeous and very charming and a real turn-on. And she was raised in a very proper way, a very proper background, and I think it was the forbidden, the exciting (this is something I've carved out of my own imagination, she certainly never told me this), someone

"Lilly and Peter were the most gorgeous couple you ever saw. . . . They looked like a pair of gypsies."

were rabbits (all those "y" and "ie" name endings, like cute lit- le cottontails). Thinking back on it, Lilly says, "We just had everything."

College should have been next, but not for Lilly. "I went for two months. I couldn't stand it. I loved my boarding school, but I didn't know what I want- ed to do. I didn't have a career." Instead, she worked as a nurse's aide in Kentucky and at a veter- ans' hospital in the Bronx. "I liked it. Just giving time."



In the book *The Best Families,* the entry on Phipps—"among the first families of Palm Beach"—is directly followed by the entry on Pulitzer, a "name celebrated in American journalism." It was down in Palm Beach that Lilly met a young man named Peter, the brother of one of her girlfriends. That would be Herbert "Peter" Pulitzer Jr., golden-boy grandson of fabled family patriarch Joseph Pulitzer (pronounced "pull-itzer," not "pew"). In 1952, on a day when she was supposed to be having tea on Long Island with her friend Nancy Harris, Lilly was off to Maryland, eloping with Peter Pulitzer. Everyone was shocked. Family and friends were hardly aware Lilly knew Peter, let alone loved him. When Peter called Robert McKim to say, "I've just married your daughter," McKim asked, "Which one?" When Peter called Lil, who was in the middle of a card game, he told her the news and then handed the phone to Lilly, who heard her mother say, "My God, Lilly Lee has just gotten married." Lilly burst into tears.

"My first marriage, I mean, I don't think anyone, at least I didn't, thought about what marriage was," Lilly says. "Dr. Phil says you've got to check out all these things. Nobody checked out anything in those days. It was just my next adventure."

With a capital *A.* All you have to do is look at pictures of young Pulitzer to see the attraction—think Apollo Belvedere goes early *Esquire.* Enviably handsome, tall, tanned, outdoorsy, sporty, a he-man who was his own man, Pulitzer was already a successful entrepreneur, the owner of orange groves and cattle in central Florida.

who was encouraging her to take a romantic leap of faith, to run away from it all—'it all' being the platinum spoon in your mouth."

The newlyweds settled in Palm Beach, in a big house overlooking Lake Worth, and they did something decidedly not done: they chose to live there year-round, right through the horribly hot Palm Beach summers. Lilly didn't give it a second thought. "If you had put me down in Podunk, I would have settled there for life."

Right from the start they were





LILLY OF THE ALLEY: Lilly's first boutique, on Via Mizner, off Worth Avenue, 1959, and Lilly on the steps, wearing Mimsy, her Afghan hound. Behind her is her partner Laura Clark.

a bold-faced statement, an alternative lifestyle, the *Social Register*'s Adam and Eve, Tarzan and Jane. Lilly even had a rhesus monkey, Goony.

"When I first met Lilly," remembers Laura Clark, who would soon work with Lilly, "she and Peter were the most gorgeous couple you ever saw. Walking down Worth Avenue in their bare feet, and Lilly with her gold hoop earrings, they looked like a pair of gypsies. It was the time of the twist, and when they got up on the dance floor everybody stopped to watch."



"They were terrific together," says Peter Duchin. "They were very close. They were the kind of people who would do things, rather than just play golf. Peter would fly into his orange groves, and he'd work in the fields with the Seminole Indian people that were helping him. Then fly back to Palm Beach and not go to parties." Those fancy-pants charity balls and formal dinners.

The Pulitzers threw their own parties, casual bashes in a big, bright kitchen that sat 40. They put guests to work chopping and slicing, then after dinner sloshed water on the tiled floor—for dancing.

"When we moved into the house down there," Lilly says, "we were off and running. We did dance at home. Fill up the empty champagne bottles and drench it with water and dance the night away on the kitchen floor. We didn't care about slipping and falling."

And then, one day, Lilly fell quiet. She'd had three children in four years—Peter, Minnie, and Liza—and though she loved her kids "more than life," the mix of exhaustion and boredom was just too much. Or as one friend put it, "Too many babies, one on top of another, and a whole new environment. She was a New York–Long Island girl, and suddenly she was here." In 1957, suffering a classic nervous collapse, Lilly returned north for several months' analysis at a hospital in Westchester, New York, a clinic her friends called Bloomingdale's but she calls "the nuthouse." Which is pure Lilly, sunny yet blunt. (Friends who've recently passed away have "popped off" or "croaked," and when her choice of words is pointed out to Lilly, she says, "What are you going to say? Die?")

In an interview in *W* magazine, Lilly told writer Lorna Koski, "I was not the most mature kid on the block.... I had never had one responsibility in my life. My pea-brain wasn't up to it.... The doctor said, 'There's nothing the matter with you; you need something to do.' My marriage was driving me crazy too, and I didn't want to admit that, even to myself. But I followed the doctor's advice and came out a lot stronger."

She returned to Florida and did something so simple and unpretentious that most Palm Beach women would have fainted at the thought: she started selling oranges and grapefruit from her husband's groves.

"It started in the [station] wagon," Lilly says. "Just delivering fruit to houses. Then I had the place to store the fruit and write the orders for the gift boxes. And then I went to the Via Mizner and had a little juice stand with the bags of fruit."

"I got a kick every time I went into the shipping department," Lilly says. "There's no explaining the fun I had."

It was about this time that Lilly met Laura Robbins—today Laura Clark—a Candice Bergen blonde who was one of Mimsy's great friends in New York, and herself a daughter of wealth. (Her father, Charles C. Walts, was the head of Dun & Bradstreet for South and Central America and Mexico.) Robbins had been a fashion editor at *Harper's Bazaar,* a trusted colleague of its editor Diana Vreeland. She left the job when Merrill Lynch transferred her husband to the Palm Beach area, and, at Mimsy's urging, called Lilly—who was still a bit quiet.

"Lilly had been ill," Clark remembers. "Those eyes. Not a pin would she miss. I saw a couple things she was doing in occupational therapy, her drawings. She could have been an artist—she had a total command of proportion and scale and color.

"The doctor said she must not just sit around. He knew Florida and what happens is you get very logy and lazy. She was selling on the road. Peter rented the shop. I called Lilly and said, 'I'd love to meet you.' So we had lunch and then she told me it made her nervous every night when Peter came home from the grove. He'd say, 'Well, what have you done about the shop?' Well, she wasn't into it. She'd never worked in her life, and had

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- Daily wear use – worn only while you are awake
- Extended wear use – worn while you are awake and asleep
  ➤They may be worn for up to 30 nights (one month) of continuous wear based on how your eyes respond to lens wear and your eye care professional's recommendation.

Can everyone wear Focus NIGHT & DAY Soft Contact Lenses for 30 nights of continuous wear?
Not everyone can reach the maximum wear time of 30 continuous nights. During the U.S. clinical study, 1000 of the 1300 eyes dispensed completed the full year of lens wear, with 67% wearing the lens between 22 to 30 days.

Your eye care professional may recommend a shorter wearing time depending on your individual needs, and you should always adhere to his or her recommendations. Once lenses are removed, your eyes should have a rest without lens wear for at least one overnight.

Who should not wear contact lenses?
You should not wear contacts if you:
- Have an eye infection or inflammation (redness & swelling).
- Have an eye disease, eye injury or dryness that interferes with contact lens wear.
- Have a systemic disease that may be affected by or impact lens wear.
- Have certain types of allergic conditions.
- Are using certain medications, such as some eye medications.

What are the risks of wearing contact lenses for extended wear?
While there are many benefits of wearing contacts, sometimes problems can occur and the risk of serious problems is greater when lenses are worn for extended wear. You should carefully discuss the benefits and risks of extended wear lenses with your eye care professional.

There is an increased risk of developing a serious ocular infection, such as a corneal ulcer. A corneal ulcer may develop rapidly and cause eye pain, redness or blurry vision as it progresses. If left untreated, a scar, and in rare cases loss of vision, may result.

In addition, studies have shown that smoking increase the risk of corneal ulcers for those who wear lenses overnight.

What are other possible side effects of extended w contact lenses?
An inflammation of the cornea called infiltrative keratiti another potential side effect. During the one-year U.S. study about 5% of the 1300 eyes experienced this typ side effect. Other less serious side effects were conjur tivitis and lid irritation or discomfort while wearing the lenses, including dryness of the eye and mild burning stinging.

Are there times when you should not wear contact lenses?
Your eye care professional can tell you about situation environmental conditions that may be inappropriate for contact lens wear. Some examples are:
- Exposing contact lenses to water during swimming o while in a hot tub may increase the risk of eye infecti from microorganisms.
- Fumes, smoke or vapors should be avoided to reduc the chance of lens contamination.

How often do I replace the lenses and how do I ca for them?
Lenses should be replaced every month, as recommen ed by the eye care professional. When removed from y eyes in between replacement times, they should be cleaned and disinfected with a chemical disinfection sy tem (not heat), if not replaced with a new lens. The len are sold in multi-packs so replacements are at hand.

What are some important things to remember?
- While wearing contacts your eyes should look well, fe comfortable and vision should be clear.
  ➤If you have a problem, immediately remove your lenses and contact your eye care professional.

- Carefully follow your eye care professional's instructi for lens wear, care and replacement.
  ➤ Never wear your lenses for longer periods than prescribed for you.

- See your eye care professional for follow-up care an periodic checkups.

What if I have other questions about Focus NIGHT DAY Soft Contact Lenses?
It is essential to see and talk with your eye care profes sional about your eye health and to obtain complete in mation about Focus NIGHT & DAY lenses. If you have questions, discuss them with your eye care professiona

If you want to read more about Focus NIGHT & DAY S Contact Lenses, ask your eye care professional for the patient instruction booklet available from CIBA Vision c the package insert written for the eye care professiona

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ife. Lilly. And the Pursuit of Happiness" neatly captures the playful, Mayflower Americanness of the Lilly.

babies in the house. I said to her—I was very full of beans—'This is no problem. I'll do it with you.'"

The two became friends and partners, not on paper, simply the way two women do—"foxhole buddies," says Clark. Every day they were up to their elbows in juice and pulp, their shorts and shirts spritzed, sprayed, and—when they bent for another bunch of oranges—binding. And the heat, the oppressive summer heat. One day, each came to work wearing the same thing. Lilly, the gal who'd never cared a fig for fashion, had given her Palm Beach seamstress some patterned fabric: Make me a shift (something to hide juice stains, and also her thickish waist). Laura, who could name a designer at 20 feet, had given her Boca Raton seamstress some patterned fabric: Make me a shift (something that would be cool). It was Kismet in cotton.

Laura: "It was a surprise to both of us when we arrived this one day and we had this same idea at the same time. And I being in the fashion business for so long, I thought, My God, we've got something."

Lilly: "Laura knew more than I did—that's for sure. She had been at *Harper's* for years."

Laura: "We went over to West Palm Beach and bought some remnants and had her dressmaker and mine run a couple up. They were fine. They were amateurish. And we started selling those. We just arbitrarily sold them for $22. And there was an absolute stampede."

"The line wasn't very extensive," Lilly says. "Two bodies, one was sleeveless and one had a sleeve. I mean everybody, they had to have them. Whether they fit or not, who cared? Just get one, I want it, I have to wear it to dinner."

"At this time," explains Polly Mellen, grande dame of fashion, and friend to both Laura and Lilly, "it only exploded with a certain crowd. We're discussing Palm Beach. We are not discussing Miami. We are discussing the Everglades Club, the Bath & Tennis Club, Palm Beach Hobe Sound—it's today called the Jupiter Island Club. Lilly and Laura built a total status symbol."

"These marvelous women covered with jewels," Laura Clark says, "coming in to buy these little rags."

What to call the little rag? It wasn't an issue. Except for $2,000 from Lilly, neither woman was really invested in the venture. In fact, true to form, Lilly didn't care what it was called.

"She said, 'I don't want any publicity,'" Clark remembers. "I thought, Pulitzer—everybody in the world knows that name. Lilly-Laura would be stupid. I said, 'Let's call it Lilly Pulitzer.'"

The two set to work, Lilly the president with 75 percent of the business, Peter the vice president, Laura the secretary-treasurer with 25 percent. Still, the gals worked 50-50 on the dresses, spinning variations on the theme of that first Lilly, always coming to the same conclusions, if via different paths, and laughing all the way. Lilly was "gung ho a hundred percent," says

Clark, "400 percent. Very smart, and the stamina of 10 men." And Clark knew the ropes, calling buddies at *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue,* contacting buyers. The women didn't pay themselves wages, but put profit back into the company and took bonuses. Bookkeeping was equally improvised. "If an invoice was confusing," says Clark, "we just stuck it under the blotter."

The short shape was a winner, but fabrics were still a problem. Fortuitously, Lilly's friend Franci Young, an artist who made glazed porcelain, discovered a couple in Key West, Peter and Jimmy, whose Key West Fabrics specialized in hand-screened prints. Mimsy, too, with a fistful of swatches, returned from Key West, saying, "You can't believe it." Thus began a giddy collaboration that resulted in the famous Pulitzer prints, madcap renderings of a tropical free-for-all: monkeys drinking martinis, flowers doing the frug. The palette was clear and clean, preppy meets Peter Max. It was color you could see down the beach, across the fairway, from boat to boat. Case in point. The two housewives were flying to Key West regularly. On one trip the pilot forgot to refuel, and their cowl plane went down into shark-infested waters off Marathon. It was almost dusk, and they were stranded on a submerged plane. What to do? Clark took off her bright-orange Lilly and flagged a passing helicopter. Even bleeding from the head, Lilly saw the humor: "Tits will get 'em every time."

DRESS FOR SUCCESS



"It was the poor man's Pucci," says fashion historian June Weir. "Those prints were as recognizable as when you put on a Pucci, one being a geometric and the other being a flower. And you could wear those prints anyplace and feel you looked terrific."

"In the same way that Pucci could only be Italian," says Holly Brubach, former fashion critic for *The New Yorker* and *The New York Times,* "Lilly prints and color combinations seem to me quintessentially American. I think of Pucci prints as being more allusive to the art of the time, that Op-Pop thing that was going on. Lilly seems to me more on the level of entertainment than art."

So it was the shape plus the color plus one thing more: a lining. Lilly had never liked wearing underwear in the Florida heat, and not only did a quality broadcloth lining keep the dress hanging right, it meant one could go au naturel underneath. This was key, the existential escape implicit in the Lilly: the release from conventional underpinnings, the freedom from being judged.

"Lilly is not the city," says Pamela Clarke Keogh, author of *Jackiestyle.* "Lilly is not work or money or earning money. Lilly is essentially having a drink poolside and enjoying yourself."

"And it goes through the family," says Polly Mellen. "The pants for the man, the clothes for the little girls, the mothers and daughters dressing alike. It's an ease of dressing, and yet at the same time looking crisp and safe."

When the company's manufacturer bought cheap broadcloth for the first order shipped to Lord & Taylor—a big break into major markets—the linings shrank. A disaster. "Here the business is just beginning," Lilly says, "and it's going to end the same day." With $30,000 pulled from Lilly's trust, the company called back the dresses, cut out the linings, dropped in new ones, and sent the dresses out again. Lord & Taylor sold thousands.

Even with people like Dina Merrill, Happy Rockefeller, and three generations of Kennedys—Rose, Jackie, Caroline—wearing Lillys (one Christmas Eve, President Kennedy nearly bought out the store), the Lilly was still just a local phenomenon. Nationally, the turning point came in February 1963, with a wow of a layout in *Life,* titled "A Barefoot Tycoon Makes Lillies Bloom All Over." Sally Kirkland, one of the era's most influential fashion editors, was in charge of the shoot. She was a good friend of Laura Clark's. But Kirkland left Clark out and put the focus on Lilly in Lillys. "Lilly was so photogenic," says Clark. "It was a much better story if she was the whole thing. I understood that, but it broke my heart. It was great for Lilly, and the pictures were great, and that's when she started realizing it was her business."

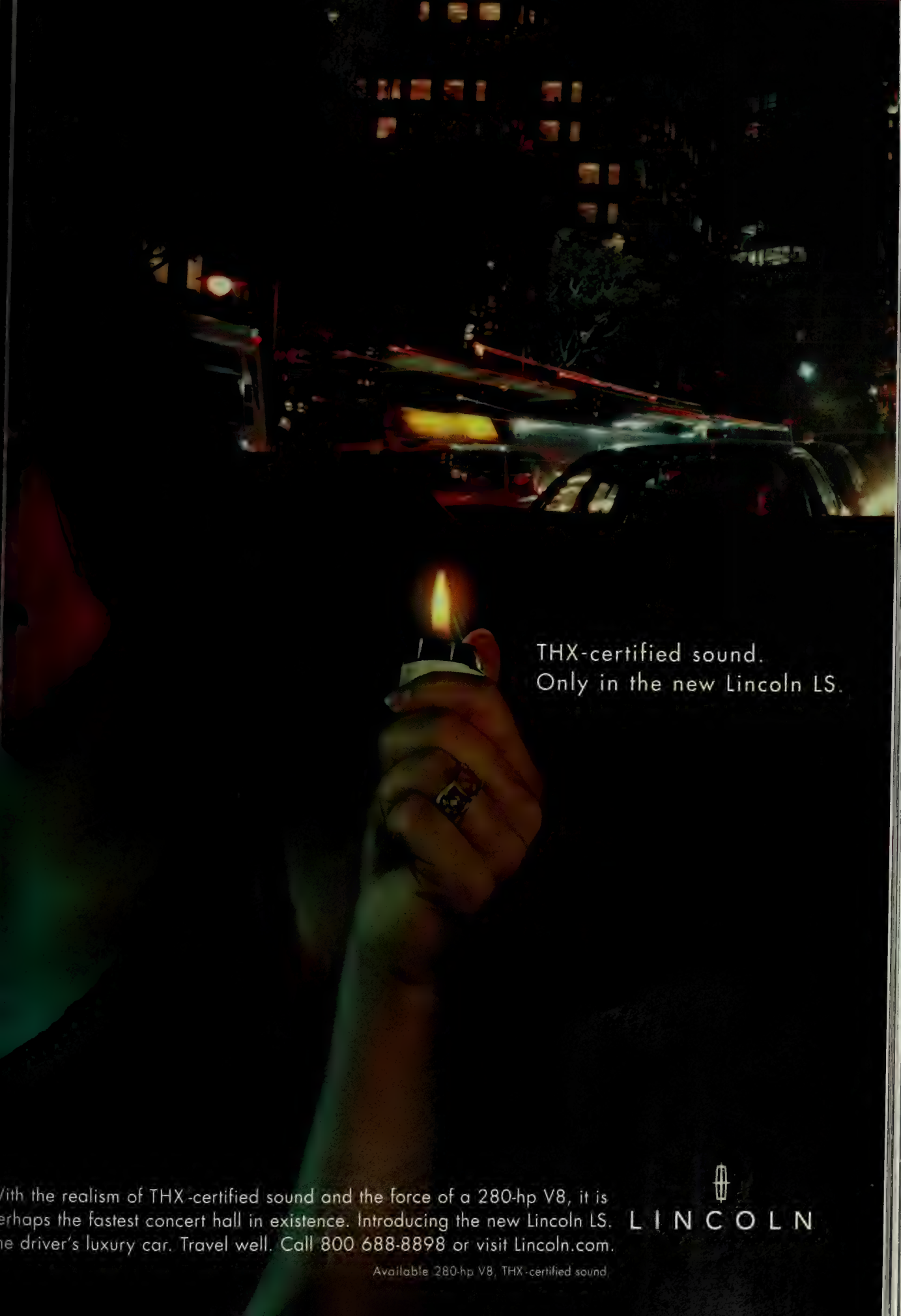
In 1962, *Time* magazine decided the Lilly was "somewhere between a chemise and a muumuu."

And it was a business with legs—long, bare legs that hopscotched from East Coast watering holes to landlocked upper- and upper-middle-class suburbs. Wherever Lilly had a friend who needed a business, a Lilly Pulitzer store might open, and more women might join the club.

"The idea of Lilly was to be comfortable, be pretty, and be alike," explains Ruth Peltason, president of Bespoke Books and a specialist in fashion and design. "It was a way of belonging without having to have the same country club, the same Zip Code, the same kind of car. It's like wearing a Brownie uniform when you're 8 and a Girl Scout uniform when you're 12. It says, 'We're a group, we belong to one another.'"

A status symbol, yes, but inexpensive, everyone invited.

The Lilly Pulitzer product grew like a family. A Lillyputian version of the shift called "the Minnie," named for Lilly's elder daughter, was made for little girls—a great marketing move. Clothes for men took off, too: pants, swim trunks, ties, and a line of batiste nightshirts which Lilly christened "Sneaky Petes"—"it seemed fitting," Lilly has said. Pete *was* sneaky, or rather a ladies' man, according to several members of their Palm Beach circle. As Clark says, "He was very beautiful to look at. Great personal charm, the kind of charm that you knew he was waiting all his life just to talk to you. A tricky guy." One friend who chastened Pulitzer about a flagrant flirtation going on during his marriage, and who many years later warned against an unwise one he'd just begun (a girl named Roxanne!), recalls that Pulitzer settled the question on both occa-


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sions by saying, "It's my life." Not the most conciliatory attitude.

Actually, work was drawing both Peter and Lilly further into their own lives. As Eugenia Sheppard wrote of Lilly and Laura in the *New York Herald Tribune,* "Their husbands might have been furious, but they hardly ever saw them except to say good night and good morning." Fact was, Pulitzer was supportive of his wife, proud of her success, and the two enjoyed a healthy competition. "Peter and I couldn't wait to get out the door," Lilly says. "Let's see who can work the longest, the hardest." Those long hours apart may have prolonged the marriage. Lilly, the Scorpio holding it in, did not discuss the sneaky-Pete problem, not a word. "She never said anything about it," says Clark, "and never was sad or mopey." When the couple separated, it blew everyone away—just as their elopement had.

Minnie Pulitzer McCluskey: "All our memories as kids, you never saw such hugging and kissing. Everyone wanted to be them."

Liza Pulitzer: "It was traumatic. None of us even saw it coming. Because there was never any fighting."

Peter Duchin: "It came as a shock to a lot of her friends, like me.

Laura Clark: "They were sort of leaders of the young group, and nobody knew what to do. You couldn't take sides, because they were both so charming. Everybody was terribly upset."

The couple divorced in 1969.

And another change was afoot. Clark's husband had suffered a heart attack, and during a recuperation in California, the couple fell in love with Santa Barbara and decided to move there. Lilly Pulitzer bought out Clark in a settlement that satisfied

"Lilly is not work or money or earning money. Lilly is essentially having a drink poolside and enjoying yourse





PALM BEACH STORY

[illegible] first and second husbands, Peter Pulitzer and



both—they are friends to this day—and by the end of the 60s she was sole owner and designer of the company that wore her name. For Lilly, the best was about to begin. And that would be her second marriage, in 1969, to Enrique Rousseau.

He, too, was an exceedingly handsome man—"the handsomest person I've ever seen in my life," Lilly once told her friend Nancy Kezele. He was Cuban, cultured, a marvelously funny storyteller with an old-world panache, that dashing aristocrat-of-the-world you find in Nancy Mitford novels.

"When he went into the Bay of Pigs in 1961," says Susanna Cutts, "Enrique had a tent, his cigars, his houseboy. Bay of Pigs O.K.? Everybody else was sleeping in the mud."

"He had a great sense of calm about him," says Peter Duchin. "I think Lilly confided in him a lot which she doesn't do to many people. He made her feel protected. He was humorous, he was attractive and he was very solid."

Even Lilly doesn't hold back on the subject of Enrique. "Wonderful. Yes. Very very wonderful guy. You would have loved Enrique. We were very Cuban. We had the entire Cuban nation in our house. We screamed Cuban, we ate Cuban, we laughed Cuban. Caca Rousseau, the Crazy Cuban. I don't know why we started calling him Caca. But we all did. Term of endearment."

"Of course she remembers," says Cutts. "He was just this amazing gentleman from Cuba, who lived like an emperor there and then, when Castro came in, had to make his own way in America. You could bring up anybody's name and he'd say, 'Oh, yes, I knew him very well in Havana.' And he did. 'Oh, yes, I knew all about her. I used to date her.' So one day somebody turned around and said, 'You really think you're hot shit, don't you? You just think you are *caca caliente.*' And it stuck. And then it got shortened to Caca."

Rousseau and his second wife, Julia, who was also his first wife, because they'd divorced and remarried, had been around in Palm Beach since the early 60s. Everybody loved them. Rousseau had a sugar business, but he lost it when he couldn't find a mill that would grind his sugar. So he took work with Peter Pulitzer who had branched out into hotels.

"When Enrique came here he lost a lot of money in sugar," explains Lilly, "and then he went to work for Peter Pulitzer. He was building a Howard Johnson on a beach in Miami, and Enrique took over the building, watching it. And then he became the manager. And then he married me."

There was talk at the time that Rousseau, single again, had moved into Pulitzer's house and in on Pulitzer's wife. Laura Clark, who had known Rousseau before he moved to Palm

OLYMPUS

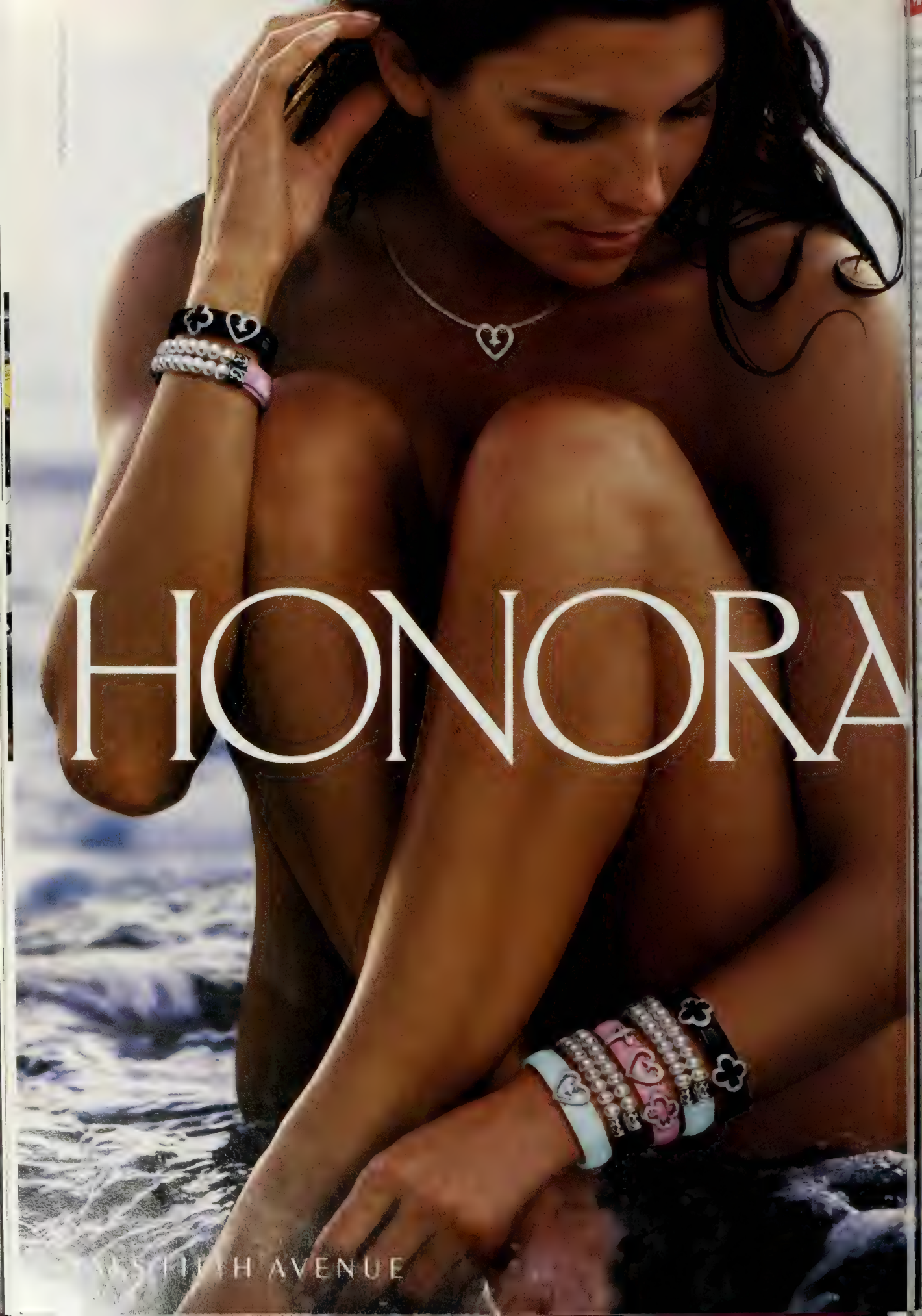


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HONORA
FIFTH AVENUE

each—she met him in Havana when she used his brother in a *'arper's Bazaar* shoot—rejects that gossip out of hand. "Enrique ouldn't have done that. It was proper between them. Very, very roper." And Rousseau was faithful.

Lilly's business sailed through the 70s and into the 80s. She owned a factory in Miami and 31 stores around the country—a collection of Zip Codes that was a Who's Who f high Wasp. In 1982 the company's annual sales were $15 million. That same year Peter Pulitzer was making headlines: his ivorce from second wife Roxanne, the kind f girl described as "tawny" (and you know hat means trouble), was one of the ugliest ublic custody battles in recent memory. And his time people did take sides: Palm Beachrs supported Pulitzer; champions of the nderdog backed Roxanne. Lilly prefers not o comment on the case, except to say, "That vas gross. But, anyway, who cares. The kids ll survived it."

And then business wasn't so good. It was the arth-tone 80s, the decade of shoulder pads and ower suits. Women who'd worn Minnies as kids and Lillys as teens were now in the workforce wearing Calvin Klein and Donna Karan. In 1983, Lilly Pulitzer introduced a sportswear division called New Directions. Clothes to work in. Some of them beige. From Lilly?! It was the Wrong Direction for a designer whose gift was color, whose entire ethos was delight. In early 1984, Lilly brought in a new management team and cut the number of her stores back to 26. She told *California Apparel News,* "It was a very unstructured company. A lot of people did their own thing. I wouldn't say the firm suffered for it, but it could have, had we allowed things to continue as they were. I'm never going to be business oriented, but the company nevertheless has had an about-face." There was no about-face. By the end of the year, the company was in Chapter 11. Or, as Lilly might say, it croaked.

She loved her company, but Lilly doesn't aggrandize it or herself. She sums up simply: "I couldn't sew, draw—I just knew what I liked." She pooh-poohs her business sense, despite the fact that the Lilly sent waves of envy through Seventh Avenue, not only for its pre-sold clientele, but also because it transcended the spring-fall cycle (Lilly's idea: Let's turn 'em out year-round). "Years ago," Lilly recalls, "I don't know why this is coming to mind now, I had a first cousin who worked at the Smithsonian. And one day he called me and said, 'You know, I'd love to have a Lilly to put in the Smithsonian.' And I said, 'Sure.' And I said, Send a Lilly to the Smithsonian? What would I send? So I never did." With just such an ahistorical shrug, Lilly Pulitzer left fashion. But before she did, she quietly took care of every one of her stores, paid every creditor, every single bill.



The Lilly Pulitzer is more than sun-kissed resortwear: it's shorthand for Wasp wealth at play.

My first recollection as a child is grabbing my mother, that shift, the bow on the shift." James Bradbeer Jr. is the president of Sugartown Worldwide, and his mother wore Lilly and sold Lilly, first in a store in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, then in La Jolla, California. He's tall and slim, a fresh-faced prep grown into an elegant man in a pin-striped suit with just the right swing, plus a pink Lilly Pulitzer tie. Bradbeer's thrill is infectious, as if he still can't believe it all happened this way.

"I knew Lilly had retired in 1984 and closed the business, and it was all very sad. And at a trade show in 1991 I saw a sign for Lilly Pulitzer. And you know how in life you sometimes think, God, I wish I'd thought of that. Somebody else has got this and they're going to bring it back. And we"—"we" is Bradbeer and Sugartown chairman and C.E.O. Scott Beaumont, both Harvard M.B.A.'s, and at that time both working for the apparel company Eagle's Eye—"we met this husband-and-wife team, a couple who kind of were Lilly-lovers. And long story short: they realized this is a cute idea, but we don't know how to make it go. So we got a meeting with the great lady"—Lilly herself—"and it was love at first sight. We were like her lost children, you know? And we struck a deal to bring it back."

"Life. Lilly. And the Pursuit of Happiness" is the trademark slogan unveiled this year, and it neatly captures the playful, Mayflower Americanness of the Lilly. "There are classics out there," says Bradbeer. "Ralph Lauren has obviously made a career out of that, but you don't smile. That's where our spot is. Our job is the fun side of it. That's what differentiates us. We owe it to our customers and to the marketplace to do that well." And the company is doing well, indeed, with annual sales in excess of $40 million, 51 licensed shops all over the country, and boutiques in Saks Fifth Avenue and Bloomingdale's stores nationwide.

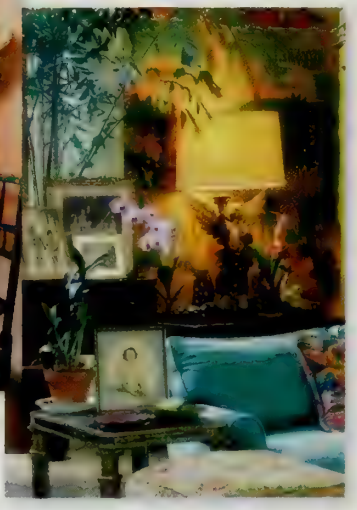
Since 1994, Bradbeer and Beaumont have grown the company slowly, carefully bringing Lillydom into the 21st century. They

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN BECKER



PICTURE OF LILLY





have added stretch to the cottons, maintain enviable workmanship, and have held the price points low enough so women can buy two Lillys at a time. They've introduced exquisite cashmeres, a sports line, and a home line, and are experimenting with phosphorescent dyes—lightning bugs that glow in the dark, flowers that turn yellow in the sun.

"Lilly gave us the greatest platform in the world," says Bradbeer, "this sense of happiness and joy as a positioning. I mean, that's endless."

A crack, 10-person design team, coupled with an opinionated Lilly Pulitzer Advisory Committee—a group of young society women called the PINK-AND-GREEN POLICE by *The New York Times*—keeps a fine balance between retro and what's next. No pattern or color flies, however, without Lilly's O.K. If she says, "Oh jeez," it's out.

God knows how many species of palm tree, with winding paths in the back, a playhouse for grandchildren, a slat house for outside parties, even a mini-riverbed which failed, but Lilly's going to try again.

The house is grand and comfortable and colorful—Lillyfied, yes, but warmly so, golden and shaded. When you walk in, you feel the embrace. And in the happy years of Enrique and Lilly's life here, many, many people walked into this embrace. There are no rules but one: once you're in the family, you remain in the family. Over and over friends speak of holidays where Peter Pulitzer and his new family sit side by side with his daughters' ex-husbands and their new families. As with the Lilly, no one is excluded, no one is judged. Minnie Pulitzer McCluskey: "I learned how to be with my ex-husband by watching how Mom and Dad were."

"Can't get away from the family," Lilly says. "You can run, but you can't hide." (Enrique's ex-wife, Julia, went on to marry Peter Pulitzer's half-brother Charles Amory.)

In the years since Enrique Rousseau's death in 1993, after a five-year fight with prostate cancer, the Jungle has become completely matriarchal. At this home, no aproned maid answers the front door. Lilly does—very un–Palm Beach. It is Lilly's embrace that greets you, and then she wants to feed you. If you come to fix the air conditioner or check for termites, Lilly, the girl with the platinum spoon, serves you lunch. When friends describe her, the same word keeps surfacing: "great den mother," "everybody's Earth Mother," "mother of all." At the Palm Beach store C. Orrico, preppy central and a Lilly Pulitzer flagship if ever there was one (it's a 31 Flavors of summer clothes!),

Like the woman for whom it was named, the Lilly is completely down to earth, unsnob.

Lilly is simply "our spiritual leader," says Kathy Orrico, oldest of the three sisters who own and run the shop. "She loves everything that her fabric designs are about—animals, flowers, children—everything that nature has provided for us to love. She gives life lessons to everyone every day."

And that's it. In Palm Beach, all roads lead to Lilly. Even Fortune likes to visit. Only one year after the devastating loss of Rousseau, the Lilly Pulitzer label was born anew, not like a blazing phoenix, more like a rainbow. It's as if Lilly's own wonky colors pulled her out of retirement and back into the world—the Lilly, once again, a lovely little thing that is part of everyone's life. □

The book *Private Palm Beach,* published in 1992, begins with a chapter titled "Jungle Paradise": the home of Lilly Pulitzer Rousseau. In a resort town where lawns are manicured to a half-inch and box hedges reach 15 feet high—a megalomaniacal Cubism—the Jungle, as Lilly's place is called, is both wild and real. It doesn't feel like an estate at all, but a prime piece of Eden, a tangled ac e of banyan and fern fronds and



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VANITIES

Michael Pitt

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 22, actor. **PROVENANCE:** West Orange, New Jersey. **WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE:** Pitt struck out on his own at 16 and moved to New York, where he worked as a bike messenger while attending the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. "I got a show Off Broadway called *The Trestle at Pope Lick Creek*. It was the first time I got hired to do something really cool, and they were paying me. I would've done it for free." **FROM ONE CREEK TO ANOTHER:** Pitt spent one season on *Dawson's Creek* before landing roles in *Hedwig and the Angry Inch*, *Murder by Numbers*, *Bully*, and Gus Van Sant's *Finding Forrester*. **HE'S ON A FIRST-NAME BASIS WITH GUS:** "*Murder by Numbers* was my first big-budget movie. It was a learning experience. I kind of wanted to go back to the small things after that. I'm thinking about working with Gus again, for real this time. I did a small part because he asked me." **A STICK OF BUTTER AWAY FROM BEING THE NEXT BRANDO:** This fall you can catch Pitt in Bernardo Bertolucci's *The Dreamers*. "It's 1968, and my character goes to Paris and meets two Parisians, a brother and sister, who have this weird, incestuous relationship, and they kind of drag me into it." —KRISTA SMITH





PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD PHIBBS

Some Possible Stump-Speech Backdrops for Dubya



PEACE THROUGH WAR

WE HAVE THE WEAPONS—
NOW LET'S USE 'EM

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?
IT'S SIMPLE. HE WOULD KICK ASS

SLICIN' HEADS

AMERICA: GETTING ITS GROOVE
THANG ON

AMERICA: NOT A FRAIDYCAT

WE FEEL PRETTY

CARJACKINGS HAVE GONE
WAY DOWN IN RECENT YEARS

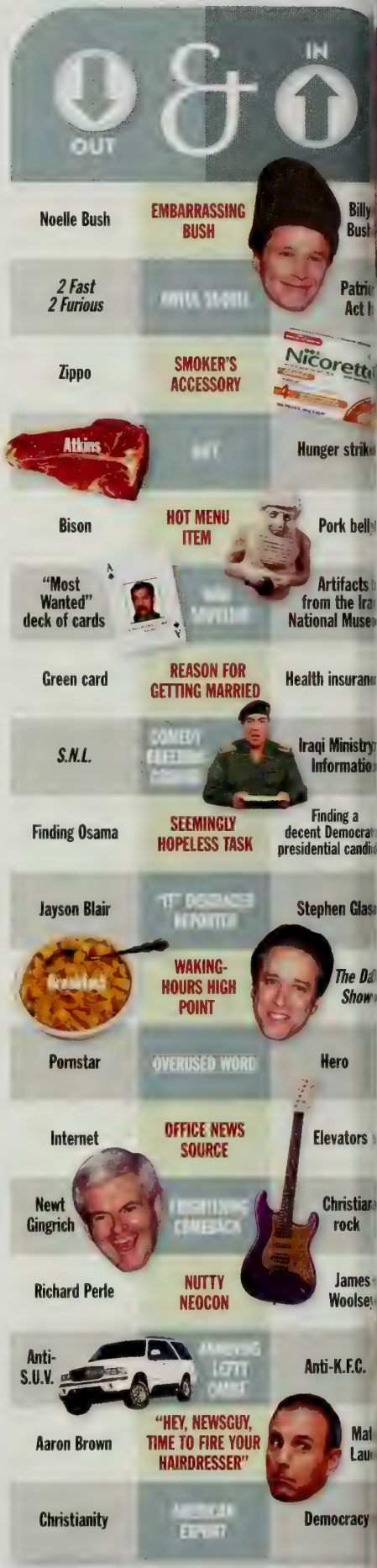
AMERICAN COUPLES—
MAKE LOVE 2 NIGHT!

GROW A MUSTACHE,
GO TO JAIL

I AM A CHRISTIAN MANIAC
BENT ON DESTROYING
THE WORLD—FOLLOW
ME AT YOUR PERIL

MY ASS BE STANKIN'

—JIM WINDOLF

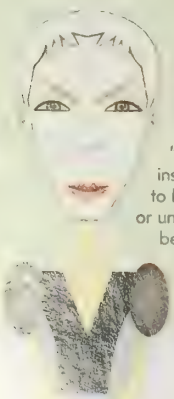


NIGHT TABLE READING



ART COOPER
retired editor in chief, GQ

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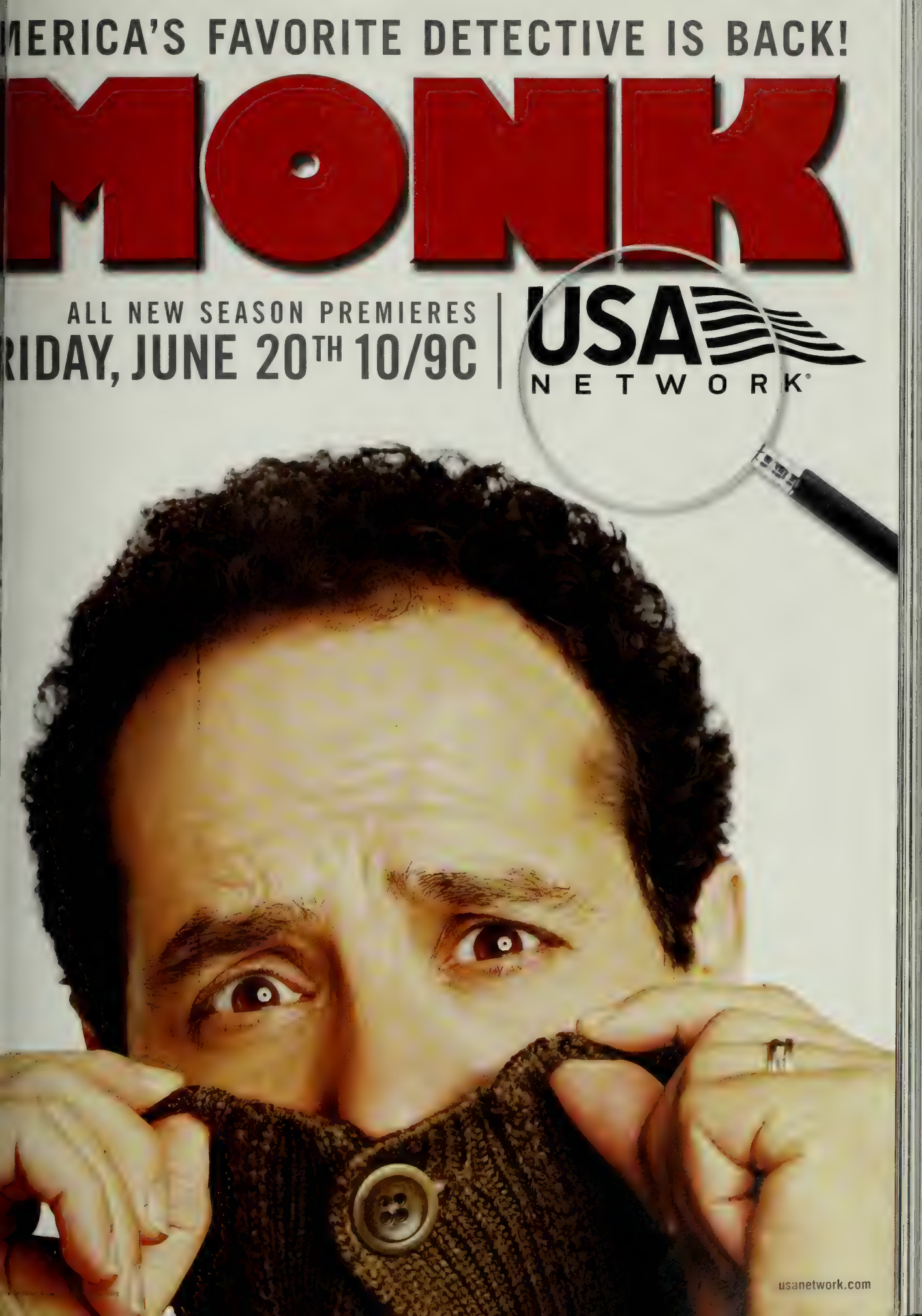
ANNIE LENNOX
musician

The Places That Scare You, by Pema Chödrön (Shambhala). "I usually have a selection of inspirational books at my bedside to help give me a better perspective or understanding about the process of being human. I find Chödrön's take on things to be incredibly concise, yet deeply insightful."

MAYA GURLEY
restaurateur, Maya's, St. Barts

Zarafa, by Michael Allin (Walker). "The story of a giraffe—an animal Europeans had never seen—given to King Charles X of France by the viceroy of Egypt. At the end of the voyage from Africa, in 1827, she walked from Marseille to Paris and was the marvel of the age."




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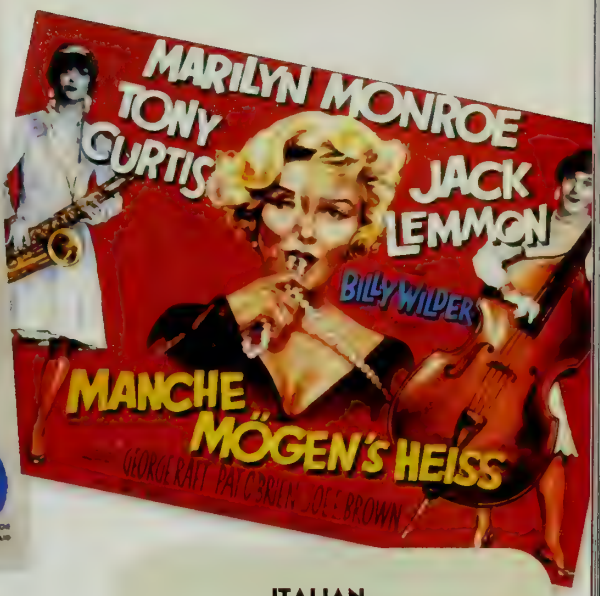
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ANITIES







SPANISH

1. *Comprehensive Beach Blanket Hall* (1965)
2. *The Afternoon of the I Gave of the Dog* (1975)
3. *Mandibulas* (1975)
4. *Debbie Causes You Mow* (1978)
5. *Is There* (1979)
6. *Better Whorehouse Small in Tiles* (1982)
7. *The Cattleman of the Pharmacy* (1989)
8. *The End of Howard* (1992)
9. *Still Cattlemen Obtain the Melancholy* (1994)
10. *The Type of the Cable* (1996)
11. *Against Air* (1997)
12. *The Baby: Puerco in the City* (1998)

GERMAN

1. *Everyone Approximately Evening* (1950)
2. *Mr. Preferring Orifice Plates* (1953)
3. *Would Unite Like It Be Named* (1959)
4. *Professor Stays Away Has That Consideration* (1961)
5. *It Is an Insane, Insane, Insane, Insane World* (1963)
6. *My Just Wife* (1964)
7. *Loss Neutralizing* (1964)
8. *Jolly Girl* (1968)
9. *The Bad Messages Bears* (1976)
10. *Approximately Yesterday Evening* (1986)
11. *Deadly Attractive Force* (1987)
12. *As a Harry Itself Sale Encountered Has* (1989)
13. *Driving Miss Ganseblumchen* (1989)
14. *The Correct Thing Makes* (1989)
15. *My Large Thick Greek Wedding* (2002)

Foreign Correspondents

BY HENRY ALFORD

Anyone who has ever seen an American movie in a foreign country knows the perils that befall the English language when it is translated; consider 1978's *Grease,* whose Spanish-language version was titled *Vaselina!* Or consider the entries here: an on-line translation service was used to translate the titles of various American movies into five different languages; the results were then put back into the service and retranslated into English. You are enjoying ravenously now the findings, yes?

HOW MANY OF THESE TITLES CAN YOU IDENTIFY?

FRENCH

1. *Cookies in Forms Animal* (1930)
2. *Dine Duck* (1933)
3. *Annie Receives Your Rifle* (1950)
4. *Saddles That Blaze* (1974)
5. *Annie Corridor* (1977)
6. *To Shine It* (1980)
7. *This Is the Vertebral Faucet* (1984)
8. *Greek God 13* (1995)
9. *The Package Film of Brady* (1995)
10. *Does Not Import Where but Here* (1999)

ITALIAN

1. *To the Wind It Satisfied* (1939)
2. *The Double One of Guarantee of It* (1944)
3. *The Sunset of Brightness of Road* (1950)
4. *Anchovy of Doesn't Alive Here More* (1974)
5. *You Improve Small Whorehouse in Texas* (1982)
6. *The Filthy of Dance of The* (1987)
7. *It Looks at the Violent One of Sport* (1987)
8. *Attractive Mortal Force* (1987)
9. *Stunned It and It Confused* (1993)
10. *Boyz of the Cappuccino of The* (1991)
11. *The Cathedral of Bio of The* (1996)
12. *The American of Cake of It* (1999)
13. *Distant from the Sky* (2002)

PORTUGUESE

1. *The Golden Haste* (1925)
2. *A Trolley Nominate I Desire* (1951)
3. *Good-bye, Mr. Splinter* (1969)
4. *Next Month the Planet of the Monkey* (1970)
5. *Harry I Soil* (1972)
6. *Home of Animal* (1978)
7. *Dance I Soil* (1987)
8. *Tomatoes You Will See Fried* (1991)
9. *The Sick English* (1996)
10. *The Bending Down Tiger, Hidden Dragon* (2000)

NSWERS:

PANISH 1. Beach Blanket Bingo 2. Dog Day Afternoon 3. Jaws 4. Debbie Does Dallas 5. Being There 6. Best Little Whorehouse in Texas 7. Drugstore Cowboy 8. Howards End 9. Even Cowgirls Get e Blues 10. Cable Guy 11. Con Air 12. Babe Pig in the City **GERMAN** 1. All About Eve 2. Gentlemen Prefer Blondes 3. Some Like It Hot 4. The Absent-Minded Professor 5. It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, ad World 6. My Fair Lady 7. Fail Safe 8. Funny Girl 9. The Bad News Bears 10. About Last Night 11. Fatal Attraction 12. When Harry Met Sally 13. Driving Miss Daisy 14. Do the Right Thing . My Big Fat Greek Wedding **FRENCH** 1. Animal Crackers 2. Duck Soup 3. Annie Get Your Gun 4. Blazing Saddles 5. Annie Hall 6. The Shining 7. This Is Spinal Tap 8. Apollo 13 9. The Brady Bunch ovie 10. Anywhere but Here **ITALIAN** 1. Gone with the Wind 2. Double Indemnity 3. Sunset Boulevard 4. Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore 5. Best Little Whorehouse in Texas 6. Dirty Dancing Bloodsport 8. Fatal Attraction 9. Dazed and Confused 10. Boyz N the Hood 11. Big Deuce 12. American Pie 13. Far from Heaven **PORTUGUESE** 1. The Gold Rush 2. A Streetcar Named Desire Goodbye, Mr. Chips 4. Beneath the Planet of the Apes 5. Dirty Harry 6. Animal House 7. Dirty Dancing 8. Fried Green Tomatoes 9. The English Patient 10. Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon

GEORGE WAYNE Q&A

Candace Bushnell on sex and the not-so-single girl

Before *Sex and the City* became an "international sensation," it was a corrosive, bleak newspaper column, its author the epitome of a certain kind of chilly blonde one sees in Manhattan, trolling the late-night canyons en route to the next party. Now Candace Bushnell has settled down with ballet dancer Charles Askegard (though, truth be told, she still goes to a lot of those parties) and has written a new novel, *Trading Up.* She takes time out to dish on underwear models, the possibilities of the Tantra, and her first meeting with Mr. Big.



George Wayne: *You've never mentioned that it was G.W. who introduced you to the man you immortalized as Mr. Big in* Sex and the City.

Candace Bushnell: You know what? That's true. We were at that party—

G.W. *—at Wolfgang Joop's loft, and we got off the elevator—*

C.B. —and you made me go and talk to him.

G.W. *Oh, so now you remember! So G.W. is responsible for the fame of Candace Bushnell.*

C.B. That's true. Without Mr. Big, who knows what *Sex and the City* would be like?

G.W. *Of all the men in your life—and there have been quite a few, I must say—your relationship with Michael Bergin was fascinating.*

C.B. It was?

G.W. *Yes, because you went to interview him and then you had sex with him.*

C.B. I interviewed him in bed, but that was because that was the only place to sit. I can't say I had sex with him.

G.W. *So you are saying that you didn't have sex with Michael Bergin?*

C.B. One doesn't usually interview a Calvin Klein underwear model, but, of course, I know you've interviewed a few. Sweetie, you can't trick me into that. I know you too well. I don't want to talk about sex with Michael Bergin.

G.W. *Now you're married to a ballet dancer who is six feet four, a tall drink of water, pliable and fit. You guys must indulge in some Tantric sex that even Sting has never heard of.*

C.B. I can't talk about my sex life, sweetie. I'm a married girl

G.W. *Oh, my God—look at that rock!*

C.B. It's a yellow sapphire, darling, from India.

G.W. *A wedding gift?*

C.B. No, I bought it myself. I always think it's a good idea to buy your own jewelry.

G.W. *Your friends call you an alpha female. Would you consider that an apt description?*

C.B. I'd like to think so, but I think I'm more of a lone female. I am fascinated by women who are divas and who are completely self-absorbed and a little bit crazy.

G.W. *And you've also said that marriage is a "male invention."*

C.B. Marriage has always put women in a secondary position. My marriage is my invention. It's really about equals. I love my husband. He constantly astounds me—how nice he is, how much fun we have together, how nonjudgmental he is—so it works.

G.W. *There really isn't a lot of sex in your new book. Which of your friends is the character Janey Wilcox based on?*

C.B. None of them. There is no character like that in real life. Living in New York City creates that kind of character. She was one of the characters in *Four Blondes,* and she is a flawed heroine. It's a character who is larger than life. She's a lingerie model, she's famous, she's on the scene, and her world turns against her, and she manages to beat them all in the end.

G.W. *Are you friends with Sarah Jessica Parker?*

C.B. I really admire her. She is brilliant. She goes out always looking fabulous. I really like her.

G.W. *When are you going to have children?*

C.B. I'm 44—who knows? Kids don't like me. If I pick up a baby, it starts crying, so that probably says something.

G.W. *Where do you come up with these names for your characters?*

C.B. They just come to me. When I was a kid I could never remember people's names, so I just made up names. And I don't want to get in the situation where I use somebody's real name, so I make up these crazy names, like Comstock Dibble and Roditzy Deardrum.

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Teen Engines: Rockin'

We don't get the keys to the car. These kids have the keys to the pop kingdom.



A.J. Trauth

- **BIRTHDAY:** September 14, 1986
- **SIGN:** Virgo
- **HOMETOWN:** Las Vegas
- **BIG BREAK:** "I'm still waiting for it."
- **FIRST JOB:** A fashion show at a Las Vegas shopping mall
- **UPCOMING PROJECT:** The Stewart Girl, Emily the movie, Version of the Disney Channel series, Even Stevens! However, "Be Good, Hudson, In My Head Boots" [illegible]
- **FAVORITE GADGET:** iPod
- **COMPUTER:** Dell
- **FAVORITE DEVOTION:** Bible, Jesus

Emily VanCamp

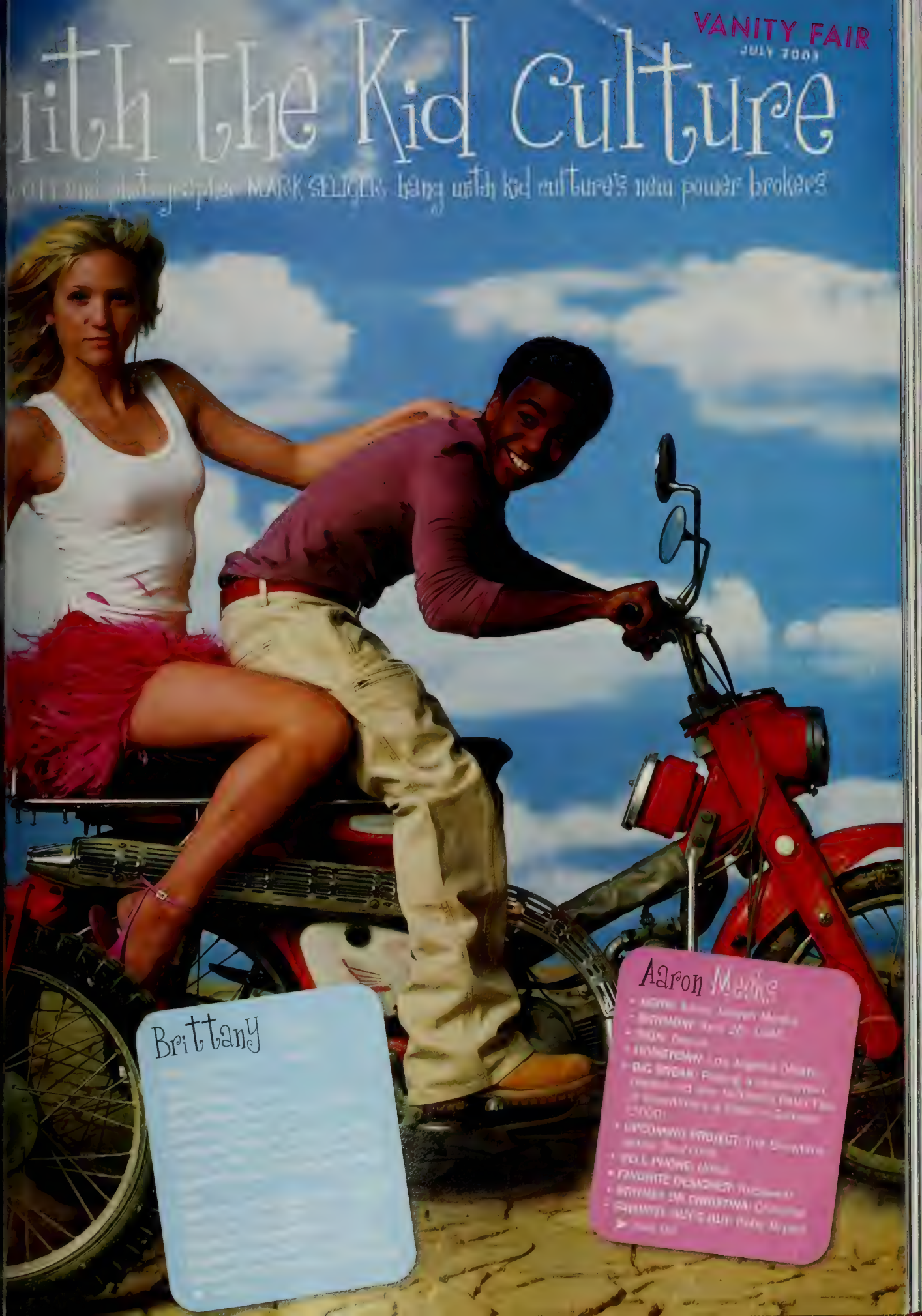
- **BIRTHDAY:** May 12, 1986
- **SIGN:** Taurus
- **HOMETOWN:** Port Perry, Ontario
- **BIG BREAK:** Her WB's Everwood, in which she stars as Amy Abbott
- **UPCOMING PROJECT:** Playing Sharon Stone's daughter in A Different Loyalty
- **NUMBER OF JUICY COUTURE OUTFITS:** [illegible]
- **FAVORITE LIP GLOSS:** Mary Kay's in Juicy Couture
- **CELL PHONE:** Samsung, "I got [illegible]"
- **COMPUTER:** Sony Vaio

INTERVIEWS BY KRISTA SMITH • STYLED BY INGE FONTEYNE

VANITY FAIR
JULY 2003

ith the Kid Culture

MARK SELIGER hangs with kid culture's new power brokers



Welcome to the launch party for Teen Vanity Fair

"It's so cool You're doing this issue!" says

17-year-old Brittany Snow as she sidles into the interview room at Smashbox Studios in Culver City, California. Snow, who plays the teen angel with the birthday-candle glow on NBC's 60s saga, *American Dreams,* and whose dedication to the dramatic arts was evident as a child (she would put on skits and "go psycho if someone messed up their lines"), says "it's about time" the under-21s got their own special shout-out.

For one weekend in April, Smashbox was the nubile capital of America and therefore the planet, a hormonal cyclotron where more than two dozen way wicked tweens, teens, and hunks in jeans from the burning lights of television, pop music, and the movies took a spin on the celebrity couch to be quizzed on their likes, dislikes, future plans, styling tips, and stuff like that there. (Over 5,000 miles away as the broom flies, three sorcerer's apprentices from *Harry Potter* took part in a cozier mixer.) *V.F.* West Coast editor Krista Smith did the grilling as I sat in, soaking up "the scene." (I'm capable of soaking up scenes three times my body weight.) Questions such as: How many Juicy Couture sweatshirts do you have clogging the closet? What set of wheels do you drive? What cell phone do you tote? What's your favorite food, band, author, gadget, subject in school, and lip gloss? What are your pet peeves and secret celebrity crushes? What was your most embarrassing moment? Do you consider yourself a geek or a jock? And as if this weren't intense enough, we smote them point-blank with a choice forcing them to take a perilous stand: Britney or Christina?

Britney or Christina who?, we can hear a few voices muttering on the bus. To some prunes and professional mourners, *Vanity Fair*'s salute to the talent, potential, good looks, mass appeal, and bankable power of Hollywood youth will be seen as another sign of the end of civilization, like Paramount's decision to make *Grease 3* . . . dying bubbles from a society drowning in the kiddie pool. The generation that the stars in this portfolio represent is the most style-conscious, splurged-upon, and media-immersed army of ragamuffins in history. "U.S. teens spent $155 billion in 'discretionary income' in 2000 alone, buying clothing, CDs, and makeup," Alissa Quart writes in her new book, *Branded: The Buying and Selling of Teenagers.* The advertising blitz aimed at separating mall rats from their weekly allowance has pumped life into a new junior contingent of teen magazines—*Elle Girl, Cosmo Girl, Teen People, Teen Vogue,* and, maybe someday, *Teen New Republic* ("Zionism Without Zits"). Granted, a pop mentality whose formative influences are Archie comics, *The Brady Bunch, Saved by the Bell,* Scooby-Doo, and similar vanilla floats is somewhat lacking in gravitas. Yet this same youth kick has also yielded *Cl* (which set the gold standard for the teen-genre film with its allusive slang, and recognition that Valley Girl uptalk is the versal dialect of smart ditzes), TV's *Buffy the Vampire Slayer, I It On, Legally Blonde,* and the rousing and morally upright *D line*—works whose humor, coltish attack, and climactic showd will outlast the literate hush of *The Hours* and *Far from He* those studies in wallpaper. And the sleeper hit so far this *Bend It Like Beckham,* about an Indian girl's determinati defy the fuddy-duds among family and friends and excel at so

Bend It Like Beckham is a girl-power tale, and girl power pels tween-teen culture, from *Clueless* to *Buffy* to *Legally Bl* to the new *Charlie's Angels,* where cute guys are the reward greater, deeper self-realization and chick solidarity. This rev the postwar trend in movies fueled by the marriage of te terone and gasoline that gave us Marlon Brando and his m cycle Visigoths in *The Wild One,* James Dean drag-racing in *I Without a Cause,* and high-school grads tripping the night tastic in *American Graffiti* (where the fates of the female chara didn't even make the flash-forward epilogue). Girls now see have more poise, daily agon, and purchasing power. The H Potter mania may seem the exception to the countertrend, where would the movie be without Emma Watson's bossy-b In the junior galaxy of girl power, none beckon brighter tha twin stars, Mary-Kate and Ashley (aptly born under the sig Gemini), whose careers began on the ABC sitcom *Full H* when they were nine months old. These former tots hav tracted a fanatical following. Brittany Snow suffered her embarrassing moment when an overzealous mom, mistakin for an Olsen twin at a pre–Golden Globes party, requeste autograph and then, recognizing her goof, stormed off and fu in a loud voice, "Shit! My kids are gonna kill me!"

For the Olsen twins, sisterhood is superpowerfu pair of sweet 16s, Mary-Kate (pet peeve: "when ple eat bananas and make that noise") and As (pet peeve: hair in food) preside over the Dua Entertainment Group, which markets a billion-d line of mary-kateandashley videos, fashions (sizes too), fragrances, bedding, and a name magazine. Their net worth has been estimated at $150 milli each. Ashley's idols are Drew Barrymore (who returned the a ration by giving them cameos in the new *Charlie's Angels*), Op and "Martha, because of, like, everything CONTINUED ON PAG



shley Olsen

- **BIRTHDAY:** June 13, 1986. (She's two minutes older than Mary-Kate.)
- **SIGN:** Gemini
- **HOMETOWN:** Los Angeles
- **BIG BREAK:** *Full House*, starting at nine months old.
- **UPCOMING PROJECTS:** "S.A.T.'s and college." (For other projects, see Mary-Kate's profile.)
- **NUMBER OF JUICY COUTURE OUTFITS:** "A lot—from two years ago, when they were hot."
- **FAVORITE LIP GLOSSES:** Rosebud Salve, Chanel Sheer. ➤ PAGE [illegible]

Mary-Kate Olsen

- **BIRTHDAY:** [illegible]
- **SIGN:** [illegible]
- **HOMETOWN:** [illegible]
- **BIG BREAK:** [illegible]
- **UPCOMING PROJECTS:** [illegible]
- **SWEATING PENNIES TO:** [illegible]
- **FAVORITE LIP GLOSS:** [illegible]
- **JOURNEY TO CHRISTINA:** [illegible]

➤ [illegible]



Evan Rachel Wood

- **BIRTHDAY:** September 7, 1987.
- **SIGN:** Virgo.
- **HOMETOWN:** Raleigh, North Carolina.
- **BIG BREAK:** Playing Jessie on ABC's Once and Again.
- **UPCOMING PROJECTS:** Thirteen, with Holly Hunter, and The Missing, Ron Howard's 2004 thriller, starring Tommy Lee Jones and Cate Blanchett.
- **NUMBER OF JUICY COUTURE OUTFITS:** Never heard of them.
- **BRITNEY OR CHRISTINA:** Alanis Morissette.
- **FAVORITE GUY'S GUY:** Evan McGregor.

PAGE 128



Hilary Duff

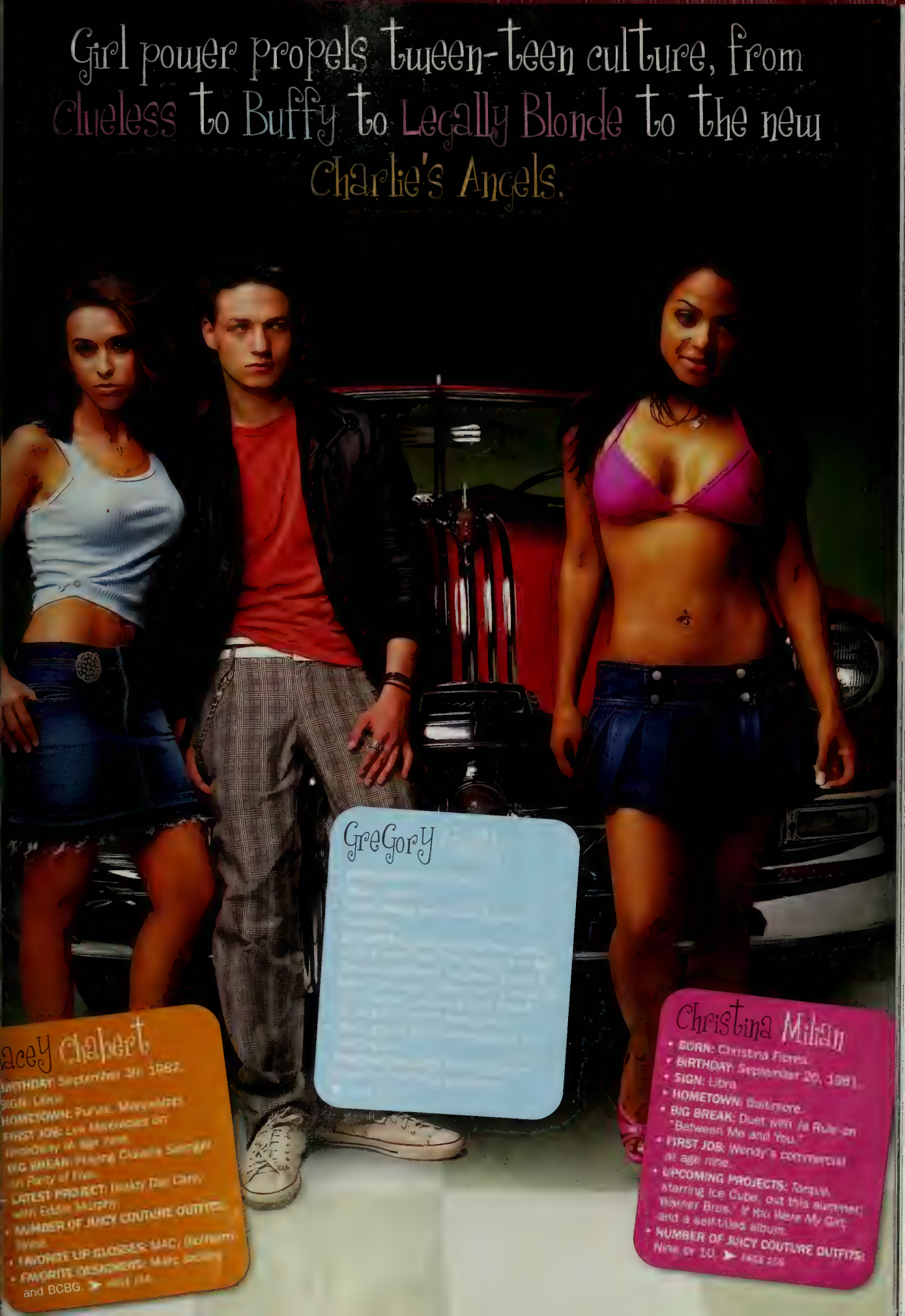
- **BIRTHDAY:** September 28, 1987
- **SIGN:** Libra.
- **HOMETOWN:** Houston
- **BIG BREAK:** Her starring role in the Disney Channel's Lizzie McGuire
- **FIRST HIT:** Her charting track "Why Not" and her film Agent Cody Banks, with
- **UPCOMING PROJECTS:** The Beat
- **NUMBER OF JUICY COUTURE OUTFITS:** probably together [with her sister, Haylie] over a dozen." ▶ Now she

Lindsay Lohan

- **BIRTHDAY:** July 2, 1986
- **SIGN:** Cancer
- **HOMETOWN:** Cold Spring Harbor, New York
- **BIG BREAK:** Playing a set of twins in the 1998 remake of The Parent Trap
- **FIRST HIT:** A duet with Ja Rule on
- **UPCOMING PROJECTS:** Freaky Friday
- **NUMBER OF JUICY COUTURE OUTFITS:** A dozen
- **FAVORITE LIP GLOSSES:** Cosmopolitan ▶


Solange Knowles

Girl power propels tween-teen culture, from Clueless to Buffy to Legally Blonde to the new Charlie's Angels.



Gregory

Christina Milian

- **BORN:** Christina Fiores.
- **BIRTHDAY:** September 26, 1981.
- **SIGN:** Libra.
- **HOMETOWN:** Baltimore.
- **BIG BREAK:** Duet with Ja Rule on "Between Me and You."
- **FIRST JOB:** Wendy's commercial at age nine.
- **UPCOMING PROJECTS:** Torque, starring Ice Cube, out this summer; Warner Bros. "If You Were My Girl"; and a self-titled album.
- **NUMBER OF JUICY COUTURE OUTFITS:** Nine or 10. ➤ PAGE 226

Lacey Chabert

- **BIRTHDAY:** September 30, 1982.
- **SIGN:** Libra.
- **HOMETOWN:** Purvis, Mississippi.
- **FIRST JOB:** Live Madonna on Broadway at age nine.
- **BIG BREAK:** Playing Claudia Salinger on Party of Five.
- **LATEST PROJECT:** Heavy Top Cam, with Eddie Murphy.
- **NUMBER OF JUICY COUTURE OUTFITS:** Nine.
- **FAVORITE LIP GLOSSES:** MAC, Bathum Nyte.
- **FAVORITE DESIGNERS:** Marc Jacobs and BCBG. ➤ PAGE 224

Mandy Moore

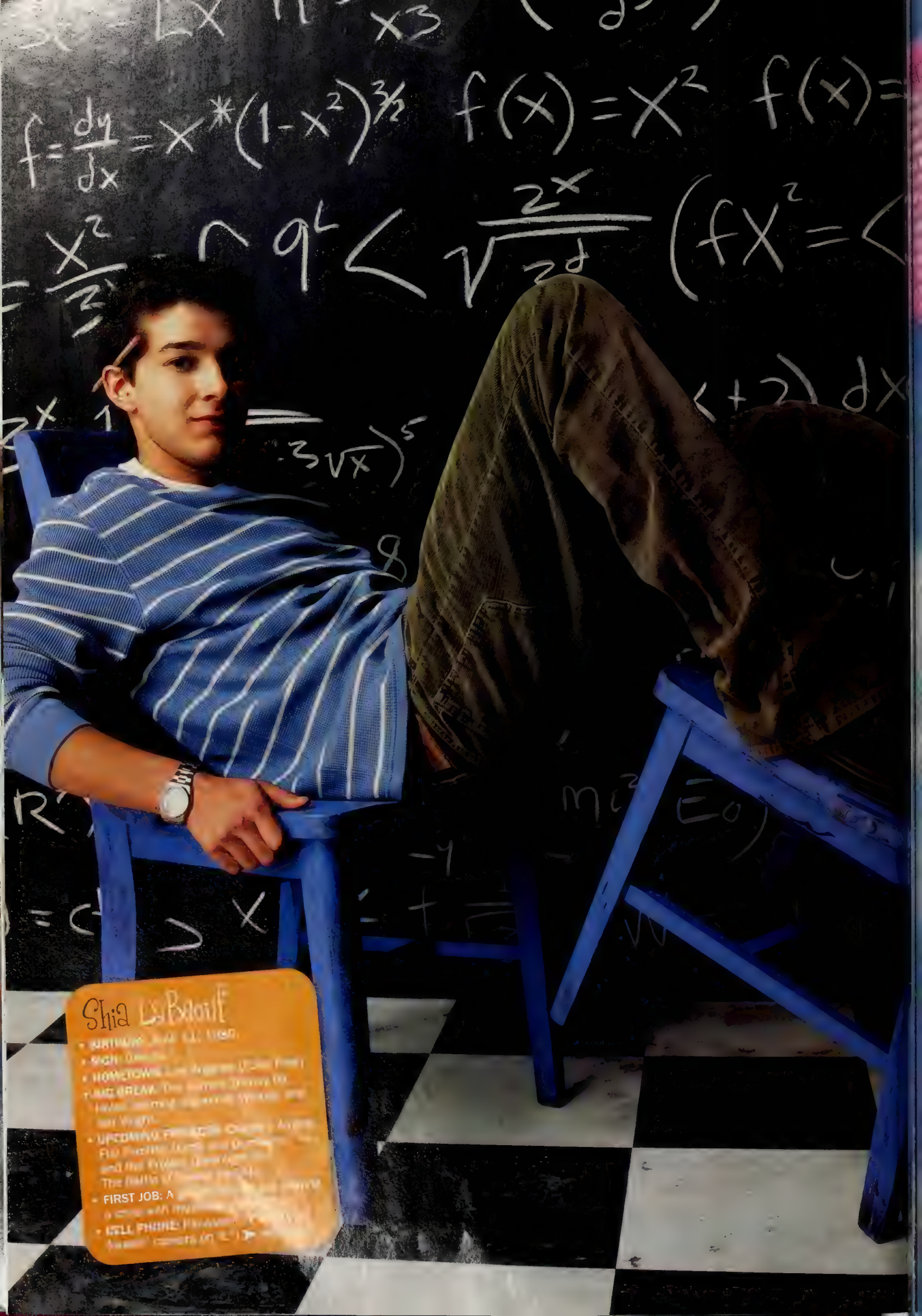
- BORN: Amanda Leigh Moore
- BIRTHDAY: April 10, 1984
- [illegible]
- HOMETOWN: Orlando, Florida
- BIG BREAK: Signed with Epic Records at age 14
- FIRST JOB: Singing the national anthem at sporting events from age 11.
- UPCOMING PROJECTS: New Year's Eve, Saved, and Chasing Liberty, and [illegible] an album of songs, and comedy out in September.
- NUMBER OF JUICY COUTURE OUTFITS: [illegible]



Raven

- **FORMERLY KNOWN AS:** Raven-Symoné
- **BIRTHDAY:** December 10, 1985
- **SIGN:** Sagittarius
- **HOMETOWN:** Atlanta
- **BIG BREAK:** Playing Olivia on *The Cosby Show* from the age of three
- **UPCOMING PROJECT:** The second season of *That's So Raven* on the Disney Channel
- **NUMBER OF JUICY COUTURE OUTFITS:** Twelve
- **FAVORITE LIP GLOSS:** MAC Lipglass
- **FAVORITE GADGET:** Cuticle cutter

➤ FACE 228


Shia LaBeouf
• FIRST JOB: A


Alexis Bledel
Amanda Bynes
• BIRTHDAY: April 3, 1986
• SIGN: Aries
• HOMETOWN: Thousand Oaks, California
• BIG BREAKS: The Amanda Show on Nickelodeon and the recent hit film What a Girl Wants
• UPCOMING PROJECT: "I'm going to enjoy summer."
• FIRST JOB: A regular performer on Nickelodeon's All That, 1996–2000.
• NUMBER OF JUICY COUTURE OUTFITS OWN: 1
• FAVORITE LIP GLOSSES: Pressed powder


Bow Wow
9, 1987.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98 she's created within her brand." The Olsens' ingenuity in platforming their *Full House* huggableness into a Martha Stewart–caliber brand consciousness has become the model and matrix for the rest of the entertainment industry. Anyone can become a household name in this *American Idol* instant-stardom world, but becoming a household *item*—that's the key to Fort Knox.

Not that the twins carry their tails high with an air of money and privilege. They won't even specify the make of the Olsenmobiles they drive, saying only Mary-Kate has "a black big car" and Ashley a blue biggie. Unlike the Bush daughters or the Hilton sisters, who always look as if they were about to pop out of a bachelor-party cake, M-K and Ash, as they're known in the hood, are modest, demure, able to walk without weaving. I noticed that other young stars at Smashbox couldn't resist taking sidelong glances at the Olsens, unable to quench their fascination, and what makes them fascinating is they're so ineffably ordinary they seem otherworldly. Dressed in cargo pants and loose tops, they could be any other urchins sipping smoothies on the shopping-mall escalator, until they speak and their canary voices quiet the room with a composure, self-possession, and practicality that make them sound like ancient souls in nymphet bodies. They seem to siphon their belief in themselves from a limpid pool. When Mary-Kate says that she plans to open her own restaurant and a children's hospital someday, you don't doubt for a moment she'll get it done. You're glad she's on the side of good and not evil—otherwise we'd all be doomed.

Although a few of our other aspirers earned their training wheels on the daytime soaps—such as Snow (pet peeve: reading out loud off of restaurant menus), who burned diners to the ground as the bad seed on *Guiding Light,* and Lindsay Lohan (pet peeve: people who are fake), an *Another World* alumna—most made their debuts as carefully wrapped products of the three leading candy dispensers of tween-teen culture: Disney, Nickelodeon, and the WB. Of the troika, Disney boasts the longest and richest franchise. Its original Mouseketeer club, in the 50s, produced Paul Petersen (who went on to *The Donna Reed Show*), Johnny Crawford (who watched Paw shoot a heap of varmints on *The Rifleman*), and—be still, my pacemaker—Annette Funicello, whose sweater-stretching progress through puberty gave millions of baby-boomer boys reason to hope, later pounding the wild surf with Frankie Avalon in *Bikini Beach* and other affronts to the brain. The revamped *Mickey Mouse* club of 1989 showcased a rookie division of heartthrobs and undulators who would tramp all over the record charts in the following decade. Christina Aguilera . . . Britney Spears . . . Justin Timberlake . . . they trailed pride and glory from the hallowed halls of the rodent academy into the concert arenas. (Another postmodern Mouseketeer, Keri Russell, sprouted ringlets as the Pre-Raphaelite student of *Felicity.*)

Among the current darlings of the Disney Channel are Raven (pet peeve: fake people), star of the popular series *That's So Raven,* and the gifted, born-to-party Shia LaBeouf (pet peeve: filming when it's cold), who gave an affecting, nuanced performance as the developmentally disabled brother on the Disney original telefilm *Tru Confessions* (risking typecasting, he will soon be seen as a special-ed student CONTINUED ON PAGE 156


Kyla Pratt
• BIRTHDAY: September 30, 1986
• SIGN: Virgo
• HOMETOWN: Los Angeles
• BIG BREAK: Modeling gigs, leading beginning with one on Family Matters at age three
• FIRST JOB: A commercial for a CD-Rom called Oz Kids, Toys and Games
• ONGOING PROJECTS: UPN's One on One and Disney's The Proud Family
• NUMBER OF JUICY COUTURE OUTFITS: Three. (She wishes the number was infinite.) ➤ PAGE 55
Alexa Vega
• BIRTHDAY: August 27, 1990
• SIGN: Virgo
• HOMETOWN: Miami
• BIG BREAK: Robert Rodriguez's Spy Kids (2001), playing the daughter of Antonio Banderas and Carla Gugino
• FIRST JOB: Playing Burt Reynolds's daughter on CBS's Evening Shade at age five.
• UPCOMING PROJECT: Spy Kids 3
• NUMBER OF JUICY COUTURE OUTFITS: One.
• FAVORITE LIP GLOSS: Bonne Bell Cotton Candy Lip Smacker. ➤ PAGE 159

Where would the Harry Potter movie versions be without Emma Watson's bossy-boots?



Emma

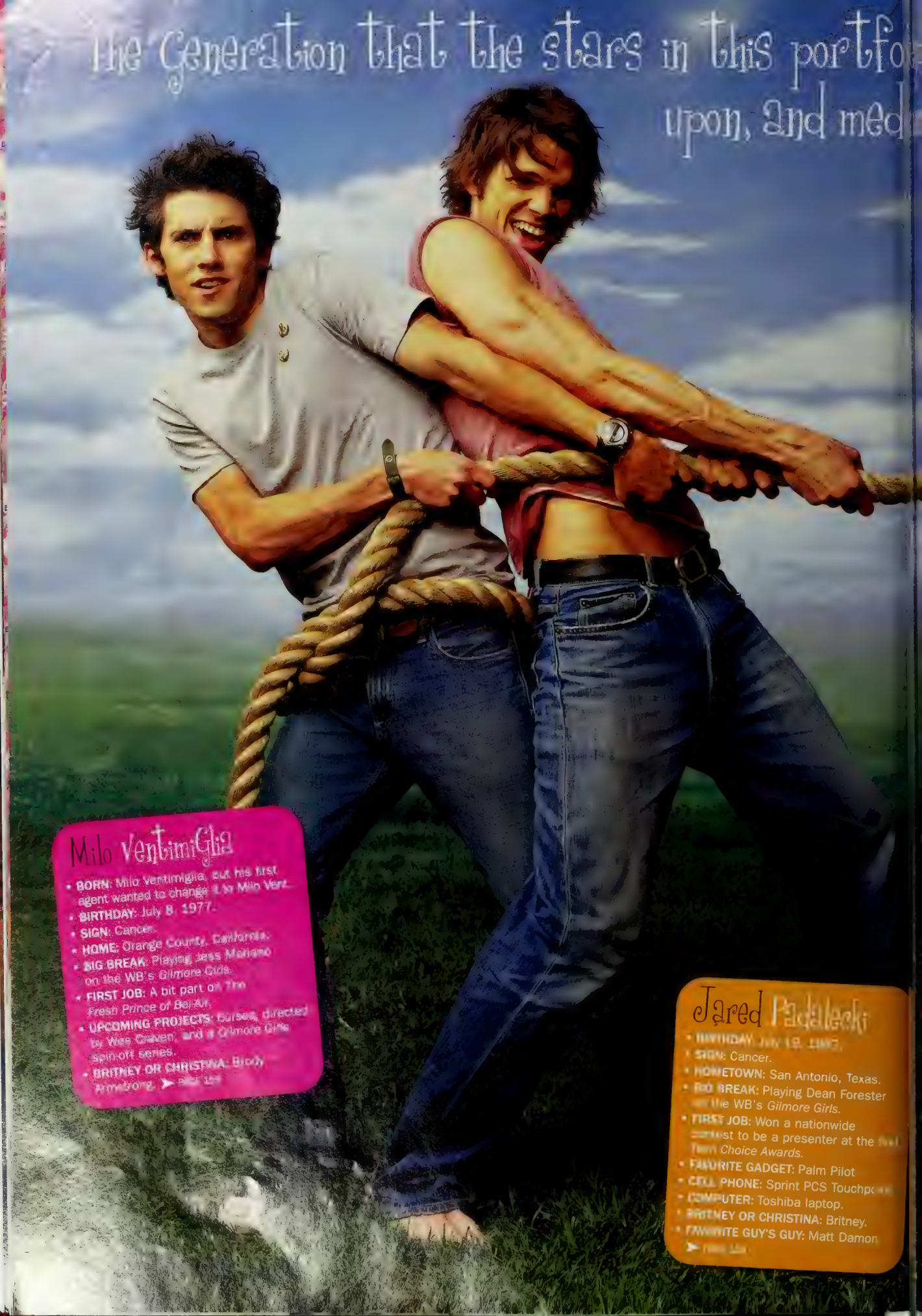
Daniel Radcliffe

- BIRTHDAY: [illegible]
- SIGN: Cancer
- HOMETOWN: London
- BIG BREAK: Starring in the BBC [illegible] *David Copperfield*
- UPCOMING PROJECT: Playing [illegible] Potter in the third [illegible] Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban
- FAVORITE GADGET: [illegible]
- BRITNEY OR CHRISTINA: [illegible]
- FAVORITE GUY'S GUY: [illegible]
- PS2 OR XBOX: PS2
- FAVORITE BANDS: [illegible]

Rupert Grint

- BIRTHDAY: August 24, 1988
- SIGN: Virgo
- HOMETOWN: Hertfordshire, England
- BIG BREAK: Playing Ron Weasley in *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone*
- UPCOMING PROJECT: *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban*
- FAVORITE GADGET: [illegible]
- CELL PHONE: Nokia with a camera
- COMPUTER: Hewlett-Packard
- BRITNEY OR CHRISTINA: Britney
- FAVORITE GUY'S GUY: SpongeBob SquarePants ➤ [illegible]

The Generation that the stars in this portfo
upon, and med



Milo Ventimiglia

- **BORN:** Milo Ventimiglia, but his first agent wanted to change it to Milo Vent
- **BIRTHDAY:** July 8, 1977.
- **SIGN:** Cancer.
- **HOME:** Orange County, California.
- **BIG BREAK:** Playing Jess Mariano on the WB's *Gilmore Girls*.
- **FIRST JOB:** A bit part on *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*.
- **UPCOMING PROJECTS:** Curses, directed by Wes Craven, and a *Gilmore Girls* spin-off series.
- **BRITNEY OR CHRISTINA:** Britney.

➤ page 154

Jared Padalecki

- **BIRTHDAY:** July 19, 1983.
- **SIGN:** Cancer.
- **HOMETOWN:** San Antonio, Texas.
- **BIG BREAK:** Playing Dean Forester on the WB's *Gilmore Girls*.
- **FIRST JOB:** Won a nationwide contest to be a presenter at the *Teen Choice Awards*.
- **FAVORITE GADGET:** Palm Pilot
- **CELL PHONE:** Sprint PCS Touchpo
- **COMPUTER:** Toshiba laptop.
- **BRITNEY OR CHRISTINA:** Britney.
- **FAVORITE GUY'S GUY:** Matt Damon

➤ page 154

present is the most style-conscious, splurged-
mersed army of ragamuffins in history



Bush's Brain Trust

Is Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Wolfowitz driving U.S. foreign policy? After 9/11, when George W. Bush needed a worldview, the neoconservatives, led by Wolfowitz, *Weekly Standard* editor Bill Kristol, and the controversial "prince of darkness" Richard Perle, provided it. Not since J.F.K.'s Best and Brightest has an intellectual junta had this much muscle. But even the neocons aren't quite sure what they've wrought in the Middle East. Examining their ideological roots and their bitterest bureaucratic brawls, SAM TANENHAUS charts the triumph of a radical faith in American power.

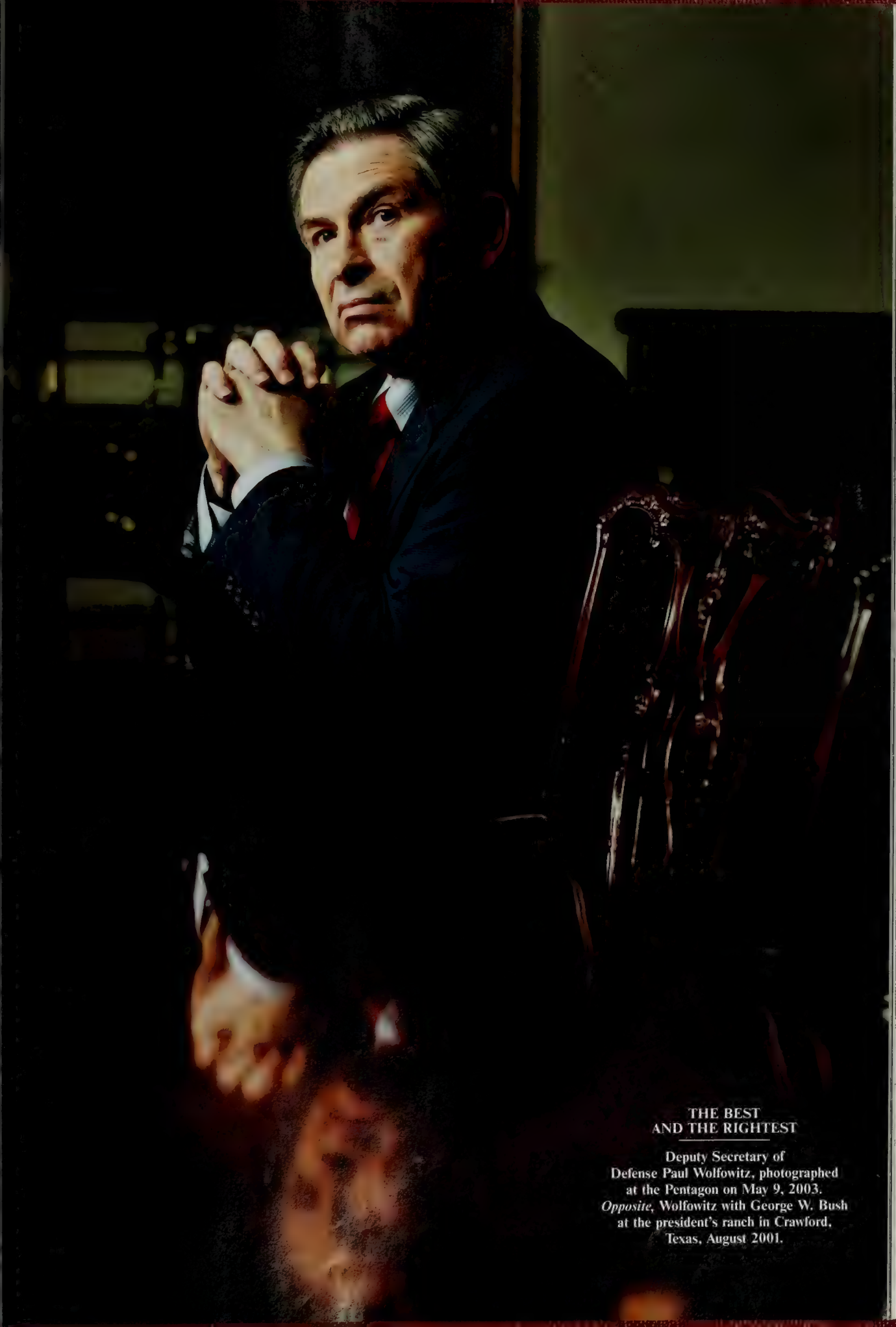


One evening in February, some of Washington's leading hawks gathered at the Metropolitan Club, only a block from the White House, to celebrate the publication of *The War over Iraq,* a tautly argued pro-war polemic co-written by Lawrence F. Kaplan, a 33-year-old senior editor at *The New Republic,* and William Kristol, founder and editor of *The Weekly Standard,* by all odds the capital's most influential journal of opinion these d

Like most significant Beltway occasions, this was deeply political, and what it marked was the cendancy of the thinkers, activists, and policymal known as neoconservatives. "Regular Republica such as Senate Majority Leader Bill Frist, were also hand. But the neocon-ness of the event was clinc when Deputy Secretary of Defense Paul Wolfo spoke to the crowd. To this audience, Wolfowitz, was well known as the principal author of the most portant neoconservative text of the day: the Bush d trine of pre-emptive, or "preventive," military action. Its f chapter, the invasion of Iraq, would commence in a month.

At the time, with the last stabs at diplomacy being made, official White House line was that war could still be averted. Wolfowitz spoke of it as an impending event. "There was no Kaplan told me in April. "His talk was clearly framed as *wh* Not that he sounded triumphant. He never does. (His boss, Dor

PORTRAITS BY NIGEL PARRY

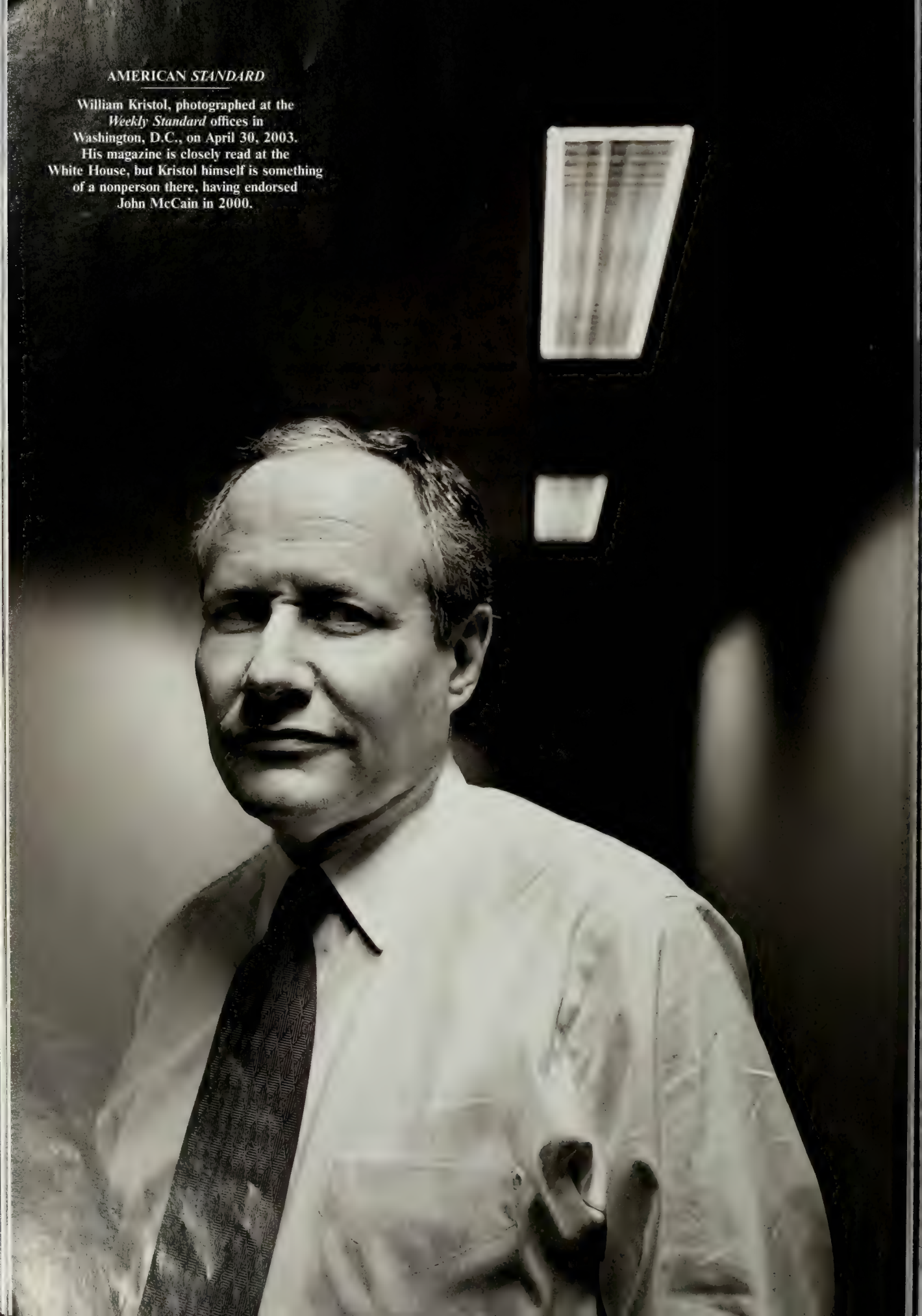


THE BEST AND THE RIGHTEST

Deputy Secretary of Defense Paul Wolfowitz, photographed at the Pentagon on May 9, 2003. *Opposite*, Wolfowitz with George W. Bush at the president's ranch in Crawford, Texas, August 2001.

AMERICAN *STANDARD*

William Kristol, photographed at the *Weekly Standard* offices in Washington, D.C., on April 30, 2003. His magazine is closely read at the White House, but Kristol himself is something of a nonperson there, having endorsed John McCain in 2000.



nsfeld, is triumphant enough for two.) Wolfowitz, for all his vkishness, is disarmingly soft-spoken, thoughtful, deliberate. remarks were sober but also inspiring. "It sounded like a gen- l rallying his troops for the battle ahead," one guest recalls. The tone was appropriate because many in his audience were riors of a kind, intellectual warriors who had been waging a tle of ideas, for more than three decades in some cases. But itics is timing. At the outset of the Bush presidency, there med to be little interest at the top in neocon thinking. But then, owing the trauma of September 11, George Bush needed a n—more than a plan, an answer, a way of looking at America l its place in the world—and the neocons, with their muscular alism, had one perfectly in place.

For Wolfowitz, the memory of September 11 is especially vivid because he was at his office in the outer ring of the Pentagon, on the side of the building opposite where the hijacked American Airlines 757 hit. One hundred and twenty-five Pentagon employees were killed that day. "We had just had a breakfast with ne congressmen," Wolfowitz told me in May. He and Rumsfeld e lobbying for increased defense spending. The pair had warned ir visitors that "we were or some nasty surprises" m America's overseas adsaries and that "the na- e of surprise is you don't ow what it's going to be." Indeed. Word soon came t a plane had flown ditly into the World Trade nter. "We turned on the TV l saw shots of the second ne hitting. There didn't m much to do," Wolfoz says. Then, half an hour later, at 9:43, he and his colleagues a jolt shudder through the Pentagon. "The whole building ook. My first reaction was that it was an earthquake." But msfeld instantly made the connection with what was happening New York. He raced off to the impact site to see what had pened. "Next we heard there had been a bomb and the build- had to be evacuated," Wolfowitz recalls. Smoke and fumes ed the offices. The surviving staff struggled out to the 29-acre nplex's parade grounds. A small "command group"—Rumsd, Wolfowitz, and Richard Meyers, then the vice-chairman the Joint Chiefs of Staff (he has since moved up to the top)—returned to the building. "That's an experience I will never get," says Wolfowitz—the "huge fire, the acrid smoke seeping Soon he was whisked off, for security reasons, to "this bizarre ation prepared to survive nuclear war, way uptown."

It was a scene out of a low-budget Cold War disaster film. But s was a new era with new enemies. To Wolfowitz, it was clear e old approach to terrorism was not acceptable any longer." ssivity was now riskier than action. "This is just the beginning what these bastards could do if they get access to modern apons," Wolfowitz remembers thinking. That weekend, in front the president at Camp David, he would startle some officials advocating an attack not on al-Qaeda's bases in Afghanistan t on Saddam Hussein's Iraq. "After 9/11, Iraq was *the* one is- " for Wolfowitz, says a senior administration official. "Even fore then he was pretty well focused on it."

> "It's not as if Paul and Richard and I get together every month and decide what the next move is going to be."

Meanwhile, on September 11, across the Potomac, fellows at the American Enterprise Institute, soon to emerge as the Bush administration's favorite think tank, were receiving similarly aggressive counsel from Wolfowitz's longtime friend and ally Richard Perle, who was on the phone from France. Perle, himself an A.E.I. fellow, was also the chairman of the Defense Policy Board, a high-powered 30-member group (Henry Kissinger and Newt Gingrich also belong) that periodically gives advice to the secretary of defense. Like Wolfowitz, Perle is never at a loss for a big-picture reading. One who consulted him that day was presidential speechwriter David Frum, who along with other administration staffers had taken shelter at A.E.I.'s offices after the White House was evacuated. Frum spent an hour on the phone with Perle. "I remember very clearly what he said," Frum recalls. "'Whatever else the president says, he must make clear that he's holding responsible not just terrorists but whoever harbors those terrorists.'"

That night Bush would go on television and say precisely this. Two months later, Frum would invent the phrase "axis of hate," later revised to "axis of evil"—a textbook neoconservative formulation.

Some argue that there's no longer any difference in conservative thinking between neo and non-neo. But when the term "neoconservative" first achieved currency, in the mid-1970s, it referred to a loose confederacy of ex-liberals who had drifted steadily rightward, repudiating the excesses of the welfare state and post-Vietnam distrust of American power. While mainstream conservatives inclined toward isolationism or Realpolitik, neocons inhabited a political shadowland where idealism mingled with ideology. They still do. Beneath Wolfowitz's hyperrational exterior, for instance, there is an electric current of moral fervor—righteous passion, some would say. Perle and Kristol, both highly sophisticated men, invoke the words "good" and "evil" quite as naturally as President Bush does, though with a very different resonance. Neocons are steeped in the knowledge—personal, in some cases—of Europe's 20th-century totalitarian horrors. They bring a rare sense of historical drama to politics; for them foreign-policy issues come drenched in crisis. Saddam is not merely a brutal dictator whom the world would be better off without—he is the stepchild of Hitler or Stalin, or both.

To be a neocon today is to believe that the optimal world is one in which the United States asserts its might and promulgates its ideas, embracing its "unipolar" status, whether or not other nations agree. So dominant has this outlook become that it has transformed perceptions of the Bush administration, and of George Bush himself, at least in the eyes of those who mistrust him. Yesterday's servant of oil and gas companies is now "the callow instrument of neoconservative ideologues," as *The New York Review of Books* recently put it. Others warn darkly of a "cabal" or "conspiracy" of mostly Jewish "kosher conservatives" who have "hijacked" the government even as they secretly serve the interests of Israel's Likud Party. There are rumors of a "shadow government," being run from Wolfowitz's office, which is said to have

usurped intelligence operations from the C.I.A. There is talk, too, that Kristol, whose *Weekly Standard* is read intently by some at the White House, has planted a sleeper cell of neoconservatives in the upper reaches of the Bush administration.

"People think there's a conspiracy," says an amused Kristol, who like all Beltway pros can dismiss an idea even as he reinforces it. "It's not as if Paul and Richard and I get together every month and decide what the next move is going to be." But, yes, he admits, "Bush moved a little after 9/11. Certainly he says things now he wasn't saying two years ago." But "if it's a cabal, it's the most visible cabal ever." After all, "we write articles." For his part, Wolfowitz is less amused, bristling at any suggestion of secrecy. "It's completely out in the open who holds these views in this administration. It couldn't be more transparent."

The neocons are not usurpers. They are the new establishment, and not since the "Wise Men," who formulated the first Cold War policies for Harry Truman in the late 1940s, or the Harvard brain trust that advised John Kennedy have intellectuals had so direct an impact on the nation's politics. Of course, the policies of those two administrations produced very different results. The Wise Men made the United States the world's great stabilizing force via the Marshall Plan and NATO. Their heirs in the Kennedy and Johnson White Houses—"the Best and the Brightest," in David Halberstam's famous phrase—gave us Vietnam. And no one is quite sure what the results will be this time, not even, for all their confidence and proclaimed moral clarity, the neocons themselves. "There's no relevant experience to draw on," confesses Perle, who has been advocating regime change in Iraq for years, when asked how long it will take to create a viable government there. Or as Wolfowitz admits, contradicting some of his more optimistic colleagues, "Getting post-Saddam Iraq right may take years."

> "The first time I met Bush 43 I knew he was different. Two things became clear. One, he didn't know very much. The other was he had the confidence to ask questions."

Born in 1943, Wolfowitz grew up in an atmosphere of intense moral and intellectual seriousness. His father, Jacob, had emigrated from Poland as a 10-year-old and came of age in New York during the Great Depression, teaching high school for a number of years while earning his doctorate in mathematics. He eventually joined the faculty at Columbia and later Cornell. Paul, the younger of two children, inherited his father's intellect and also his moral passion. As an undergrad at Cornell, Paul met Allan Bloom, a charismatic, erudite professor of political philosophy, who was the resident adviser at Telluride, the dorm for gifted students, where Wolfowitz lived. Wolfowitz credits Bloom in large part for his discovery that the "study of politics [is] a serious business." A math and biochemistry major, Wolfowitz also immersed himself in the study of global politics, which, according to friends, displeased his father, who scorned the social sciences.

Though admitted to M.I.T.'s graduate program in biophysical chemistry, Wolfowitz, "unbeknownst to my father," had applied as well to the University of Chicago. Its political-science faculty just added a new member, Albert Wohlstetter, a brilliant and centric geo-military thinker whose analyses of America's po nuclear defenses, written at the Rand Corporation, in Santa M ca, California, had shocked the Pentagon into overhauling weapons systems. He and Wolfowitz met at the first student-fac tea held after the younger man arrived at Chicago in 1965, at age Described by one colleague as "an impossible person, a mad nius," Wohlstetter had the guru's talent for engaging young mi According to Wolfowitz, when "Albert learned I was a math m he immediately glommed on to me," sensing in Wolfowitz a poss recruit to the "technical and technological" approach to milit strategy favored by Wohlstetter, whose enthusiasm for inventive clear scenarios is said to have inspired Terry Southern and Sta Kubrick to make him one of several models for Dr. Strangel

Contrary to that image, Wohlstetter had learned "to love the bomb." He was, rat a practical visionary convinced that the nant nuclear theology of the period—v its belief that the "delicate balance of ror" held the superpowers in check—v also keeping American policymakers fr thinking more creatively, and thus l apocalyptically, about weapons and w

At Chicago, Wolfowitz also met anot important preceptor, Leo Strauss, an é gré German Jewish philosopher who l been Bloom's mentor. Strauss's philoso is complex, allusive, and nuanced, steep in close readings of Plato. Among ideas that would influence neoconser tism was his belief that modern Eu pean liberalism had been a disaster maxed by the totalitarian regimes of Hi and Stalin. Mankind's last best hope v the United States; its civil democracy v a kind of blessed historical accide Strauss, who died in 1973, "is a rema able figure" from whom, Wolfowitz s he learned a great deal in the two se nars he took, though he scoffs at the tion, much bruited of late, that Strau ideas can be linked to the Iraq war. product of fevered minds," he insists.

In any event, Wolfowitz knew his future lay not in politi theory—as abstract in its way as math—but in the practical rea of policy. He jumped when Wohlstetter suggested he go to Wa ington for a few weeks in the spring of 1969 to work as a "scou canvassing opinions on Capitol Hill for a group of Cold W riors who supported the anti-ballistic missile (ABM), a futuris defense system that the new president, Richard Nixon, was str gling to get through Congress. During the project, which laste few weeks, Wolfowitz met a senator, his first, Henry M. Jacks of Washington State. A Democrat, "Scoop" Jackson was classic first-generation neocon, liberal on social issues but fier ly anti-Soviet. Wolfowitz was impressed when a shirtsleeved Ja son—a national figure being talked of as a future president—l down on the floor to master a chart Wolfowitz had made co tering charges that the ABM was unworkable.

Wolfowitz's fellow scout on the ABM project was another p tégé of Wohlstetter's, a 27-year-old graduate CONTINUED ON PAGE



DRAWING A BEAD ON BAGHDAD

Richard Perle, former chairman of the Pentagon's Defense Policy Board, photographed at his home in Chevy Chase, Maryland, on April 30, 2003. Like other neocons, he was advocating going after Iraq long before 9/11.

Reality Kings

Between them, Fox V.P. Mike Darnell and Next Entertainment's Mike Fleiss have produced a monster run of reality-TV hits: *Who Wants to Marry a Multi-millionaire?*, *The Bachelor*, *American Idol*, and *Joe Millionaire* among them. First colleagues, then rivals, but still the closest of friends, the two Mikes race to outdo each other, pushing the boundaries of taste, decency, and fair play. MARK SEAL learns how a child actor and a former sportswriter ended up reshaping prime time





THE PRODUCERS

Wild idea men Mike Darnell, left, and Mike Fleiss, photographed in Los Angeles on May 2, 2003. *Opposite,* a promo for Fox's *Temptation Island,* a group fidelity test, which premiered in November 2001.

The audience on the set of *American Idol,* the smash Fox reality talent show, in Los Angeles is cheering. The ratings-hungry executives present are particularly happy, and for them the real idol tonight is the five-foot, 93-pound man in the control room wearing cowboy boots, Shirley Temple curls, and a giant grin. His name is Mike Darnell. As Fox's executive vice president of specials and alternative programming, he is arguably the king of reality TV, buying shows from independent producers and hiring producers to execute his own ideas. Whether he's overseeing lowbrow fare such as *Celebrity Boxing* (in which minor stars engage in slugfests), re-creating the old-fashioned talent show with *American Idol* (in which homegrown talents are given makeovers and compete for a record contract), or dispatching junior socialites Paris Hilton and Nicole Richie to live with a farm family for *The Simple Life,* this year's *Green Acres* send-up, Darnell approaches television not as a network executive but as a fan. In the case of *American Idol,* which was originated by a team of British producers, he has hit gold. Other networks passed on it before Darnell snapped it up for Fox.

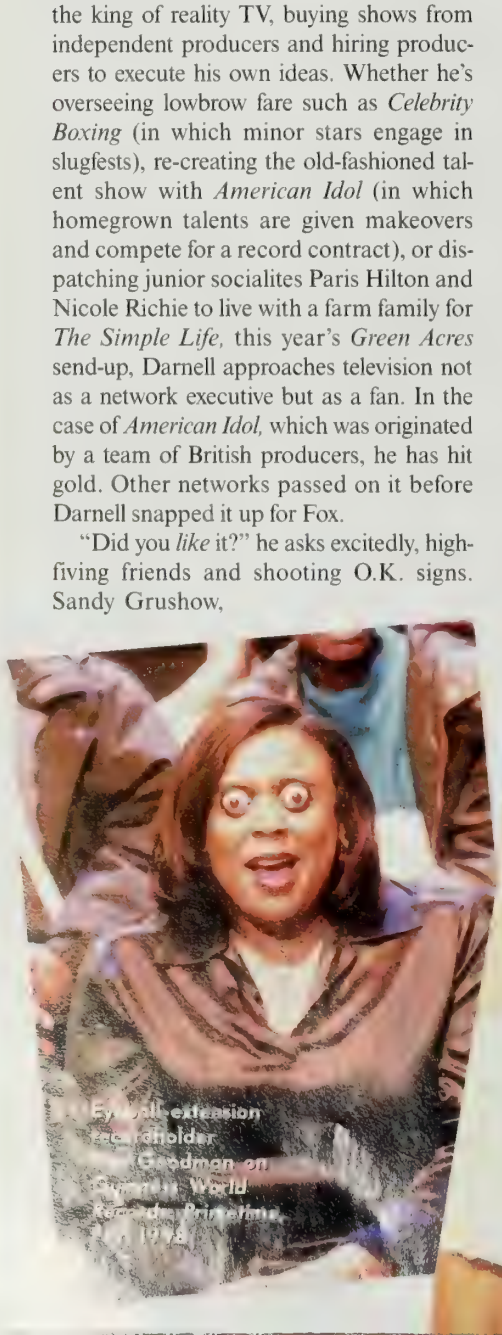
"Did you *like* it?" he asks excitedly, high-fiving friends and shooting O.K. signs. Sandy Grushow, the chairman of Fox Television Entertainment Group, who is in the audience with his kids, definitely likes it. Three years ago, when scandal erupted after the revelation that the groom of the Darnell-orchestrated special *Who Wants to Marry a Multi-millionaire?* had been the subject of a restraining order for threatening a former fiancée, Grushow declared that "exploitative specials" were dead at Fox. Since then Darnell has re-invented himself with such mainstream reality successes as *American Idol* and *Joe Millionaire,* whose staggering 40-share finale—40 percent of all TVs turned on—whipped the Oscars and came close to the Super Bowl numbers. Fox won the February sweeps in the prized 18–49 demographic for the first time ever in 2003. Mike Darnell, according to *The Washington Post,* "may be the most influential person in television."

Darnell, who is 40, creates Fox's reality shows with many independent producers, but not for the moment with one named Mike Fleiss, who worked with him as executive producer of *Who Wants to Marry a Multi-millionaire?* Though the two men are still very close friends, their shows increasingly compete in the reality sweepstakes.

Across town from the Fox studios the day after the filming of the *American Idol* episode, this other Mike, who is 38 and six feet four—as tall as Darnell is short—is in his office in his standard work uniform of T-shirt, swim trunks, flip-flops, and shades. He sits in an editing bay at his company, Next Entertainment, overseeing a rough cut of his ABC *Bachelor* series (in which 25 young women compete for the hand of a desirable male—most recently a scion of the Firestone tire dynasty) and asking for better body shots. "Can I more sexy images of the girls?" he exh his production team. After being sh footage of a tipsy bachelorette, he says thought we had hilarious shit of her fuc up!" Then, after being shown footage of tipsy bachelorette retching behind a b room door, he says, "I would loop a co of those barf sounds. Loop the wettest o

Fleiss's gonzo reality-TV shows, s as *The Bachelor I, II, III,* and, fall, *IV, The Bachelorette* (in wh 25 young guys vied in the installment for the affection Miami Heat cheerleader), and sexathon *Are You Hot?* (a nationwide be ty pageant of barely clad contestan brought ABC double-digit gains in you adult viewers in their time slots. Soo come is *The Will,* in which a real fan greedily wars over a benefactor's estate scripted sitcom is also in the works, Fleiss's first reality movie, *The Quest,* ab seven guys on spring break who endeavo get their buddy laid, and his remake v producer-director Michael Bay of bloody classic *The Texas Chainsaw Massa* will be released this fall.

Reality TV is taking over, with two do major network shows this summer—tw as many as last summer—dominating prime-time lineup. Whether reality tank triumphs from overexposure remains to seen. For now, executives and producers the genre are suddenly Hollywood's kids," who, according to Ben Silverman, ecutive producer of *Nashville Star,* a coun music talent search, and *The Restaurant,* unscripted drama set in Lower Manhatt are "getting haircuts, wearing Prada, going to the Four Seasons for drinks."



Eyeball-extension record-holder Goodman on Guinness World Records: Primetime, 2003.



Darva Conger and Rick Rockwell on Who Wants to Marry a Multi-millionaire?, Fox, 2000.

Participants on Temptation Island 2, Fox, 2001.

Mikes and a swarm of other reality pro-
rs and network executives have revolu-
zed television by laying off conventional
m, drama, and newsmagazine writers,
tors, and producers and turning the
over to the great unwatched horde of
ıary people, who will, it seems, do ab-
ely anything to get on television, and
usually deliver the goods once the cam-
are on them. "Just as John Ford and
ard Hawks were two of the great *au-*
of the golden age of Hollywood, Mike
s and Mike Darnell are two of the great
urs of the golden age of cheese," says
Robert Thompson, Syracuse University
essor of media and popular culture,
claims to have seen every episode of
ty programming to date. "We watch
e shows to mock them, to stick our el-
s in the ribs of the people we're watch-
hem with. Sometimes we like to wallow
e mire, and Fleiss and Darnell make
rich mire in which to wallow."
the end, the greatest show produced
he two Mikes—who *The New York*
es said "are like a reality show version of
South Pole explorers Robert Scott and
ld Amundsen, fiercely competitive in
race to reach bottom"—may be their
. Darnell and Fleiss are only two players
ıe overcrowded reality field, but their
y stands out because it possesses all
e key ingredients of the reality-TV for-
First, it starts with an intriguing, far-
premise. In their case, who would
ve that a former sportswriter and a
l actor could reshape mainstream
ision? Second, it enlists boondock-
nd bumpkins and thrusts them into
lly unfamiliar settings, where they are forced to compete against one another for, in the case of *The Bachelor* or *The Bachelorette,* the hand of a hunk or a honey. In the case of Mike and Mike, the competition is strictly for ratings. Finally, there must be the twist, known as "the reveal," at the end, when viewers discover that things are not really what they seemed. We'll come to the reveal in the drama of the two Mikes later.

Mike Fleiss knew the legend of Mike Darnell long before he met him. He called him "the great Darnell" and "the little wizard," and he was well versed in his string of Fox shockumentaries, such as *Alien Autopsy: Fact or Fiction?* (a purported autopsy of an extraterrestrial at Roswell, New Mexico, in 1947), his *Guinness World Records: Primetime* series (more than 50 episodes, including one featuring a 303-pound tumor), and *When Animals Attack!* (Darnell's signature gorefest of animals ripping into humans and other beasts), all of which had huge audiences and absurdly low production costs. (Reality fare costs as little as $500,000 per hour in contrast to as much as $2 million for an hour of scripted dramatic programming.) These shows sent Fox ratings into the stratosphere.

That Fleiss would one day compete with his hero was then beyond his wildest imaginings, even though he had always had an intensely competitive streak and a willingness to do virtually anything for high ratings. "Mike, be fuckin' wild!" admonishes an autographed photo of Ozzy Osbourne in Fleiss's office.

Fleiss, who has a crew cut and eyes that swirl kaleidoscopically behind sunglasses, sits in the dark in his office, a ball of nervous energy, with, some say, precisely the same interests and attention span as his viewers. He speaks in a stream of exclamations, punctuated by countless "Dude!"s and "Hold on a minute!"s while the phone jangles incessantly and his current production team of 300 runs around his 30,000-square-foot facility. "I don't know if Mike's a creative genius or an odd person, but either way he sees things the way none of us can; he's so in touch with what television viewers want to see," says Lisa Levenson, co–executive producer of *The Bachelor.*

"I like to take a topic that someone says, 'You can't put that on TV,' and then I put it on TV," Fleiss says. "I want to feel a little bit dangerous, a tiny bit irresponsible probably, and that usually equals controversy, and that's sort of my stock-in-trade." His office is filled with guitars, rock posters, and slasher-film memorabilia. On top of a bookshelf is the plastic bride-and-groom statuette from the wedding cake of Rick Rockwell and Darva Conger, whose televised wedding on *Who Wants to Marry a Multi-millionaire?* may have marked a low point in television but is still considered by Fleiss to be the apex of his early career.

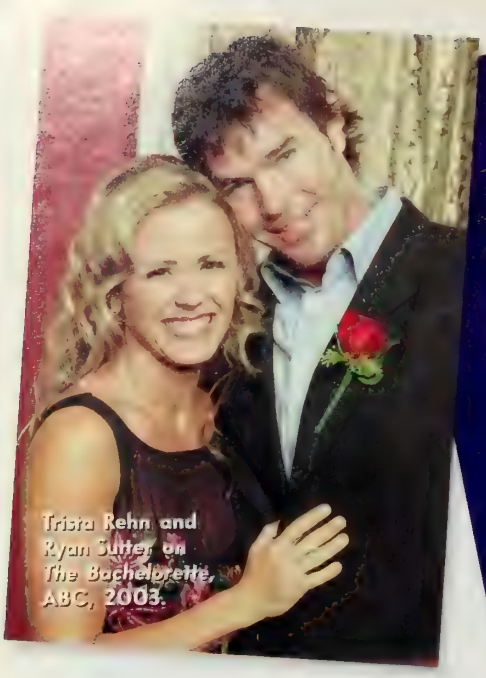
It's been a long road for Fleiss to reach

"We watch these shows to mock them, to stick our elbows in the ribs of people we're watching with."



Danny Bonaduce on *Celebrity Boxing*, Fox, 2002.

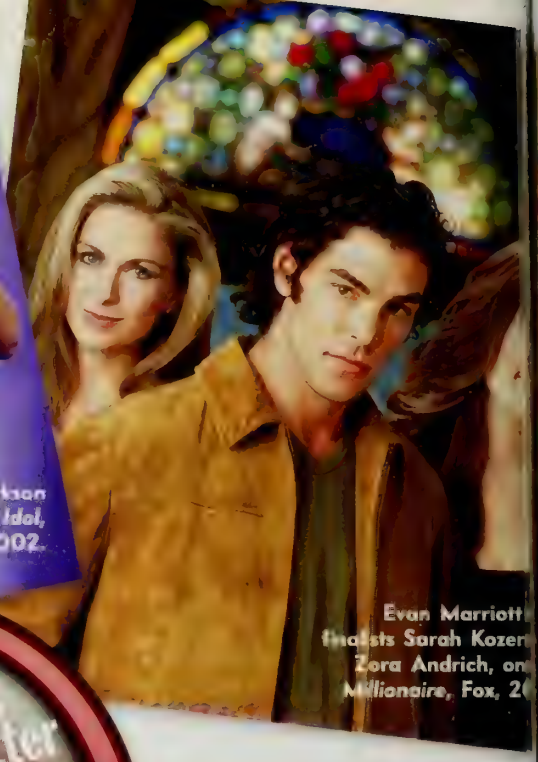
Contestants on *The Bachelor I*, ABC, 2002.



Trista Rehn and Ryan Sutter on *The Bachelorette*, ABC, 2003.



Kelly Clarkson on *American Idol*, Fox, 2002.



Evan Marriott[illegible] finalists Sarah Kozer[illegible] Zora Andrich, on *Millionaire*, Fox, 2[illegible]

"Those shows, for lack of a better way to say it, are like car accidents: you can't turn away."

the top. When *Variety* recently ran one of many front-page stories about his increasing domination of reality TV, his old friend and former sportswriting colleague Michael Silver, who is now with *Sports Illustrated,* congratulated him. "I said, 'Dude, the word of the day is "vindication"!,'" Silver remembers. "And he said, 'No, the word of the day is "*vengeance,*"' and that's Mike Fleiss. There is nothing subtle about his desire to conquer, destroy, and make his enemies feel pain, and I say that as someone who loves him."

Fleiss has one major obstacle to the summit of the reality-TV mountain: Mike Darnell. "There's a fraternity between them, but there's also a fraternal competition, which drives them both to have the top show that everybody's talking about," says Mark Thompson, the weatherman at KTTV, Fox's L.A. flagship station, and a frequent voice of Fox reality fare, who is a close friend of both Mikes. "But there's only room for one of them at the top at any one time. Underlying everything is 'I love you and respect you, but don't think I'm not going to try to beat you.'"

"No matter where they are, they're always talking to each other about both of their shows and how they rated," says Lisa Levenson. "They have that wonderful competition friendship, you know, of rooting for each other, but maybe secretly not."

Once, Mike Fleiss was just one of the boondockers who now clamor to get on his shows. His mother was a nurse, and his father owned a Baskin-Robbins ice-cream parlor in La Habra, California. Fleiss grew up scooping ice cream and skipping school—so that he could go home and watch television. At Sunny Hills High in Fullerton, he says, the girls were "unbelievably hot," but he was not. "I was the alienated, parking-lot stoner, man," he says.

Studying journalism at the University of California, Berkeley, he became a sportswriter, then a sports editor, and eventually executive editor of *The Daily Cal.* After a string of internships, he got a $323-a-week job as a sportswriter at *The Sacramento Union* and then moved on to *The Santa Rosa Press Democrat.* That job imploded when the editors passed over Fleiss and bestowed the plum job of covering the San Francisco 49ers on his friend Michael Silver, whom Fleiss had mentored at *The Daily Cal.*

"And they give me the other, sort of hybrid job," he says, which included one night a week on the copydesk. Fleiss spent his desk time writing scripts, and to punish him, he says, his editors gave him more desk time. (The sports editor, Glen Crevier, denies this.) He sent his youthful efforts to Hollywood offices, where they went nowhere. One of his few connections to show business was his cousin Heidi Fleiss, the Hollywood madam, who says she would have gladly given him a leg up, but he never asked. ("The name Fleiss in German m[illegible] industrious and hardworking, and I [illegible] has the same genetics that I have," Heidi.)

One night in his apartment, with hi[illegible] in jeopardy, Fleiss found himself watc[illegible] the syndicated *Howard Stern Show.* "It[illegible] something like the lesbian *Dating Ga*[illegible] he remembers, "and I thought, Damn! [illegible] had complete creative freedom, and I [illegible] being restricted by the facts all the tim[illegible] felt like I couldn't really do anything [illegible] ative, because I was always running d[illegible] what Jose Canseco said."

Shortly afterward, when his editor ca[illegible] him in to bawl him out, he exploded. He[illegible] sick of the "oppressive, cynical" newsr[illegible] vibe and the tired drones surrounding [illegible] ("I felt, like, if I sat there with a bunch of[illegible] men I'd become one of them"). He tur[illegible] to his editor, he recalls, "flipped him[illegible] bird, and told him to fucking *fire* me, m[illegible] erfucker!" Glen Crevier remembers the [illegible] aration differently: "He spent all of his [illegible] time watching *Married . . . with Chil*[illegible] reruns, and was stunned when I told h[illegible] 'I'm going to let you go.'"

Eight months later Fleiss won an audi[illegible] for a writer's slot on the Fox reality sh[illegible] *Totally Hidden Video* (the new generati[illegible] *Candid Camera*). "I would kill a hun[illegible] being for this opportunity," Fleiss told [illegible] interviewer. "I had been unemployed [illegible] almost a year at that point, and my wife [illegible] very, very pregnant, probably about se[illegible] months," he says. "He said, 'Go home, w[illegible] four or five bits, and come back tomorro[illegible] had been writing on deadline every day [illegible] the last 10 years, so I just stayed up all ni[illegible] and pounded away. I wrote close to 40 bi[illegible]



Auditions for *Are You Hot?*, ABC, 2003.



Paris Hilton and Nicole Richie on *The Simple Life*, Fox, 2003.

He got the call saying he was
while he was at the hospital with his
Alex, who was due to deliver the first
eir two children, whom they named
n, after Aaron Spelling and Hank
n. "Even though I was, like, in the total
of television, which I still consider
lf to be in many ways, I was so happy,"
ys.

A year later, when *Totally Hidden Video* was canceled, Fleiss was unemployed again. Then he hooked up with Bruce Nash, the producer, who currently has 17 reality shows on network and
, including Darnell's *Mr. Personality,*
ed by former White House intern
ica Lewinsky, on which a woman must
t a suitor from a group of men in masks.
s was just a behind-the-scenes guy in
's busy shop until Darnell hired Nash
roduce a special around an idea he
called *Breaking the Magician's Code: ic's Biggest Secrets Finally Revealed,*
h would expose how magicians do
tricks. Nash put Fleiss on the project
took him with him to his first meeting
Darnell. Even back then, Darnell's
e was usually full of eager producers
their presentation boards and "leave-
nds." Darnell still hears as many as 75
nes a week, and "producers are circling
waiting area like flights over LAX,"
rding to Mark Thompson.

itting with Nash across from Darnell,
ss did what he does best: he rebelled.
says Nash had told him to respect the
ician's art. "So with a gun to my head I
written a terrible script for it, and then
we went to see Darnell," Fleiss remembers. "His office is *crazy!* He's like a cross between the Wizard of Oz and Willy Wonka. He has more showmanship than P. T. Barnum. I love the guy so much. So we planned a rough cut of the show with a bad script that I had been essentially forced to write. Darnell is like"—here he switches to Darnell's high-pitched rasp—"'What is this, a *joke?* You need to be making *fun* of magicians!' And I was like, 'Dude, that's exactly how I wanted to go!' So I started riffing back with him. . . . It was a big moment for me professionally."

"At no time did I ever ask Mike Fleiss to write a reverent script for the show," says Bruce Nash, whose many Fox/Darnell projects include last year's *The Glutton Bowl* (40 greedy-guts in a sloppy eatathon for prizes). "For all of us the idea and direction from inception was always to take an irreverent approach. After all, I was doing this show for Mike Darnell and Fox, and they wouldn't have wanted it any other way."

Whatever the case, Fleiss had found his creative soul mate in Mike Darnell. "They can finish each other's sentences," says Alex Fleiss.

Breaking the Magician's Code did a 26 share in the 18-to-49 demographic, Darnell's biggest number up to then. "We got sued every which way—copyright lawsuits, class action, trade secrets," he recalls. He went on to do five more *Magician's Code* specials.

After Fleiss left Nash, he took a job at Unapix, a small distribution company, and his friend and longtime Darnell confidant Mark Thompson went to bat for him. "Now that Mike Fleiss is out on his own, I really want you to get to know him," Thompson told Darnell. "I know you'll like what he has to offer."

Soon after that, Fleiss, wearing his lucky leather jacket and with Thompson at his side, made a second pilgrimage to Darnell's office. Thompson remembers Fleiss saying, "I'm nervous. I am going to see the great Mike Darnell. How do you think I should be?"

"Mike, be yourself," his friend said.

Fleiss pitched Darnell an idea so irreverent, with a premise so extreme, that Darnell and Fox couldn't help but buy it. "I wanted to do a show called *The World's Meanest People Caught on Tape,* where you have people doing mean stuff," says Fleiss, his voice rising. "We had a clip of a bartender who stirred a martini with his penis."

Fleiss switches into his high-pitched Darnell imitation. "'Ahhh! That's *interesting!* We should *definitely* do that!'" However, according to Fleiss, that's what Darnell always says. "He's so enthusiastic about everything, and he is such a great performer, that you always leave a meeting thinking you at least got close to making a sale. It's only when you get the callback the next day that you know. I remember when I got that call."

He was in his cramped office at Unapix. "They said, 'Mike and Tom [Darnell's lieutenant, Tom Sheets] on the phone!' and, aah, it made me dizzy."

"You're in business, buddy," Darnell told him.

Fleiss leans back at his desk and giggles at the memory. "Mike Darnell made that happen for me," he says. "Even though it was a sleazy, disgusting little show,

with a bartender stirring a drink with his penis, I was proud!"

When *Shocking Behavior Caught on Tape* appeared on Fox in 1999, it got a commendable 19 share.

The Mike and Mike Show had begun.

"O. K., what have you got?" asks Mike Darnell. He is perched on a throne-size leather chair behind a giant oak desk that's adrift in a good two inches of tapes, paper, pictures, and television-programmer paraphernalia. There is a piano with an open Barry Manilow songbook against one wall, a gumball machine, stuffed animals, dead plants, and enough toys to stock a schoolhouse. If a meeting gets boring, Darnell is known to punch a button and make the fart machine under the couch unleash a triple flutter-blast. Today he is meeting with the producers of *Temptation Island,* Darnell's version of CBS's *Survivor* series, which became Fox's highest-rated series in its 2001 debut and is now in its third American season, with 11 foreign editions.

The producers are here to screen a group of couples vying to be whisked away to Temptation Island to exhibit their infidelities on national TV. Wearing a jean jacket with rolled-up sleeves, Darnell presides over the meeting, ogling the women ("She's adorable!") and admonishing the producers to force a fit but not totally buff young buck to work out ("They're in bathing suits the entire show!"). It's impossible not to like Mike Darnell. "Here's the thing: I'm very energetic and very competitive," he says. "But I'm a very conservative guy. I go home for lunch a lot. I love my daughter. I've never driven a sports car. I don't like roller coasters. I guess I take my level of excitement and competitiveness and put it all into the TV I do."

His office is ground zero for the reality-TV revolution. "It used to be that there was a certain type of producer who would come in, but now the genre has grown to the point that *everybody* comes in," he says. Growing up in Philadelphia, the son of a cop and a housewife, Darnell was a remote-control addict and *TV Guide* junkie. "I was hypnotized by television, but at a very young age I was very serious about why things worked and why they didn't and what the ratings were," he says. His recall of shows, exact ratings, and television history is mind-boggling.

At first he just wanted to be *on* TV. He won the attention of a talent manager at a singing contest sponsored by the Philadelphia Police Athletic League. "I sang 'Jeremiah was a bullfrog,'" he remembers, and soon he was auditioning for commercials. "And *then,*" he says, "the manager brought myself and, like, three other kids out here."

The family planned a vacation around the audition, and his father fell so in love with California that he decided to move his family west. When they arrived in North Hollywood, the reality hit hard. "Our vision of California was a little bit different than where we moved, an apartment on Hortense," Darnell remembers. "You know, it didn't have a California-sounding name!"

Dreaming of being another Johnny Whitaker, the redheaded, blue-eyed child star, he landed bits on *Welcome Back, Kotter* and *Kojak* and a regular slot on the series *Big John, Little John.* When he turned 20 and was still auditioning for children's roles, he asked an older actor, "What do you do when you're not working?" The actor replied, "I wait tables." Darnell saw himself doing that in 20 years, and it wasn't a pretty picture. That's when he had an epiphany: he didn't want to be *on* television; he [illegible] television. He wanted to CONTINUED ON PAGE 151

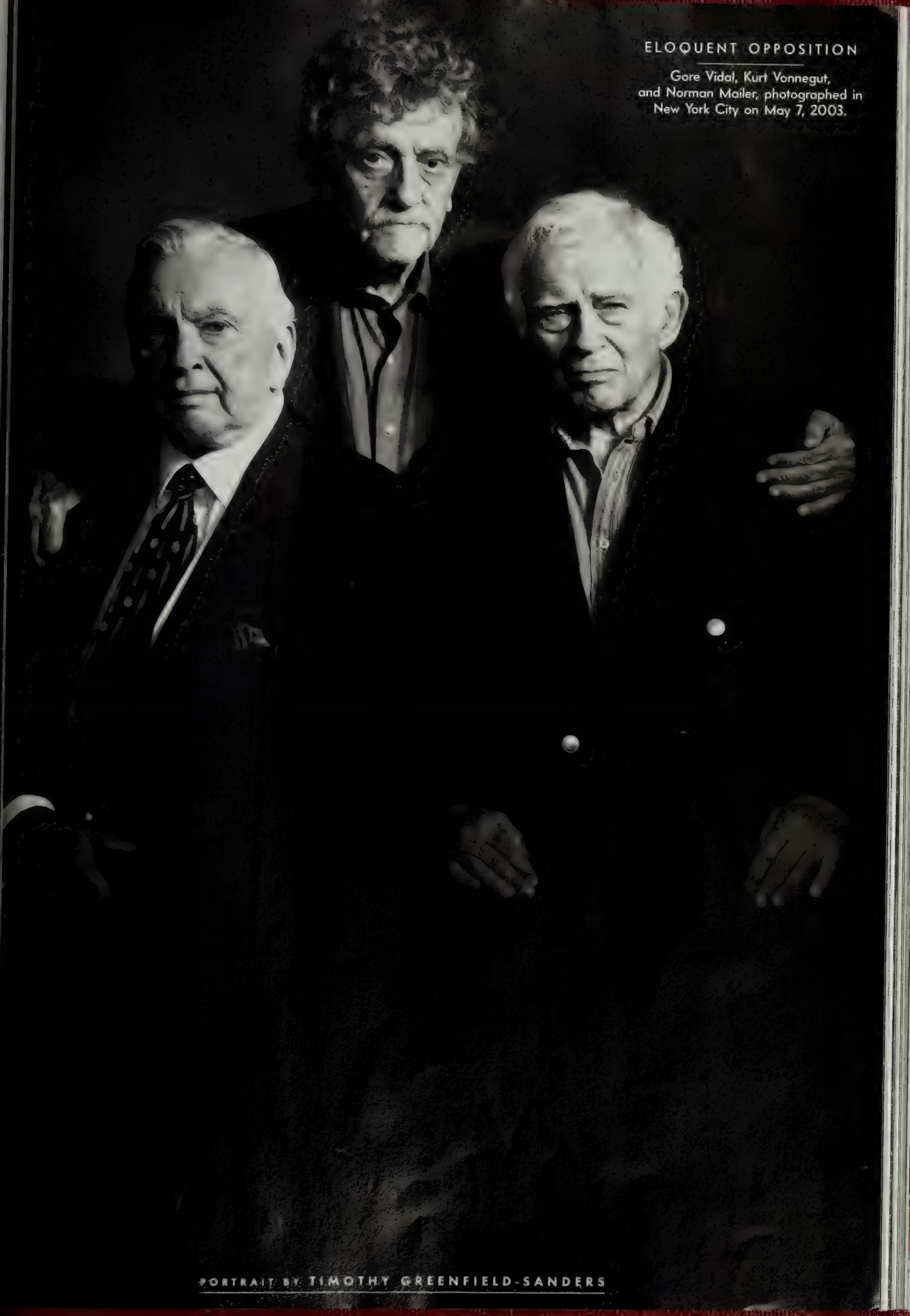
AMERICA'S WRITING FORCES

The last three lions of the World War II novel, Gore Vidal (*Williwaw*), Norman Mailer (*The Naked and the Dead*), and Kurt Vonnegut (*Slaughterhouse-Five*), who are all veterans of that war, have distinguished themselves this year by taking strong stands against America's latest war. While the media—perhaps cowed by what Vidal likes to call Nineteenth Century Fox—and the Democratic establishment have been largely deferential to the foreign policy of George W. Bush's administration, all three writers have stepped forward to speak their piece.

Vonnegut, 80, in a widely circulated interview, lashed out at the Bush administration, which is filled with military-service avoiders—Dick Cheney, Paul Wolfowitz, John Ashcroft, and Bush himself, to name a few. "I feel that our country, for whose Constitution I fought in a just war, might as well have been invaded by Martians and body snatchers," Vonnegut told *In These Times* magazine. "Sometimes I wish it had been. What has happened, though, is that it has been taken over by means of the sleaziest, low-comedy, Keystone Cops–style coup d'état imaginable."

Mailer, 80, who wrote the anti-war novel *Why Are We in Vietnam?,* struck again this spring with a tract called *Why Are We at War?,* in which he attacked "flag conservatives" and accused the Bush administration of turning the United States into "a monumental banana republic with a government always eager to cater to megacorporations."

Vidal, 77, published two best-selling essay collections attacking what he labeled "the Cheney-Bush oil-and-gas junta." *Perpetual War for Perpetual Peace* and *Dreaming War* have both become inspirational texts for liberals and others who side with Vidal (the subject of an *American Masters* documentary this month on PBS) in thinking that "the junta has established a secret and unaccountable government with its two U.S. Patriot Acts, which are threatening to erase the Bill of Rights in the name of fighting terrorism, whose principal residence is here at home. Time to wake up." —MATT TYRNAUER



ELOQUENT OPPOSITION

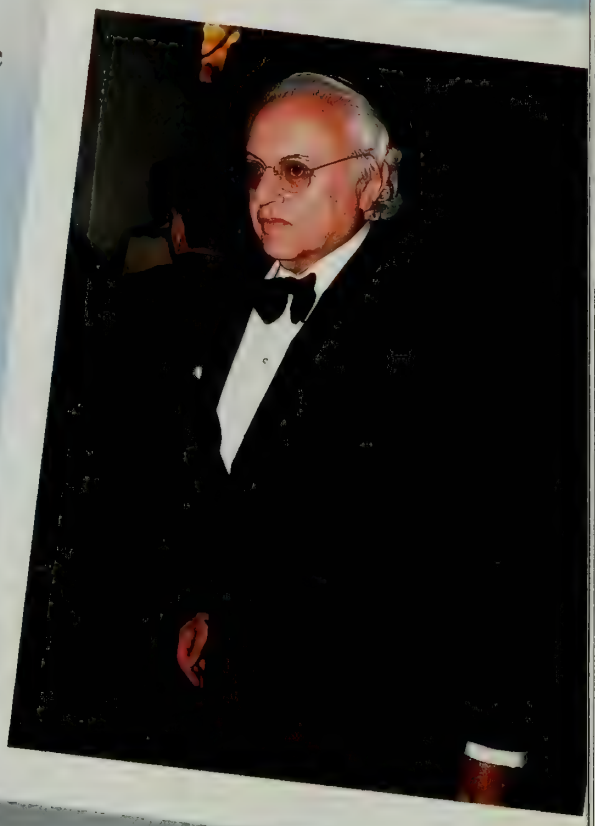
Gore Vidal, Kurt Vonnegut, and Norman Mailer, photographed in New York City on May 7, 2003.

PORTRAIT BY TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS

DEVASTATING LUXURY



Five years after Ira Rennert broke ground in a Hamptons potato field for what is now the largest residential compound in America, his Renco Group empire of notoriously toxic mills and mines is falling apart. Yet he plans to decorate controversial mansion, Fair Field, in a style not seen since Louis XIV did up Versailles. vestigating the source of Rennert's millions, MICHAEL SHNAYERSON discovers a trail of angry bondholders, environmental lawsuits, and towns where hundreds of children have been endangered





PHOTOGRAPHS BY THOMAS DALLAL

It's a startling sight: a vast palace in a former potato field by the Atlantic Ocean, as if Versailles had been moved from the outskirts of Paris and plunked down in the Hamptons. From a side road that affords the best view of it, the exterior of Ira Rennert's dream house—at 100,000 square feet the largest private residence in America, reportedly with 29 bedrooms, 40 bathrooms, a bowling alley, squash and basketball courts, a theater, and a vast parking garage—appears finished. Balustraded balconies and high Palladian windows punctuate the U-shaped building's awesome bulk. Vast chimneys rise above like so many penitentiary guard towers. In just a generation, mansions have risen from almost every field of this region's dark, rich farmland, marring the backdrop of one of the country's most beautiful public coastlines. But the Rennert house, five times larger than any of the others, violates the spirit of this already exploited place with a swagger both novel and obscene.

Inside, workers can be seen moving around beneath dangling bare bulbs. They may still be finishing the inlaid-marble floors, or putting in the ornate plaster molding that will make Fair Field look even more like the Sun King's palace. But how curious that five years after ground was broken the house remains at least two years from completion, according to an informed source. Indeed, the place has often seemed deserted. Why the seeming delays? Hamptonites have begun to wonder.

Five years ago, when *Vanity Fair* first profiled him, Rennert was a mysterious millionaire of whom hardly anyone had heard until his plans for Fair Field came to light. His private holding company, the Renco Group, was said to generate $2 billion a year in revenue, yet only about a dozen people occupied its offices on the 42nd floor of 30 Rockefeller Plaza in New York. Queries about what Renco's companies did, as well as requests for interviews with its owner, were met with stony silence. Most of Rennert's holdings, it turned out, were mills and mines which had compiled nasty records of noncompliance with environmental regulations. Together, they made Ira Rennert the country's biggest private polluter.

Rennert's notoriety has since made him a reluctant public figure, one whose business and personal dealings are noted by ever widening circles, from universities and charity groups grateful for his philanthropy to skeptical journalists, angry environmental activists, and the U.S. Department of Justice. Just this past May, the *New York Post* gleefully ran a picture of a bulldozer atop an obliterated sand dune in front of Fair Field; the dune had partly blocked Rennert's ocean view. Though still press-shy, Rennert responded to *Vanity Fair*'s latest interview request with a modest concession: he would make available one of his top executives, as well as C.E.O.'s of his various companies, to argue that environmental improvements are under way at all of Renco's mills and mines.

Pollution at Rennert's companies has stirred headlines and public outcry but obscured another story. As Fair Field has risen, the market prices of lead, magnesium, coal, and steel have plummeted. The result is that today the Renco Group's companies are reeling, with all but one either bankrupt or nearly so. The unraveling of Rennert's financial empire is only partly due, however, to the recession. The other cause, it appears, is its founder's hubris.

To those who know him personally, Rennert seems genial and low-key. Business colleagues describe him as disciplined. Unquestionably, he is deeply religious and devoted to his family. Yet by the late 1990s a string of business triumphs seemed to have gone to his head.

In the Renco dining room that adjoins his corner office, Rennert would sit at the head of a long marble table, his six top executives in their assigned seats, and talk about the Gulfstream GV jet he was about to acquire. He was third in line to buy one of the brand-new, $33 million status symbols. "Ron Perelman wanted to pay me a million dollars to take my place," he would say of his friend the Revlon chairman. But Rennert refused. His wife, Ingeborg, would design the jet's interior for other $5 million. For a crowning tou the seat-belt buckles would be etched Renco's logo.

As secretaries served the men their lu then cleared the plates, Rennert would about Fair Field too. Originally, he planned to build five homes on the 63- site, one for Ingeborg and himself, one each of his three grown children (dau ters Yonina and Tamara and son Ari) their future families, one for the help. C later did he put them all together, as se ingly oblivious to the impact of suc house on the community as he appea to be to his own executives' mixed feeli about hearing the details.

In May 1998, as news of Fair Field incensing his wealthy Hamptons neighb Rennert was in an especially good mo His game plan had worked yet again canny bottom-fisher, he had made a low $60 million offer for Costain, a troub Kentucky coal company (soon to be named Lodestar by Rennert), then drop it to about $38 million when he reali how desperate the seller was. He'd p only about $6 million in cash, says a sou close to the deal. The rest had come fr Congress Financial, the bank that has nanced many of his big buys.

Congress Financial was essen to Rennert's game. It's kno as an asset-based lender. made the loan because it co see that Lodestar had ass that could be liquidated for least as much money as the loan. R nert's genius was in finding compan troubled enough to sell at the value their assets, usually after a failed aucti Then the bank would pay nearly the wh cost, leaving Rennert to put in a pittan "Bootstrapping," they called it on W Street. The more unglamorous the bu nesses were, the better a deal he co get on them.

After he bought the coal company, R nert played part two of his game: issui junk bonds against it. Everyone was ing it—a decade after Michael Milke demise, the junk-bond market was big than ever. But Rennert played it wit twist that made even his own bankers him rapacious. Instead of putting all money raised into his new company, R nert took a huge chunk for himself as onetime "dividend." With Lodestar take was, for him, modest—$28 million

Fair Field reportedly has 29 bedrooms, 40 bathroom

ssue of $150 million—though still a
ely premium on his investment.
ther paydays had been far larger. On
Steel, his first big purchase, made in
, he had sucked up more than $350
on: a $108 million dividend from the
l $300 million junk bond; another
million dividend from the $120 mil-
junk bond issued on the holding
pany created above it; and more prof-
om taking it public, then taking it
te again. When the takings from WCI
were added to the dividends siphoned
his other holdings, the total was
5 million by one banker's estimate.
nert had taken it all pretty much for
o, tax-free until he spent it, the way a
eowner would pocket a chunk of his
mortgage.

The dividend gambit was entirely legal, because Rennert declared right on his bond offering how much he would shovel upstairs. Why anyone would buy such bonds was the question. "What arth were all these institutional investors king in buying all this lousy-quality er?" says a bond trader with a sigh. simple answer was the market frothy, institutions had a lot of cash vest, and they liked spreading it across y categories. The bond buyers at these tutions, as one banker notes dryly, were young. They didn't realize that lever- g cyclical businesses with lots of debt a prescription for disaster.

n snapping up Rennert's bonds, the rs looked like geniuses at first, because ar every Rennert bond had made its i-annual high interest payments without No one seemed to worry how Renco, ng taken so much of the principal up- s, would pay back the loans when they ured. Maybe commodity prices would to generate enough profits at each com- y to pay off the bonds. Or the bonds ld be refinanced. Or Rennert would sell companies. Who cared?

ew public companies would have been wed by their shareholders to do this. would most private companies with pendent boards of directors. Rennert ld do it because he *was* Renco: its sole ner and shareholder. Rennert had gone own way, recounts a friend, ever since an y partner went broke on him, obligating nert to pay the partner's debts. Possibly result, the small brokerage Rennert had ned on Beaver Street in Lower Manhat-



ON THE BEACH

An aerial view of Fair Field. "What do I want when I retire?" Rennert mused to a friend. "A billion dollars in cash—and the companies."

bowling alley, a theater, and a vast parking garage.



tan became dangerously—and unac ably—undercapitalized. In 1964, ac ing to *BusinessWeek,* the young br license to trade stocks was revoked.

The censure set him on a course: buying small, fa owned businesses. Their ucts ranged from butcher- tables to sports boats t hooks, but they had one in common: they were all in dire strait could be snapped up on the cheap. A these "cats and dogs" Rennert create Renco Group as a holding company began sucking up their cash flow to a fund of $30 million. With that, i late 1980s, he made his first big buy million down for WCI Steel, $7.5 m on AM General, which made the tary Humvee, and about $7.5 millic the Magnesium Corporation of Am Though Congress Financial was his l and he had smart lawyers and adv Rennert did these deals on his own. ically enough, in his huge corner o the king of junk-bond dividends sits massive partners desk.

Absolute ownership had been Ren strength. But, when prices fell, it be a liability. Over the next years, says a s close to Renco, he would watch his panies go bankrupt one after anot seemingly unwilling to cut his losses he could, and too isolated to take a from anyone other than the yes- around him.

Lodestar, the last of his big buys came the first domino to fall. Wit market for coal terrible a string of warm winte lost money from the Rennert bought it. By vember 2000, it had lc much money that it fail make the semi-annual est payment of $8.6 m on its bonds.

This was the first any Renco company defaulted on a bond ment. Rennert could made up the shortfall his dividend pot or bc the bonds back for 3 40 cents on the dollar put a floor on the ma But he seemed incapab parting with the cash

"My brothe d at 14 of cancer; and my sisters

lid nothing, and in March 2001 his est bondholder, Wexford Capital of enwich, Connecticut, put Lodestar into luntary bankruptcy.

or the first time in recent memory, Ira nert appeared to be losing control.

Socially, Ira and Ingeborg, a German-born convert to Judaism, had established themselves in the congregation of the small but exclusive Fifth Avenue Synagogue. Rennert became chair-, pitching in, with fellow member Ron lman, to plug the synagogue's yearly cit. In the flush of junk-bond wealth begat Fair Field, the Rennerts' social itions expanded. They gave $5 million lew York University's law school, $2.5 ion to Barnard College, and millions e to Columbia and Yeshiva Universi- as well as to many Jewish causes. Such rosity was usually acknowledged with nerings of the grateful. Except when se gathering were journalists.

ormer *New York Times* executive editor Rosenthal was the recipient of one w of Rennert largesse: the 1999 Guard- of Zion Award from the Rennert Cen- for Jerusalem Studies. To celebrate, senthal and his wife, novelist Shirley d, threw a party in New York for his efactors. One journalist who attended embers Ingeborg well. "She was wear- more diamonds than I'd ever seen. solutely bedecked. And very opinionat- She has the fanaticism you sometimes in a convert."

Another journalist introduced himself Rennert without quite realizing who he s. "I said, 'I remember that name, but on't know where it's from.'"

"Good!" Rennert said, according to the rnalist. When the journalist made the nection to Fair Field, Rennert started ending the house, describing the prop- y's thousands of trees. It was going to beautiful, he said.

Rennert seemed to have no one in his who could give him a more objective w, either of Fair Field or of the environ- ntal issues at his mills and mines that d begun to stir protests. As the owner the top of the pyramid, says one close server, Rennert felt "these issues aren't issues." He had also been advised that ing anything publicly about his com- nies might "pierce the corporate veil." sgruntled mine and mill workers and furious residents of the areas in which they were located were filing lawsuits, claiming Rennert's companies had ruined their health. State and federal agencies were circling. Rennert had to stay invisible as the chairman of the Renco Group, high above his holdings.

Yet the corporate veil was pierced in January 2001, with the filing of an extraordinary, $900 million lawsuit by the U.S. Department of Justice against his Magnesium Corporation of America in Rowley, Utah, *and* its holding company, *and* the readily visible owner at the top of the corporate pyramid back in New York.

The second domino was about to fall.

MagCorp "actually began making ... environmental investments when we bought it," declares Dennis Sadlowski, a Renco Group vice president and lawyer. "The people who work for it ought to get credit for cleaning [it] up. They're heroes, not villains."

Sadlowski is a fit fellow in his early 60s, soft-spoken and shy for a lawyer, which may explain why he's always served as in-house counsel. He says that amid the stories about MagCorp's being among the largest polluters in the U.S. the real story has not been told.

He has a point. Since Rennert's purchase of MagCorp in 1989, the country's sole remaining producer of magnesium has spent, by its own reckoning, more than $50 million to streamline the process by which raw magnesium is drawn from the brine of the Great Salt Lake and turned into the lightweight metal that goes into nearly all automobiles and soft-drink cans. Years of searching for a better design finally produced a winner: almost overnight in January 2002, the company reduced its chlorine emissions from 118 million pounds a year to 10 million.

Unfortunately, the new technology addresses only air emissions from MagCorp's stacks. A stew of toxic chemicals, including chromium, dioxin, and hexachlorobenzene, is still dumped daily into a poisonous channel nicknamed "the Red River," and also into the nearby "White Ditch," from which they likely leach into the Great Salt Lake. Challenged at last by E.P.A. inspectors, the company declared that these wastes were sanctioned by an obscure congressional amendment passed in 1998 to help the coal industry. The U.S. Department of Justice, acting on behalf of the E.P.A., disagreed. Along with citing scores of violations, it declared that Rennert's strategy of "siphoning" MagCorp's funds by passing its junk-bond capital upstairs had left the company unable to pay for its environmental obligations and "perpetuates a fraud."

Seven months later, in August 2001, MagCorp filed for bankruptcy.

The stated cause was market conditions, and this was true as far as it went. Since Rennert's purchase of MagCorp, the Chinese and the Russians had come from nowhere to dominate the world market for magnesium. But the Justice suit was clearly another factor in the bankruptcy. By now, MagCorp had also been sued by the U.S. Bureau of Land Management for allegedly stealing raw magnesium brine from federal lands for years by pumping it out of the desert without paying proper royalties. The suit has been thrown out.

Filing for Chapter 11 bankruptcy was not good news for the bondholders who had bought $150 million in high-yield notes issued by a holding company above MagCorp. More than half of that had gone directly into Rennert's dividend pot. Why, some bondholders wondered, couldn't he use some of that $88.9 million to tide the company over, or buy them out at even 30 cents on the dollar? Instead, according to one bondholder, Rennert offered, in effect, an I.O.U. for half the bonds' value. It was, as Wall Streeters put it, "a cramdown." The bondholders found Rennert's manner as offensive as his deal. "He's very theatrical," says one participant. "He brings people into his script. Like a Kabuki performance. After a while you say, If I wanted to see a play, I would have gotten tickets."

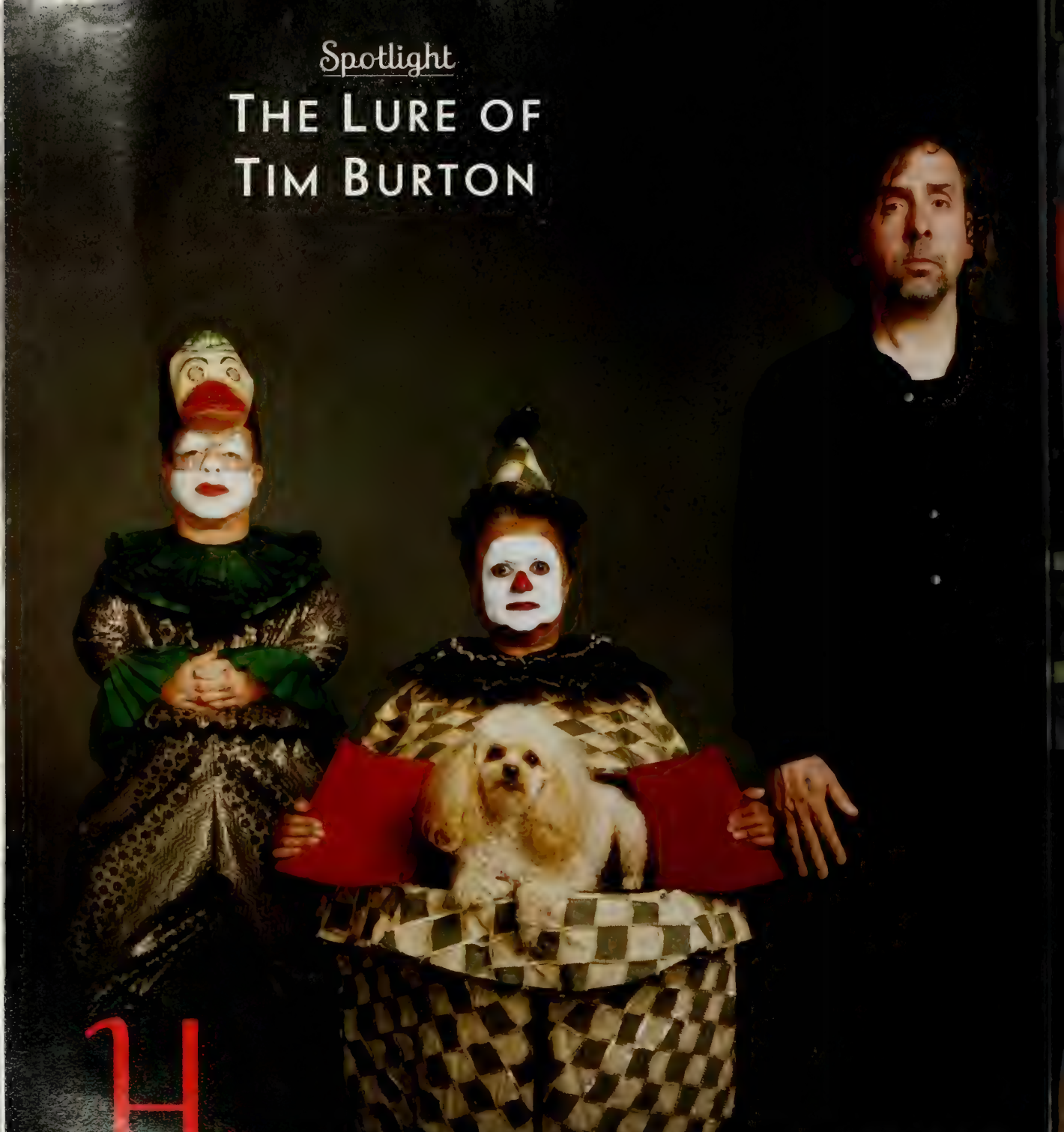
Brutally tough as Rennert appeared to be, one close observer suggests a more complex person behind the mask. "He had this blind, optimistic hope that prices would go up," says the observer. "He truly believes the Lord provides." If magnesium prices rose enough with God's help, all would work out. Meanwhile, says the observer, "Ira's way of making a decision is not making a decision.... He's always in denial."

With Rennert and the bondholders at an impasse, MagCorp was put up for auction in May 2002. One bidder was a New York hedge fund. The other was ... Dennis Sadlowski of the Renco Group, now head of a shell company CONTINUED ON PAGE 160

eukemia at 46 and 49. We played on slag piles"

Spotlight

The Lure of Tim Burton



Heartwarming? An emotional "journey"? An absentee father, an angry son, a deathbed coming-to-terms? *Hmm. Doesn't exactly sound like* Tim Burton territory. But there's a giant? A witch? Siamese-twin lounge singers? A [illegible] worth of circus freaks swathed in colorful, vegetable costume? Ah, now we begin to understand. He's the director of *Mars Attacks!*, *Sleepy Hollow*, *Planet of the Apes*, and the better part of *Batman* [illegible]. Something else, he is a man who understands the grotesque, all the way down to his bones.

The picture is *Big Fish*, the 1998 first novel by Daniel Wallace II. [illegible] examining his father's alarmingly tall tales can a son, played by Billy Crudup, learn the meaning of the old man's life. Albert Finney turns on the roguish charm as present-day Dad, Ewan McGregor takes over the role for the fabulist flashbacks, and the cast is nicely rounded out by Jessica Lange, Steve Buscemi, Danny DeVito, Helena Bonham Carter (the director's lady friend), and Alison Lohman. Like every project in Hollywood, *Big Fish* was once attached to Steven Spielberg, or he to it. But that director needs to tell another parent-child saga the way the Yankees need to win another World Series. Better to let Burton have a crack at it, returning to the relative intimacy and, we hope, earned pathos of what we think is his best picture—*Ed Wood*.

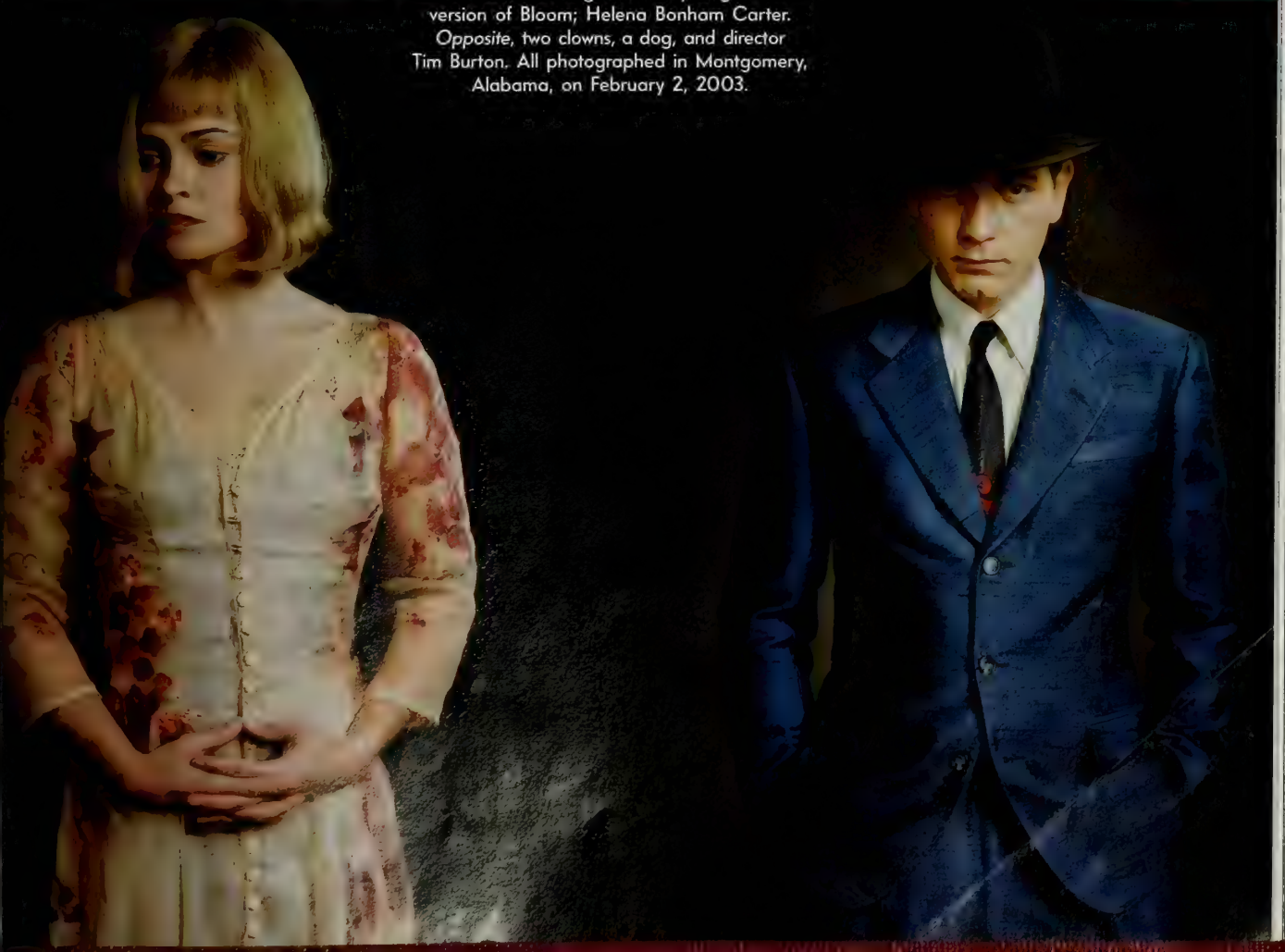
—BRUCE HANDY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY ELLEN MARK



SMALL POND

Clockwise from top left: ringmaster Danny DeVito and giant Matthew McGrory; Albert Finney as the present-day Edward Bloom with Jessica Lange as his wife; Ewan McGregor as the younger version of Bloom; Helena Bonham Carter. *Opposite,* two clowns, a dog, and director Tim Burton. All photographed in Montgomery, Alabama, on February 2, 2003.



A FIRST-CL

Using Terence Rattigan's screenplay about a life-altering delay in the V.I.P. lounge at a fogged-in Heathrow Airport, *The V.I.P.s* starred Orson Welles, Louis Jourdan, Rod Taylor, Maggie Smith, Margaret Rutherford—and Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton, riding a wave of scandal over the affair begun on their previous movie, *Cleopatra*. In the alcohol-fueled filming of this 1963 homage to jet-set luxury, SAM KASHNER reveals, the off-camera dramas (the cast's clashing egos, the Taylor-Burton fireworks) mirrored, and even outdid, those in the script



ASS AFFAIR



IN THE HOOD

Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in a publicity still for *The V.I.P.s*. She models the mink-lined raincoat she wore in the film. Wardrobe had provided several; to the producer's annoyance, she gave them away to the crew.



Even the opening credits are enough to make you envious: the grille of a Rolls-Royce, a red carpet leading to Heathrow's V.I.P. lounge, popping flashbulbs, champagne on ice, a top hat, jewels, a martini glass, a brandy snifter, a box of cigars—enough to make you want to be a part of their world. The world of Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. And not just them. MGM's 1963 film *The V.I.P.s* featured an international cast, which included Orson Welles, Louis Jourdan, Rod Taylor, Maggie Smith, Elsa Martinelli, and Margaret Rutherford, who would win an Academy Award as best supporting actress for her role as a land-poor, pixilated duchess.

It all began in 1961 with a screenplay by Terence Rattigan, who had been one of London's most successful playwrights (*Separate Tables, The Winslow Boy*). The plot was partly inspired by a true-life story that Vivien Leigh had told him about the time she tried to leave her actor husband, Laurence Olivier, for her actor lover, Peter Finch. She and Finch found themselves in the V.I.P. lounge at Heathrow Airport, about to run off together, when fog grounded all flights. During those fog-bound hours, Leigh changed her mind.

Rattigan wondered what other life-altering decisions had been made during those hours by other V.I.P.'s trapped at Heathrow. Therein hung a tale—or, more precisely, four interwoven tales, about a tycoon who is losing his beautiful wife to a reformed gigolo; a doting secretary who rescues her self-made, enterprising boss from financial ruin; a Hungarian film director who must flee England by midnight to avoid a huge tax debt; and an impecunious duchess who is forced to take a job as "assistant social manageress" at a Miami hotel in order to earn enough money to go on living in her ancestral home.

Originally Rattigan had been asked to rewrite the 1932 MGM classic *Grand Hotel,* starring Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Wallace Beery, and Joan Crawford, which told the stories of guests whose paths intersect at Berlin's swankiest hotel. Not surprisingly, there are several allusions to *Grand Hotel* in *The V.I.P.s,* including Louis Jourdan's successfully taking a mark in a game of gin rummy, echoing a triumphant baccarat game in the earlier film, and Rod Taylor's writing a bad check to save his company—reminding one of Wallace Beery's forcing a merger based on fraud.

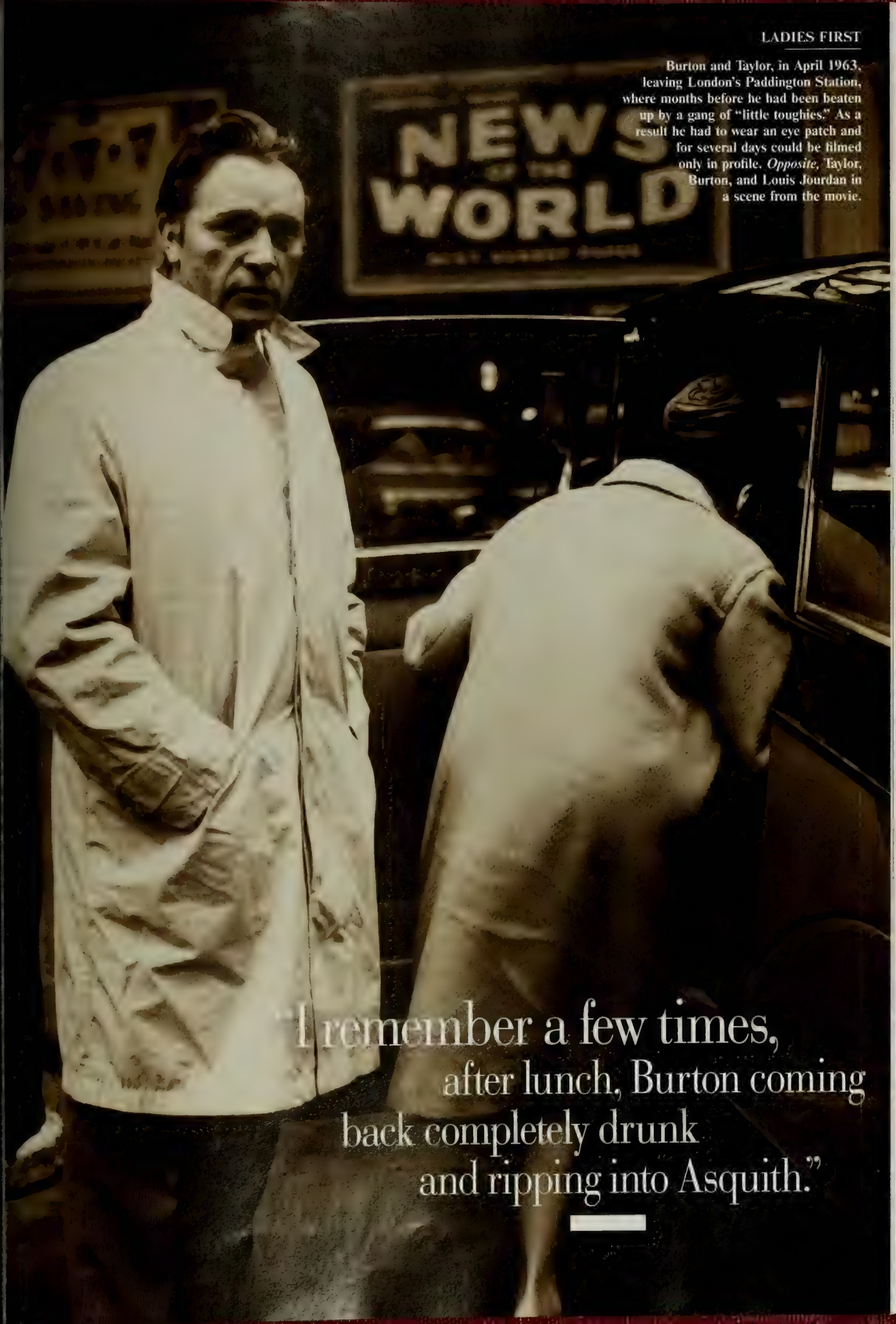
In 1963, when *The V.I.P.s* premiered at the Empire Theater in Leicester Square, Leigh, who had been a London neighbor of Rattigan's, saw her dilemma portrayed on-screen by Taylor, Burton, and Jourdan as her lover, although the husband and wife were remodeled to suggest Aristotle Onassis and Maria Callas.

Russian-born producer and onetime screenwriter Anatole "Tolly" de Grunwald once said he liked to celebrate the good life in his movies, and indeed the opening sequence is a paean to luxury: Bu and a bejeweled Taylor dining with fr on an elegant yacht; Jourdan, in a winning at the gaming tables; Iti actress Elsa Martinelli reclining lik odalisque, tended to by handmai Margaret Rutherford selling ticket a tour of her immense country h Rod Taylor surveying his tra factory; Welles framing a shot movie set.

De Grunwald was Rattigan's to Hollywood, a place the p wright had previously avoi With a large head, a full musta and a penchant for plaid v the producer resembled not so much as a judge draw Daumier. He had worked Rattigan on past projects film versions of *The Win Boy* and *French Without Tears*– he paid $100,000 to Rattigan for *V.I.P.s* screenplay.

Fourteen years earlier de Grun had worked with a fiery young Welsh on the movie *The Last Days of Dol* written by the Welsh playwright anc tor Emlyn Williams. Williams had cre the role of Gareth expressly for an e ing actor, a Welsh boy from Pont dyfen. When it came time to cast the of shipping magnate Paul Andros Grunwald thought immediately of Ric Burton.

By 1962, Burton was ma international headline the set of Twentieth Cen Fox's *Cleopatra,* not fo acting but for an adulte affair with his thrilling star, Elizabeth Taylor. Someone clos the couple described them as "a pai sexual comets unleashed . . . hurled a with their own boldness." Taylor was nounced by the Vatican and on the f of the U.S. House of Representati and U.S. congresswoman Iris Blitch i duced a bill that sought to have Ta and Burton barred from entering the c try. The affair was so notorious th reached all levels of society. When publicist Warren Cowan visited the W House, Jacqueline Kennedy immedi asked him, "Warren, do you think E beth Taylor will marry Richard Burte As filming on *Cleopatra* wound down, ton feared that the negative publicity made him famous but unemployable. Grunwald, however, offered Burton his post-scandal role, counting on the ho surrounding *Cleopatra* to carry ove *The V.I.P.s,* and Burton gratefully accep



Burton and Taylor, in April 1963, leaving London's Paddington Station, where months before he had been beaten up by a gang of "little toughies." As a result he had to wear an eye patch and for several days could be filmed only in profile. *Opposite,* Taylor, Burton, and Louis Jourdan in a scene from the movie.

"I remember a few times, after lunch, Burton coming back completely drunk and ripping into Asquith."

Rattigan wanted Sophia Loren for the part of Frances Andros, the shipping magnate's runaway wife, but Taylor would have none of it. "Let Sophia stay in Rome," she said. Her newsmaking tracheotomy (due to a bad case of pneumonia) during the making of *Cleopatra* had made her uninsurable, but de Grunwald knew the added publicity value of having her was worth the risk.

"Tolly de Grunwald was just a wonderful guy, warm and welcoming," Rod Taylor, who played the blokey Australian businessman Les Mangrum, recalls about the producer. "He was such a smart son of a bitch, because he rode [the publicity], so he was just surging with Liz and Burton."

De Grunwald planned a compressed, 10-week shooting schedule in an effort to release his film before Twentieth Century Fox could get *Cleopatra* into theaters, and some of Taylor and Burton's scenes were shot even before the rest of the film had been cast. In fact, filming began before *Cleopatra* was finished.

After Taylor had been given the role of Frances, Rattigan reshaped the screenplay to reflect the stature of his two stars. It was further titillation to the audience that real V.I.P.'s—particularly Taylor, with her fabled million-dollar salary for *Cleopatra*—were playing V.I.P.'s. Taylor Productions, Inc., lent Elizabeth's services to MGM for $500,000, with an additional $50,000 for every week the film went over the original shooting schedule. Burton's and Taylor's salaries plus per diem expenses came to $300,000 more than the combined salaries and expenses of all the rest of the cast. (The movie cost an estimated $3.3 million to make.) It wasn't lost on Burton that he had already doubled his *Cleopatra* salary; the huge notoriety of his and Taylor's affair had transformed the Welshman from "the natural successor to Sir Laurence Olivier" into an internationally famous movie star. At the time, Burton thought that that was what he wanted.

David Frost—now Sir David—had a small part in the film, basically playing himself, a celebrity interviewer. He remembers the phenomenal quality of Burton's and Taylor's fame. "People today don't realize what a golden couple they were. They were huge! The famous couples of recent memory, such as Sean Penn and Madonna—none of them matched the huge fascination of Richard and Elizabeth. At the time, they were the most famous people in the world. And the chemistry between them was real."

Peter Medak, a Hungarian émigré who was then a 25-year-old assistant director to Anthony Asquith, was also impressed with the hugeness of their fame. "It was all a little out of hand," he recalls. "There was tremendous publicity. I remember it was a press junket or something. I'd never seen anything like it in my life. Elizabeth and Burton came down the staircase of the airport set, and there must have been two or three thousand photographers, all firing off their flashbulbs, like machine-gun fire. The publicity that came with them was unbelievable!"

In the movie, we first see them descending from the heavens, like gods, in their private helicopter. Rattigan's description in his screenplay reads, "Frances steps from the machine [helicopter] to be greeted by the Commander [Millbank, Andros's majordomo] with almost royal deference." As Andros and his wife are whisked to the airport in a Rolls-Royce, he gives her a diamond bracelet—just as Burton would famously give Elizabeth a stunning, diamond-and-emerald necklace and matching earrings in real life. She holds out her wrist as Burton fastens the bracelet around it.

De Grunwald's first choice for a director was Vincente Minnelli, but when Minnelli withdrew from the picture, the producer turned to his old friend Anthony Asquith, with whom he had worked 14 years earlier on the Rattigan movie *The Winslow Boy.* (Asquith had in fact directed eight Rattigan screenplays before signing on to direct *The V.I.P.s.*) Asquith had previously triumphed with Shaw (*Pygmalion*) and Wilde (*The Importance of Being Earnest*), and, unlike Alfred Hitchcock, he had chosen to remain in England and make English films. Some felt that he *was* the British film industry, since he had headed the British film technicians' union. The son of the Earl of Oxford and Asquith, a prime minister during the First World War, he was civilized, intelligent, and almost comically self-effacing. Slight and beak-nosed, Asquith had been nicknamed "Puffin" by his mother, and the name stuck.

Orson Welles thought that Asquith never had even the remotest chance of gaining the upper hand with his mega-star cast—he was far too polite and mild mannered. "We were all very fond of Puffin ... though he wasn't in real control of that picture. How could he have been?" recalled Welles in a conversation with film director Peter Bogdanovich. "And, my God, he was polite. I saw him, all alone on the stage once, trip over an electric cable, turn around, and say, 'I beg your pardon,' to it."

But perhaps Asquith *was* the perfect choice. Who but such a modest, elaborately courteous man could possibly h negotiated the powerful personalities outsize egos on the set of *The V.I.P.s.* cording to a source on the set, before ing even began, Taylor had a disagreer about her outfits, designed by Given She wanted to wear gowns, not dres in the film. It was explained to her even trophy wives didn't wear gown eight-hour transatlantic flights. In orde better resemble Maria Callas, Taylor w her hair in a towering coil, and her became part of the promotional pack for the film: "The V.I.P. Look in Coiff ... designed especially for her by Ale dre and called 'Diadem' ... to be w on very special occasions."

A huge set was built by MGM Borehamwood Studios, one of the lar interiors ever constructed there. Desig by William Kellner, it was a replic the newly opened Heathrow Termina complete with shops, cafeterias, and a foot-long staircase. A few scenes wer have been shot in the real Terminal 3, those plans had to be canceled—beca of fog! "Heathrow's Terminal 3 was modern and up-to-date," rememb Elisabeth Woodthorpe, who was the manager on the film. At the time, it perhaps the largest terminal in Euro designed with a cool, modernist, jet glamour.

Woodthorpe recalls that Taylor insi on having her dressing room pain mauve, her favorite color (presumably believed it brought out the violet in he mous eyes). Woodthorpe remembers the color reminded the head carpe of a coffin. "The entire floor had to painted purple," says Medak, "and broke through several dressing room that one could be a sitting room, a m up room, a bedroom, a room for [her Burton's] secretaries."

On a cold, foggy mornin December 1962, Bu and Taylor arrived at toria Station from Pari begin work on the f They were met by a crush of people who were trying to g glimpse of the lovers. Burton was still r ried to his Welsh wife, former actress S Williams, and Taylor was still marrie Eddie Fisher, so they left in separate ca she in a blue Jaguar, and he in a blue tion wagon. But they were headed for same place: the Dorchester, where t had adjoining suites. If that was a secre didn't stay one for long; there were many journalists swarming the Dorche where Rod Taylor and Linda Chris

"He was ordered to me down to Wales to face [the family]," says Burton's youngest brother.



STARRING ROLLS

Top, Taylor and Burton in 1963; she wears an $80,000 emerald brooch he had given her. *Above,* the couple leaves the Dorchester, where they had adjoining suites.

played Miriam Marshall, the beau- but shallow girlfriend of Les Man-) were also staying, that Orson Welles ked into the Ritz practically unob- d.

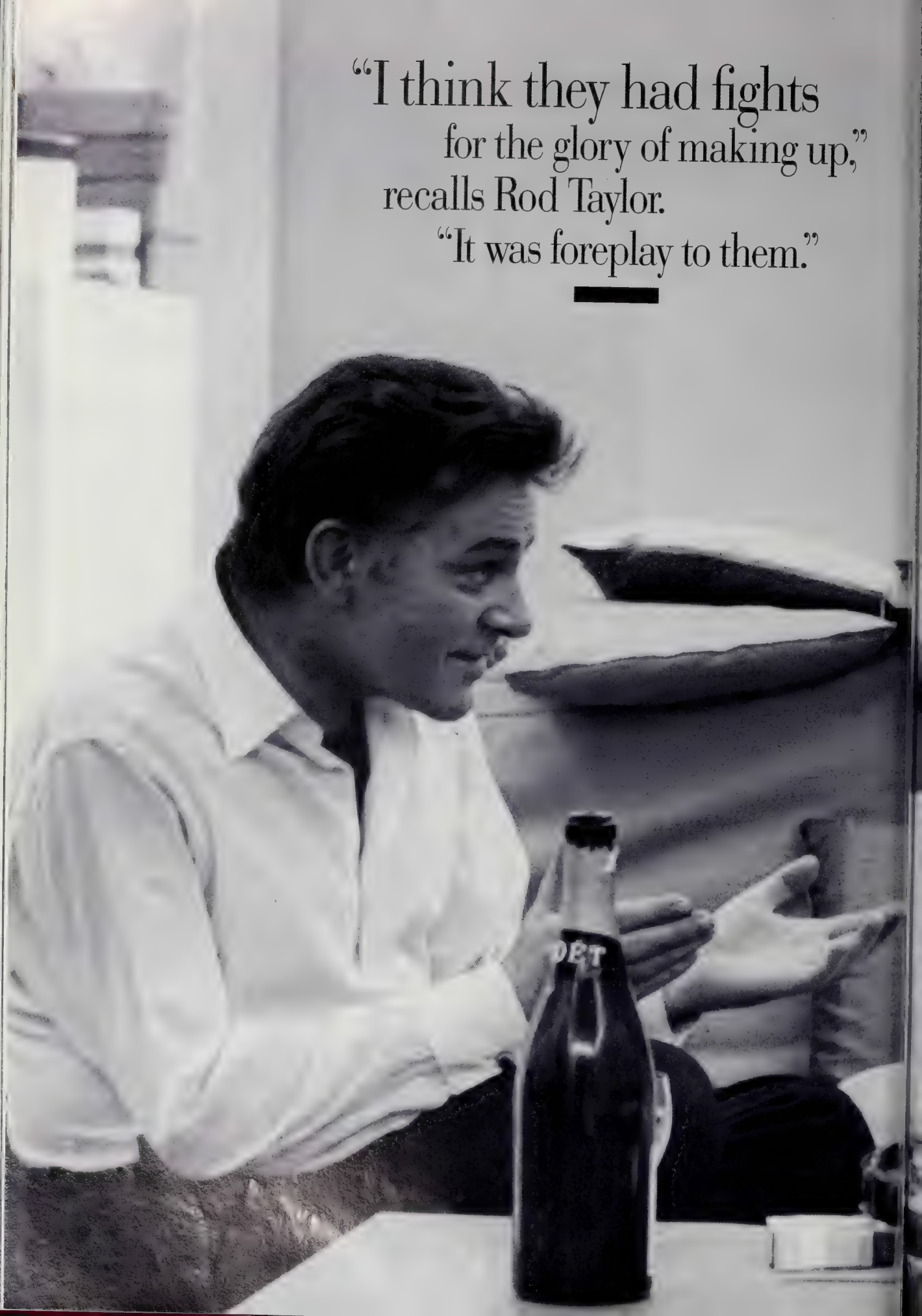
rton had not yet made up his mind to do about his private life. He ed the idea of abandoning Sybil and vo daughters, Kate and Jessica, aged nd two at the time, but neither could vercome his infatuation with Taylor ner promise—already delivered—of in- tional celebrity. Sir Laurence Olivier llegedly once asked of Burton, "Make our mind—do you want to be a great or a household word?" To which n replied, "Both."

bil had always been a haven from urmoil of Burton's burgeoning ca- not least because she tolerated his ness. They had met on the set of *Last Days of Dolwyn,* in which she the sixth girl extra and he was a h shop clerk who in one scene desperately to learn English in r to impress a beautiful English mer. (Burton, as a young lad named ard Jenkins, had studied English and ticed his diction as much as eight s a day.) He and Sybil married a few ths later; she was 19, and he was Lively and smart, she had a beautiful e and a good sense of humor. Her r had been a mining official in the munity where all the Jenkins males— Richard and his youngest brother, nam—had spent years of toil in the pits.

Burton's entire family—he had 10 surviving brothers and sisters—adored Sybil, and that was important to Burton. As long as he was with her, he was connected to his h roots. Over the years she had put ith his infidelities (with actresses Jean nons, Claire Bloom, and Susan Stras- , among others), because he always e back. That is, until he met Elizabeth.

Two weeks after Burton and Taylor's arrival in London, Sybil and the two girls took a place in Hampstead, 10 miles from the studio. Sybil was still hoping that her husband would get Taylor out of his system, and that their London friends and his family would talk some sense into him. Torn by guilt and indecision, he would slink off the set of *The V.I.P.s* to visit his wife and children, and then return to the Dorchester and his paramour at night. On some days Sybil would join him on the set. Medak recalls, "I remember him coming to wardrobe fittings—one day he came with Sybil, and the next he'd suddenly show up with Elizabeth. I don't know how he did it. Sybil would say, 'No, you can't wear those trousers—it doesn't look right.' And Elizabeth would appear and she would countermand it."

"It was neither one thing nor the other," Taylor once recalled. "He couldn't leave his family. We were all there." Burton called it his period of "suspended animation." His revered older brother, Ivor Jenkins, who was staying with Sybil over Christmas to lend her his support, disapproved so vehemently of his brother's behavior that he refused even to speak to him. Tortured by guilt, Burton went to Hampstead to try to repair the damage, only to find himself bending down and shouting to his brother through the mail slot of the formidable white door. When there was no answer, he returned to the Dorchester and drank himself into a stupor. He was discovered slumped over,


"I think they had fights
for the glory of making up,"
recalls Rod Taylor.
"It was foreplay to them."

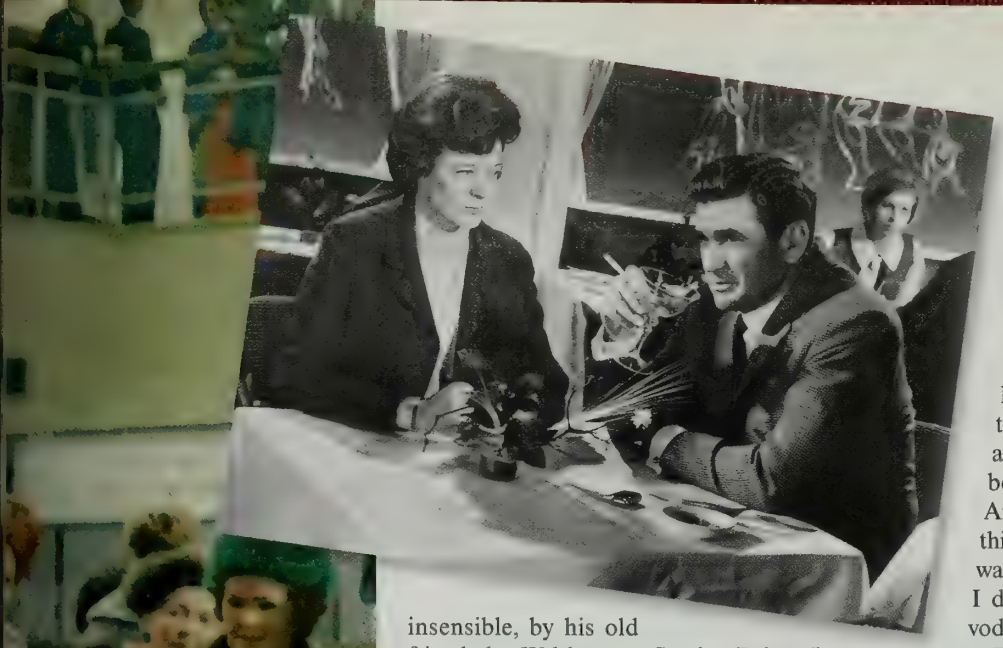


TWO FOR THE SHOW

Burton and Taylor in her dressing room, early 1963. She insisted it be painted mauve, presumably to complement her famous violet eyes.



Toward the end of
Burton's life, recalls Sally Burton,
his fourth wife, "he said,
'Did I really do all that . . .
the jewelry, the yacht?'"





insensible, by his old friend the Welsh actor Stanley Baker. It took three pots of black coffee to sober him up, and he slept for 24 hours.

Sybil, moved by her husband's suffering, consented to accompany him to the Stanley Bakers for dinner one night, but Taylor kept interrupting the dinner with phone calls. "Now it was Elizabeth's turn to worry," Baker, who died in 1976, recalled. "He was one hunted boy-o." On another evening, Taylor sent Burton to Sybil's to ask for a divorce. But when he arrived and Sybil asked him, "Have you come to stay?," Burton replied, "Yes."

"The family wasn't happy about the affair," Graham Jenkins recalls from his home in Porthcawl, Wales. "He was ordered to come down to Wales to face them. We were Welsh Baptists. Divorce was not in our vocabulary." For Burton, the hardest thing of all was facing Ivor, whom he looked up to as a father figure, since their feckless, hard-drinking father had been unable to hold the family together after the death of his wife, when Richard was two. Graham remembers, "Rich said he couldn't come to Wales, because he was in the middle of filming, so I filled in [on the set] as his stand-in. We looked quite a bit alike, except he was five feet ten and a half inches and I was five feet eight and a half inches. I'm in several of the long shots, and not even my wife, Hilary, could tell us apart in the movie." Meanwhile, Ivor did not change his brother's mind, and Burton resolved to go ahead with the divorce and marry Taylor. "I wasn't surprised," Graham remembers, "because if Ivor couldn't get him back, no one could. But I do think that if he could he would have been married to both women."

Graham, however, noticed how the stress and torment were increasing his brother's already high intake of alcohol. He would drink Bloody Marys before noon, then a second bottle of vodka for lunch. Graham feared that Burton was close to a complete breakdown, possibly even suicidal.

"The drink was the problem," Medak says. "The problem with both of them. I remember Elizabeth in the dressing room, sitting in a makeup chair, and she'd be drinking a glass of water. And she'd say, 'Can you fill this up?' And I'd put some water in it, and she'd say, 'No, I didn't mean water. I meant vodka.'"

Five weeks into filming, Burton asked Taylor to marry him. He bought her an $80,000 diamond-and-emerald brooch from Bulgari to celebrate the engagement. Taylor showed up on the set the next day wearing the stunning jewel, and she asked Asquith to allow her to wear it in the film. At first he refused, for continuity reasons, but then he relented and had a copy made, because the original was too valuable. She is first seen with it in her second scene, after she unfastens her mink-lined coat. Burton, as Andros, thumbs through a fashion magazine and sees a photograph of his wife. He says, "I can't open one of these without finding you"—one of many moments in which the movie pays homage to the life they were then living.

Burton's decision, however, did not seem to bring him any peace of mind, and his anguish is caught on film. The betrayal by his screen wife, Frances, burns him to the soul; his torment shows up as a grim, deep sorrow, his Celtic eyes wounded and full of rage.

After the official separation from Sybil, Burton would not see Kate and Jessica for two years. And, as an unbearable addition to the immense guilt he already carried, Jessica had been diagnosed as both schizophrenic and autistic and would have to be institutionalized for the rest of her life.

"The whole thing started with a wonderful sit-down dinner at de Grunwald's very nice, big flat in Belgravia," Rod Taylor recalls about his role in *The V.I.P.s.* "I was very impressed to be included in this first-class kind of treatment. It set the tone." Rod didn't know why Asquith had cast him. Perhaps the director had seen him in Terence Rattigan's *Separate Tables*

in 1958. "That, and the fact that there weren't too many bloody Aussies around," Rod recalls. "Orson Welles was late, as usual, but almost everybody else was there. It started off like a wonderful family." Much like the film itself, which opens with a sit-down dinner on Andros's yacht.

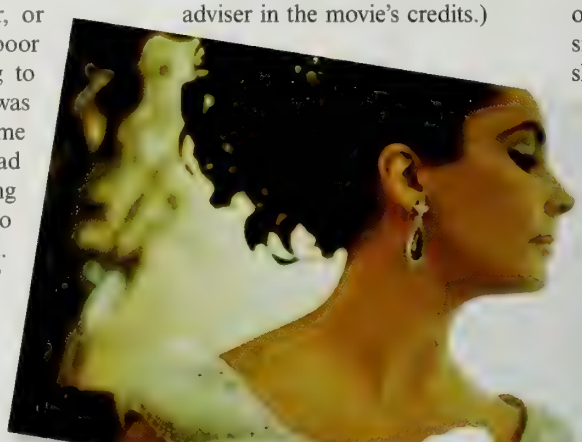
"People were frightened of Welles," Rod says, "but being the stupid, brash brat that I was, I'd heard that he'd run out of production money on one film, so I said, 'Orson, how the fuck did you run out of money?' And he said, 'Come over here, sit down.' After that, we were the best of friends. People kind of stepped out of his way, [but] if you stood up to him, he just loved it."

Anthony Asquith was certainly not one to stand up to Welles. But Linda Christian thought that, ultimately, it didn't matter who was directing the film, because Taylor was really running the show. "Once I heard that Elizabeth Taylor got involved, I knew that the film would no longer belong to Richard Burton, or Rod Taylor, or Maggie Smith, certainly not to poor Puffin Asquith. It would belong to her," she says. In 1963, Christian was a honey-colored beauty, the onetime wife of Tyrone Power, and she had been admired by many, including sculptor Jacob Epstein, and Diego Rivera, who painted her portrait. "Everybody wants me to pose," she once mused. "I've always had that trouble. I don't know why."

Christian took it into her head to try to upstage Elizabeth, just a little, so she asked Wardrobe, "Who is bigger than Elizabeth Taylor?" The answer: "Jacqueline Kennedy." The actress subsequently appeared in the film in a leopardskin pillbox hat. And a full-length leopardskin coat, which signifies her sexuality and her danger: we know instantly she is the wrong woman for salt-of-the-earth Les Mangrum.

Today, Christian complains that her best work was cut from the film, and she blames Taylor. "She allegedly refused to finish the picture unless my scenes were cut," recalls Christian. "What can you do? You just have to realize that the one who brings in the money has the power to do what she likes." (Through a spokesperson, Taylor declined to comment.)

Peter Medak does not find that story hard to believe. He noticed that a famous MGM film editor named Margaret Booth came over fairly early on in the filming and started recutting the movie in Taylor's dressing room. "I think that's where most of that stuff was happening," says Medak. "They shut the door and went to work. That's where the power was—with Elizabeth." (Booth is listed merely as a production adviser in the movie's credits.)





Medak noticed that lor wasted no tir getting the crev her side. Alrea veteran of 31 fi she knew it was portant to have their goodwill. "She l the secret of being a movie star," Taylor says similarly. "Get the crev your side."

"You couldn't have been more be ful or a bigger movie star than she then," remembers Medak, who woul on to direct such movies as *The R Class,* with Peter O'Toole, *A Day in Death of Joe Egg,* with Alan Bates, *Romeo Is Bleeding,* with Gary Oldı "She could be very sweet and persor at the same time. I remember that W robe provided all this Vuitton luggage three or four versions of everything wore—three or four of those mink-l raincoats. De Grunwald was outraged she just gave them away to the crew. once, when the studio was covere snow and MGM wouldn't pay to ha shoveled, Elizabeth did it."

Medak was impre with her unbelievable b ty. "When I saw her a in the morning, when used to come in for m up," he recalls, "I often dered what was the poi making her up? But she to look beautiful—and she very beautiful—in every She was breathtaking in son those outfits, fantastic in that lined coat and hat. Everyt had to be incredibly lit, w took forever. That's why we er did that many shots. We h wonderful cameraman named Hildyard, and the way he photograp her, he must have been in love with But I remember, even then, her we went up and down. One week she chubby, and the next week she thin. You can almost see it in the fi

If Taylor and the crew were ha a love affair, that was not the with her and Louis Jourdan. J dan, who played Marc Champs her aging gigolo love interest, one of the handsomest me film—always charming, alv urbane, always elegant. He even been a hero in the Fre Resistance in the Second W War. Jourdan flew to Lon from Hollywood at the last ment to appear in the f bringing his own wardr



WED FOR PLEASURE . . .

Burton and Taylor during their 1964 wedding reception in Montreal. *Opposite: top,* Taylor attends the opera in Paris, 1963; *bottom,* Burton and Taylor in Mexico, 1966.

Puffin [Asquith] was
a darling man," says Taylor,
nd he let us behave on
The V.I.P.s like a couple
of teenagers."

with him. "I had never seen anything like it," remembers Medak, who was the first to greet Jourdan on the set. "There were 20 pairs of gray flannel trousers in various shades, and sports jackets, and those shoes! The same shoes Cary Grant used to wear, those kind of loafers. He always looked immaculate on-screen and off—he was famous for that."

But during the filming Jourdan's wife, Quique, wrote an unflattering article about Taylor in *Paris Match,* and, according to Medak, Taylor insisted that Jourdan make a public apology in front of the entire cast and crew. He refused, and Taylor would later confide to screenwriter Meade Roberts (who wrote the film adaptation of *Summer and Smoke*) that she hated her love scenes with Jourdan, especially since the London press had propagated a groundless rumor that she and Jourdan were having an affair. "The truth of the matter is, I didn't even like Jourdan," she said—and it shows in her lack of chemistry with him in the movie.

Some on the set believed that Taylor tried to enlist the sympathy of the crew by making much of a knee injury that was causing her a great deal of pain. "The prop boys had to carry her downstairs like Cleopatra being carried on her litter," Medak says. "They were very proud of this invention that got her down from the second floor. There's a scene in the film where they're walking through the terminal, Elizabeth and Jourdan, arm in arm. And she's swaying from side to side. What in fact we did was put her on a toy horse, and we're pulling this horse while Louis is walking with her. She's teetering on this device while Jourdan, pouring his heart out to her, tries to keep his dignity."

Dramatics aside, she had, indeed, damaged the cartilage in her knee, and the studio arranged for her to visit London Clinic, where, two years earlier, doctors had performed the famous tracheotomy that saved her life. Just outside the clinic, she posed jauntily for a picture. "She came well prepared for the photographers in a light suede sheeplined jacket, fawn-colored riding pants, high-heeled, calf-length black boots with red borders at the top," reported *Photoplay.* She also brought her hairdresser.

The orthopedic surgeon, Dr. Robert Young, gave her a general anesthetic and put her knee in a plaster splint. The whole thing took 45 minutes, and when it was over, Taylor celebrated her recovery with a bottle of champagne. De Grunwald's plans for a 10-week shoot seemed to be derailed as his uninsurable actress slowly recovered from her injury. A few days before, the set of *The V.I.P.s* had been jolted by another complication: Burton was beaten up by a gang of thugs outside Paddington Station.

On a Saturday afternoon he had traveled to Cardiff for a Rugby match. He returned to Paddington Station the same evening, and, Burton recalled, "the snow was crisp and even and there wasn't [a taxi] in sight." Before he knew it, he was surrounded by a half-dozen "little toughies"—young London hooligans. "I was caught off-balance and felt my feet giving way," he recalled. "I was damned helpless . . . lying on the snow unable to move. . . . They just kicked and kicked me." The vicious beating cut his face, blackened his eye, and damaged his back. He finally managed to get a taxi, and, on the way to the Dorchester hotel, the taxi driver asked him, "Are we in a film?"

For several days afterward Burton had to wear a patch over his eye and could be photographed only in profile. Medak remembers, "On Monday, Richard came back to the studio all cut and bloodied. That afternoon, I saw the Kray twins turn up at the studio." The notorious Kray brothers ran protection rackets in England out of their fabled Kentucky Club throughout the 1960s. "I can see them clearly in my mind," says Medak. "They were sitting, talking to Richard by the staircase, very intently. I think Richard had hired them to try to find out who these people were who attacked him. It just shows the importance of the Kray twins at that time in London: they knew everybody." (In 1990, Medak made a film about the twins called *The Krays.*)

Nineteen sixty-three was Rod Taylor's year. At 33 the strapping Australian actor was poised to become a big star, having played opposite Tippi Hedren in Hitchcock's *The Birds* and co-starred with Rock Hudson in *A Gathering of Eagles.* He had already appeared in two other films with Elizabeth Taylor, *Giant* and *Raintree County.* Medak recalls that Rod was the first person he ever saw who "was working out all the time, constantly exercising. He had a mania about keeping fit—barbells in the dressing room. I mean, in England at that time it was like, 'What is he doing?' He basically carried a gym with him to the set."

Soon after Rod arrived at the studio, he recalls, Rattigan came up to him and said, "'Robert, I really don't know too many Australians, so if you have anything you'd like to say.' . . . So I ad-libbed a heck of a lot of dialogue. I was impressed with his lack of ego in giving me permission to add some dialogue."

Rod's character is treated condescendingly by Sanders, the official greeter of the V.I.P. lounge, played winningly by Richard Wattis. "Everybody [took] it for granted that the Australian would act like an oaf. and knowing they felt that way, my character played it up a little bit, just to push—putting my feet on the furniture," Rod explains.

In the film, Mangrum, who had ri
from a farm boy to become the owne
his own tractor-manufacturing compan
facing a hostile takeover by a conglomer
To keep his company, he's written a wo
less check to buy some outstanding stc
He has just hours to find £153,750 to cc
the check, but, fogbound at Heathrow,
can't use his considerable charm to persu
anyone to give him the money.

A 28-year-old Maggie Smith, in her th
film role, plays Mangrum's efficient,
ing secretary, Miss Mead. More than dot
she is clearly in love with him and will
anything to help him save his company
to keep him from going to jail. Oddly, th
love affair—with Mangrum unaware of M
Mead's love for him—is more touching th
the Sturm und Drang of the Taylor-Bur
relationship. The intensity of Rod and M
gie's on-screen relationship led several p
ple who worked on the film to conclude t
they were really falling in love.

"That relationship is received very we
Rod Taylor says, looking back. "I think
was the subtlety of Terence Rattigan.
Mangrum's release in the end became
most physical, where Linda Christian, play
the girl he was boffing, was just second
She paled into insignificance alongside M
gie and Mangrum's unspoken, unconsu
mated love. I think that's kind of sexy,
cause the audience is saying, 'Recognize
Rod, take notice! She's the one you wan

Medak remembers that "Maggie, th
was just so young and fresh, and compl
ly new to movies. All of that got onto
screen. And, obviously, they were genuin
attracted to each other. They were both
credibly natural. Rod was a rough guy—
cho, strong, very direct. Also, they liste
to Puffin more than Richard and Elizabe
The film was catering to [Taylor and E
ton] rather than them catering to the fil

In the end Mangrum is so ecstatic wh
Miss Mead finds a way to save him that
bounces on the furniture in pure joy,
he doesn't even notice when his glamor
girlfriend leaves the room. "I didn't d
consciously," Rod recalls. "It was the en
gy of the guy. But whatever I did, little F
fin allowed me to do it. And, in an Eng
movie, with that kind of elegance and wh
not, for me to blow up like a fuckin' hy
was a relief."

Maggie Smith turned in one of her s
prising, crisp, and altogether affecting p
formances, upstaging Burton in her
scene with him. Burton has just reali
that he has lost his wife for good and t
his life is ruined, so the scene could rig
ly have been expected to belong to h
But when he saw the rushes (which he
most never did—he hated seeing himself
screen), he noted that Smith didn't me

the scene, but got away with "grand
ny." A London paper got wind of that
rk and ran the headline MAGGIE STEALS
FILM.
attigan remembered that he had "rath-
refully described [Miss Mead] as 'in
middle 40s with thick-lensed spectacles
a nose that becomes unbecomingly
t moments of emotion.' The final kiss
her employer was intended as a hu-
tion. He went for her lips and slipped
her forehead, thus telling her and the
ence ... that bed just
't on." But MGM made
ith shoot an alternative
on of the scene as well—
a full-fledged kiss on the
implying marriage was
e cards. "Obviously they
e the shot [the real kiss]
h would go down best
ttle Rock, Freetown, and
ila," said Rattigan.

was an ambitious year
r Orson Welles: he was
ing on an adaptation of
ne and Punishment; he
ed to make a film of *The*
of Paris, about the life
Alexandre Dumas *père;*
he was planning on
pting Joseph Heller's
h-22. Most important,
as still trying to produce
Quixote, a project he'd
ed eight years earlier. In
r to help finance all of
e, he had accepted the
of Max Buda (short for
dapest"), a self-important
director. Rod Taylor re-
Orson grumbling that
as appearing in the mov-
nly because he "couldn't
the fuckin' funding for
Quixote."
We were all in awe of
n," recalls Rod. "He terrified everyone—
ping around the set of *The V.I.P.s* with
gar screwed into his mouth. He could
then. He moved like a tank. People
ld jump out of his way. I was just a
from Australia who couldn't believe I
ally had a scene with Welles, whom I
red, in which we fight over a telephone.
wins."
Welles, in Tyrolean hat, dropping cigar ash
his Astrakhan coat, probably styled his
ormance on producer Alexander Korda
Private Life of Henry VIII and *That*
nilton Woman). Curiously, Welles had,
s earlier, written a lengthy screen treat-
t for Korda entitled *V.I.P.,* a comic es-
nage story that was never made. But
les took his Eastern European accent
from assistant director Peter Medak. "I was summoned up to his dressing room," Medak recalls. "It was huge, with three steps going up to the bathroom, so it really was like a kind of throne. And Orson was sitting there, on the toilet, smoking this huge cigar. And I sat myself down on the couch outside the bathroom, and all the cigar smoke came pouring out of his open door. He barked, 'Read me the lines,' and so I did. He kept copying my accent, then he would go down and do a take with Elsa Martinelli [who played his actress girlfriend, Gloria Gritti]. And then Asquith would say, 'Cut.' And Orson's secretary, a very nervous English lady, would turn up with this prehistoric tape recorder, and in the midst of all this madness, Orson was writing the script of *The Bible,* which eventually John Huston made. I can still see him, walking around in this long coat, a scarf and a hat on, pacing around with this thing, and rumbling, 'Well, then, Jesus comes over the hill ... ' He was doing everything at once, in the middle of *The V.I.P.s,* in the middle of winter, in the middle of Borehamwood Studios."

Frost, familiar to audiences from his satirical television show *That Was the Week That Was,* which had begun the previous year, was grateful for the opportunity to meet Welles and Burton, both of whom later became his friends and guests on *The David Frost Show.* "Orson made it easy for me," Frost recalls, "because he was genuinely interested in satire.... He'd famously done *The War of the Worlds* years earlier, on radio."

Medak remembers Welles talking with Frost. "Welles liked people who could talk, and I remember Orson came up to me and said, 'You know, this kid is a genius,'" meaning David Frost. "Orson noticed that immediately."







BEHIND THE SCENES
Clockwise from top left: Elsa Martinelli and director Anthony "Puffin" Asquith; producer Anatole de Grunwald and Taylor on the set; writer Terence Rattigan in 1965.

Alcohol was the jet fuel that propelled the making of *The V.I.P.s.* "Everybody was extremely thirsty on the set," Rod Taylor recalls. "It wasn't like going to Hollywood lunches and having iced tea. I mean, the bar inside the studio was constantly packed. You definitely did not get through lunch without a bottle of wine.... And, of course, Dickie [Burton] would say, 'Have a tot of brandy,' and this would be 10:30 in the morning. Which seemed perfectly normal to everybody." Almost everyone on the set, it seemed, imbibed—but not Asquith. He was undergoing treatment for alcoholism. While directing *The V.I.P.s,* he manfully stayed sober on a set awash in alcohol.

Not Burton. As his biographer Melvyn Bragg wrote, "He seemed to be walking through the furnace of alcohol unscathed." But, Medak recalls, "I remember a few times, after lunch, Burton coming back completely drunk and ripping into Asquith in that voice of his, saying, 'What kind of fucking shot is this. This is ridiculous!' And poor Asquith, we could see him crumbling, sitting in his overalls on the dolly in front of the terminal. Puffin was very slight, and when Burton was yelling at him, he would just cringe until he practically disappeared into himself. There was nothing he could do, because the guy was absolutely, out-of-his-mind drunk. So Asquith decided to handle it by barely saying anything to [Taylor and Burton], as long as he got them in the frame and let them say their lines. Richard wasn't always like that, though—just when

he was drunk. We all knew that after lunch: look out!"

Perhaps as a way of dealing with their crushing fame, perhaps as a result of the tremendous amounts of alcohol they were consuming (and Taylor was proud of her ability to drink anyone under the table), the two battled liked Titans throughout the making of the film. In their fights Burton called her "my little Jewish tart," and she ridiculed his pockmarked skin. The physicality of their fights is captured on-screen when Andros confronts his wife in the airport hotel, where she and the other passengers have been taken until the fog lifts. In her luxury suite—a spare, modernist echo of the airline terminal—the two argue until Andros grabs her and she slams her hand into a mirrored door, cutting her wrist. That's when they begin to make up, as Andros calls the doctor and supervises the wrapping of her lacerated arm.

"I think they had fights for the glory of making up," recalls Rod Taylor. "It was foreplay to them." According to a source, "the battles were loud, outsized, funny, and cruel." They'd have roaring fights on the set, and Elizabeth particularly relished their bouts. "Richard loses his temper with true enjoyment. It's beautiful to watch," she would later recall. "Our fights are delightful screaming matches, and Richard is rather like a small atom bomb going off." To make up after a fight, they bought each other extravagant gifts. At one point in the filming Elizabeth carted back to the Dorchester a van Gogh which she'd bought at Sotheby's for $148,000. She brought it up in the elevator herself and hung it over the fireplace in his suite.

The most lovable character in the film is the down-on-her-luck Duchess of Brighton, embodied by the dotty, delightful Margaret Rutherford. The duchess is the châtelaine of a grand red-brick pile that she no longer has the funds to maintain. In an effort to save it, she has accepted a job at a Miami hotel, and she's taking her first flight, ever, to begin work. Unlike the other V.I.P.'s, the one true aristocrat is distinctly unglamorous, with her plaid carpetbag, her felt hat, her comic manner. In her best scene, she shows her blue blood when she gets into a spat with the stewardess (whom she calls "conductress"), who snippily refuses to stow the duchess's hatbox. The duchess won't be spoken to in that manner, and she puts the young woman in her place with a sudden show of steely hauteur.

Rutherford had first turned down the part, telling Rattigan that it "had no background . . . nothing to get my teeth into," so the playwright stayed up two nights expanding her role. For his trouble, he wrote Rutherford a part that would win her an Academy Award. With her direct, proper use of the English language, and her devotion to her ancestral home—which Shakespeare once visited, and perhaps immortalized in verse—the duchess *is* England, in a world where all the other important people are, well, foreigners. She's the polar opposite of Max Buda, who insists in a thick Hungarian accent that he is "British to the bone."

On the set, Rutherford—who really was "British to the bone"—insisted on having her tea every afternoon, regardless of the shooting schedule. "Margaret used to send her husband, Stringer Davis, who was also in the film playing a small part [as a hotel waiter], to round up Rod and the rest of us for tea," remembers Medak. "'Go get Peter and tell him tea is ready,' she'd say, even if I was working. I'd tell her husband, 'I can't come up, I have to work,' but she insisted. She really *was* that character."

If Rattigan threw his sympathies in with the aristocratic bloodline of the duchess, Asquith seemed to identify with her willingness to go to work. Although upper-class (his mother was the social doyenne Margot Tennant, his great-niece is the actress Helena Bonham Carter), he had something of a penchant for the workingman. He wore overalls on the set, and, in fact, in the early 1950s he had led a double life. When he was tired of the company of stars, he would sneak off to Joe's café in Darlington, Yorkshire, where he worked behind the counter and was known as "Tony." He also delivered newspapers at 6:30 A.M. to the airmen at nearby Catterick airfield. It was, perhaps, his way of being a gay man in England when homosexuality was considered a crime. On this point both Asquith and Rattigan feared potential scandal.

The V.I.P.s debuted at the Empire Theater in London and a week later at Radio City Music Hall in New York, and initially it did better at the box office than *Cleopatra,* which had premiered three months before, despite de Grunwald's best efforts to beat it. In its opening week, the film broke London and New York box-office records; the crowds were so great that the Empire Theater was forced to offer its first-ever late-night show. *Le scandale* had helped, but so had the extensive marketing campaign designed by de Grunwald—at the time, one of the most elaborate in the history of motion pictures. British Airways' predecessor, B.O.A.C., advertised, "Every passenger is a V.I.P. to B.O.A.C." A contest was launched in which the winning V.I.P. would receive a portable, stocked, personalized bar (including 12 bottles of Booth's High & Dry gin, three bottles of dry vermouth, p[illegible] set of cocktail accessories). Givenchy a[illegible] tised its V.I.P. collection, and Cardi[illegible] vertised "the V.I.P. hat," originally wo[illegible] the film by Martinelli.

The reviews were mixed, both in Lo[illegible] and in the United States. Bosley Crow[illegible] writing in *The New York Times,* seeme[illegible] prised that he liked the film, especially [illegible] ing Maggie Smith and Louis Jourdan's [illegible] ing international playboy. As in the re[illegible] for *Cleopatra,* Elizabeth Taylor is desc[illegible] as plump ("as a Christmas fowl," in the[illegible] *ly Herald*), though the *Express* and the [illegible] *Mail* approved of the film, saying that[illegible] lor gave "an 18-carat performance" (a n[illegible] her jewels?) and calling the film "super[illegible] tertainment."

Though *The V.I.P.s* made money[illegible] MGM, Taylor worried she was consid[illegible] too risky for future projects. "After w[illegible] *V.I.P.s,*" Elizabeth remembered, "I c[illegible] get a film offer for what seemed like age[illegible] ages. Richard and I were both panicky.[illegible] a year many of Burton's oldest friend[illegible] tanced themselves, until John Gielgu[illegible] gave him for leaving Sybil and directed[illegible] in a stage production of *Hamlet.* It was [illegible] in street clothes, on Broadway, and it ea[illegible] Burton some of his best theatrical rev[illegible] The phone started ringing again. The[illegible] ple, now married, were more popular [illegible] ever. Night after night, thousands of[illegible] thronged the Lunt-Fontanne Theater,[illegible] back by police barricades and patrolme[illegible] horseback, as "Liz and Dick" steppe[illegible] of their car and ran a gauntlet to the [illegible] door. A puzzled Burton asked Taylor[illegible] the crowd seemed to love them. Late[illegible] Taylor would reflect, "A lot of people a[illegible] ginning to realize that we're not monst[illegible]

Eventually, Burton's old theater fri[illegible] and his Welsh family, who came to[illegible] Elizabeth, forgave him. But Sybil, who[illegible] married musician Jordan Christopher[illegible] not. "My mother never spoke to my f[illegible] again," their daughter Kate Burton, a[illegible] midable actor in her own right, rememb[illegible] "She spoke to him once on the teleph[illegible] That was it."

Kate felt that her father was "very l[illegible] . . . increasingly isolated" when he was[illegible] Elizabeth. "Things always went awry [illegible] they were drinking. They'd become ca[illegible] tures of themselves. He'd brood and [illegible] become crazy." She recognized that h[illegible] ther and Taylor "had a very powerful[illegible] tionship but—I think they would both[illegible] this—they couldn't be together anymo[illegible] wasn't great for either of them." The[illegible] vorced in 1974, after 10 years of marr[illegible] during which they made 11 films tog[illegible] and spent, by one account, $30 millio[illegible]

Sally Burton, Richard's fourth wife, w[illegible] he met while filming Tony Palmer's

sion epic, *Wagner,* recalls that toward nd of Richard's life "he was slowing . It was a quiet, reflective period. [At home in Céligny, Switzerland,] he d rise at nine A.M. and fix himself tea, we'd often go into town to have lunch. iscussed many things with me. He was e sitting room, I remember, when we talking about his life with Elizabeth, ne said, 'Did I really do all that? Did ly do the jewelry, the yacht, the plane? I do that?'"

Through her spokeswoman Taylor says that it is hard for her to talk about people she has loved and lost, and hardest of all to talk about Richard Burton, whom she loved most of all. But in an earlier conversation about directors, she told me, "Puffin [Asquith] was a darling man, and he let us behave on *The V.I.P.s* like a couple of teenagers—fighting and making up. Sweetheart, I'm a thousand years old," Taylor added with that little-girl laugh of hers, "but it seems like yesterday."

There would be one final, strange moment in the Taylor-Burton saga, which would come with the 1998 death of Roddy McDowall. McDowall had been Taylor's friend since they worked together as child stars in *Lassie Come Home.* Appearing in *Cleopatra,* he had been in Rome with Taylor and Burton when it all began. He had also acted with Burton on Broadway, in *Camelot.* In 1998, McDowall lay dying in his home in Los Angeles. Holding his hands on either side of the bed were Sybil Christopher and Elizabeth Taylor. □

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ngs of Reality TV

INUED FROM PAGE 126 control the ls and levers that made the medium .

literally that day just stopped going to ions," he says, "and I got my first real I worked in a bank as a teller." After uating from Cal State Northridge, Darearned that his girlfriend, Carolyn Oberwho lived across the street from him his family and who is now his wife, had a job at the Emmy Awards. "I remembeing jealous," he says. "I remember g, 'The only thing I want to do is just a job in TV!'"

e finagled an internship in the news din at KTTV, doing grunt work until he uated to the lowest position in the news. "Basically a script ripper," says Dar-That meant ripping bound copies of ts and distributing them to anchors and uction personnel. His persistence won the job of video librarian, and that was re he found his future medium: clip vs, composed mostly of leftover free age of car wrecks, police chases, and ndish animal and human behavior. His real production was called *Life After ns.* With the help of a cameraman and ditor, he compiled, without permission, ge of Burt Ward, who had played Robin V's original *Batman* series, and created he described as "a cute little minute-a-half piece and showed it to literally vone at KTTV."

With the 1989 release of Tim Burton's *Batman* movie, every station was deste for Batman-themed programming. Redeker, a correspondent for ABC now, was an anchor at the time, said, 'Well, about that piece of crap Darnell did?'" that night Fox chairman Barry Diller watching when Darnell's "piece of crap" l. "I found an incredibly energized and -smart young guy and gave him an opunity to move forward, which he has since at an alarming rate," says Diller. iller had Darnell promoted to a field-producer position, and the two met soon after in the KTTV newsroom, where they discussed an idea: *Overheard,* for which Darnell and a camera crew would surreptitiously tape conversations at Hollywood celebrity parties. "Go do it," Diller told him.

"I was at the premiere of *L.A. Story,* and I had my big boom microphone," remembers Darnell. "I was sort of hiding underneath the escalator." Diller spotted him and told him, Darnell says, slipping into a deep Diller whisper, "You're *shameless.* But you're doing a very good job."

By 1994 he had been promoted to executive in charge of special programming, and he began resuscitating the network's ratings with what became known as MDTV (Mike Darnell TV): high-testosterone specials which began with *Alien Autopsy: Fact or Fiction?* Since the autopsy looked like a hoax, Darnell thought up a new special called *World's Greatest Hoaxes: Secrets Finally Revealed.* He has overseen several hundred blood-guts-and-nutty-people specials, including smashes such as *When Animals Attack!, Busted on the Job!* (hidden-camera surveillance of strange acts in the workplace—for example, a woman taking revenge on her boss by urinating on his office furniture), and *When Good Pets Go Bad!* (Rover turning psycho on-camera), which, Mark Thompson says, "weren't getting headlines, so everybody was apologizing. 'Can you *believe* what Fox is doing?' We used to hear that all the time. 'Can you believe *When Animals Attack!*?' Well, all of America watched it. They watched *When Animals Attack! 1, 2, 3,* and *4.*"

"I wish I could tell you that there was some overriding philosophy," Darnell says. "There isn't. I just thought instinctively, I like this, and it is something I would watch. Those shows, for lack of a better way to say it, were like car accidents: you can't turn away."

I mention the 300-pound tumor in one of the *Guinness* specials and his eyes light up. "When I was a kid, I liked biggest, fattest, shortest, longest," he says. "And I said [to Eric Schotz, who produced the *Guinness* shows], 'Let's look for something like that!' And they came in with the biggest tumor. I said, '*Great!* I would watch that!' And it *was* great! People were talking about it for weeks!"

By 1999, almost two years before CBS's *Survivor* series was launched, Darnell was the undisputed champ of reality TV. But that summer ABC began airing a British-born game show called *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire.* Once again the landscape shifted, and Mike Darnell suddenly felt he was behind the curve. "A *game show!,*" Darnell exclaims, still flinching today. "I was frustrated. I was calling for the numbers every day in the summer and watching this *game show* go up every week."

The entrance hall of ABC's administration building is lined with photographs of its signature shows—*Ozzie and Harriet, Dick Clark's American Bandstand, The Wonderful World of Disney, The Lone Ranger, Happy Days.* But at the end of the hallway is a shot of Regis Philbin holding a fan of $100 bills and leering like the Devil in church, to represent *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire.* The show not only became ABC's monster hit of 1999 but also threw down a new gauntlet for Mike Darnell.

That summer, watching the show's ratings rise every morning, he summoned to his office producer Dick Clark, with whom he had worked on Fox specials such as *Beyond Belief* (where viewers guess whether outlandish happenings are real or not). They came out with a game show called *Greed* and aimed it right at Regis Philbin's throat. But it was no *Millionaire,* and Darnell's ire grew as *Millionaire* continued to skyrocket.

On the evening of the aforementioned taping of *American Idol,* Darnell sits in the empty bleachers with his creative team, discussing how the success of *Millionaire* drove him to re-create reality TV.

"Mike never takes vacations," says Tom Sheets. "The only time he ever went anywhere was when he went to Carolyn's cousin's wedding in Parsippany, New Jersey. He called me from there every morning, saying, 'Are the *Millionaire* numbers going down?' And I'd say, 'No, they're going *up!*'"

"He was watching the wedding and the

numbers on the show," remembers Carolyn Darnell. "It was driving him crazy not being in L.A."

Sheets says, "If he's thinking about something—"

"You can't talk to him about anything else, even if his house is burning down," continues Sabrina Bonet IsHak, a bright young woman who began as a temp in Darnell's office, quickly became his assistant, and now is Fox's director of specials.

Darnell leaps to his feet and begins pacing, and I see him as he must have been back then, stuck at the wedding in Parsippany while Regis Philbin was whipping his 93-pound ass. His thoughts bounced between two topics: wedding, *Millionaire,* wedding, *Millionaire,* wedding, *Millionaire.* And suddenly an idea bubbled up, beautiful in its simplicity and audacious in its premise.

Sheets remembers Darnell's frantic voice on the phone. "He said, 'We'll have all these women come out! *Fifty* women! . . . We'll find a millionaire! He'll propose on-screen! They'll get married right there!' . . . And I think I said, 'All in two hours?'"

Darnell called in several possible producers, including Dick Clark and Mike Fleiss. When Mike Fleiss's turn to pitch came, he said, "We go Miss America on this thing!" Because Darnell liked the pageant approach—50 women auditioning to marry a millionaire, who would be hidden from them in a "pod" before emerging to meet and wed his bride on national television—he went with Fleiss. He gave him about 10 weeks to get the show ready for the February 2000 sweeps.

In November, Fleiss sent out an E-mail: "A television production company in Los Angeles is looking for a millionaire who's ready to get married on national TV!" Reminded of that E-mail and the misadventures that followed, Fleiss exhales a lungful of air. "Mike and I call it Black Sunday," he says.

The men who responded to Fleiss's E-mail were an odd bunch. Some of them were too old and doddering for national television. Some of them were advised not to participate by lawyers, family, or friends. "A couple of the guys we interviewed were probably gay," Fleiss remembers. "You get that on these shows—some guys who might have some homosexual tendencies who feel this is the ultimate way to prove their masculinity." He switches into a faux European accent: "I *will* be the millionaire! That will prove I'm not gay!" He shakes his head. "Imagine what kind of self-respecting multi-millionaire would want to marry a woman sight unseen." After a pause he says, "Thank God for Rick Rockwell."

"I was a naïve fool," professional public speaker, comedian, and real-estate investor Rick Rockwell tells me in a coffee shop near his home in Encinitas, California, referring to his long-shattered delusion that he could find his soulmate on a television show. He still bears the strafe marks of the debacle and calls himself "the man who stood at the epicenter of reality programming's de facto birth." The bad omens began moments after his televised wedding, when his wallet and traveler's checks were stolen. Then he was humiliated on his Caribbean-cruise honeymoon when, he says, his wife, Darva Conger, told him she was only in it for the vacation. She filed for annulment as soon as they got home. Since then, he says, there has been a major decline in his annual speaking engagements because his jobs, which once included speeches to Fortune 500 companies, have been reduced to a string of appearances where he's advertised as "Rick Rockwell of *Who Wants to Marry a Multi-millionaire?*" To top the indignities, he says, two years after his televised wedding, Fox "had the nerve to ask me to do the *Celebrity Boxing* show. And against who? Joey Buttafuoco."

Rockwell has written a book, *What Was I Thinking? The Truth About Reality TV and Modern Media,* about his experience, which began when he answered Fleiss's E-mail in November 1999 with a message beginning, "Well, I'm worth about $1.5 . . . ," thus forcing the "Millionaire" in the show's title to be changed to "Multi-millionaire."

"It's quite possible he was the only person on the planet who was willing to do it," says Fleiss. "Our backup millionaire basically wanted me to buy him a Mercedes 500E free and clear."

On the morning of February 16, 2000, after the special appeared, Darnell and Fleiss began a daily routine they continue to the present: dissecting the Nielsen ratings. "The morning ritual between us is ridiculous," says Fleiss.

In his wife's office in their house in Calabasas, Darnell will be sitting by the phone with his pens and Post-it notes when the ratings lines open at six A.M. He'll punch the phone numbers with his tiny hands, nails bitten to the quick, then scrawl the ratings for his and his competitors' shows on the Post-its. Then he'll call Fleiss, if Fleiss hasn't already called him.

Whenever a show is debuting, neither one of them can sleep, and both are haunted by superstitions. "No matter how much I drink at the premiere party, I can never fall asleep," says Fleiss. "Mike is equally superstitious about getting the numbers and getting the numbers first and which line you get the numbers from. You don't want to get the numbers from the Warner Bros. line, because it's bad luck. Why? It just *is!* It is always bad luck if I have manage fall asleep and someone *calls* me with numbers."

Like who?, I ask. "Like Darnell! He'l [assuming a conciliatory tone], 'Hey, n bad!' We're competitive. But he'll help stay positive, or I'll help him stay positi

The morning after the *Multi-millio* debut, they were on the phone with other as the ratings bolted up the Ni scale. "The numbers were incredible!" Fleiss. "It started at a 13 share, which m *ehhh,* some people watched it. By the of the two hours it was a *28* share! It r than *doubled* its audience. Which meant people all over the country were calling friends saying, 'Hey! There is something on TV right now. Are you watching thi you want a trip, switch over to Fox!'"

For Fleiss it remains a supreme mom with Darnell cooing, "Best show ever!," agent calling with offers of major mone shows Fleiss hadn't yet dreamed up, re ers begging for interviews, and all of H wood singing his praises. "This was *ino ible* intensity!" he says. "Mike and I k this show was going to be a crazy pu relations nightmare. We knew that the tional Organization for Women would us. That this would be the most contro sial show ever! We thought it was all g but it got so hot, so crazy red-hot. They it was the most talked-about show si *Roots*! It was the lead sketch on *Satu Night Live.*"

When they whisked the bride and gr out of the country, on a honeymoon cr to Barbados, the roar grew even lou Milking the moment, Darnell commissio Fleiss to produce a special called *Who W to Marry a Multi-millionaire: A Televi Phenomenon,* featuring the first postma interview with the newlyweds. On Sun February 20, they flew Rick and Darva to the States, avoiding the press by lan them at the Santa Barbara airport. M Thompson interviewed them for the spe Then Rick and Darva separated fore Rockwell went with Fleiss in a limo to a production facility, where they planne edit the special, which would air in 36 h

Fleiss grins as he pantomimes the sc They were all in the limo, hoisting mimo Rockwell was on the phone with his fa "Everything was good!" But then the sh director's cell phone rang. Imitating th rector, Fleiss switches into a pinched w and spits out his words. "He said, 'M it's for you!'"

"I thought, What the fuck? We're eup ic! We have the No. 1 show in the cou Pretty damned good, right? I get the phone, and I hear my good friend M Thompson. He's the voice of Fox, so voice is distinctive. I'll never forget wha

He switches to Thompson's basso pro-: "'Mike, I hate to be the one to tell iis, but we have a potentially *devastat-*uation on our hands!'"

otentially devastating?," Fleiss recalls g. "How could that possibly be?"

says Thompson told him there had been ort on the Internet, on Smokinggun entitled "Millionaire Groom's Dirty t," saying that a former fiancée of vell's had filed a temporary restraining against him, claiming he had assault-d threatened her. Sandy Grushow im-ately pulled the follow-up special and nded an explanation.

said, 'What's going on with Mikey?' Thompson said, 'He's hyperventilating.' call Mike, and he *is* hyperventilating. ys, 'Is this *true?*'"

iss turned to Rockwell, he says, and ed, "'That's not true, right? That's not *right?*' Rockwell tried to explain [that a nine-year-old case, blown out of pro-n, and that the worst thing he had done et the air out of the woman's tires], was too late. I'm like . . . " Fleiss pan-nes passing out. "I was laying down. I o upset. I said, 'Yeah, Rick is saying t's true.'"

shakes his head and says, "If Mike were destined to be brothers forever, onded us."

eir first reaction, says Fleiss, was Great! More publicity! Mike said, 'We get out in front of this!' I'm like, olutely! Fuck! It's a restraining order! get an interview with the girl! We'll t on as part of the special!' We had ole plan, because that's the way we t!"

day, only three years later, Fleiss says, igger the scandal, the higher the rat-He mentions Brooke Smith, the runner-n *Bachelor II,* who revealed on the that her father was serving a prison nce. "Mike called me, totally green envy. You know: 'Ahhhh! That's go-o help you now! That's good shit!' on *Joe Millionaire,* when one of the girls had like done fetish films? I d him and said, 'Ahhhh! You lucky ard!' . . . In retrospect, I don't feel we did anything wrong on that *Multi-onaire* show, when you see that, hey, *Married by America* they had some-who was already married. . . . We were there first. . . . Three years later and ke, 'Ahhh, you got me this time. You a person with a restraining order and legitimate child!' It's like the more icity, the better. But back then it ruined life."

nce the Rockwell restraining order be-e public knowledge, the troubles began. ey wanted to lynch somebody," says Mark Thompson. The main target was naturally Rockwell, who says he returned home to find an armada of media vehicles in his driveway. In the industry, the bull's-eye was the show's producer, Mike Fleiss. "Who wants to marry a battering, thrashing mini-millionaire, give or take a few hundred thousand, with a personality disorder?" read a typical story in *The Boston Globe* on February 22, 2000, topped by the headline, THINGS SMELLED ROTTEN ON THIS CHEESY SHOW.

On *Larry King Live,* Rick Rockwell was interviewed with a panel that included TV talk-show host Leeza Gibbons, who said the incident had "caused us to examine who is in charge of television."

"They're gone, they're over," Sandy Grushow told Bill Carter of *The New York Times,* referring to Darnell's blood-and-guts fare. Grushow killed at least 10 future shows, including *World's Nastiest Neighbors, Plastic Surgery Nightmares,* and *Jumbo Jet Crash: The Ultimate Safety Test* (in which Darnell and Fleiss planned to crash a 747 in the desert). Another Fox executive later called such specials "ratings crack" and vowed that Fox would immediately return to higher ground.

Darnell says the network brass supported him and by killing off the shock-reality genre forced him to create a more sales-friendly form of reality TV. "I'm like the phoenix, coming back again and again," he says, "but I've never been in the eye of a storm like that."

Fleiss hid out. "In this little cave-like office in the dark, in the rain, I was basically going broke," he says. "There was an internal investigation, an external investigation. It was the lead story on the news every night, and in every tabloid. It was the darkest, most depressing thing I've ever been through." The pressure was so intense that Fleiss and Darnell both lost 10 pounds, which Darnell could hardly afford.

"I lost hundreds of thousands of dollars," says Fleiss. "The atmosphere at Fox was adverse. . . . They audit your budgets, they disallow things. And they were pretty aggressive."

Two weeks after the *Multi-millionaire* calamity, Fleiss was hot again. His then agent, John Ferriter of William Morris, was fielding calls for his services, including, Ferriter says, a bid from UPN for the *Multi-millionaire* franchise. Hollywood had forgotten and forgiven, but Fleiss had not. He was still down in the dumps, but, with Darnell in his corner, he sold two new shows to Fox: *Million Dollar Mysteries,* featuring unsolved mysteries and offering cash rewards, and *Battle of the Child Geniuses.* "I call it my Butch-and-Sundance-go-to-Bolivia days," Fleiss remembers. "You know, because I tried to go straight. I tried to steer clear of controversy."

A month before *Multi-millionaire* aired, CAA agents Steve Smooke and Michael Camacho had asked Darnell if he knew of any rising reality talent. "Mike Fleiss," Darnell said. "The guy's a superstar." Today Darnell says, "I am an exceptionally loyal type of human being. I don't know how else to operate."

After *Multi-millionaire,* the CAA agents set up an eight P.M. meeting with Fleiss at a bar near his home. Fleiss switched agents, and CAA set up pitch meetings at all of the networks.

CAA got him a job as show runner, or executive producer, of *Spy TV,* the hidden-camera series on NBC. The eagle landed for Fleiss when his agents delivered a seven-figure development deal with Telepictures, a Warner Bros. division of primarily daytime television that was seeking to get into prime time.

That deal "made me rich," Fleiss says. The problem was that he had to create a show, and two weeks into his new deal nothing was coming. "I'd stay up all night, racking my brain, free-associating, asking myself, Can I make that a show? Can I make *that* a show? Anything! Anything that you can see or hear, taste or feel, you run that through your creative process. But I wasn't coming up with anything!"

He pulls out a folder of reality treatments he discarded. "Here's *Mail Order Brides,* which is an idea I think someone is doing now," he says. "*Intervention. Cold Turkey* is about people trying to give up addictions. *Spot Your Former Lover:* a roomful of people"—he switches to an announcer's voice—"'You slept with one of these people, and now you've got to find that person.' *Social Climbers.* That's a title I kind of like. *Ruin Your Life.* That's pretty good. What's it about? I don't even remember."

The stress made him so sick he took to his bed. "I had a 104 fever," he says. He thought he had the flu, but his wife, Alex, whom he had met at Knotts Berry Farm when they were in high school, where she was class president, says he was in the middle of a "creative trance," from which his best ideas spring. When he managed to pull himself out of bed for lunch, Fleiss found Alex planning their 20th high-school reunion. And in that instant he imagined what would become *High School Reunion:* 17 classmates flown to Maui, "to pursue their unresolved relationships, romances, and rivalries." (It is now in its second season on the Warner Bros. network.)

The next day his genie delivered *The Bachelor:* 25 women, one bachelor, and a catfight for the bachelor's hand. "A dating show where you watch your relationship evolve," he says. "Within 15 minutes I had the whole thing in my head: the roses, the house—

everything. I swear to God, it all came in like one flash."

His agent, Michael Camacho, called to check on his progress every morning. "I said, 'Hey, I got a new idea. It's called *The Bachelor,* and here's how it goes—' And he said, 'Not another effing wedding thing!'"

He pitched *The Bachelor* to Darnell, who was busy with *Temptation Island,* and "off the relationship stuff," so he passed. Next, Fleiss pitched it to Jeff Zucker, president of NBC Entertainment, who, busy with *The Weakest Link* (a game show where losers are booted off by a bitchy British hostess) and *Fear Factor* (in which contestants, for a $50,000 prize, perform acts such as bathing in a vat of cows' blood and pulling rats out of a tank with their teeth), also passed. Finally Fleiss pitched the show to Andrea Wong, senior vice president of series and specials at ABC. "And I bought it in the room," Wong remembers.

The Bachelor was a reality revolution, ushering a soap-opera concept into prime time. "Zsuj," says Lisa Levenson, the show's executive producer and a soap-opera vet. "It's spelled like Zsa Zsa," she explains. Zsuj (pronounced zhoodge) is a televised sense of fantasy, romance, candlelight, and roses, she says, designed to make viewers believe they're seeing more sex than they actually are. "It's all about the zsuj in soaps; it's all about smoke and mirrors," says Levenson. "There are a lot of dating shows, like *Blind Date,* for example, where they go to a Bennigan's restaurant and stick a camera on two people. Our goal was to raise the fantasy level."

The Bachelor is all zsuj, from the formal rose ceremony ("Will you accept this rose?" the bachelor asks the candidates he chooses to stay in competition for his love) to the sudsy Jacuzzis and private jets ferrying couples to Manhattan, Aspen, and Hawaii, to the written invitation to certain ladies to share the lord of the manner's crib for the night (which the audience watches via night-vision cameras).

At first, the show ran on Monday night, and the early ratings were respectable; then the word of mouth took over. Though the critics drew their swords, the audience became addicted. "When *Entertainment Weekly* gives me an F, I know I've got a hit," Fleiss told the press. The ratings rose until ABC made the decision to slot the finale in the May 2002 sweeps, on a Thursday, against *Friends, CSI, Survivor, Will & Grace,* and *ER. The Bachelor* triumphed with a 17 share in the 18-to-49 demographic during a time period in which ABC had previously been doing 7 at most. The *Bachelor* franchise is now ABC's highest-rated show in the 18-to-49 demographic.

"It's cheesy and idiotic and filled with some of the silliest stuff you can imagine," says professor Robert Thompson. "Yet it's so good at being idiotic. The way you get to know 23 people in the first episode. It's brilliant storytelling!"

Every morning, Darnell was on the phone with Fleiss discussing, dissecting, and reassuring his friend about *The Bachelor*'s ratings numbers. But as *The Bachelor*'s numbers rose, Fox was sinking into the doldrums. "September, October, November—the network was having its own troubles," says Darnell. "Baseball was dragging us down. We needed something for fall."

It must have been tough for Darnell to watch his protégé revive the relationship genre that he himself had originally revived with *Multi-millionaire.* All Darnell will say is "We knew the relationship genre was working. But we didn't know what the Fox spin would be."

Darnell and his creative team talked about how to bring the genre to a new level of reality TV. They were on their way to meet Darnell's wife, Carolyn, for lunch one day when Sabrina Bonet IsHak said, "Why don't we lie to them?" With that, a bell went off in Darnell's brain.

By the end of lunch they had the bones of a show that would turn the relationship reality genre on its head: 20 women and one bachelor, but where Fleiss's *Bachelor* stars a bona fide professional buck, Darnell's bachelor would be bogus. The women would be told that he had just inherited $50 million, but he would actually be broke. "It was a great idea because it was a new idea, based in some real sensibilities, which is some women may be in a relationship for the money," says Darnell. To test those sensibilities, they would tutor their ordinary Joe on manners, wine, culture, dancing, and other aspects of the good life. Then they'd whisk him and the women competing for his "fortune"—many of them maximum money-grubbers—to an exotic locale, which would turn out to be a Loire Valley château. Taping the show in advance, they would let the audience in on the joke, but leave the women in the dark. Not until after the bogus millionaire had chosen his lady would they make him reveal to the winner that her prince was actually a pauper. "We even had a name," says Darnell. *Joe Millionaire.*

It was the kind of mainstream reality blockbuster Fox Entertainment Group's chairman, Sandy Grushow, and president of entertainment, Gail Berman, had been dreaming of. "We had taken the necessary step of weaning ourselves off [blood-and-guts reality] programming," says Grushow. "Not only did Mike and his team come up with advertiser-friendly shows, they came up with hits that are performing better than ever."

To produce the show, Darnell tapped longtime collaborators Chris Cowan and Michel Michenaud of Rocket Science Laboratories. They auditioned hundreds of potential Joes before taking the final five to see Darnell. Darnell, who doubts his instincts in judging men, left it up to the women in the office, who were most struck by Evan Marriott, the tall, dark, and handsome $19,000-a-year construction worker. Cleaned up, he made a very believable Joe Millionaire. Best of all, when he was told three days before he was to leave for France that he'd have to lie to 20 women on national television, Marriott laughed and said, "O.K. I'm ready for a change in my life."

"The big problem with the show was keeping it a secret," says Darnell. If the bachelor's real net worth got out to the women, the show would be dead and millions in production fees would be lost. They also discussed the show in code, calling it "the Big Choice" and its reveal (that the millionaire was actually an ordinary Joe) "the Girl met," and swore the production team and Fox executives to secrecy. They released a phony story about the production, which they spoon-fed to everyone, including Fleiss's agent, Michael Camacho, when he called Darnell to do some reconnaissance about the "Project X" he'd heard about.

"It was kind of a no-brainer that Fleiss would be pissed," says producer Michel Michenaud. "It was basically taking his concept and twisting it and turning it on its head. The whole show was just trying to push reality further. It's almost a *meta*-reality show. The audience is in on something that the cast isn't."

On the Wednesday before the *Joe Millionaire* promos were to run, in November 2002, Fleiss, Darnell, ABC's Andrea Wong, and their significant others gathered for a pre-Thanksgiving dinner at Mark Thompson's house. At one point, Darnell called Fleiss outside. "I told him, 'Look, it's a great show. I can't tell you exactly what it is yet, but it's going to have elements that seem familiar to you, so just get ready for it.'"

Recalling the scene, Fleiss switches to Darnell's excitable but ever-so-charming voice. "'Tomorrow there's going to be promos running during football, and, uh, you're not going to be thrilled about it!'

"So I said, 'It's basically a *Bachelor* thing?' He goes, 'No. More of a *Bachelor* thing!' I'm like, 'Aaaah, are you fucking with me, Mikey?'"

"All of the sudden I saw the two Mikes get into a fairly heated conversation," says Wong. "Mike Fleiss went, like, crazy and for the rest of the night was completely

and could not focus on anything else."
ıyway, we had a good Thanksgiving,"
leiss. "Then the next day the promos
unning. That's when I got pissed. I
-his voice switches to the baritone of
ıtler on the show—"'Twenty women!
ıan!' You know, I'm like, That's my
g equation! That's my formula!"

nine o'clock on Monday, January 6,
n Fox, butler Paul Hogan intoned,
ıots of unshaven Evan Marriott on his
ɔzer, "Once there was an average Joe.
ade a humble living by simply moving
Meet Evan Marriott, annual income
)0. What would happen when this
ge Joe is transformed into a multi-
ıaire? Now, Evan will invite 20 women
hâteau in France who believe that he
st inherited $50 million." The camera
an aerial shot of the rented château
Loire Valley.
tching it, you can imagine Darnell
ng over every salacious frame. He calls
illionaire "a twist on relationship shows,
ankly the entire reality genre," and it
twist of Darnellian proportions. The
had taken Fleiss's basic *Bachelor* set-
isted it, and created something better.
ell even twisted Fleiss's zsuj and mul-
it by infinity. "Oh, my God, it's a *cas-*
ne bachelorette shrieks as her horse-
ı carriage turns the corner to Joe Mil-
re's love nest.
iting by his telephone for the ratings
ers at 5:45 the next morning, Darnell
ted to hear from Fleiss. "I thought
e I'd get a call the first day," he says.
ln't."
rnell tried repeatedly to reach Fleiss
s cell phone. "Fleiss would look at his
ID and say, 'It's Darnell. I don't want
k to him,' and wouldn't answer," re-
ers Telepictures senior vice president
l Auerbach.
ıdrea Wong counseled Fleiss. "The
before, Mike Darnell and I had had a
" she says today. "I bought a show
l *The Chair.* You sit in a chair and it's
t your ability to stay calm and control
heart rate while you're put through
nous pressure answering questions. Mike
to buy it and didn't get it, so he devel-
a show called *The Chamber,* which had
very similar qualities." Both shows pre-
d the same week. Both were gone in a
. "We sued each other over this," says
g. According to a source close to the
oroduction, someone "from ABC's *The*
r was caught trespassing on the Fox
f *The Chamber.*" Each side accused
ther of treachery or espionage. Both
its were dropped.
here was serious consideration of a law-
over *Joe Millionaire.* "We did look at
ays Jim Paratore, president of Telepic-
tures Productions. But they forgot about it when a judge threw out the CBS lawsuit against ABC over claims that the network's *I'm a Celebrity . . . Get Me out of Here!* (in which B-list celebrities such as Robin Leach and Melissa Rivers are marooned in the outback, where they compete in various acts of daring, gross-out, and gore) was a *Survivor* rip-off. "We decided all it would do would give them more publicity," says Paratore.

Mike Fleiss was livid; he was pissed. He couldn't believe his best friend fucked him like that," says David Auerbach. "But then he realized it wasn't personal, it was business, and he got over it and moved on."

"Hey, man, I love you, and I hope you understand that I had a right to get a little miffed," Fleiss finally told Darnell. "We're going to hit each other hard, but after the game we're going to go out for beers." Darnell doesn't drink, but soon they were back to their early-morning calls and regular tennis matches. "He kicks my ass every time," says Fleiss.

By the time they resumed their friendship, *Joe Millionaire* was racing toward its February 10 finale, when it would break all of Darnell's previous records, achieving his first 40 share in the 18-to-49 demographic. "I've never had a 40 share," Fleiss tells me. "That's super-rarefied. But *Joe Millionaire* had a great reveal. Reality TV is all about the reveal. *Survivor:* who will be voted out? *The Bachelor:* who will be sent home brokenhearted? Who will be chosen the American Idol? Even I wanted to see *Joe Millionaire*'s reveal: how will the girl react when she finds out the guy isn't really a millionaire?"

At first Fleiss couldn't bring himself to watch the show. But he was watching along with the multitudes when Zora Andrich, the last woman left in the castle—the runner-up was later discovered to have appeared in bondage and foot-fetish films—heard Evan Marriott say, "I don't have 50 million. I don't have 50,000." Then, in a sublime television moment, Zora accepted Evan for who he was, and the rent-a-butler presented him and his would-be bride with a surprise gift check for $1 million, courtesy of Fox and Mike Darnell.

"We all got chills!" says Carolyn Darnell.

"When Zora said, 'Can I kiss you?,' I cried!" says Sabrina Bonet IsHak.

"And she was going to send the money to her poor relatives in Serbia!" says Mike Darnell. "You couldn't invent this stuff!"

It must have been one hell of a reveal for Fleiss to discover that his friend was not only a master of reality but also a master of something even greater when it comes to television: imitation. As for spinning his show off someone else's brainstorm, Darnell explains, "Television is a land of imitation. Nothing's new, quite frankly. *American Idol* is, in its own way, a new version of *Amateur Hour* or *Star Search.* These shows are just new versions of *The Dating Game* and *The Newlywed Game.* It's upping the ante and making year-2000 versions of them. When something hits, it opens up doors. Your job is to figure out: How can I make a better show? A bigger show?"

"The problem for these types of shows is you can't do the same trick continually, so each time there has to be an escalation of whatever the trick is," says retired NBC president Don Ohlmeyer, who has become a critic of reality TV. "You finally get to a point where the only trick left is self-immolating monks in Times Square. The question becomes: How far does the sequence go before you reach Times Square?"

There's apparently still a ways to go, as Fleiss once again finds himself chasing the little wizard. "Right now, Darnell's unbeatable," he says with a sigh. But he is already doing things Darnell's way. After the success of *American Idol,* Fleiss created *Are You Hot?,* a show that was similar but without the talent competition. Next, the success of *Joe Millionaire* inspired Fleiss's proposal for a future prince-or-pauper series, *Rich Guy, Poor Guy.* In late April, Fleiss signed a multi-year deal with CBS, giving the network access to his services and his Next Entertainment team of producers and show runners. Leslie Moonves, chairman of CBS, says, "We felt it would be terrific to have him over at CBS and try to develop some shows for us. I think, ultimately, you'll find next season each network with a couple of reality shows, and it will be the better ones. That has always been our attitude. We're on *Survivor 6* now and in production on *Survivor 7,* and it's still a top-five show."

Meanwhile, Darnell is moving on to higher (lower) ground with *Joe Millionaire II* (with a surprise twist to come), *101 Things Pulled from the Human Body* (for example, a piece of a tornado-hurled two-by-four removed from a woman's ear canal and a swordfish's sword removed from a man's eye), and *Miss Dog Beauty Pageant,* a canine beauty contest, followed by a rash of other top-secret shows and specials. Industry sources put Fleiss's and Darnell's annual earnings in the mid- to high-seven-figure range. For the two Mikes, however, financial figures are secondary; ratings are the numbers that count.

The full reveal on Mike Darnell and Mike Fleiss remains to be screened. Will Fleiss someday out-Darnell the great Darnell and finally get his 40-share show? Will Darnell once again take the clay of that success and mold it into something even bigger, better, hotter? One thing's for sure: the world will be watching. □

Pop Quiz

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 149 in *Dumb and Dumberer*).

Sitting atop Disney's big rock-candy mountain is the ubiquitous, irrepressible, unstoppable Hilary Duff (pet peeve: people who drink half a can of soda and leave to get another one because they can't remember where they put the first one), known to her kazillion fans as the adorable teenage klutz of *Lizzie McGuire* and its screen spin-off, *The Lizzie McGuire Movie* (which, happily for the nation's welfare, hugely outgrossed *The Real Cancun*). "Lizzie McGuire" is more than a character; she's a commodity about to be converted into a girlie way of life, marykateandashley-style. "The 'Lizzie' phenomenon has been a badly needed success story for Disney," reported *The Wall Street Journal* on May 6, "a multimedia powerhouse that has encompassed not just the series and movie but also books, 'Lizzie' merchandise, soundtrack albums and, later this year, DVDs. Ms. Duff, meanwhile, has become a heroine for the 'tween' girls who have bestowed upon her a white-hot celebrity status." The article described how Duff and her mother are seeking to parlay the Lizzie McGuire image into a separate brand identity. "Even as Disney peddles 'Lizzie McGuire'–branded apparel and other merchandise, a Los Angeles company called Bravado International Group is acting as a licensing agent for Ms. Duff. It is making manufacturing and distribution deals for Hilary Duff–branded cosmetics and a merchandise line called 'Stuff by Hilary Duff' that will include everything from apparel and footwear to blow dryers and curling irons." Sign me up for a pair of bunny slippers.

Cable's Nickelodeon channel competes with Disney for audience share and as a talent farm where the toothsome stars of tomorrow learn to milk their first shameless laughs. Case in point: Amanda Bynes (pet peeve: fake people), who got her first break on Nickelodeon's *All That* and proceeded to blaze new frontiers in booger humor as the star of her own wacky sketch-comedy series on Nick, *The Amanda Show*. (Bynes's choice of *I Love Lucy* for favorite old show signals her game-for-anything approach.) Beating Hilary Duff to the big screen, she made her own hop from TV fame to movie vehicle this spring with *What a Girl Wants*, an exercise in effervescence that raised the disturbing question "What's Colin Firth doing in this film?" Like Annette Funicello, Bynes has ripened into full fruition, making it a trial for some on the *Teen Vanity Fair* set to keep their spring-loaded eyeballs in their sockets.

Nickelodeon and Disney pour on the artificial sunshine and gooey slapstick. The rite-of-passage network for young performers whose characters brave a shadowy minefield of peer pressure, sexual awakening, tattoo decisions, and shape-shifting succubi decimating the cafeteria staff is the WB. Its *Dawson's Creek, Buffy the Vampire Slayer* (which defected to UPN), *Smallville, Everwood,* and *Gilmore Girls* have set the high bar for dramas centered on superarticulate teens with frames of reference beyond their years who learn that words ain't enough to express the emotional lava within. (That's what poignant close-ups are for.) The young lumberjacks of the WB—self-described "athletic dork" Milo Ventimiglia (pet peeve: "inconsiderate drivers") and Jared Padalecki (pet peeve: "When I get blamed for something I didn't do. I think I'm an easy target, maybe"), both of the *Gilmore Girls;* Gregory Smith (pet peeve: shopping in department stores), of *Everwood*—are sturdy lads and sensitive brooders. Representing *Everwood* as well was Emily VanCamp (pet peeve: people who interrupt). However, no WB'er did a finer job of bearing aloft the network's droopy banner of adolescent angst than Alexis Bledel (pet peeve: traffic), the precocious, deadpan daughter on *Gilmore Girls*.

Though Bledel shares Gregory Smith's love of macaroni and cheese, the moment she entered the interview room there was a sudden drop of cabin pressure, an air of grievous import. She mumbled; she slouched; she dismissed the notion of a celebrity crush with the world-weary statement "The whole illusion for me is completely gone." In this procession of perky extroverts, here was one introvert who had torn off the veil to view life for what it is: sucky. Given her maid-of-constant-sorrow ennui, it came as little news that Bledel's favorite old TV show is *My So-Called Life*. Yet once she stopped looking as if she were about to dissolve into tears of boredom, she made the most insightful comments about acting of any of our participants, sharp throwaways about her *Gilmore Girls* persona and the artificial sewing-machine rhythms of the fancy lines she delivers, their inhuman precision. And her idol is Gandhi, proof of a social conscience and an awareness of an existence beyond show business.

*In 1984, two kids-as-devils movies (*Children of the Corn, Firestarter*) flopped at the box office, marking the end of a dying genre—and the start of a more positive film depiction of children. Through the mid-1980s, studios released several child-as-victim movies (*The Shining, Cujo*), and in the late 1980s, cuddly-baby movies (*Raising Arizona, Three Men and a Baby, Baby Boom, For Keeps, She's Having a Baby*).*

William Strauss and Neil Howe, *Generations.*

Born in the 80s, the fuzzy peach this gathering are members of th hort Strauss and Howe celebrate in book as the Millennials. "First-wave M nials are riding a powerful crest of p tive concern, dating about to the early over the American childhood environn They are the hope of whatever futur Bush administration manages to unwrecked. Unlike the latchkey kid Minnesota-strip runaways who came before them, 80s children haven't bee glected, discarded, or stigmatized; th been buttered with acceptance sinc first blink of light. As a result, "the M nials show every sign of being a genet of trends—toward improved educatior health care, strengthening families, adult affection and protection, and a sense that youths need a national miss

The responses to our questionnair inforce this optimism. The family ti these teens are Spider-Man-sticky. Ask name his personal idol, Ventimiglia swered, "My parents," as did fellow *more* boy Padalecki. One of Duff's id her older sister, Haylie (also an actor), was present at the interview and pleas the nod. Kaley Cuoco (pet peeve: "p smacking gum, but I do it myself"), w skimpy outfits give John Ritter connip on ABC's *8 Simple Rules for Datin Teenage Daughter,* chose her grandfath her idol. The endearing Lacey Chabert peeve: people who don't fully extin their cigarettes), whose career bega Broadway at the age of nine in *Les M rables,* cited her mother as an inspira Ditto Christina Milian (pet peeve: ign people), just done with her first album about to knock everyone silly in the fi *You Were My Girl,* whose mom drov back and forth in a beat-up station w between Maryland and New York for tions, a purgatorial haul under the be conditions. "My mom, she sacrifice much," said Milian, who demonstrate gratitude by buying her mother a Dur truck with her first big paycheck.

Other key findings from our exclusive *Teen stars are dog people, no people.* Alexa Vega, a sporty compact saves the world between homework as ments in the *Spy Kids* films (pet pe people eating with their hair in their fa was the Dr. Dolittle anomaly, with chickens, five fish, four cats, and two less rats that died. Otherwise, canines ranked felines as pet companion of ch and not just any dogs, either, but pedig pooches (a noble democratic exceptio ing Aaron Meeks and his mutt, Dex and not just any pedigrees, either, but yappers and heavy panters. Aaron Cart blond beauty boy who suggests Tadzio

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) Quiz

Coast *Death in Venice* (pet peeve: iters), escorted his charming pug, , to the set. The nutritious Mandy (pet peeve: another vote for "fake e"), who's really got it going on with coming album called *Coverage* and ovies *How to Deal* and *Saved,* has a wo Yorkies, and a boyfriend named Roddick, who swings a mean racket. ay Lohan has a bichon frisé named Milian has a Chihuahua and a Yorkie. of Beyoncé, Solange Knowles (pet : "singing to the music when you know the words")—whose favorite au- "whoever wrote the Bible" and whose f a lifetime is "to play a crackhead"— Chihuahua named Shuggie. Cuoco has uahua named Petey. Chabert has three ahuas, named Teacup, Teaspoon, and eaf.

interpretation: small dogs are easier vel with—they're like carry-on luggage egs—and offer unconditional love, un- ats, whose affection must be earned whose aloof independence stands as rnal rebuke to the vanities of human Alexis Bledel, who has no pets, should a cat. They could silently stare at each in perfect communion.

tney rules, but barely. In the battle of e royal belly buttons, Britney beats out tina Aguilera. Though a number of -lovers paid homage to Christina's vo- ops, her recent slutsky image make- for *Stripped* seemed to have cost her ble support, though few in our survey d to go on record. ("I have strong feel- about that," said one teen star before ming.) Typical was Alexa Vega, who Christina's voice but thinks Britney is e humble." Similarly, the multifaceted ngaging Bow Wow (pet peeve: "people touch my stuff") cited "Christina for oice and both of them for the body." n adroitly dodged the issue by answer- "Christina Spears." Some found third natives to this either/or proposition: ert opted for Jessica Simpson; Evan el Wood (pet peeve: "people that do s because they think they should be do- em"), whose performance in the film *een* is getting buzzy advance notice, for Alanis Morissette; and LaBeouf in- d the sacred name of Eric Clapton.

ven this jumble, how can we judge ey the winner? Because those who e Britney did so with firm conviction without a flicker of hesitation. And it elling *which* teen stars selected her: the who are not just talents but brand as Hilary Duff ("Britney all the wa he Olsen twins.

My analysis: they embrace Britney because she has done a better job protecting her brand than Christina, who mucked her public image by getting all weird and nasty in her videos, as if tearing the wrong page out of Madonna's career script and taking bad advice about re-inventing herself by being "transgressive"—a backward move. To Millennials, transgression is so last generation!

Teen stars are Apple pickers. Congratulations, Steve Jobs. The steep majority of our interviewees peck on Apple computers, the iBook being the laptop of today's pinup. Apart from their supercool style, Macs are the superior creative tool in burning CDs and doing video editing and digital photography, and a number extolled Apple's iPod as a gotta-have item.

Teen stars would die without a dial tone. In this, they are typical of their tribe. Millennials are the first generation to grow up with the cell phone cemented to the palm, putting them in seamless antenna-rub with everybody in their calling circle. Wired up the wazoo with cells, pagers, BlackBerrys, iPods, and portable CD players, they are the children of the hive, human nodes within a constant hum and flux. For the young idol on the go, the cell phone must be as quick-draw accessible as a gunslinger's six-shooter and aesthetically nifty. Even keener is the cell phone with "a freakin' camera on it," to quote LaBeouf, who showed us a shot of himself with Vanessa Williams at a Laker game. Others had pictures of their friends filed so that, when a pal phoned, his or her face would pop up on the little screen and they could make believe they were talking to the pest in person.

Teen stars are traditionalists. Yes, they cite Avril Lavigne, Boomkat, U2, Radiohead, and obscure bangers heard mostly on 1,000-watt college stations, but the surprise was the number for whom noble moldy oldies from the 60s and 70s still hold sway. It's as if the intervening decades dropped down the rabbit hole. Millennials look to the 60s as the lost horizon of transcendental possibilities, when the doors of perception were flung open and guitars were brandished like flaming swords. Cool dude A. J. Trauth (pet peeve: lack of organization) names Mick Jagger as his favorite pretty-boy, Jimi Hendrix as his favorite guy's guy, the Rolling Stones, Led Zeppelin, Derek and the Dominos, and the Grateful Dead as his favorite bands, and Jimi Hendrix as his idol. (His celebrity crush is Barbra Streisand—go figure.) LaBeouf vacillates between Cream and Deep Purple as his favorite churners. Gregory Smith's fave singer-songwriters are Bob Dylan and Cat Stevens. And retro taste is not strictly a guy thing or restricted to music. Snow longs to play Marilyn Monroe and is enraptured by the legend of James Dean, as is Lohan ("I love James Dean"). Emily VanCamp venerates Audrey Hepburn.

When it comes to contemporaries (you know, stars who are around, like, now), one name, one face, one set of gleaming choppers and blond follicles, walks tallest down the red carpet of young Hollywood's esteem:

Everybody loves the Brad. Guys and gals alike are infatuated with the Errol Flynn antics of Colin Farrell, whose wanton abandon seems refreshing in these prissy times ("He's a wild-ass drunk, which is always fun," said one boy actor). Others ooh over Ewan McGregor, Heath Ledger, and Justin Timberlake, while Hilary Duff has it major bad for soccer's charismatic David Beckham, hastily iterating her respect for Becks's wife, Posh Spice (Millennials honor the marital bonds). All of these studly wonders, however, were also-rans to the Sun God of Hollywood: Brad Pitt, who swept the board in our questionnaire as guy's guy, pretty-boy, celebrity crush, and role model. The girls lip-smack over him because he's as handsome as heaven and has a dream marriage with Jennifer Aniston, proving celebrity unions can jazz, no matter how many pre-nup demands J.Lo makes. The guys are down with him because he seems so regular and unstuck on himself, getting his Adonis face mashed-potatoed in *Fight Club,* schizzing out in *12 Monkeys,* and managing to look mint-condition even when bumming around. He da man!

What lies ahead for the class of 2003? Some may tip by the wayside. A few sexy dishes, stuck in a career pause, will let their bra straps slide for *Maxim* or *FHM* next to pull-quotes that leer, "Two tequilas and I'm any man's munchie." Some hunks will no doubt take up smoking to emulate Sean Penn and throw away their residual checks on strippers and golf lessons. Show business can be so seamy. But many will wend their way up the magic beanstalk. ("I'm not down with all the Hollywood hype yet," says Brittany Snow. "Hopefully, someday . . . ") One can only wish that these young actors are morally and psychologically prepared for lofty success, because if they think they know a lot of "fake people" now, just wait till they get to the top! The phonies they know now are *amateurs.*

Mary-Kate and Ashley, as usual, have the sensible idea. The Olsen sisters don't intend to let show business be the be-all, end-all. Once they blast their S.A.T.'s, they plan to attend college, preferably in New York City. They've got their priorities straight. First, a good education; then rule the world. □

Pop Quiz

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Alexis

COMPUTER: Apple PowerBook. BRITNEY OR CHRISTINA: Alicia Keys. FAVORITE GUY'S GUY: Ewan McGregor. FAVORITE PRETTY-BOY: Jared [illegible] FAVORITE BAND: A.F.I. PET PEEVE: "Traffic." IDOL: Gandhi. FAVORITE DESIGNER: Alberta Ferretti. FAVORITE AUTHOR: Kurt Vonnegut. FAVORITE OLD TV SHOW: *My So-Called Life.* CELEBRITY CRUSH: "The whole illusion for me is completely gone." CATCHPHRASE: "Cheers."



Bou

FAVORITE GUY'S GUY: Denzel Washington. PS2 OR XBOX: PS2. CAR: Ferrari. PET PEEVE: "People touching my stuff." IDOLS: DMX and 50 Cent. FAVORITE VIDEO GAME: NBA Live 2003. FAVORITE OLD TV SHOWS: *Fresh Prince of Bel-Air, Saved by the Bell.* CATCHPHRASE: "Most definitely."



Amanda



Aaron

FAVORITE BANDS: Survivor, Journey. CAR: Mercedes G 500. PET PEEVE: "People biting their nails." CELEBRITY CRUSH: Hilary Duff. FAVORITE DESIGNER: Louis Vuitton. FAVORITE SPORT: Bowling. FAVORITE SUBJECT: Math. FAVORITE OLD TV SHOW: *The Wonder Years.* CATCHPHRASE: "One time for the rodeo."



Lacey

BRITNEY OR CHRISTINA: Jessica Simpson. FAVORITE GUY'S GUY: Jude Law. FAVORITE PRETTY-BOY: Leonardo DiCaprio. FAVORITE BAND: U2. CAR: Mercedes CLK. PET PEEVE: "People who don't stomp their cigarettes out." IDOL: "My mother, or Meryl Streep." CELEBRITY CRUSH: Joaquin Phoenix. FAVORITE OLD TV SHOW: *The Wonder Years.* FAVORITE SPORT: "I actually watch golf."



Kaley

FAVORITE DESIGNER: Gucci. BRITNEY OR CHRISTINA: Britney. PET PEEVE: "People smacking gum, but I do it." IDOL: Her grandfather. CELEBRITY CRUSH: Michael Vartan of *Alias.* FAVORITE SPORT: Tennis. (A junior tennis champ, she had to decide between playing and acting.) FAVORITE BOOK: *The Lovely Bones,* by Alice Sebold. FAVORITE OLD TV SHOW: *Three's Company.* CATCHPHRASE: "Gi-normous!"



Hilary



Rupert

PS2 OR XBOX: GameCube. CAR: Lotus Elise. PET PEEVES: "[illegible] [illegible], homework, exams, and school." IDOL: SpongeBob SquarePants. FAVORITE VIDEO GAME: Medal of Honor. FAVORITE AUTHOR: J. K. Rowling. FALLBACK JOB: "Ice-cream man." CATCHPHRASE: "Wicked."



Solange

BRITNEY OR CHRISTINA: Both. FAVORITE PRETTY-BOY: [illegible] don Boyd of Incubus. FAVORITE BANDS: Incubus and [illegible] PET PEEVE: [illegible] the words." IDOL: Aretha Franklin. FAVORITE BOOK: *Juniper Tree Burning: A Novel,* by Goldberry Long, and the Bible. FAVORITE OLD TV SHOW: *The Cosby Show.* CATCHPHRASE: "Peace out."



Shia

COMPUTER: iBook. BRITNEY OR CHRISTINA: Eric Clapton FAVORITE GUY'S GUY: Marlon Brando. FAVORITE PRETTY-BOY: Colin Farrell. PS2 OR XBOX: PS2. IDOL: Gary Oldman. FAVORITE VIDEO GAME: Grand Theft Auto. FAVORITE OLD TV SHOWS: *Kids Say the Darndest Things, The Cosby Show.* LITTLE-KNOWN FACT: "My name means 'Thank God for beef.'"



Lindsay



Aaron

PS2 OR XBOX: Both. FAVORITE BAND: The Roots. CAR: [illegible] IDOLS: Denzel Washington and Chris Tucker. CELEBRITY CRUSH: Beyoncé Knowles. FAVORITE VIDEO GAME: NBA Live 200[illegible] FAVORITE SUBJECT: Science. FAVORITE OLD TV SHOW: *Family Matte[illegible]*



Christina

[illegible] GLOSS: MAC Lipglass. BRITNEY OR CHRISTINA: [illegible] Stefani. FAVORITE GUY'S GUY: Brad Pitt. FAVORITE PRETTY-BOY: Brad Pitt. FAVORITE MUSIC: 50 Cent. PET PEEVE: [illegible] people." IDOLS: Madonna and J.Lo. CELEBRITY CRUSH: [illegible] FAVORITE SPORT: "I'm a Lakers fan." FAVORITE BOOK: The Bible [illegible]



Mandy

[illegible] LIP GLOSS: Delux. FAVORITE DESIGNER: Marc Jacobs BRITNEY OR CHRISTINA: Britney. FAVORITE BAND: Coldplay PET PEEVES: "People who are fake, and people who take life too seriously." IDOL: Bette Midler. CELEBRITY CRUSH: "I have a boyfriend." FAVORITE SPORT: Tennis. (Her boyfriend is Andy Roddick.) FAVORITE OLD TV SHOW: *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air.* CATCHPHRASE: "We'll see ya."



Ashley Olsen

BRITNEY OR CHRISTINA: Britney. FAVORITE GUY'S GUY: Brad Pitt. FAVORITE PRETTY-BOY: Brad Pitt. PET PEEVE: "Hair in [illegible]" IDOLS: Drew Barrymore and "Martha [Stewart], because I like, everything she's created within her brand." CELEBRITY CRUSH: Brad Pitt. FAVORITE BOOK: *The Nanny Diaries*. FAVORITE OLD TV SHOW: *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*. CATCHPHRASE: "You know."



Mary-Kate Olsen

FAVORITE PRETTY-BOY: Heath Ledger. FAVORITE BANDS: Counting Crows, Dave Matthews Band. PET PEEVE: "When people [illegible] and make that noise." CELEBRITY CRUSH: Andy Roddick. FAVORITE DESIGNER: "I like Betsy Johnson." FAVORITE BOOK: *The Great Gatsby*. FAVORITE OLD TV SHOW: "I don't watch a lot of TV." CATCHPHRASE: "Ciao!"



Jared



Kyla Pratt

FAVORITE LIP GLOSS: Lancôme. BRITNEY OR CHRISTINA: Christina. FAVORITE GUY'S GUY: Vin Diesel. FAVORITE PRETTY-BOY: Justin Timberlake. FAVORITE BAND: Blink 182. CAR: Lexus truck. IDOL: "My mother." CELEBRITY CRUSH: Justin Timberlake. FAVORITE VIDEO GAME: Grand Theft Auto. FAVORITE SUBJECT: Math. FAVORITE OLD TV SHOW: *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*. PET PEEVE: "Liars—they're everywhere." CATCHPHRASE: "Holla!"



Daniel Radcliffe

[illegible] Rolling Stones, and the Libertines. PET PEEVE: "Being patronized." IDOL: Gary Oldman. CELEBRITY CRUSH: Cameron [illegible]. FAVORITE VIDEO GAME: NHL 2003. FAVORITE SUBJECT: English. [illegible] FAVORITE OLD TV SHOW: [illegible] FAVORITE FOOD: Tuna. CATCHPHRASE: "Cool!"



Raven

CELL PHONE: Sprint with a camera. BRITNEY OR CHRISTINA: Christina Spears. FAVORITE GUY'S GUY: Vin Diesel. FAVORITE [illegible]: 112. CAR: Mercedes-Benz ML55 S.U.V. PET PEEVE: "Fake people." IDOL: Janet Jackson. FAVORITE DESIGNER: Prada. FAVORITE BOOK: [illegible]*ms of Passion*, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. FAVORITE OLD TV SHOW: *All in the Family*. CATCHPHRASE: "This is a serious situation."



Gregory



Brittany Snow

FAVORITE MUSIC: John Mayer, Linkin Park, 50 Cent. PET PEEVE: "Reading out loud off a menu." IDOLS: Reese Witherspoon and Marilyn Monroe. CELEBRITY CRUSH: Charlie Hunnam. FAVORITE OLD TV SHOW: *I Dream of Jeannie*. MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT: Being mistaken for an Olsen twin at a Golden Globes party. CATCHPHRASE: "Keep smiling."



A. J. Trauth

[illegible] FAVORITE PRETTY-BOY: Nick [illegible] CAR: [illegible] PET PEEVE: "[illegible] CELEBRITY CRUSH: Barbra Streisand. FAVORITE BANDS: The Rolling Stones, Led Zeppelin. FAVORITE OLD TV SHOW: *Sanford and Son*. CATCHPHRASE: "Rock 'n' roll."



Emily VanCamp

CAR: "I don't drive yet." FAVORITE GUY'S GUY: Kevin Spacey. FAVORITE PRETTY-BOY: Josh Hartnett. CELEBRITY CRUSH: Justin Timberlake. PET PEEVE: "People who interrupt." CATCHPHRASE: "Don't fight battles you can't win."



Alexa



Milo Ventimiglia

FAVORITE GUY'S GUY: Sean Penn. FAVORITE BANDS: The Germs, Black Flag, the Distillers. CARS: 1967 Chevrolet Chevelle and a Chevy Tahoe. PET PEEVE: "Inconsiderate drivers." IDOLS: His parents. FAVORITE DESIGNER: Volcom. FAVORITE AUTHOR: Charles Bukowski. FAVORITE OLD TV SHOW: "I don't watch much TV." CATCHPHRASE: "My middle finger gets a lot of use."



Emma Watson

[illegible] OR CHRISTINA: Neither. FAVORITE PRETTY-BOY: Brad Pitt. PET PEEVE: "When radio stations interrupt the song [illegible] finished." CELEBRITY CRUSH: "Too many to name!" FAVORITE SPORT: Hockey. CATCHPHRASE: "Dwarling!"



Evan Rachel Wood

FAVORITE PRETTY-BOY: Orlando Bloom. PS2 OR XBOX: Nintendo. FAVORITE MUSIC: Rufus Wainwright, Bright Eyes, Beck, Nirvana. PET PEEVE: "People who do things because they think they should be doing them." IDOL: Jodie Foster. CELEBRITY CRUSH: Ewan McGregor. FAVORITE SUBJECT: Science. FAVORITE BOOK: "I'm reading *Lolita*." FAVORITE OLD TV SHOW: *Daria*. CATCHPHRASE: "Love, Smurfette."

Ira Rennert

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133 called U.S. Magnesium. At the end of the day, the winning bid belonged to U.S. Magnesium, which solemnly agreed to buy MagCorp for $11.4 million, along with covering about $12 million of debts, and move it down the lushly carpeted hall of the 42nd floor at 30 Rockefeller Plaza to Dennis Sadlowski's office. "There was enough working capital in the company," says one bondholder, "that Rennert essentially got it for free."

With that sleight of hand, the bondholders were wiped out. Left unclear was whether Rennert, in selling MagCorp to himself for a pittance and giving it a new name, had just managed to duck $900 million in E.P.A. fines.

Sleight of hand is certainly how one could characterize Rennert's purchase of a Park Avenue apartment in Manhattan to expand an already ample duplex.

Rennert had bought the duplex in the early 1990s, then decamped with his family to the Pierre Hotel while it was renovated at Ingeborg's direction. Still he wanted more. So in June 1998 he acquired an adjacent apartment in a secret deal.

The seller, Charles Unanue, was a son of the founder of Goya Foods Inc. After a bitter falling-out with his family, a failed attempt at declaring bankruptcy, and years of legal wrangling, Unanue had been ordered by a judge in Puerto Rico not to sell any of his assets until the issue of a debt to Goya was resolved. Rennert's lawyers were aware of the judge's order, but believed that it had lapsed. So he bought the apartment, secretly wiring $4.2 million for its purchase to a Swiss bank account. Unanue and his wife skipped the country and remain at large, presumably living off Rennert's money; the judge has issued a warrant for their arrest.

In October 2000, Goya learned of the deal and took Rennert to court. The judge found him in contempt—he "plainly knew" of the 1995 order forbidding Unanue and his wife to sell assets, yet bought the apartment "in defiance" of the decree—and ordered him to pay Goya $4.6 million: the purchase price plus a commission Rennert had paid to the building's management company. Within a week of the court order, Rennert did pay, though his lawyers are still filing appeals. "Ira acted entirely on advice of counsel when he bought that apartment," says Sadlowski. "That sounds like an excuse, but it's a fact."

While Rennert poured money into his homes, the bearers of Lodestar and MagCorp bonds had paper as worthless as sand dollars. Now the third of Rennert's four mill and mine businesses seemed likely to follow suit. Hit by some of the lowest relative prices for lead since the Great Depression, the Doe Run Company, of Missouri, announced in March 2002 that it would not be making the roughly $15 million semi-annual coupon on its $305 million of high-yield notes. The bondholders would have to take a "haircut," exchanging their notes for new ones at pennies on the dollar. Otherwise, like the MagCorp bondholders, they would get scalped as Doe Run went bankrupt.

More than Doe Run's survival and its bondholders' money was at stake. The health of children and their parents in the company town of Herculaneum had been threatened by fumes from the 550-foot stack that rises like an industrial steeple above the surrounding southern-Missouri hills and adjacent Mississippi River. Much of the damage, to be sure, pre-dated Renco's purchase of Doe Run in 1994. Decades of pollution had often made the town resemble a child's glass snow globe, only with swirling sulfur dioxide and lead dust instead of snow. Sometimes the stuff was so thick that a driver couldn't see his way down Broad Street. The sulfur smell was acrid and intense; it burned the eyes and the lungs; the taste of it remained in the mouth. Gently, the dust settled on the sidewalks and in the yards of the small houses that fanned out from the smelter. Residents picked up lead dust on the soles of their shoes and tracked it inside. Children put their lead-dusted hands into their mouths. In 2001, by Doe Run's own reckoning, the company released more than 2.6 million pounds of lead dust into Herculaneum.

Historically, the company had assured residents that the odds of ill effects were slim. Yet researchers were determining that even small amounts of lead absorbed by children—in their blood and in their bones—could cause learning disabilities, anemia, stunted growth, brain damage, and more. Pregnant women, as well as infants, were especially vulnerable. Even in healthy adults, high levels of lead, such as a worker might absorb on the job, could produce hypertension, jitteriness, a general stupor, and a proclivity to various chronic diseases.

By 2000 these dangers were well documented. Yet Doe Run, now six years into Rennert's ownership, still told residents not to worry. ("That's an interpretation," says Jeffrey Zelms, Doe Run's blunt-spoken president. "We've always said that one [child with an elevated blood-lead level] is too many.") Occasionally it tested their blood, but declined to publicize individual lead levels. Overall, it announced in early 2000, only 15 percent of children in Herculaneum had elevated levels. Parents were advised to check if their interior walls had lead paint. Venetian blinds were said to be a source of lead, too.

Jack and Leslie Warden, who live virtually in the shadow of the smelter with their teenage son, had long nursed suspicions that Doe Run was hedging on the truth. When they saw the results of the company's l blood-lead survey, they began speaking They noticed that many of the unident children, six and younger, were said to levels just below the Centers for Dis Control and Prevention's new threshol danger for children in that age group micrograms per deciliter (mcg/dl) of bl Coincidence? That notwithstanding, the dens obtained information from the health department that broke out result children living within a quarter-mile of smelter and saw that 56 percent of them 15 percent, had levels above the thresh

Late one night in August 2001, the dens persuaded Dave Mosby of the souri Department of Natural Resou (M.D.N.R.) to take a walk with them a the streets beside the smelter. At all ho lead-loaded trucks careened through town's residential streets, spilling con trate. Mosby scooped up some curb dust into a plastic bag. He knew fron metallic luster it was going to be "h Still, he couldn't believe what his hand testing device indicated. This sample r tered up to 300,000 parts per mill which is nearly one-third lead. It was n than dangerous. It was potentially letha

Zelms says that the street sample "an extreme rarity" that unfairly put Run in the hot seat. In fact, the comp had already signed off on various impr ments with state agencies. "We could l been calcitrant and said, 'We have a d ment you signed,'" he observes. "We wer We chose to meet with citizens of Herky apologized. We said, 'We're going to m things right in Herculaneum.'" But the c pany's new stance was hard to believe.

At public meetings, parents began to c pare notes on children whose teeth breaking, who had fits at night, stom aches, joint pain, reading disabilities, h ing problems, nausea, constant letha Charles and Robyn Warden had their young children tested independently learned their levels were 36 mcg/dl and mcg/dl. Then they tested their green carpet: it measured up to 200,000 parts million. The results were so high that Run volunteered to relocate the family. Wardens accepted the offer, but not the c pany's position that their children had b poisoned by lead paint.

Grown-ups had their own complai They recalled childhoods spent playing on company slag pile—a black Sahara of waste beside the plant that no one war them away from—and wondered, for the time, if the high rates of cancer in their ilies might be related to that. "My bro died at 14 of cancer, and my two sis died of leukemia at 46 and 49," decla one woman at a public meeting, shaking

"I asked my doctor. He said it's not ge- We played on slag piles; they never put up."

der growing pressure, Doe Run agreed uce smelter emissions, replace the sod d-poisoned yards, and clean lead-filled s—an investment of several million dol- But the old sod was merely dumped the slag pile, which still had no fence d it to keep children off. While their s were being cleaned, residents were n motels for weeks at a time. One, la Browning, returned to find toys un- ofas where her children had left them. her, Carol Miller, noticed spiderwebs e corners, and that her attic was un- ed. (Zelms observes that the E.P.A. he M.D.N.R. had to sign off on each house.) Even if the cleaning lowered evels, how long would those last while tack kept fuming?

ne seemed to know. giene, the company sted, was key. If res- s and their children ook proper precau- , their lead levels d go down. "If we through all the hand- ing and shoe clean- and housecleaning they require us to declares Jack War- "we'd be diagnosed here else as obsessive- pulsive. That's what require us to do for near the monster we do. Wash your dust everything you . But how do you your air?"

When Doe Run agreed further to a buy- out of an estimated 160 homes around melter at a projected cost of $11 million, a still-depressed market for lead, failure by its bondholders in March 2002 be- unavoidable. The only question was her Rennert would agree to any deal with Run's bondholders, even a cramdown. the fall of 2002, however, a deal was k. Bondholders would get 58 to 68 on their dollar—not much. But they d also get 40 percent of Doe Run's y in the form of warrants—chits to be ered at a future time. Rennert had to up a big chunk of Doe Run. But he had a majority share. And if lead es went up from 18 cents a pound to historic average of 25 cents, his 60 ent would be worth a lot. Meanwhile, ad just cut his bondholder debt by hly a third.

his had been bankruptcy of a sort: an of-court settlement with creditors. But not a formal Chapter 11 filing. That was important, because Doe Run's biggest asset was a huge, antediluvian lead-mine operation in the Andes Mountains of Peru. "Down there," says one observer to the negotiations, "bankruptcy is, like, illegal." If Doe Run had filed for Chapter 11 in the U.S., the observer explains, "they'd probably have lost Doe Run Peru. Creditors, including the government of Peru, could have foreclosed.... This was [what] tipped the outcome." Doe Run Peru had an amazing vein of mountain rock that yielded not just lead, but gold and silver.

Out in the Hamptons, construction on Fair Field twice stopped long enough for Rennert to have to file for new permits. Still, he remained optimistic. "What do I want when I retire?" he mused to a friend.



29 BDRMS, OCEAN VIEW

Fair Field under construction last May. "My role consists ... in filtering out and throwing away impulsive, ill-advised ideas," one of the house's decorators, Yves Mikaeloff, has explained.

"A billion dollars in cash—and the companies." With Ingeborg's approval, Rennert chose Yves Mikaeloff as one of the decorators for Fair Field and commissioned some of the most extravagant interiors seen since the 18th century.

Mikaeloff began as a Parisian dealer in carpets, antiques, and art. But he is also a sculptor who decorates for clients wealthy enough to ponder, as he did in a recent catalogue, "what an interior and what a home are actually about." In those pages, a rendering of Fair Field is shown, though not identified. A grand reception hall is visualized in watercolors. The floor is a long, complex mosaic of inlaid marble. The walls have hand-carved wood panels, painted in elaborate designs of royal blue with gold leaf. Each panel is draped with a garland of molded-plaster flowers and set off by columns. The panels are as high as the Palladian windows interspersed among them. The walls curve toward the ceiling, as in a European ballroom, and are adorned at the top with another row of blue-and-gold panels, designed to look like regal crests. The ceiling itself is to be a huge fresco of an ethereal scene, framed by more gold-painted molding.

One cold, wet day last September, a continent south of the ongoing work at Fair Field, more than 300 Peruvians walked the dusty streets of an Andean town called La Oroya in a "March for the Health of the Children." It was a protest against the metallurgical complex that had given rise to this company town more than 80 years ago. Given the power of Doe Run Peru to affect the livelihoods of almost every family in town, the march was an extraordinary show of alarm after studies concluded that 99 to 100 percent of the children in La Oroya had elevated blood-lead levels. Two months later, *Vanity Fair* was invited to witness the other side of the story: a panoply of social improvements the company had made since Rennert bought it in 1997.

By car, the first sign of La Oroya is the change in hillsides, from steep green to dirty white. The underlying limestone appears to be melting. In fact, it's been worn smooth by decades of toxic emissions—by the company's own estimate, 4.8 tons per day, "consisting of approximately 2.5 tons of lead, 2.0 tons of arsenic, 0.3 tons of zinc and smaller quantities of other metals." Around a final curve of the Mantaro River, the plant itself appears.

A sprawl of decrepit buildings overlooking the river, Doe Run Peru looks as grim and foreboding as England's "dark Satanic Mills" of the 19th century. Like its U.S. counterpart, Doe Run Peru is dominated by the smelter stack that towers above it. In La Oroya, though, contaminated effluents cascade unchecked from large pipes into the river below. The town lies on the opposite bank, a warren of twisting streets and jerry-built houses, with sidewalks so narrow that schoolchildren spill into the traffic.

Many company executives live upwind of the plant in a guarded compound of flower-bordered white cottages. Here, Juan Carlos Huyhua, vice president and manager of operations, explains that the refinery was built in 1922 by a U.S. consortium of magnates.

Ira Rennert

For decades their company, Cerro de Pasco, dominated the Peruvian market for lead, gold, silver, copper, and zinc. No one bothered *them* about environmental standards. In 1974, Peru nationalized its mines and created the government-run Centromin. Workers still labored without respirators and wore their lead-dust-covered work clothes home.

By the time Renco expanded Doe Run by purchasing La Oroya from Centromin in October 1997, however, the government had imposed new obligations on all its mine-owners. In addition to its $126 million purchase price, Doe Run Peru would have to spend $120 million over five years on capital improvements. To meet environmental standards, the company would have to spend, by its own estimate, $107 million over 10 years—a figure later raised to $173 million. The company focused first on its employees' health, bringing in respirators and renovating washrooms. Five years later, Huyhua reports proudly, workers' blood-lead levels are down by 25 percent.

Huyhua and his staffers pile into a convoy of S.U.V.'s to show off the many civic projects also done in that time. On a high hillside, thousands of new cypress trees are growing. On a riverbank below, rabbits and peacocks gambol in a new public park. Schools have been repainted and renovated. Happy children chorus "*Buenos días*" when Huyhua enters their classrooms. The schools have immaculate bathrooms with hot showers, a major improvement in a town with hardly any residential plumbing, where garbage and raw sewage simply go into the Mantaro River.

At dusk, the convoy finally makes its way into the sprawling refinery. Within vast, dark spaces, red-hot furnaces roar, burning impurities from concentrate. Over the din, Huyhua describes a new, $39 million effluent-treatment plant that will improve the quality of the contaminated water flowing through the plant's 12 discharge points into the river. Five years into Rennert's ownership, however, the plant is unfinished. As for the $100 million sulfuric-acid plant that will curb air emissions, it has not been designed yet.

Huyhua explains that for design reasons other improvements need to be made first. But Doe Run Peru has turned a profit only once, in 1998. Where will it get the money to make those improvements? In a small, double-locked room at the end of the tour, Huyhua shows one answer: stacks of gleaming silver ingots, among the purest in the world. "If you can lift one with one hand, you can have it," Huyhua says as a joke. Silver production in the Rennert years has gone up 60 percent. Gold has more than doubled. Both are good hedges against the low price of lead. When prices resurge, they may yet lead the plant to dizzying profits. But at a high cost in human health.

"They speak about planting flowers and trees," says a nurse the next morning at a local café. "We talk about reducing the level of lead in children's blood."

From the start, Doe Run Peru has been a story with two sides, like a book in English on its left-hand pages, Spanish on its right. The Spanish version is less flattering than the company's English translation. It begins, as does every story in Rennert's career, with the deal.

True, Renco paid $126 million for La Oroya. But even as the ink was drying, it obligated La Oroya to make a $126 million loan to Doe Run U.S.—interest-free. "We used the company's own cash to buy the company!" explains one observer. "So Ira didn't put up a penny." Later, in the Doe Run bond offering, the company would boast that its Peruvian operation had assets worth more than $950 million.

When it acquired the plant, Doe Run did do a lot to upgrade workers' conditions, and their blood-lead levels did drop. But the average remains 38 mcg/dl, far above the C.D.C.'s elevated level for adults. And many workers' levels are higher than that.

In a small apartment in one of the company-housing buildings—slumlike behind its exterior paint job—one worker describes a chilling response to his own blood-lead level of 43 mcg/dl. He worked for years in the silver plant and complained that increased production was causing new symptoms: heightened irritability, mental confusion, a tendency to fall asleep at all hours. He says he was given pills and told to get back to work. When he resisted, he says, he was transferred as punishment to the "toasting room": a toxic area of the plant where copper is extracted, releasing large amounts of arsenic, which is highly carcinogenic. "We'll make you shit out your lead," he says he was told. As he speaks, the worker's eyes grow lidded and his speech begins to slow. "I am constantly falling asleep," he says, apologizing. (Huyhua claims that such a worker would have been sent to a hospital.)

Another worker, in another small, slumlike company apartment, says he saw many colleagues "with nervous conditions, shaking on the job." But they tried to ignore their symptoms because they knew other workers had lost their jobs after registering health complaints with their supervisors. "The attitude is 'You want to keep on working here? Then get back to work,'" he says. (The company denies this would have happened. "That's not the attitude," protests Huyhua.)

The health of the broader community, especially its children, is the most troubling aspect of the La Oroya story—at least in the Spanish version. Doe Run says since it took over La Oroya, lead and emissions from the main stack have down, despite a 20 percent increase i production. But a recent report spor by a group called the Interamerican ciation for Environmental Defense finc turbing trends based on the company' air monitors. Lead, cadmium, arseni are up.

To locals, the numbers confirm an ous reality. "We were born and raised says the nurse. "All of us know what c out of the stacks. We know what w We've never seen higher volumes. An impact of the gases in terms of discolo and lesions of the skin, and respiratory tions and diseases, has never been grea

In La Oroya, as in Missouri, childre most at risk. The nurse notes that symptoms of lead poisoning, from decr mental capacity to nervous-system diso are now endemic. Last summer, a ho pharmacist from Ohio named Patty N went down with fellow church memb La Oroya bearing handheld blood-lea ters. They tested 75 people, including children. "We noted that almost all of kids had very little response to getting fingers pricked," she reported. "Mosi year-olds will cry. Most of these were A few never woke up. We started getting readings, and I was a little worried ou chine wasn't working, so we tested ours Ours were under 10, some under 5 m So we kept going."

Every one of those 75 people had above 10 mcg/dl, the established thre of danger. Nearly half had levels bet 20 and 39 mcg/dl, and 28 percent levels of 60 mcg/dl or higher. In the Nussle observed, a reading of 60 m would be a hospital emergency. But r La Oroya.

Over dinner, Doe Run Peru's presi Ken Buckley, says he has pledgec the company "would do everything i power to lower the blood leads." A same time, he says, "you have to u stand that these problems are the resp bility of the Peruvian government, th sult of years and years of emissions."

The company line is that the reside La Oroya are affected by decades of deposits in the soil—a historical bligh which Doe Run Peru should not be liable. Houses in La Oroya tend to hav floors; children play there, put dirty h in their mouths, rarely bathe or sh "We've found that once we get into the h and teach hygiene," Buckley says, ecl the company line in Missouri, "the b lead levels go down."

"Those are necessary steps," count doctor in La Oroya, "but they don't

me weight as pollution from the plant. ontamination from the stacks—the par- te matter, sediment falling to earth— the biggest factor."

ckley is a big, genial Englishman in Os who has worked in a lot of rough s, including Uganda, where he had to down Idi Amin. His wife died last year a long bout with cancer, and he seems ely man in his last career posting, a f Graham Greene character, struggling ke the best of an impossible situation. d he do more for the children? Move ost poisoned ones out of La Oroya, ps? Or is that just opening a Pando- ox while the company is in, as he puts rvival mode?

Centromin had decided to the whole town seven kilo- rs away," Buckley acknowl- s. "This was just before we over. Then we were asked, Doe Run move the town?' aid we're neutral. That's for overnment to do."

Rennert seems reluctant to do re for the children poisoned s Peruvian mine works, that be because he's so focused dy on philanthropy in Israel. ert has remained a generous d of its right-wing political lead- nd the settlements they have uraged. He pays to have Torahs uced, each requiring a year or 's painstaking handwork, and them to newly established set- nts on the West Bank. Often ays for the building of syna- es and study halls. "One won- ul example involves a settle- t in the Judaean hills called Ayin," explains Shelley Gorin, ctive member of the Fifth Avenue Syna- ue, who regards Rennert as an extraor- ry philanthropist. The rabbi of Bat Ayin n American whom Gorin has known e the rabbi was a baby on his knee. So n the rabbi asked for help, Gorin want- o oblige.

They decided to build with no outside ," Gorin explains. "Because of the intifa- hey couldn't get their children to school. hey had to build a nursery and school, didn't have the funds." Gorin wrote a n letter to fellow synagogue members. ert gave the lion's share, enough that the gogue was built in his father's name. n the school opened, Rennert was there. 's a touching story, but, as with all sto- in the Middle East, it has another side Ayin is a settlement of 100 fami- an ideology "intense . . . even ext of the settler movement," ac- *he Jerusalem Post.* Arabs are

lowed into the settlement, even as laborers. Bus service was suspended when one driver turned out to be an Arab and was allegedly stoned by Bat Ayin's children. Last spring, three men from Bat Ayin were questioned as suspicious characters at three A.M. in an Arab neighborhood of Jerusalem. The vehicle they had been in was found to contain a bomb linked to a gas canister and barrels of flammable material. The bomb had been set to go off a few hours later beside a nearby Arab girls' school.

First Lodestar, then MagCorp and Doe Run. Now the fourth domino has fallen: WCI Steel, the first of Rennert's mills and mines, announced that it would fail on June 3 to make the semi-annual interest payment due on its $300 million junk bond and began "discussions" with bondholders. Translation: another cramdown.



GET THE LEAD OUT!
A sign warns of dangerous lead levels near the Doe Run smelter in Herculaneum.

Meanwhile at Lodestar, the coal company that started Renco on its long slide, bankruptcy proceedings have gotten unusually ugly. The major bondholder that forced the company into involuntary Chapter 11—Wexford Capital—most likely assumed Rennert would hand over the keys and walk away, abandoning the company's assets and also its liabilities. But, according to one close observer, with his strange combination of passivity and stubbornness, Rennert simply refused to budge. So Wexford put more and more money into Lodestar to keep it going—only to see it stagger into a liquidation sale. Wexford is bidding on some of the assets, but will be lucky to get any of the proceeds: Rennert's old bank partner, Congress Financial, is the secured lender that gets first dibs. Rennert will lose, too, to a degree he didn't expect, says a source. But at least he's stymied Wexford. And, presumably, he still has the money he sucked out in the first place. "If I could lose out once like that," muses Lodestar's departing C.E.O., Mike Francisco, "I wouldn't be too upset."

Out in Rowley, Utah, the rechristened U.S. Magnesium is up and running. No one quite knows if the decision has, in fact, absolved Rennert from liability in the Justice Department's $900 million suit. The consensus is probably not. "It would be legally naïve to think there's been any change in the suit," says U.S. Magnesium's new C.E.O., Michael Legge. "We knew from the beginning that such litigation by the E.P.A. is not in any way affected by the bankruptcy. In fact, U.S. Mag has been introduced to the suit." But the company continues to maintain it is exempt from certain E.P.A. rules on hazardous waste.

At the moment, the E.P.A. and Renco are trying to work out a settlement behind closed doors. One E.P.A. lawyer is cautiously optimistic, but says talks could easily collapse; if they do, the two sides have a September trial date. Separately, a group of still-simmering bondholders has obtained a court-appointed trustee to determine whether Renco misled them. "They borrowed money and immediately dividended half the proceeds up to the parent company," says the trustee, New York investment banker Lee Buchwald. "It may not be illegal in the sense you'd go to jail for it, but there are fraudulent-conveyance laws."

Of the various bond battles, Doe Run's is the one with the happiest ending so far—last year's bond exchange has given the company a few years' grace, at least. Whether the company can "do right by Herculaneum," as its president puts it, is rather less clear. The company proudly observes that it has met air-quality standards three calendar quarters in a row. The house-buyout plan is moving, albeit slowly: Doe Run has purchased 19 of the 160 houses it's committed to buy. Other houses, and yards, are being cleaned on schedule. And a recent health-department study of children's blood-lead levels showed a 62 percent drop in elevated levels within the zone nearest the smelter.

As he keeps negotiating with Doe Run, Dave Mosby tries to stay optimistic. Mostly, he feels weary. Yes, air quality is better, he

Ira Rennert

agrees, but the company just barely met the standard of 1.5 micrograms per cubic meter, with emissions on some days that approached 14. Moreover, the smelter has been operating at only 60 to 70 percent of its capacity, thanks to the still-depressed market for lead. And even meeting the legal level may not keep the smelter from recontaminating yards and houses.

As for the reduced blood-lead levels in children, Mosby adds, it's encouraging. But far fewer families in the critical zone participated in the study: many had already moved, taking children whose health may be impaired for life. Meanwhile, readings of street lead remain unacceptably high, and the trucks that spill lead, though their loads are now covered with tarps, continue to roar through the town's streets. The Sahara-like slag pile has a partial fence around it now, but the company has recently retreated from an interim plan to deal with the pile and its toxic runoff in flood season, making a less satisfactory proposal. "Is the company making a good effort?" Mosby echoes. "I'd say they're doing the minimum."

Amid all the bad news, Rennert can take consolation from his one slam-bang success: the Hummer and its hulking successor, the H2.

For a while, the Hummer's parent company, AM General, seemed a mediocre investment for Rennert. It made the military Humvee, successor to the jeep, but sales were threatened by Clinton-era cuts in the defense budget. Its commercial version, the Darth Vader–like Hummer, turned heads but not profits. "Everyone thought AM General would be Renco's first bankruptcy," says an observer. Then came a General Motors deal to co-produce the H2.

Last summer, the first H2s began rolling through streets in the Hamptons, Miami, Beverly Hills, and other fashionable enclaves. "You can't believe the attention it gets," enthused one buyer to *The New York Times*. With war coverage in Iraq of U.S. soldiers storming the desert in their Humvees, the H2 has become an icon of American military might and swagger, selling more than 3,000 units a month. In a year of declining sales despite 0 percent financing, the H2 is more than a niche success: it's a new GM brand.

And what could be a more perfect Rennertmobile? At more than three tons, the tanklike H2 is so heavy that it doesn't qualify as a car at all, and thus is exempt from federal fuel-economy regulations—a loophole right up there with the one that let Fair Field slip through the local zoning board, and the one that let Rennert take huge junk-bond dividends for himself. GM is not even required to say what the H2's mileage is. One new owner figures his gets about nine miles per gallon around town, making it among the most fuel-inefficient vehicles sold in the U.S. (*The New York Times* puts it closer to 10 to 13 miles per gallon.) Environmentalists are incensed. "We're going to try to do to the Hummer what we did to the [Ford Excursion]," declared Daniel Becker, the Sierra Club's top energy expert, in the *Times*. "Kill it."

With its great, unexpected success, the H2 has become Rennert's ace in the hole. And so, as his mills and mines struggle in or near bankruptcy, he's reportedly put AM General up for sale, apparently for about $700 million. "Let's say he gets $450 million after taxes," suggests one observer. "Plus he's got at least $550 million in his dividend pot. So he's a billionaire after all. Plus of course he's got the apartment in New York, the house in Jerusalem—and Fair Field."

The other companies have little if any value above their raw assets. Certainly the bonds issued on three out of four of Rennert's mills and mines are nearly worthless; Doe Run's new bonds, trading downwa months, might fetch a few dimes on th lar. By some cosmic irony of arithmeti amount of money lost by Rennert's l holders approaches, in the aggregate, th lion dollars that Rennert may soon be v

For all his companies' tribulations, this is a fairy tale with a happy en at least for its protagonist. And yet befo dénouement, a few dark threats still lo

One is pension liability. According t source, Rennert has taken so much m out of his four mills and mines that he have underfunded their pension plans other trouble spot is that talks betwee E.P.A. and MagCorp could break d provoking a trial that ends with Re having to pay some portion of the million penalty the government sa owes. In Peru, failure to make good on Run's environmental obligations by might lead to stern government action. in Missouri, a dozen or more health-re lawsuits lie on the horizon like so r cumulonimbus clouds, threatening rai

None of this may keep Fair Field being completed. But if the house is a done, how long will its master live t Rennert is nearly 70 now, a short, heav ure who walks slowly. More than a fe the robber barons who ordered up ost tious mansions in the industrial age ruined or dead before they could oc them. Fair Field may yet share their It's too big for anyone to keep as a ho and not acceptable under local zoni any sort of religious retreat or political ter for the likes of ex–Israeli prime mi Benjamin Netanyahu, despite endles mors to that effect. In a hundred ye will host daily lines of gawking tou who will marvel at the marble and pa walls and hear stories of Ira Rennert great philanthropist.

Or it may just be torn down. □

The Neocons

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118 student in political science named Richard Perle. The son of a textile manufacturer and his wife who had moved from New York to Los Angeles, Perle was the opposite of an academic overachiever. In fact, he was flunking Spanish at Hollywood High School when he caught the eye of a classmate, Joan Wohlstetter, Albert's daughter, who invited him home to swim in the family pool. Her father was there, and he stirred Perle's untapped intellectual depths, engaging him in a conversation about military strategy that lasted, in one form or another, until Wohlstetter's death in 1997. Perle's formal education came at the University of Southern California (Chicago turned him down) and then at Princeton, where he was working on his M.A. when Wolfowitz met him.

After the ABM project ended, Wolfowitz returned to academia, but Perle joined Jackson's staff and remained there for the next 11 years. Following the death of his parents—his mother in 1969, his father two years later—Perle found a surrogate father in Jackson. The pair were on a mission to shred détente, the bold new strategy devised by Nixon and his foreign-policy guru, Henry Kissinger, as a means of easing superpower tensions. To hard-liners, détente was morally repugnant since it glossed over Soviet crimes. It was also harebrained: Jackson favore opposite strategy of upping the arms b to put the screws to an already feeble S economy.

Perle's work habits were unortho he kept to a schedule of his own ma which might not start till late morning then continue deep into the night—b seemed born for bureaucratic intrigu and the senator made a rugged team, Perle mastering legislative detail while son made the public case, crushing hi versaries in open and closed debate. "T was a good-cop/bad-cop dynamic," Jackson's biographer, Robert Kauf "What Nixon was to Eisenhower, Perl to Jackson."

Wolfowitz, meanwhile, grew restless on the tenure track in Yale's political-ce department and in 1973 moved to ington, eventually enlisting with a p Wohlstetter put together called the Alternatives Workshop. Its mission, owitz says, was "to look at the implica- of new technology," particularly wea- that "promised great improvements curacy." The fruits of the group's re- h and lobbying efforts would be evident ade and a half later with the first Gulf s smart bombs. "It was a considerable r of personal satisfaction to watch those iles turn right-angle corners in the Gulf in '91, doing what Albert envisioned 15 s before," Wolfowitz says today.

uring this time, Wolfowitz and Perle me even closer, though their styles are different. "Richard has *joie de vivre,*" someone who knows both Perle and owitz well. While the former "could sold anything to anyone, Wolfowitz this academic personality—balanced, methodical, always worried about un- inty." Their tastes differ, too. Perle lives and is as learned in the offerings of the d's shopping capitals as he is in throw hts. His first wife was working at a trav- ency when he met her in Denmark. (A d refers to this as Perle's "Philip Roth od.") The ascetic Wolfowitz is quieter, nt from the D.C. party circuit, invisible e press until only recently. He closely ds his private life. Although he is sepa- d from his wife, Clare, an anthropologist has been described as his college sweet- t, Wolfowitz remains a devoted family , close to their three children.

was in the 70s that neoconservatism atured into a formal movement with mu- ent funding and tentacular "outreach." gazines such as *The Public Interest* and *mentary* spread the gospel while organi- ons such as the Committee on the Pres- Danger mobilized intellectuals who'd had ugh of the counterculture, of squishy i-American" liberalism, of dithering lead- who had "lost their nerve," of an increas- mood of comity with the Soviets. At this t most neocons were still—barely—Demo- s. (And some, including Perle, remain inal members of the party.) The deci- break came in 1980 when they backed most radical of major Republicans, Ron- Reagan, whose landslide victory unlocked doors to real power for neocons, who ked to Washington.

One such was Bill Kristol, the leading re in a new generation of neoconser- ves who had been raised in the move- nt. He is the son of the writer and Irving Kristol, a seminal neocon [illegible] has been called the movement [illegible] er," and of the historian Gertrude Himmelfarb. Born in 1952, Bill Kristol was raised in the world of New York intellectuals. As a boy, growing up on West 81st Street, he played ball in Riverside Park and maneuvered his way among the in-crowd at the Collegiate School. But at Harvard he got serious. His mentor, Harvey Mansfield, a professor of government, introduced him to Strauss's writings, and Kristol became a devotee who played in a "Straussian" touch-football game on weekends.

Kristol got a Ph.D. at Harvard and taught briefly at the University of Pennsylvania and, back in Cambridge, at the Kennedy School of Government. But "I just wasn't cut out to do serious academic work," he has said. William Bennett, Reagan's second secretary of education—and a friend of Irving Kristol's—gave Bill a staff job and then, rolling the dice on a fresh talent, promoted him to chief of staff. There Kristol mastered the art of political P.R.: feeding leaks to the media, timing news cycles, and all the rest. Under George H. W. Bush, he became, at age 36, Vice President Dan Quayle's chief of staff, assigned the task of creating an aura of gravitas around the most lightweight public figure of the day. Quayle may have profited less from the arrangement than did Kristol, who got a lot of ink, sometimes at his boss's expense.

Wolfowitz and Perle also thrived during the Reagan-Bush years. As assistant secretary of state for East Asian and Pacific affairs, Wolfowitz persuaded Reagan to cut his ties to Ferdinand Marcos, the Philippine dictator, an accomplishment Wolfowitz proudly cites in conversation—and that others claim as a landmark moment in neoconservative foreign policy. Next he became ambassador to Indonesia, where he concluded his three-year tour with a speech boldly calling for more political openness, endearing himself to the people while angering their dictator, Suharto. In a burst of bravado, he told *The New York Times* in April 2001 that his picture still hangs in the homes of citizens there.

But it was Richard Perle who entered the public consciousness at home. The former "Scoopite" found a place in the Reagan administration, thanks to the well-connected Republican arms-control specialist Kenneth Adelman, who had also eased Wolfowitz's way. "In 1980, I was pushing for Perle to be at the Defense Department," Adelman says today. Frank Carlucci, who was slated for the department's number-two slot, had heard stories about Perle's irregular work habits and called Adelman for advice. "Frank said, 'What do you think?' I said, 'It's worth the trouble. It's worth every bit of it.'" Perle, appointed assistant secretary of defense, maintained his erratic ways. According to Adelman, Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger held a small staff meeting every morning promptly at eight. "Some people would give their right arm to attend," says Adelman. "Face time with the secretary. Richard would roll in at 10, be behind all day long." But, reprising the act he'd perfected under Jackson, Perle was also widely assumed to be doing Weinberger's thinking for him. "Richard Perle is extremely able, very knowledgeable about the background of arms control, which I was not," Weinberger told me recently. "When I came into office I needed a great deal of briefing." And Perle supplied it. He also excelled in "interagency" disputes with the State Department, pummeling opponents who favored soft negotiations with the Soviets. Dubbed the "prince of darkness," a one-man wrecking crew of arms negotiations, Perle became the darling of the hard-liners.

He was also a figure-about-town. He had married a Capitol Hill aide, Leslie Barr, and had a son, Jonathan (now in law school). The local press corps now faithfully reported Perle's off-duty activities, which by Washington standards were fairly louche: Perle and his beluga caviar, his imported French bread and cappuccino, his Monte Cristo cigars and Gauloises, his abandoned plans to invest in a chain of soufflé restaurants (that was in the 70s). When he quit government in June 1987—the allure of private business, of sitting on corporate boards and setting up venture-capital firms, was too great—*The Washington Post,* in a three-part, 10,000-word retrospective (remarkable for a third-rank policy official), suggested he had "done more to shape the administration's nuclear arms policy than perhaps any individual except Reagan himself." It was no small accomplishment, and it has grown over time; that policy, many believe, helped bring the Soviets to their knees.

But if the 80s were the peak for neocons, the 90s were the nadir. Fate installed the elder George Bush in the White House when the Soviet Union finally split at the seams. But instead of offering a third Reagan term, Bush proved, to neocon eyes, a throwback to squeamish, ruling-class governance. There was the classic, Vietnam-redux "loss of nerve" during the Gulf War when Bush withdrew U.S. forces rather than take Saddam down. Next came his refusal to intervene in Bosnia because, explained Secretary of State James Baker, "we have no dog in that fight." Wolfowitz, now the undersecretary of defense for policy, told friends he was appalled. Today, Perle calls Baker's statement "morally reprehensible." The neocon vision of creating a Pax Americana, of the virtuous democracy that would guide the world from darkness into light, had been betrayed.

But not altogether. In 1992, Wolfowitz's staff, working from briefing papers he had prepared, drafted an CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

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FASHION



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Pages 85–86: For **Lilly Pulitzer** clothing and [illegible] www.lillypulitzer.com.

Page 89: **Michael Pitt's Helmut Lang** suit, shirt, and tie from Helmut Lang, N.Y.C.; Scott Newkirk for Art Department.

Page 94: **Candace Bushnell** styled by Sarah Gore Reeves for Arthousemanagement.com; dress by **Roberto Cavalli,** available exclusively from the Roberto Cavalli boutique, N.Y.C.; shoes by **Giuseppe Zanotti,** from Giuseppe Zanotti Design and Bergdorf Goodman, both in N.Y.C.

Pages 96–97: **A. J. Trauth's** T-shirt by **Michael Stars** from www.michaelstars.com; jeans by **Diesel** from Diesel stores nationwide, or go to www.diesel.com, or call 877-433-4373; for sneakers by **Converse,** go to www.converse.com; for sunglasses by **Ray-Ban,** call 888-LUXOTTICA, or go to www.rayban.com. **Emily VanCamp's** top by **Dolce & Gabbana,** from selected Dolce & Gabbana boutiques; miniskirt by **Missoni,** from the Missoni boutique, N.Y.C.; shoes by **Marc Jacobs,** from Marc Jacobs, N.Y.C.; sunglasses by **Gucci Eyewear,** from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; ring and bracelet by **Fred Paris,** from Fred Paris boutiques, Beverly Hills and Costa Mesa, Calif., and Las Vegas, or go to www.fred.com. **Brittany Snow's** top by **La Cosa,** from Barneys New York and Ron Herman, both in L.A., or go to www.lacosainc.com; miniskirt by **Roberto Cavalli,** from Roberto Cavalli boutiques nationwide; shoes by **Michel Perry,** from the Michel Perry boutique, N.Y.C.; earrings by **Noir,** from Henri Bendel, N.Y.C. **Aaron Meeks's** shirt by **Diesel,** from Diesel stores nationwide; pants by **J. Crew,** from J. Crew stores nationwide, or go to www.jcrew.com; for boots by **Timberland,** go to www.timberland.com, or call 888-802-9947; belt by **Abercrombie & Fitch,** from Abercrombie & Fitch stores nationwide, or call 800-432-0888.

Page 99: **Ashley Olsen's Tuleh** dress available by appointment at Decollage, N.Y.C., or call 212-352-3338; for **Harry Winston** diamond jewelry and headband, call 800-988-4110. **Mary-Kate Olsen's Juicy Couture** tank top from Bella Boca, Boca Raton, Fla.; **Victoria's Secret** bra from Victoria's Secret stores nationwide, or go to www.victoriassecret.com; for **Levi's Vintage Collections** jeans, call 800-USA-LEVIS; **Cosabella** underwear from the Cosabella boutique, Miami; **Chanel** necklace from Chanel, N.Y.C.; **Fred Paris** pendant necklace from Fred Paris boutiques, Beverly Hills and Costa Mesa, Calif., and Las Vegas, or call 800-655-2280

Pages 100–101: **Evan Rachel Wood's Calvin Klein Underwear** pajama pants from Macy's and Bloomingdale's stores nationwide; **James Perse** camisole from Elise Walker, L.A. **Hilary Duff's** Calvin Klein Underwear pajama pants from Macy's and Bloomingdale's stores nationwide; **Michael Stars** top from www.michaelstars.com. **Lindsay Lohan's** Calvin Klein Underwear pajama pants from Macy's and Bloomingdale's stores nationwide; for **Hanes** tank top, go to www.hanes.com, or call 800-994-4348; **Victoria's Secret** bra from Victoria's Secret stores nationwide, or go to www.victoriassecret.com.

Page 102: **Solange Knowles's Jean Paul Gaultier** miniskirt from the Jean Paul Gaultier boutique, N.Y.C.; **Guess** tank top from Guess stores nationwide, or go to www.guess.com; **Laura Urbinati** bikini top from American Rag, L.A. and San Francisco; **Christian Louboutin** for Jean Paul Gaultier shoes available by special order; for **Chan Luu** hat, go to www.fragments.com; **David Yurman** ring from David Yurman flagship store, N.Y.C., and selected Saks Fifth Avenue and Neiman Marcus stores; for **Harry Winston** diamond necklace, call 800-988-4110; for **Anthony Nak** earrings, go to www.anthonynak.com.

Page 103: **Lacey Chabert's Juicy Couture** top from Lisa Kline, L.A.; **Joe's Jeans** miniskirt from the E Street Denim Co., Highland Park, Ill.; for **Lizzie Scheck** necklace, go to www.lizziescheckjewelry.com; for **Garrard** diamond earrings from Garrard, call 888-669-8811; for **Harry Winston** diamond pin, call 800-988-4110. **Gregory Smith's Cloak** leather jacket from Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; **TSE Men** T-shirt from se[illegible] TSE stores; **Dolce & Gabbana** pants from selec[illegible] Dolce & Gabbana boutiques; for **Converse** sne[illegible] go to www.converse.com; for **Logan** wallet chai[illegible] www.loganrockfashion.com. **Christina Milian's [illegible]** bikini top from Diesel stores nationwide, or go to www.diesel.com; for **Miss Sixty** miniskirt, go to www.misssixty.com, or call 212-575-0315; **Michel** shoes from the Michel Perry boutique, N.Y.C.; **Re[illegible] Lewis** necklaces from Barneys New York stores nationwide; **Jacob & Co.** diamond earrings fro[illegible] Jacob & Co., N.Y.C.

Page 104: **Mandy Moore's Chanel** top from selected Chanel boutiques, or call 800-550-0[illegible] **Citizens of Humanity** jeans from Barneys New N.Y.C.; **Fred Paris** diamond necklace from Fred



boutiques, Beverly Hills c[illegible] Costa Mesa, Calif., and Vegas, or call 800-655-[illegible] for **Harry Winston** dian[illegible] rings, call 800-988-4110

Page 105: **Raven's Cel[illegible] Michael Kors** jacket fror[illegible] Celine, N.Y.C. and Bever[illegible] **Juicy Couture** T-shirt fr[illegible] Herman, Beverly Hills; **7 for All Mankind** jeans from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; **Hermè[illegible]** from Hermès boutiques nationwide, or go to www.hermes.com; for **Harry Winston** diamond call 800-988-4110.

Page 106: **Shia LaBeouf's Marc by Marc Ja[illegible]** shirt from Marc by Marc Jacobs and Bloominga[illegible] both in N.Y.C.; **Sean Hornbeak at Denim Doct[illegible]** pants from Denim Doctors, L.A.; limited-edition **Converse** sneakers by John Varvatos, from Neim[illegible] Marcus stores nationwide, or go to www.saksfifthavenue.com.



Page 107: **Alexis Bledel's Missoni** dress from the Missoni boutique, N.Y.C. **Amanda Bynes's Daang Goodman for Tripp** top from Trash and Vaudeville, N.Y.C.; **Sportmax** miniskirt from Max Mara, N.Y.C.; **Diesel** bikini top from Diesel stores nationwide, o[illegible] www.diesel.com; **Cosabella** underwear from the Cosabella boutique, Miami, and Neiman Marcu[illegible] stores nationwide.

Pages 108–9: **Bow Wow's Shago by Bow We[illegible]** sweatshirt from Burdines, Aventura, Fla., Rich's, Atlanta, and Macy's stores nationwide; **Foot Loc[illegible]** T-shirt from Foot Locker stores nationwide; for **Frances Klein Estate Jewels** necklace, contact laurelhouse@hotmail.com. **Aaron Carter's Vers[illegible]** T-shirt from Versace boutiques worldwide, or go [illegible] www.versace.com; **Ecko Unlimited** shorts from M[illegible] stores, N.Y.C. and L.A., or go to www.eckounltd.cc[illegible] for **Gabor** necklace, go to www.gabor-silver.com[illegible] **Logan** wallet chain, go to www.loganrockfashion

Page 110: **Kyla Pratt's Dior by John Galliano** top from selected Dior boutiques, or go to www.dior.com; **D&G** miniskirt from D&G boutique[illegible] N.Y.C. and L.A.; **Versace** shoes from Versace bout[illegible] worldwide, or go to www.versace.com. **Alexa Veg[illegible] Sean Hornbeak at Denim Doctors** top from De[illegible] Doctors, L.A.; D&G skirt from D&G boutiques, N.Y.C. and L.A.; **Chanel** boots from Chanel, N.Y.C.; **Renee Lewis** moon necklace from Barney[illegible] York, N.Y.C.; for **Asprey** necklace, call 800-883-2[illegible]



Page 111: **Emma Watso[illegible] Emilio Pucci** dress from t[illegible] Emilio Pucci boutique, N.Y. **Tyler** jacket from Richard L.A. **Rupert Grint's Hug[illegible] Hugo Boss** T-shirt from th[illegible] Hugo boutique, N.Y.C. an[illegible] Aventura, Fla., or call 800-HUGOBOSS.

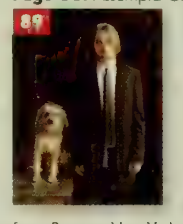
112–13: Milo Ventimiglia's Calvin Klein -wear T-shirt from Bloomingdale's and s stores nationwide; **Sean Hornbeak at n Doctors** belt from Denim Doctors, L.A.; for arse sneakers, go to www.converse.com. For **Padalecki's French Connection** shirt, go to enchconnection.com; **1969 by Gap** jeans from d Gap stores, or go to www.gap.com; Sean eak at Denim Doctors belt from Denim Doctors, **aley Cuoco's Juicy Couture** shorts from Planet Malibu, Calif.; **Dior by John Galliano** bikini elected Dior boutiques, or call 800-929-DIOR.
121: Janine Israel for Celestineagency.com.

UTY AND GROOMING

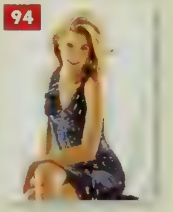
r: Hair, makeup, and grooming products by **al,** from drugstores nationwide. **Amanda Bynes's** yled with Studio Volumatic Root-Lift Spray Gel; r face, Idéal Balance Quick Stick in Nude Beige; r eyes, Double Extend Mascara in True Brown and Infinité Singles Eye Shadow in Pretty in Pink; r cheeks, Blush Délice in Raspberry Sorbet; on her hine Délice in Cherry Cola. **Mary-Kate Olsen's** **shley Olsen's** hair styled with Studio Volumatic Lift Spray Gel and Studio Fast Forward ng Spray. On Ashley's face, Idéal Balance Stick ealer in Creamy Light; on her eyes, Double d Mascara in Black/Brown and Crystal Infinité ling Eyeshadow Creme in Rose Quartz; on neeks, Blush Délice in Strawberry Tart; on her lips, ur Riche in Pink. On Mary-Kate's face, Idéal ce Stick Concealer in Creamy Light; on her eyes, le Extend Mascara in Black/Brown and Crystal é Sparkling Eyeshadow Creme in Lilac Crystal; on heeks, Blush Délice in Strawberry Tart; on her hine Délice in Raspberry Smoothie. **Mandy**



Moore's hair styled with Studio Volumatic Full-Up Mousse and Studio Fast Forward Finishing Spray; on her face, Idéal Balance Liquid Foundation in Pale; on her eyes, Double Extend Mascara in Black and Wear Infinité Singles Eye Shadow in Golden t; on her cheeks, Blush Délice in Strawberry Tart; er lips, Shine Délice in Tart-n-Tiny. **Hilary** s hair styled with Studio Volumatic Full-Up Mousse Studio Fast Forward Finishing Spray; on her face, Balance Quick Stick in Nude Beige; on her Double Extend Mascara in Black/Brown and al Infinité Sparkling Eyeshadow Creme in mpagne; on her cheeks, Touch-On Colour in ct Pink; on her lips, Sheer Délice in Cranberry Pop. **is Bledel's** hair styled with Studio Fast Forward ing Spray; on her face, Idéal Balance Liquid dation in Creamy Natural; on her eyes, Double d Mascara in Black/Brown and Touch-On ur in Perfect Pink; on her lips, Colour Riche in . **Evan Rachel Wood's** hair styled with Studio matic Full-Up Mousse and Studio Fast Forward ing Spray; on her face, Idéal Balance Quick Stick ft Ivory; on her eyes, Double Extend Mascara ack/Brown and Crystal Infinité Sparkling Eyeshadow ne in Rose Quartz; on her cheeks, Blush Délice in r 'n' Spice; on her lips, Colour Riche in British **Raven's** hair styled with Studio FX Aqua Gel; on eyes, Lash Intensifique Mascara in Black and ital Infinité Sparkling Eyeshadow Creme in Lilac tal; on her cheeks, Blush Délice in Sugar Plum; er lips, Shine Délice in Watermelon. **Lindsay an's** hair styled with Studio Volumatic Full-Up sse and Studio Fast Forward Finishing Spray; on ace, Idéal Balance Quick Stick in Pale; on her , Double Extend Mascara in Black/Brown and tal Infinité Sparkling Eyeshadow Creme in W nond; on her cheeks, Blush Délice in Raspb Sorbet; on her lips, Colour Riche in Earth Rose. Sally Hershberger for the Sally Hershberger Salon; Marsha Bialo for OPI/Solo Artists; Michelle Denicola for Artistsbytimothypriano.com; Joanne Gair for Smashboxagency.com; Sharon Gault for L'Oréal Paris/Magnet; Lutz for Nars/Solo Artists; Matin for Laura Mercier/Artistsbytimothypriano.com; Matthew VanLeeuwen for Clé de Peau/Artistsbytimothypriano.com.
Page 22: See credits for cover.
Page 24: Sam Kashner's grooming by Sara Johnson for Sarah Laird.
Page 39: Michael Polish's and **Mark Polish's** hair styled with **Supremo Magic Move,** from the Larchmont Beauty Center, L.A., and fine salons nationwide; on their faces, **Smashbox** Wet Dry Foundation from Sephora stores nationwide. Miriam Vukich for Factory Artists.
Page 50: Top, see credits for page 39; bottom, **Northern State's** members' hair by Suzette Boozer and makeup by Gigi Hale, both for Artistsbytimothypriano.com.
Page 52: Lili for Calliste.
Page 85: Stephanie Daniel for Cloutieragency.com.
Page 86: Assumpta Clohessy for Susan Price, Inc.



Page 89: Michael Pitt's hair styled with **Crew** Texture Cream, from Ricky's, N.Y.C., or go to www.hairtec.com; on his face, **MAC** Loose Powder in Neutral, from MAC stores nationwide, or go to www.maccosmetics.com; on his lips, **Kiehl's** Lip Balm No. I, from Barneys New York stores nationwide, or go to www.kiehls.com; Rick Gradone for Art Department.
Page 94: Candace Bushnell's hair by Howard Fugler for the Agency, using **L'Oréal** Studio Fast Forward Finishing Spray, from drugstores nationwide. Makeup by Nikki Wang for Sally Harlor; on her face, **Shu Uemura** Nobara Cream Foundation in No. 754; on her eyes, Shu Uemura Pressed Eye Shadow in No. 638 Blue with **Make Up for Ever** Mascara; on her lips, **Kiehl's** Light Lip Gloss in Golden Berry and L'Oréal Rouge Pulp Lip Color in Blushing; Shu Uemura products from Shu Uemura and Sephora stores nationwide; Make Up for Ever products from Sephora stores nationwide, or go to www.sephora.com; Kiehl's products from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, or call 800-KIEHLS-1.



Pages 96–113: All hair, makeup, and grooming products by **L'Oréal,** available at drugstores nationwide. Daniel Erdman for Artistsbytimothypriano.com; Maital for MS Management; Libbie Simpkins for Kinara Spa.
Pages 96–97: A. J. Trauth's hair styled with Studio Volumatic Full-Up Mousse; on his face, Pure Zone Skin Relief Oil-Free Moisturizer. **Emily VanCamp's** hair styled with Studio Volumatic Full-Up Mousse and Studio Fast Forward Finishing Spray; on her face, Idéal Balance Liquid Foundation in Pale; on her eyes, Double Extend Mascara in Black/Brown and Wear Infinité Singles Eye Shadow in Pretty in Pink; on her cheeks, Blush Délice in Strawberry Tart; on her lips, Sheer Délice in Watermelon. **Brittany Snow's** hair styled with Alt.Studio Remix Paste and Studio FX Aqua Gel; on her face, Idéal Balance Liquid Foundation in Sand; on her eyes, Double Extend Mascara in Black/Brown and Crystal Infinité Sparkling Eyeshadow Creme in Rose Quartz; on her cheeks, Blush Délice in Raspberry Sorbet; on her lips, Colour Riche in Pink Tranquilo. **Aaron Meeks's** hair styled with Alt.Studio Crystal Wax; on his face, Pure Zone Skin Relief Oil-Free Moisturizer.
Page 99: See credits for cover.
Pages 100–101: All hair styled with Volumatic Full-Up Mousse and Studio Fast Forward Finishing Spray. On **Evan Rachel Wood's** face, Idéal Balance Quick Stick in Soft Ivory; on her eyes, Double Extend Mascara in Black/Brown and Crystal Infinité Sparkling Eyeshadow Creme in Rose Quartz; on her cheeks, Blush Délice in Sugar 'n' Spice; on her lips, Colour Riche in British Red. On **Hilary Duff's** face, Idéal Balance Quick Stick in Nude Beige; on her eyes, Double Extend Mascara in Black/Brown and Crystal Infinité Sparkling Eyeshadow Creme in Champagne; on her cheeks, Touch-On Colour Blush in Perfect Pink; on her lips, Sheer Délice in Cranberry Pop. On **Lindsay Lohan's** face, Idéal Balance Quick Stick in Pale; on her eyes, Double Extend Mascara in Black/Brown and Crystal Infinité Sparkling Eyeshadow Creme in White Diamond; on her cheeks, Blush Délice in Raspberry Sorbet; on her lips, Colour Riche in Earth Rose.
Page 102: Solange Knowles's hair styled with Smooth-Intense Anti-Frizz Serum and Studio Fast Forward Finishing Spray; on her face, Touch-On Colour Blush in Cashmere Rose; on her eyes, Double Extend Mascara in Black and Wear Infinité Singles Eye Shadow in Chocolat and Iced Latte; on her lips, Colour Riche in Pink Tranquilo.
Page 103: Lacey Chabert's hair styled with Vive Smooth-Intense Anti-Frizz Serum and Studio Fast Forward Finishing Spray; on her face, Idéal Balance Quick Stick in Nude Beige; on her eyes, Microliner Eyeliner in Black and Wear Infinité Singles Eye Shadow in Citrine; on her cheeks, Cheek to Cheek Sculpting Blush in Blushing Roses; on her lips, Colour Riche in Coral. **Gregory Smith's** hair styled with Alt.Studio Remix Paste; on his face, Pure Zone Skin Relief Oil-Free Moisturizer. **Christina Milian's** hair styled with Studio Volumatic Full-Up Mousse; on her face, Cheek to Cheek Sculpting Blush in Precious Plums; on her eyes, Double Extend Mascara in Black and Crystal Infinité Sparkling Eyeshadow Creme in Smokey Topaz; on her lips, Shine Délice in Violet Delight.
Page 106: Shia LaBeouf's hair styled with CurlVive Curl-Shaping Spray Gel; on his face, Pure Zone Skin Relief Oil-Free Moisturizer.
Pages 108–9: Aaron Carter's hair styled with Alt.Studio Crystal Wax. On Carter's and **Bow Wow's** faces, Pure Zone Skin Relief Oil-Free Moisturizer.
Page 110: Kyla Pratt's hair styled with Studio FX Aqua Gel and Alt.Studio Crystal Wax; on her eyes, Lash Intensifique in Blackest Black and Wear Infinité Singles Eye Shadow in Ocean; on her cheeks, Touch-On Colour Blush in Cashmere Rose; on her lips, Colour Riche in Electric Pink. **Alexa Vega's** hair styled with CurlVive Curl-Shaping Spray Gel and Studio Fast Forward Finishing Spray; on her eyes, Lash Intensifique in Black/Brown and Wear Infinité Singles Eye Shadow in Bark; on her lips, Colour Riche in Punch.
Pages 112–13: Milo Ventimiglia's hair styled with Alt.Studio Freezer Gel; on his face, Pure Zone Skin Relief Oil-Free Moisturizer. **Jared Padalecki's** hair styled with Studio Volumatic Root-Lift Spray Gel; on his face, Pure Zone Skin Relief Oil-Free Moisturizer. **Kaley Cuoco's** hair styled with Studio FX Aqua Gel; on her face, Idéal Balance Liquid Foundation in Sand; on her eyes, Double Extend Mascara in Black/Brown and Crystal Infinité Sparkling Eyeshadow Creme in White Diamond; on her cheeks, Shine Délice in Strawberry Smash.
Pages 114–18: Cathy Kades for T.H.E. Artist Agency.
Page 121: Hikari for Celestineagency.com.
Page 127: Lia van de Donk for Stockland Martel.
Pages 134–35: The cast's hair styled by Rosalee Riggle and Linda Williams; makeup for all other cast members by Elisa Marsh and Sharyn Cordice.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND MISCELLANY

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Page 34: From Galella Ltd.
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Page 89: Mark Chandler for Art Department.
Page 90: Left: top, by Pablo Martinez Monsivais/Gamma; second from top, by Mark Seliger. Right: clockwise from top right, by Joy E. Scheller/London Features, from Nicorette/GlaxoSmithKlein, from Corbis, from Reuters/Corbis, from London Features, from C Squared Studios/PhotoDisc/PictureQuest, from London Features, by Ron Kimball/Ron Kimball Stock, Dennis Van Tine/London Features, from Corbis Images/PictureQuest, from Reuters/Corbis, from Corbis Images/PictureQuest.
Pages 96–113: Production by Ruth Levy; Martin Whist for Montana Artists Agency; Antonio Ballatore for Celestineagency.com.
Page 106: U.K. production by Jo Matthews.
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Page 138: From Movie Still Archives.
Page 139: From Globe Photos.
Page 141: Top, from Rex USA; bottom, from Topham/Image Works.
Pages 142–43: From the Everett Collection.
Pages 144–45: Large photograph from Photofest; inset from Movie Still Archives.
Page 146: Top, from Corbis; bottom, from Black Star.
Page 147: From Liaison/Getty.
Page 148: Clockwise from top left: from the British Film Institute, from AMPAS, from Photofest.
Page 163: From A.P. Wide World Photos.
Page 170: Clockwise from top left: from Hulton Archive/Getty Images, by Jason Nevader/WireImage.com, Michael Williams/London Features, Piero Pomponi/Liaison, Mychal Watts/WireImage.com, from Corbis, by Evan Agostini/Liaison, from Corbis, by Dimitrios Kambouris/WireImage.com, from Retna, from Alpha/Globe Photos, by Linda Matlow/Pix Int'l/WireImage.com.

CORRECTION:

On page 98 of the May issue, the photograph of Jon Sarkin was incorrectly credited. It was taken by

The Neocons

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 165 in-house defense policy "guidance" asserting that the unipolar moment had come, that the United States should assert its interests over much of the globe, challenging even friendly nations, which were depicted as potential rivals. An adversary, alarmed by the report's hints of messianism, leaked it to *The New York Times,* which ran a huge page-one story followed by a scorching editorial warning that the "go-it-alone" approach was "downright perverse." Unnamed officials sprinted away from the "dumb report"—in hindsight, the blueprint for the Bush doctrine as well as, Wolfowitz argues, the Clinton administration's interventions in Bosnia and Kosovo.

After Bush's defeat in 1992, friends tried to persuade Wolfowitz to go into investment banking. It was easy to see why: ex-politicos with Pentagon connections, Perle included, were making millions as "access capitalists." It was becoming, in fact, a new Washington industry. But Wolfowitz wasn't interested. "The gravy that there's a lot of in Washington is sort of beside the point for him," says an old friend. Instead, he accepted the deanship at the Paul H. Nitze School of Advanced International Studies at Johns Hopkins.

It was Kristol who tended the neoconservatism flame in Washington during the Clinton interregnum. He set up his own power base, an advocacy group called the Project for the Republican Future, and with his staff of 10 produced a blizzard of policy statements which he promoted by fax and in his silken TV commentary. In 1994, after helping sink Hillary Clinton's health plan and pushing Newt Gingrich's Contract with America, Kristol, along with two conservative journalists, his fellow "minicon" John Podhoretz (son of the writer and editor Norman Podhoretz) and the more traditional Republican Fred Barnes, decided to start *The Weekly Standard,* a Washington-based political journal that would occupy the same, sometimes prickly place on the right that *The New Republic* did on the left. Its manifestos attacked Republicans for hibernating away from the world and Democrats for being too naïve about it. In January 1998, Kristol generated an open letter to Clinton—signed as well by Perle, Wolfowitz, and five others who now hold important positions in the Bush administration—declaring that "containment" of Iraq had failed and the only solution was "removing Saddam's regime." But no one took this too seriously. It was just the kooky neocons conjuring up new evil empires.

When the 2000 campaign began, the assumption was that the Republican frontrunner, George W. Bush, would rely on his father's most trusted advisers—Baker, Bush, Scowcroft, and Condoleezza Rice—and the old and hated Bush policies of cautious realism would prevail. Kristol backed John McCain, likening him to Teddy Roosevelt, the avatar of a new epoch of "national greatness." But some had inklings that the younger Bush might not be a carbon copy of his father. When the campaign started up, both Wolfowitz and Perle were brought in to help Bush on foreign policy. "The first time I met Bush 43 I knew he was different," Perle says. "Two things became clear. One, he didn't know very much. The other was he had the confidence to ask questions that revealed he didn't know very much. Most people are reluctant to say when they don't know something, a word or term they haven't heard before. Not him. You'd raise a point, and he'd say, 'I didn't realize that. Can you explain that?' He was eager to learn.... I came away thinking he had some of Scoop's qualities in character. You got the sense that if he believed something he'd pursue it tenaciously." Wolfowitz, too, would soon be telling Washington acquaintances that Bush was "the new Scoop Jackson," that he cut through the murk, wanted to be told what needed doing and how it should be done.

As the campaign wore on, Bush and Wolfowitz grew closer. There were nightly phone calls from Austin. Wolfowitz's intimates began to think he'd be named secretary of defense if Bush won. "There was a huge expectation," says a friend. "He had the résumé as much as anyone else who's held the position." But if Wolfowitz was disappointed by Bush's choice of Rumsfeld, he didn't show it—he admired Rumsfeld and told friends he was eager to work for him. Indeed, the secretary was a kind of honorary neocon.

Perle made it clear he didn't want a job in the administration, so Rumsfeld named him chairman of the Defense Policy Board, an "outsider insider," with access to classified documents but not officially a member of the administration. Perle was free to do what he did best—stir things up. But Perle would get in trouble for appearing to violate the Defense Policy Board's "conduct" rules on at least two occasions. One came when he took a $125,000 retainer from Global Crossing, the bankrupt telecom company, which sought his advice on Defense Department objections to the firm's sale to an Asian venture. After a media squall, Perle said the fee would be donated to the families of American soldiers killed or injured in Iraq. He stepped down as Defense Policy chairman though he remains on the board. The skilled infighter also threatened rashly to sue *The New Yorker*'s Seymour Hersh for libel over an article detailing Perle's alleged conflicts of interest.

Bush took office, the *Standard* looked
t had been left out of the game alto-
. First, there was the inopportune Mc-
endorsement. Then, after Kristol in
ındit mode had predicted a victory for
ore, Ari Fleischer, then a Bush-campaign
esman, phoned to let him know his
had been "duly noted." As Kristol says
natically, "The Bush people aren't big
nstructive criticism." Now, when con-
tive journalists are invited to White
e "schmoozes," Kristol is conspicuously
f the list. "I'm sort of not *persona non*
nor *persona grata,*" he says.

ny case, neoconservatism was never
out making friends. It was about re-
ng American politics, and the world
f the opportunity came. And on Sep-
er 11 it did. Soon the most intense and
fought interagency debate in modern
ory was under way, as Secretary of
Colin Powell and the Joint Chiefs of
sought to limit the administration's mil-
response to al-Qaeda and the Taliban
Rumsfeld and Wolfowitz pushed to
n it. A pivotal moment came on Satur-
September 15, when Bush summoned
p advisers for a contentious meeting at
p David. There are several published
unts of this marathon session, all in-
plete because the participants were in-
ewed while the war in Iraq was still
ing. The fullest account of the meeting
te, in Bob Woodward's book *Bush at*
describes a coffee break during which
told a small group—it included Che-
his chief of staff, I. Louis ("Scooter")
y, and Wolfowitz—that the chairman of
oint Chiefs of Staff, General Henry B.
on, who personally opposed attacking
had presented "unimaginative" op-
for going after the country. Wolfowitz,
dward writes, then "expanded on the
nents about how war against Iraq might
asier than against Afghanistan." This
unt ends with Wolfowitz being scolded
White House chief of staff Andrew Card
nterrupting Rumsfeld to pursue the
t with the larger group. The president,
owitz and the rest were reportedly told,
heard enough about Iraq.

fact, according to an informed source,
fowitz not only engaged Bush much
e directly over coffee than has been re-
ed, but also may have sold him on an eventual reckoning with Saddam. Wolfowitz agreed with Bush: Shelton's plan—a limited series of "pinprick" bombings—was indeed unimaginative. But, Wolfowitz is said to have countered, "we have very good options for dealing with Iraq," and he laid them out. "Think about the fact that the second-largest city in Iraq"—Basra—"is full of Shia who hate Saddam," he told the president. Consider, too, that Basra lies "within 60 kilometers of the Kuwaiti border and within 60 percent of Iraq's total oil production." Bush was impressed. "It was clear [Wolfowitz's argument] stuck with him," says this source. Wolfowitz puts it this way, with characteristic precision: "To the extent it was a debate about timing and tactics, the president clearly came down on the side of Afghanistan first. To the extent it was a debate about strategy and what the larger goal was, it is at least clear with 20/20 hindsight that the president came down on the side of the larger goal." In truth, Wolfowitz had presented in broadest outline the full-scale invasion that would be enacted 18 months later.

Since then, Wolfowitz's fixation on Iraq has led even some in the administration to accuse him of tunnel vision. "If you look around the world at other issues, he's nonexistent," says one senior official. "He's not a major player on any other issue." At interagency meetings, this source says, Wolfowitz often can't state a Defense Department position because he "has no idea where Rummy [stands]." Nor has his thinking about Iraq been in sync with others'—as became clear when the administration's rationale for going to war kept changing. When we spoke in May, as U.S. inspectors were failing to find weapons of mass destruction, Wolfowitz admitted that from the outset, contrary to so many claims from the White House, Iraq's supposed cache of W.M.D. had never been the most compelling casus belli. It was simply one of several: "For bureaucratic reasons we settled on one issue, weapons of mass destruction, because it was the one reason everyone could agree on." *Everyone* meaning, presumably, Powell and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. "Almost unnoticed but huge," he said, is another reason: removing Saddam will allow the U.S. to take its troops out of Saudi Arabia, where their presence has been one of al-Qaeda's biggest grievances. "Just lifting that burden from the Saudis is itself going to open the door" to a more peaceful Middle East, Wolfowitz said, adding, "I don't want to speak in messianic terms." (The risks of doing so were brought home three days after our interview when eight Americans were killed by al-Qaeda bombs in Riyadh.)

There are other intriguing byways in Wolfowitz's thinking about Iraq. For one thing, he seems confident Saddam was connected to the World Trade Center bombing in 1993, the theory advanced by the Iraqi specialist and A.E.I. adjunct fellow Laurie Mylroie in her book *The War Against America: Saddam Hussein and the World Trade Center Attacks.* Says Wolfowitz, "The acknowledged incontrovertible fact is the only indicted participant [still at large]"—Iraqi-American Abdul Rahman Yasin—"fled to Iraq and has been there ever since. [He] may be there today." Wolfowitz also has entertained the theory, advanced by Mylroie on the basis of telephone logs and other evidence, that Saddam was involved in the Oklahoma City bombing of 1995. "I first heard the notion from Paul," says a longtime friend. "He showed me Timothy McVeigh's Web site that said there was nothing worse than the suffering of Iraqi children under the sanctions. He was interested in this question. I don't think he'd reached any conclusion." Perle, too, finds the theory plausible. "I think Laurie makes a significantly strong case and [it] deserves investigation," he says. Wolfowitz, when asked directly about the Oklahoma City connection, declined comment.

Whatever the justifications, Wolfowitz has staked a great deal on the so-called war of choice in Iraq. If his master plan works he may well be remembered as a giant of foreign policy—Wolfowitz of Arabia, as some in the Middle East now call him. If not, the consequences will haunt him, and us all, for many years to come.

In the meantime, the neocons dominate a moment in which righteousness radiates outward from the centers of power. "Iraq is in a small way the reverse of Vietnam," says Kristol, offering yet another gloss on the war. He means a favorable outcome could restore America's pre-Vietnam faith in itself. This is admirable, but also unsettling. It suggests that for the neocons, or some of them at least, the war "over" Iraq is really being fought at home—that it is part of the larger struggle for the American soul that they have been waging now for 30 years. □

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Michael Lutin tells Cancers, "Enough already with the guilt!"



Helen Keller

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

Your quest for personal fulfillment has landed you in some impossibly complicated predicaments over the past two years, and as a result you have had to do some fancy juggling of your priorities and relationships. There's no question that the double life you've been leading has taken its toll on you, and as Saturn enters your 1st house and the ruler of your 8th house goes retrograde in your 9th, you've got to pull yourself together and make peace with your conscience once and for all. To anybody who has a problem with that: Tough.



Peter Jennings

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

People, such as Leos, who are born under fire signs often have trouble coping when powerful outer planets pass through water signs, as they are doing now. Emotional conflicts annoy you, not only because they make everything so gooey but also because they distract you from your favorite hobby—controlling outcomes. Denying your urges won't help; it will only depress you and shut you down. The good news is that although your sexual desires may threaten your domestic security, they also open you up to possibilities you've never dared entertain until now.



Prince Harry

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

After all the irritation, false starts, and stomach-upsetting delays you have endured in your professional life over the past several months, you deserve to say, "Enough's enough," and go off in search of greater personal satisfaction. Before you can do that, however, you must resolve some major 7th-house relationship issues. Try to understand that the people who turn you on may have problems with intimacy that you can't solve, especially if they suspect you're trying to manipulate them. The secret to success? Help, don't meddle.



Wendy Wasserstein

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

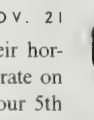
With Saturn approaching the top of your astrological chart, this could be your opportunity to reap the rewards of your education and experience and establish yourself as a legitimate professional for years to come. How it turns out, though, depends on your actions in two areas. First, you have to learn to play political ball better than you have in the past. Second, you have to be flexible when it comes to the work habits of your colleagues. Understanding the plight of both management and labor can make or break you. As usual, you're in the middle.



Winona Ryder

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

Considering how wild and wacky teenagers get when their hormones kick in, it's a wonder they ever manage to concentrate on their studies long enough to finish high school. Now that your 5th and 9th houses are so active, you should be experiencing empathy for the adolescent struggle between mind and heart. Never before have you felt the need for unbridled self-expression and emotional release. At the same time, however, you've got to use your brain and talk yourself out of hitting on the poor kid who delivers the pizza.



Adam Clayton Powell Jr.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

Now that the dreaded south node has departed from Sagittarius, to which it won't return for about 19 years, much of the darkness, isolation, and loneliness you have been plagued by should recede into memory. Once the clouds lift, though, you may feel as if you have been stranded in left field. That's understandable: you've endured some painful endings and witnessed the demise of a few cherished illusions about relationships. It may now be time to turn to deeper matters, such as the meaning of life and whether or not to sell the house.



Howard Stern

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JA

As nutty as you may feel these days, with Uranus at the c your solar 3rd house, you can stay grounded by focusi your responsibilities to one other person who needs you and guidance. Even if those around you are sinking fast or drifting you don't have to be drawn into the quicksand. Keep an appropria tance, maintain proper boundaries, and recognize their right to the lives and problems. You *can* be there for others without being 100 p in control. Does that concept freak you out?



Lisa Marie Presley

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

Whether you are 18 or 81, with your 12th-house ruler entering your 6th and your ruling planet going retrograde, it's time for you to pay some attention to your physical, mental, and spiritual health. You can start by taking an honest look at some of your more hideous habits. You may think nothing of gulping down 12 cups of coffee a day, but loading yourself up with stimulants is no ease your anxieties over money. In fact, if you screw up your health, going to pay for the medical insurance?



Gabriel García Márquez

PISCES FEB. 19–MARC

Now that you have learned to let fate decide the course o relationship with your family, maybe you can start thinking stepping out and developing some new skills and interests. I going to be easy, however, with Uranus stopping its motion at the ning of Pisces, at the exact point where anger and guilt meet. Throu the confusion, chaos, and turmoil that will inevitably shake up you world at this time, try to be patient and remember that there is a g purpose to it all. There had better be.



David Blaine

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

However grand your aspirations may be, you can go on kicking and biting for only so long before you cave in, crawl back into bed, and pull the covers over your head. Nobody should fault you if you do give it all up in exchange for five minutes of peace and qui the ruler of your solar midheaven reaches the 4th house of your chart, you are entering the final stage of a 15-year cycle, during whic will probably require more privacy and seclusion than ever. Will yo a social life? Sure, but with intimates only.



Birgit Nilsson

TAURUS APRIL 20–MA

You're not usually the type to float aimlessly, waiting to b covered by a Hollywood agent or a sexy passerby. Clarity pose has always been your forte. It is naturally going to take adjustment on your part, then, to deal with your midheaven ruler's grade motion at the cusp of your 11th house. There will be distra from siblings, neighbors, and some disappointing friends, but you wo wise to spend your energy on developing a joyful acceptance of th that, right now, you don't have the slightest idea where the hell you're



Veronica Varekova

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

With the world in such a stormy state, you almost have to learn to run between the raindrops just to stay dry. Likewise, when Saturn enters your solar 2nd house, as it will this month, you have to become increasingly thrifty and financially savvy, even thoug absolutely hate counting beans and scrounging around for cash. It c ly seems fair, however, to ask how you are supposed to maintain you nomic stability with so many unpredictable and arbitrary edicts handed down by out-of-control big shots. And they call *you* crazy!

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Photo © Timothy White
Whoopi Goldberg gets caught reading PETER PAN.



ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER

Arriving from Austria a champion bodybuilder, Arnold Schwarzenegger parlayed himself from *Pumping Iron* into Hollywood stardom, a Kennedy marriage, and, now, consideration for the Republican candidacy for governor of California. Awaiting the release of *Terminator 3*, he weighs in on studio accountants, his work with kids' charities, and Milton Berle's physical attributes

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Spending time with my family—with no phone, no fax, and no meetings.

What is your greatest fear?
I am petrified of bikini waxing. I had a very bad experience in 1978.

Which living person do you most admire?
My mother-in-law, Eunice Shriver, who founded the Special Olympics, and my father-in-law, Sargent Shriver, who founded Job Corps and was the first director of the Peace Corps.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
People who speak with heavy American accents. I can barely understand them. No, seriously, dishonesty.

What is your greatest extravagance?
I am a major shoe queen.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
Let's just say Milton Berle had the same exact problem. I tell you, it's a curse.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"Maria, I said I'm sorry" and "Yes, dear."

What is your greatest regret?
My only regret is when an actor wins an Oscar for a role I turned down. Although I still say I wasn't right for *Forrest Gump*.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
My wife and my four children, who have all my love and come first, above everything else.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
I have a great family, great friends, and a fantastic career. But I'm also really proud of the work I do for kids—like the Special Olympics, promoting health and fitness for youngsters, and working on afterschool programs, such as the Inner City Games and Arnold's All-Stars.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
What do you mean, "if"? I'll be back—in *Terminator 3* on July 2.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Did you read the reviews for *Last Action Hero*?

What do you most value in your friends?
I think I value the same things everyone does—loyalty, a sense of humor, the ability to make campaign contributions.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Teachers and principals, who are underpaid but devote their lives to making sure our kids get a good education. It's the best defense against gangs, violence, and drug use by kids—and the best chance to ensure their future.

Who are your favorite writers?
My favorite fiction writers are studio accountants.

How would you like to die?
From a heart attack at the Kodak Theatre when they announce I won best actor for *Terminator 3*.

What is your motto?
"If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again. Then use a stunt double."

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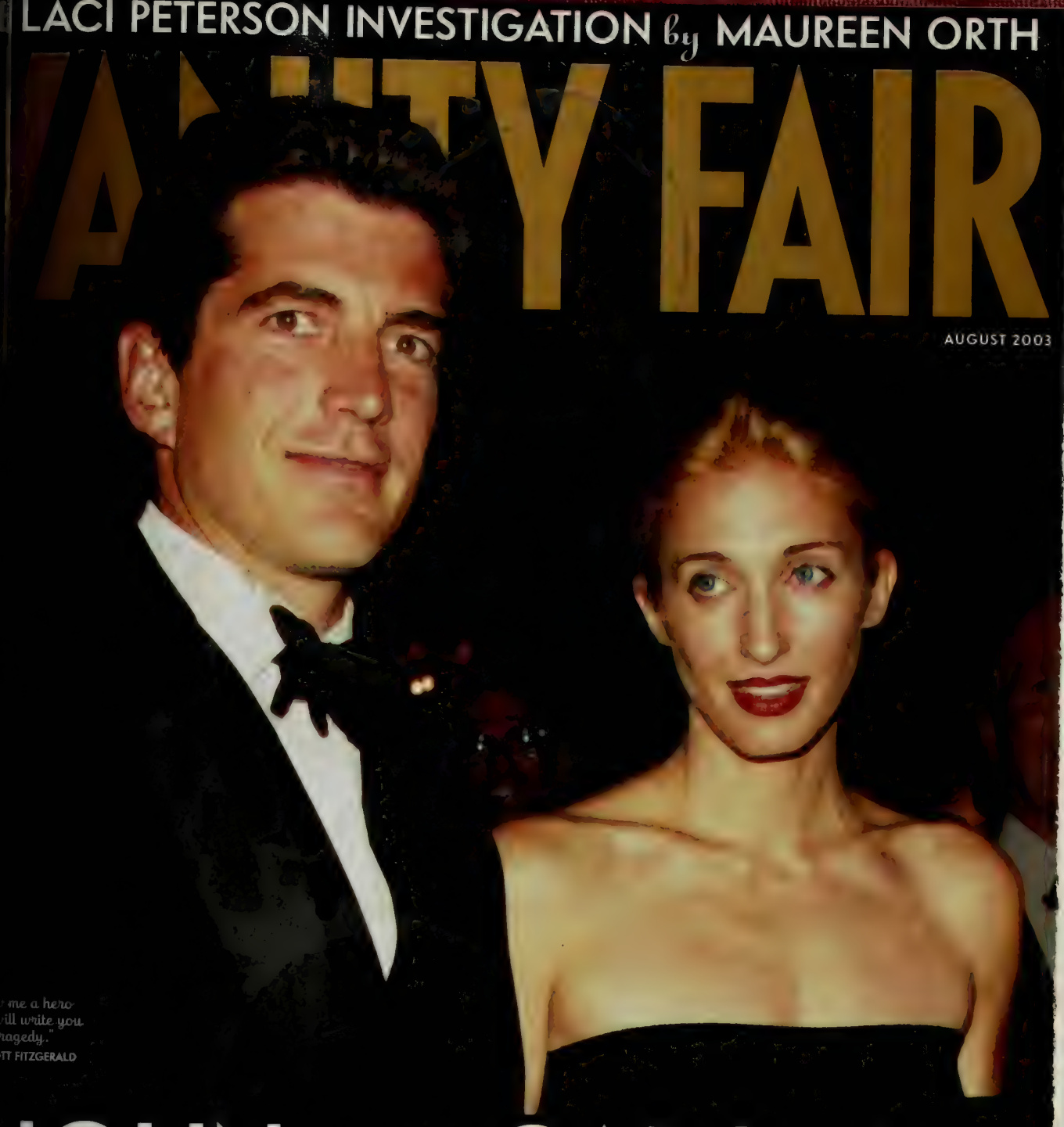
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and DOMINICK DUNNE *on* JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING ELSE








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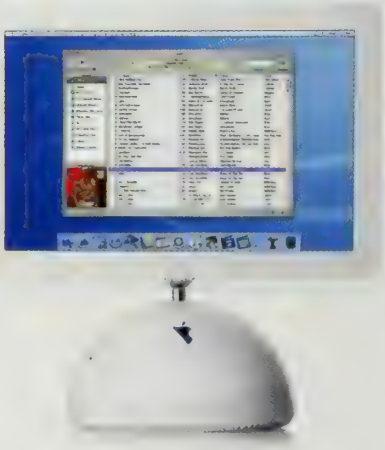
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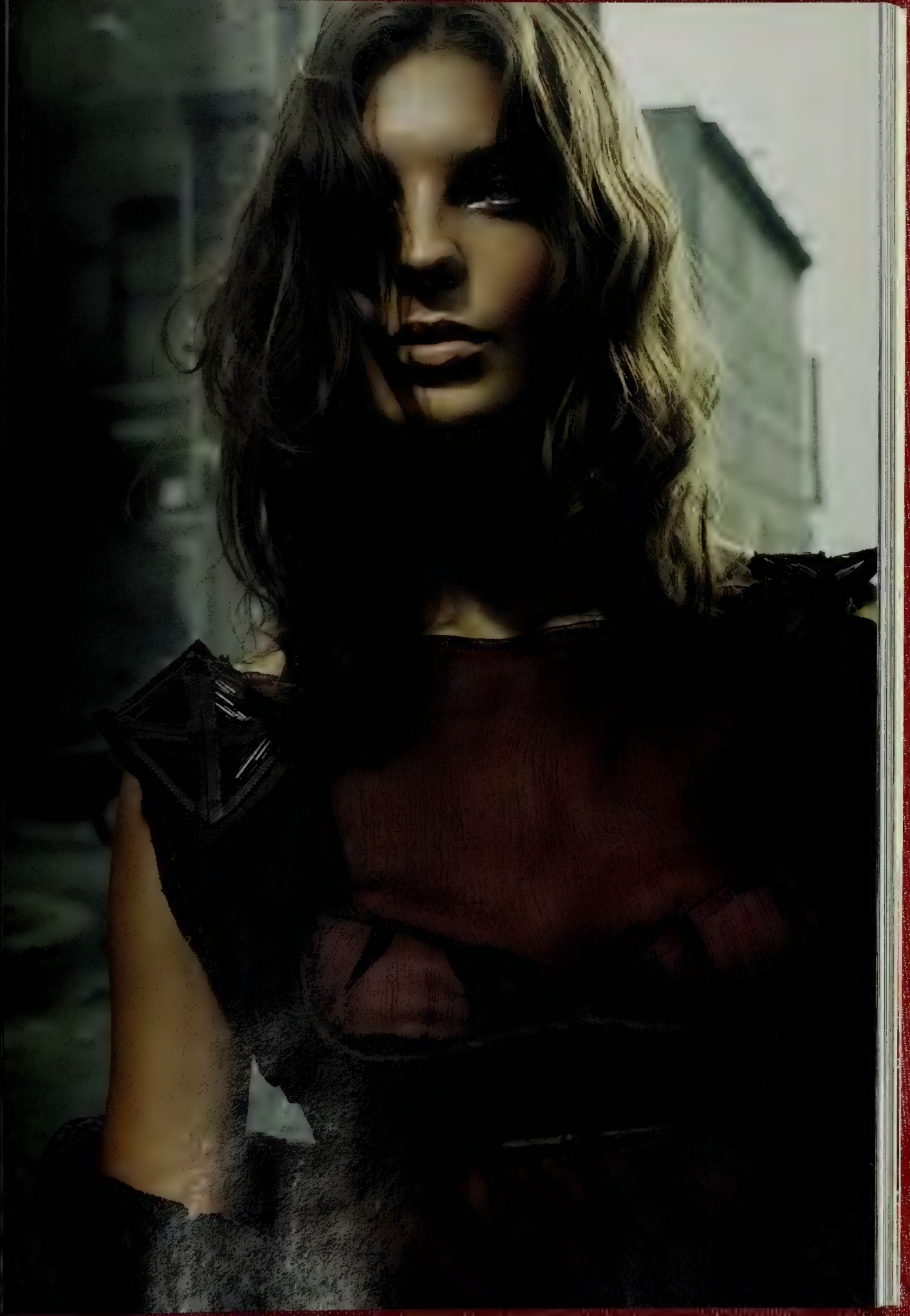
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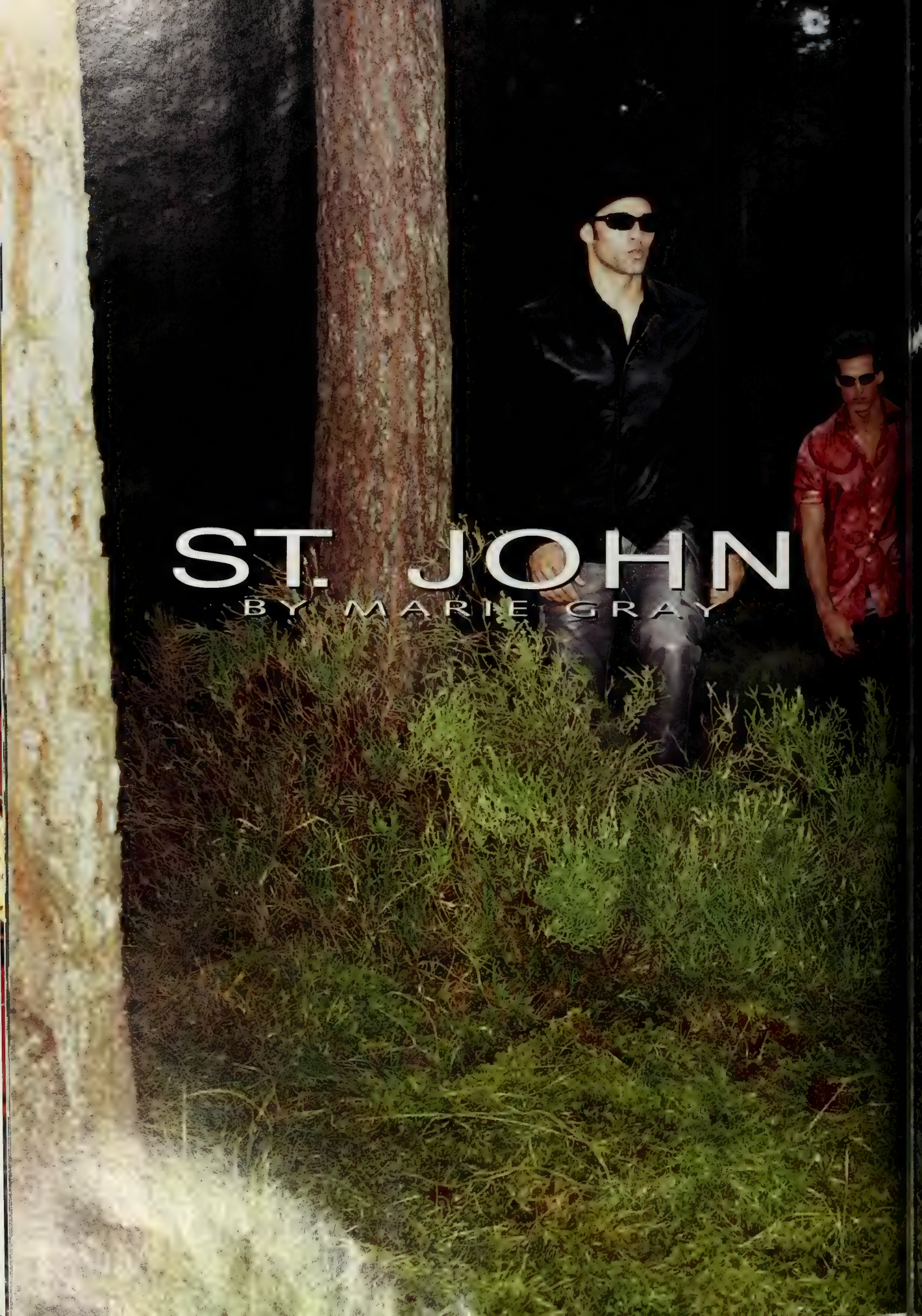

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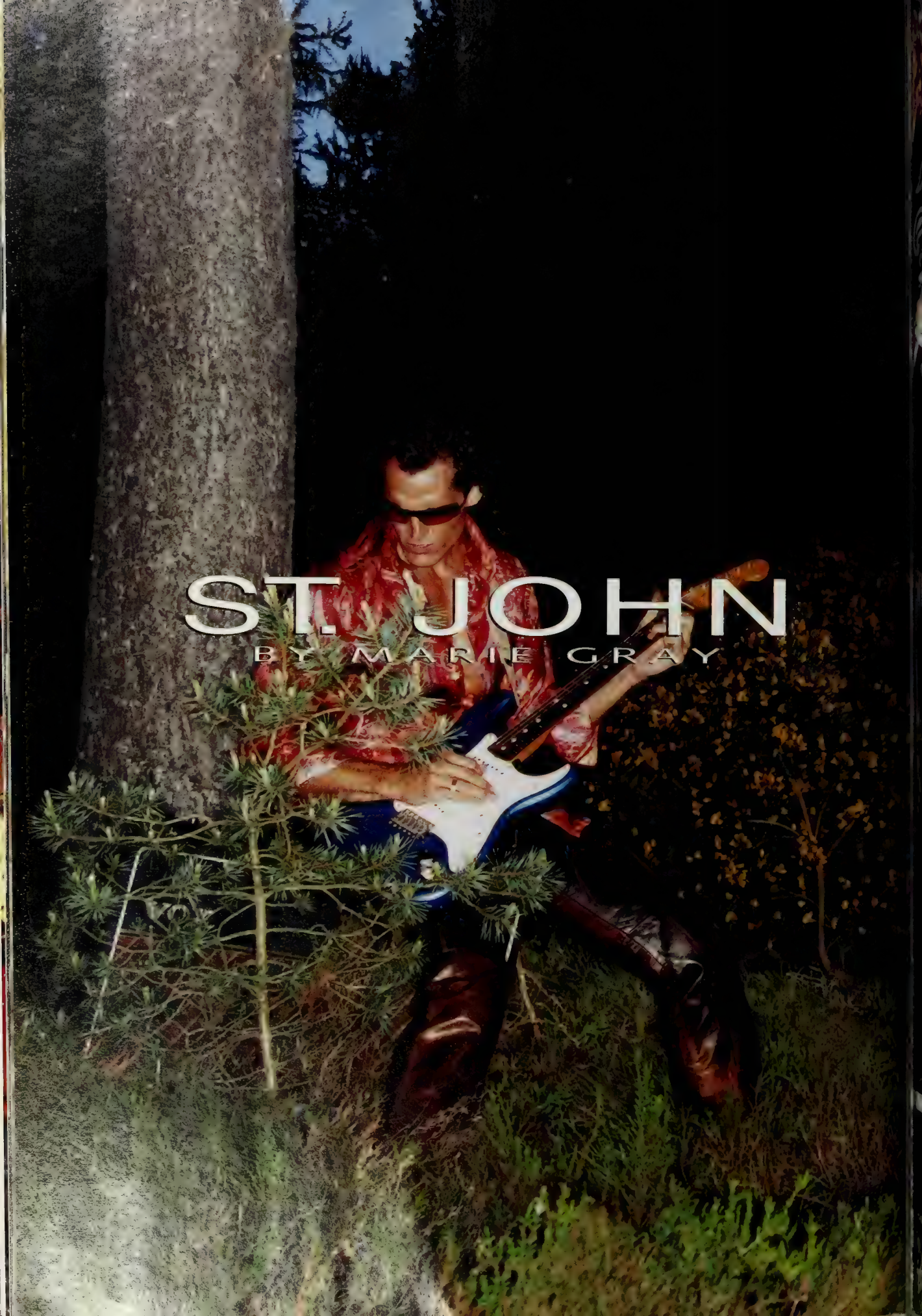
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TROUBLED WATERS
JOHN AND CAROLYN KENNEDY IN 1996 132

FEATURES

132 SECRETS AND LIES John Kennedy Jr. and Carolyn Bessette looked like a fairy-tale couple, but behind closed doors tension reigned. Tormented by the media microscope, Carolyn turned to cocaine, while John, stun and bewildered, yearned to start a family. In an excerpt from his upcoming book, *The Kennedy Curse,* Edward Klein uncovers the truth about a marriage that was in trouble long before the tragic trip to Hyannis Port.

140 THE *TIMES*'S RESTORATION DRAMA Jayson Blair journalistic deceit may have triggered the coup d'état at *The New York Times,* but executive editor Howell Raines engineered his own destruction—and that of his deputy, Gerald Boyd. In his zeal to remake "the Gray Lady," Raines inspired such fear and loathing that his troops set out to take the paper back from him. David Margolick reports on a newsroom mutiny.

144 A MADE-FOR-TABLOID MURDER The Laci Peterso case has turned a once sleepy California town into a journalistic battlefield, with *National Enquirer* reporters spreading cash, cable-TV correspondents urging the victim's friends to tears, and three families—Laci's, her husband's, and that of his girlfriend—under siege. During a long, strange trip to Modesto, Maureen Orth learns why this tragedy became America's top-rated drama.

148 SHOOTING WAR Christian Witkin and David Friend spotlight the brave souls of VII, the scrappy new combat-photojournalists' collective, whose cameras are usually focused on the world's most dangerous places.

150 THE ROAD TO SAMARRA Arriving in New York in 1928, John O'Hara quickly charmed the literary smart set, including Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley, and the editor of the fledgling *New Yorker.* But speakeasy nights and hungover days cost him job after job, plunging the young writer into debt and depression. In an excerpt from his new biography, Geoffrey Wolff reconstructs O'Hara's bohemian blowout, which ended with a retreat to his despised hometown of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, a short-lived marriage, and the creation of his first masterpiece, *Appointment in Samarra.*

158 ROOMFUL OF BLUES It's the year of the blues. Photographer Timothy Greenfield-Sanders and Lisa Robinson showcase the historic lineup from February's tribute at Radio City Music Hall, as a seven-part PBS series (with accompanying book, CDs, DVDs, and traveling exhibition) hits the airwaves next month.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

160 THE GOLDEN FLEECE Aaron Tonken swindled millions out of big-name Hollywood, organizing star-studded charity events that pulled in Arnold Schwarzenegger, David Schwimmer, and Hillary Clinton and left many of the participants under government scrutiny. Was Tonken just a financially irresponsible celebrity hound whose attempts to woo the famous went awry? Or was he the tool of more sinister forces? Bryan Burrough investigates.

164 ECCENTRICS AT PLAY After leaving California to join David Hockney in late-1960s London, artist Peter Schlesinger picked up a camera and began chronicling the highly decorative and deeply eclectic scene that drew the likes of Cecil Beaton, W. H. Auden, Bryan Ferry, and designer Ossie Clark. In an introduction to Schlesinger's forthcoming photo-journal, *Checkered Past*, Manolo Blahnik recalls the fun and the flair.

FANFAIR

59 31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE Photo Finish—Hall of Fame jockey Gary Stevens. Hot Reel: Bruce Handy on *American Splendor* and *Le Divorce;* Coming Attractions—Walter Kirn calls in the *S.W.A.T.* team; Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. Veronica Byrd demystifies the art of Romare Bearden; Craig Offman on Brooklyn's Stellastarr. My Stuff: night owl Amy Sacco; Hot Looks; David Colman feels the vibes at the AKS Salon.

COLUMNS

76 GOD AND MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE Despite his late-onset Christianity, George W. Bush didn't "turn the other cheek" when it came to Iraq. On the domestic front, meanwhile, his administration has been chipping away at the wall between church and state. Anticipating the Supreme Court's encounter with religion and the Pledge of Allegiance, Christopher Hitchens lays out the evidence of America's fundamentalist tilt.

82 THE FINE ART OF SUCKING UP Of all the newsroom schmoozers who blinded powerful editors with flattery, *New York Times* fabricator Jayson Blair and his *New Republic* counterpart Stephen Glass were the most destructive. But they're only the putrid apples in a long and not so ignoble line of sycophants, says James Wolcott, who provides a brief roster of the art's finest practitioners along with some brownnosing tips.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

VIEW TO A HILL

MITCH GLAZER AND KELLY LYNCH'S HOME IN L.A. 114


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VANITY FAIR

August 2003 No.

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92 POWER AND PUNISHMENT Shortly before their summer evacuation, Manhattan's A-list lapped up two hot scandals, writes Dominick Dunne, noting the widespread glee over the bloodshed at *The New York Times* and his own dismay at his friend Martha Stewart's indictment. Plus, this month's diary asks, Why wasn't Robert F. Kennedy Jr. ranting about Michael Skakel's innocence *during* the trial? Portrait by Jason Schmidt.

98 HALL OF FAME Helen Schulman nominates Patricia O'Connor, Terri Grauel, Mary MacMakin, and Anna Wintour, the women behind the new Kabul beauty school in Afghanistan. Portrait by Dilip Mehta.

100 THE 80S, AFTER DARK What did the social X-rays gathered round the Temple of Dendur and the rubber-dressed denizens of the downtown club culture have in common? Both defined a decade of New York nightlife and both submitted willingly to the discreetly knowing camera of Patrick McMullan. Alongside photos from McMullan's forthcoming book, *So80s,* Susan Morrison reminisces with the lens of the party.

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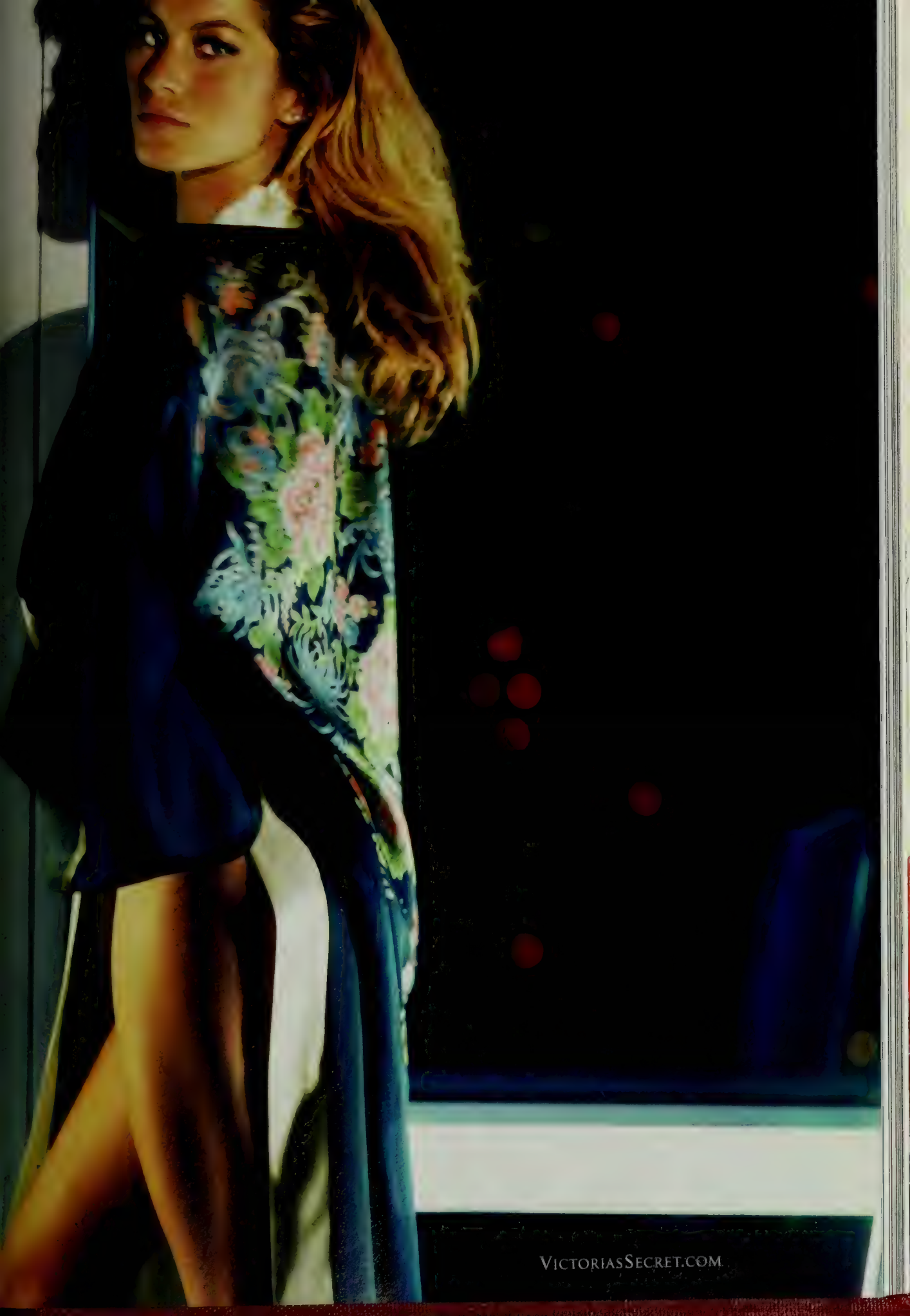
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FORWARD ►



Above, from left to right: Brad Pitt, Sheryl Crow, and Rosanna Arquette.



Above: Courteney Cox Arquette and David Arquette.

BANANA REPUBLIC HOSTS VANITY FAIR'S AMPED

The historic Paramour estate in Los Angeles was the scenic setting for *Vanity Fair* and Banana Republic's Rock & Retro event, held on Wednesday, March 19. Celebrity hosts Courteney Cox Arquette and David Arquette presided over the well-heeled crowd that included some of Hollywood's brightest stars: Brad Pitt, Sheryl Crow, David Spade, Jon Voight, James Marsden, and Rosanna Arquette all were in attendance. In honor of the event's theme, each invitee received a custom-made invitation from Banana Republic that featured either a "retro" polka-dotted tie or scarf. More than 300 guests indulged in cocktails and hors d'oeuvres as they listened to a live performance by pop star Fiona Apple and Jon Brion. To add to the excitement, *Vanity Fair* also arranged for celebrities such as Kate Hudson and Justin Timberlake to autograph Banana Republic t-shirts for a future on-line auction. All proceeds from the event and the auction will benefit the Silver Lining Silver Lake Foundation, a nonprofit fund-raising organization created to bring together artists and musicians in events that inspire goodwill. The evening also was sponsored by Absolut Vanilia, Las Vegas, Turner Classic Movies, and Turning Leaf Coastal Reserve.



Above, from left to right: Nicolas Cage and Edward Norton enjoy a laugh at The Night of the Butterfly.

THE NIGHT OF THE BUTTERFLY

On March 20, Hollywood's A-list walked the red carpet at The Night of the Butterfly event, co-hosted by *Vanity Fair*, GUESS?, and Chrysalis, at a private home in Bel Air. Emceed by comedian D.L. Hughley and actress Rebecca Gayheart, the event honored Kathy Nelson of Universal Pictures/Universal Music Group and Creative Artists Agency's Richard Lovett. Some of entertainment's most sought-after celebrities and industry insiders were in attendance, including Nicolas Cage, Edward Norton, Val Kilmer, and Brett Ratner. The Night of the Butterfly pulled out all of the stops, raising $850,000 to benefit Chrysalis, a nonprofit organization dedicated to helping economically disadvantaged and homeless individuals become self-sufficient through employment opportunities.



LINCOLN TAKES A TURN IN THE SPOTLIGHT

For the third year, Lincoln served as the Official Vehicle of Campaign Hollywood—*Vanity Fair*'s weeklong celebration of the Academy Awards. At the Beverly Hills Hotel, Lincoln vehicles were used as a taxi service for *Vanity Fair*'s V.I.P.s. Then, the Lincoln LS and Aviator made appearances at Rock & Retro and The Night of the Butterfly gala, transporting celebrities such as Courteney Cox Arquette and David Arquette, Sheryl Crow, and Robert Evans. The Lincoln Campaign Hollywood logo also lit up the night sky on the dome of the ArcLight Cinema. Inside, *Vanity Fair* installed images from the annual Lincoln special portfolio featured in the April 2003 Hollywood Issue.



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The Phony War



Forget that old saw about how a nation gets the leaders it deserves. Americans do deserve better than what we've gotten. Secretary of State Colin Powell declared that questions about the justifications for the war in Iraq are "outrageous"—a statement which is outrageous in and of itself. And it's clear that the drumbeat for answers has started and is growing, both outside the Republican Party and within. The war in Iraq is not a minor scandal; it may well prove to be the biggest scandal in American politics in the last hundred years. And although the Bush administration may feel it has gotten away with its phony war up to now, deceit on this level always catches up with you. The administration's rationale for launching a pre-emptive war against another nation boiled down to three reasons, all of which are proving to be dubious:

• *Iraq and terrorism.* As it is turning out, Saddam Hussein was no real threat to America. And, according to two of the highest-ranking leaders of al-Qaeda currently in U.S. custody, he had no major links to the terrorist organization, or to the September 11 attacks.

• *He had weapons of mass destruction.* According to published reports, when the C.I.A. evaluations of the potential Iraqi nuclear threat weren't, well, threatening enough, Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld had Pentagon intelligence units re-interpret the evidence to make it more frightening. (Where's Jayson Blair when you need him?) And in *The Sunday Times* of London, Phillip Knightley reported that the pre-war findings of the British intelligence unit M.I.6 were rewritten by the Blair government to make them "more exciting" and, therefore, a more useful tool in the prime minister's argument for war.

• *Saddam be bad.* Yes, of course he was bad. But if the presence of oppressive regimes is an adequate rationale for going to war, we're going to be busy for a long time. When do we invade Liberia? Congo? Zimbabwe? Ivory Coast? New York City?

It can certainly be argued that once given the go-ahead the Pentagon is more than up to the challenge of serving up a good war. It's just not so good at doing the dishes afterward. In *The New York Times,* Paul Krugman noted that, when the army's chief of staff warned that post-victory hand-holding in Iraq might require hundreds of thousands of soldiers, Bush's wise man Paul Wolfowitz said he was "wildly off the mark." We have 150,000 troops there now and they're barely hanging on. American G.I.'s are being killed. The country is littered with thousands of unexploded land mines and cluster bombs. Every single one of the more than 150 government buildings in Baghdad necessary to set up a provisional administration was looted and burned after the occupation began. There is only sporadic electricity. As far as the search for W.M.D. goes, the Pentagon has passed that thankless baton to the C.I.A. And we wonder why much of Iraq, now on the brink of civil war, wants us out. (One should exclude Islamic terrorist cells from this camp. The presence of U.S. troops on Middle Eastern soil is a recruiter's dream.) Iraqis are also mindful that our track record for postwar admin. is not stellar. Afghanistan, the last country we liberated, is back under the control of warlords, and the Taliban are gaining ground.

At home, the Bush administration is loath to spend what's necessary to protect the n against future terrorist attacks. Th little in the way of safety guidelin funds to secure ports or protect che plants and nuclear facilities. This i to say the president hasn't been l He named Bo Derek to the board c Kennedy Center for the Performing And when it comes to photo ops man always hits his mark, wheth calls for posing in profile before great heads of Mount Rushmore, sp ing with an illuminated Statue of L ty as a backdrop, or taking a victor around the deck of the U.S.S. *Abra Lincoln* in a borrowed fighter-pilot

The Bush administration is also e lishing in the world's mind that the under its rule is the worst possible global citizen. The governm wants to end a decade-old ban on the development of what de types euphemistically call low-yield nuclear weapons (less than five tons, a mere third the size of the Hiroshima bomb). These are wea that would be way too tempting to use. And in December, at a me of the World Trade Organization in Geneva, the U.S. refused to go a with 143 other nations on a resolution that would have eased re tions on drugs for developing countries that cover most of their dise

This sort of behavior is going to catch up with the Bush admini tion. Right-wing radicals such as the president and House Ma ty Leader Tom DeLay (the kind heart who wanted to refuse fam making between $10,500 and $26,625 an increase in the child credit) should begin looking over their shoulders. Moderate Re licans are in the throes of a counterrevolution. The first volley c from former commerce secretary Pete Peterson in a widely read ar in *The New York Times Magazine.* Peterson pointed out the follow

• When George W. Bush came into office, the 10-year budget sur was projected at $5.6 trillion.

• By the end of last year, the first Bush tax cut, the recess post-9/11 economic trauma, and the dot-com bust had brought estimated surplus down to $1 trillion.

• After another tax cut (which, by the way, could save Vice Presi Dick Cheney $100,000) and a war, the current 10-year foreca for a deficit of more than $4 trillion.

Forget about searching for W.M.D. in Iraq. Where did our trillion go? Where did our standing in the world go? America, sin put, deserves better than this. —GRAYDON CAR

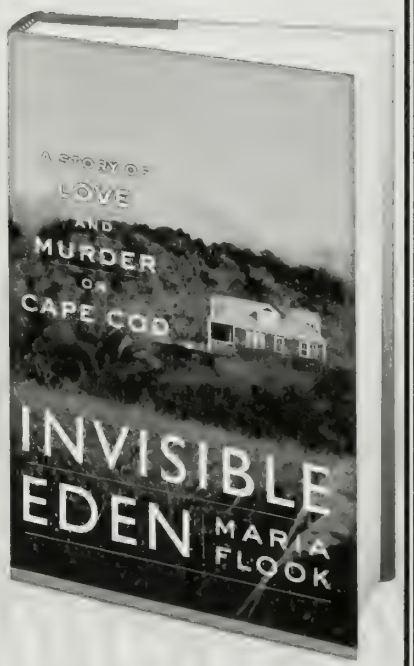


ON THE COVER
John F. Kennedy Jr. an his wife, Carolyn Besse Kennedy, photographe Henry Lamb at the Gr Central Gala in Grand Central Terminal, New City, October 6, 1998. *Left,* the couple arrives a reception at the Whi Museum of American Art in New York City, November 4, 1996.


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Globe-trotting fashion writer Christa Worthington met her untimely end on the serene shores of Cape Cod. Why hasn't her murderer been brought to justice?

Acclaimed author Maria Flook investigates Christa's complicated life and the mystery that still surrounds her death.

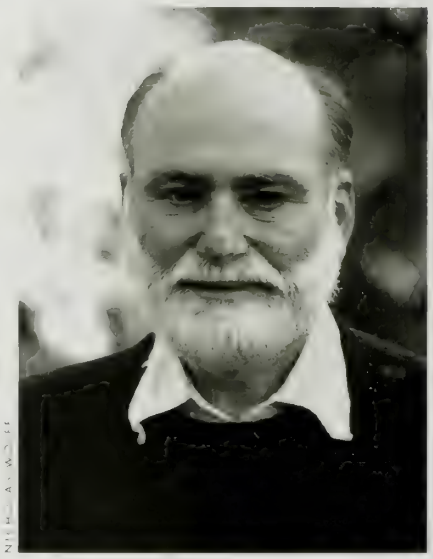
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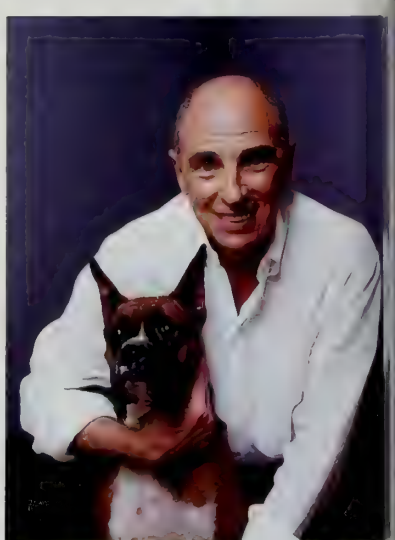
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Special correspondent **BRYAN BURROUGH,** who wrote about the illegal-betting scheme at the 2002 Breeders' Cup for *V.F.* in March, returns this month with a story about another scam involving millions of dollars (see page 160). This time, however, the setting is Hollywood, and the victims are charities. "This is one of the most exhilarating stories I've had the privilege to work on," says Burrough. "I started off writing about a Hollywood fund-raising scandal and found myself ricocheting off to learn about the Philadelphia Mafia, loan sharks, Brazilian prisons, and Roseanne Barr." Burrough's latest book, a history of the F.B.I.'s 1933–34 war on bank robbers, will be published by Penguin Press next spring.



It took **GEOFFREY WOLFF** eight ye to complete his new biography of th John O'Hara, who published his fir novel in 1934 and died in 1970. (An excerpt begins on page 150.) "I had great deal of trouble finding people remembered him vividly," Wolff say "Much of the interviewing was with who were drunk when they were wi O'Hara." Wolff, who has written sev novels himself, as well as a biograph of the poet Harry Crosby and *The I Deception,* his heralded memoir abo father, is the fiction director of the graduate writing program at the Uni of California, Irvine. He is currently work on a "book-length impression o coast of Maine" for the National Geographic Insight series.



A longtime friend of the late Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis's, contributing editor **EDWARD KLEIN** has written two books about her and President Kennedy. In his new book, *The Kennedy Curse: Why Tragedy Has Haunted America's First Family for 150 Years* (St. Martin's), Klein explores the catastrophes that have befallen family members from the immigrant Patrick Kennedy, through Joseph P., Kathleen, and Jack, to John junior. Klein, pictured here with his boxer (whose name is Kennedy), says, "I was most shocked to discover the dark side of John's marriage to Carolyn." The section on their relationship is excerpted beginning on page 132.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

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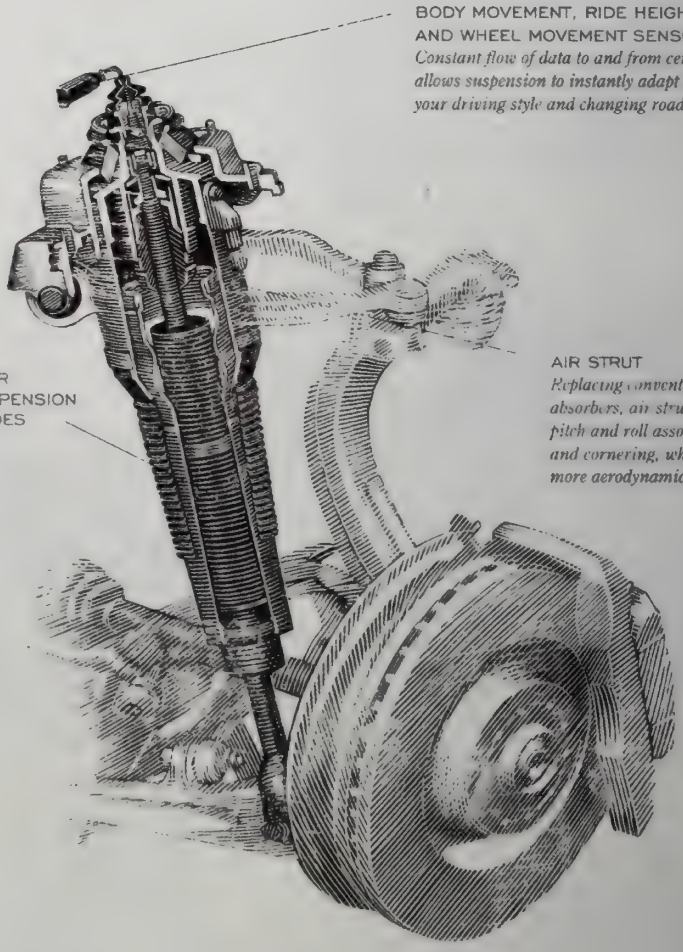


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48



PETER SCHLESINGER makes his *V.F.* debut this month with an excerpt from his new book, *Checkered Past: A Visual Diary of the '60s and '70s,* which Vendome will publish in October. Schlesinger's deeply personal images, culled from his many photo albums, provide a rare glimpse of the jet-set Europe that emerged from the staid 1950s. "My photography is a record of my life and an extension of my vision as a painter," Schlesinger says. "Many of the pictures are spontaneous, yet quite formal."



IOPI SOFENA

PATRICK McMULLAN is best known for his New Yor City party pictures, and his upcoming book, *So80s,* brir together some of his favorite from the decade before last. was a time of extroversion a introversion in extremes," he says. "I would go out to Par Avenue houses and cool SoH lofts, and then I'd spend 48 hours in the darkroom." (The book, which is excerpted on page 100, is due from Powerhouse in October.) Though McMullan, shown here in 1983, still makes the scene with impressive regularity, he is currently working on other books including one called *In Tents,* featuring his photos from 1990s fashion shows.



Shortly after special correspondent **MAUREEN ORTH** arrived in California to cover the Laci Peterson murder case, she decided to focus on the media feeding frenzy that had transformed the once quiet town of Modesto. "It's as if we have these national festivals of grief and mourning that are also whodunits," says Orth. "I thought it would be instructive as well as entertaining to give the story *behind* the story. It's just a total no-holds-barred media event as it would be staged by the W.W.F."



JOHN N. COOPER

According to contributing editor **DAVID MARGOLICK,** it takes a certain amount of understanding and compassion to write any article. His story this month on the recent turmoil at *The New York Ti* however, demanded an extra measure of both. Margolick, who worked at the *Time* for more than a dozen years, says, "Peopl might think this is an easy piece for me tc write because I know so many of the peo involved, but the very things that make it easy also make it extremely difficult. Anyone who's been with the paper has been affected. When the *Times* is wounded, we're all wounded, too."

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MEDIA WAR

Wolcott on Bush: a "withering exposé" or "crybaby bellyache"?; the Strasbergs' hidden saga; France's new shame; picturing Jackie; and more



DUBYA'S DISCIP
President Bush on
November 7, 200
his first press confe
after the Republico
midterm victories.

Not in recent memory at Vanity Fair *has an article received a more emotional response from readers than James Wolcott's "Round Up the Cattle!" (June). John Moore of Santa Monica, California, offered a "10-gallon hats-off to Wolcott for a withering exposé of the media's kowtowing to the [Bush] administration," while Janny Grice of St. Louis Park, Minnesota, expressed similar satisfaction that the "spineless lapdogs" known as the White House press corps were finally getting their comeuppance. "While one expects Bill O'Reilly to blather on without much thought as to what comes out of him," echoed Dave McKechnie of Toronto, "it's sad that those journalists who have the opportunity and responsibility to question the actions of this administration have been controlled."*

Some readers were outraged to learn of the orchestration involved in White House press conferences, wherein, for example, Bush once scolded a reporter because he spoke out of turn. "God knows we wouldn't want him to have to read ahead to see what his answer would be," remarked Elisabeth Ham of Tulsa. Ruminating on the administration's vilification of people who dare question things such as war, Burbank's Craig Shoemaker speculated that if Bush's savior, Jesus Christ, were alive today he would be labeled a "left-wing-liberal tree-hugger." Others, tired of watching all his brush-clearing in Crawford, questioned Bush's "tough stance." Terri Hardin of New York City pointed out how "thin-skinned" the president revealed himself to be in his treatment of veteran journalist Helen Thomas, and World War II veteran William Turner of San Rafael, California, alluding to Bush's questionable military service, declared, "If I were in the military today, I would resent having this slacker as my commander in chief."

Naturally, the other side of the aisle had some sharp words for what Dick Johns of Tyler, Texas, called "Wolcott's crybaby bellyache." Many argued that Wolcott's premise is a fantasy, and that the media playing field has simply been leveled. "As for poor Helen Thomas and her so-called banishment to the back of the room," wrote Tucson's Tom Burns, "many of us applaud the current egalitarian seating arrangements in those press conferences, after years of watching that show-offy behavior of some reporters." Jack Weiss of Wilmington, North Carolina, believes that "the media have finally met their match, with a president that is all about business, not cavorting with interns." Wolcott's defense of the Old Guard drew out some serious claws, including those of Jane Tiger of Mendham, New Jersey, who thinks that "Wolcott sounds so petulant and prissy defending 82-year-old Helen Thomas and 86-year-old Walter Cronkite."

Other readers took shots at Wolcott's style. Stacy Talbot of Glendale, California, didn't like it when Wolcott talked about Bill O'Reilly's "dragon nostril." She announced that she finds it "absolutely amazing that Mr. Wolcott feels that this is quality writing," and ended her letter with the following zinger: "I must now go get the cheese that goes so well with Mr. Wolcott's whine."

THE STAR AND THE STRASBERGS

I WAS THERE in Lee and Anna Strasberg's home in Brentwood in the late 70s and early 80s ["The Mentor and the Movie Star," by Patricia Bosworth, June]. I'm saddened when I think of what happened to Susan and Jenny. Outwardly, at least, everything in the Strasberg house appeared fine. I was about 12 in 1978, and friends with Lee and Anna's sons, Adam and David. Anna was talkative and affable. She ran the household like a tight ship. Lee, on the other hand, was seldom seen and rarely heard. Susan and Jenny Strasberg were around the house a



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lot, and both of them took an interest in Adam and David.

Oh, and the celebrities at the Strasbergs'? There were oodles. One morning I bounded through the Strasberg kitchen during breakfast. Lee and a friend were chatting. Lee, noticing me, said, "Brian, I'd like you to meet Al. Al, this is Brian." "Hi, Al!," I said and went upstairs to play video games. And now I think, Fuck! That was Pacino!

BRIAN BARTON
Menlo Park, California

PARIS WHEN IT SIMMERS

I SALUTE *VANITY FAIR* for publishing Marie Brenner's article on the anti-Semitic nature of the French government, from Dreyfus to the present day ["France's Scarlet Letter," June]. Forget the French position on Iraq; I hope that people are enraged as human beings who think it is wrong for a government to allow its citizens to live in fear. It appears that this is one of the only avenues for average French citizens to learn about the actions of their Muslim and neo-Fascist countrymen and the lack of action on the part of their political leadership.

ADAM BRONSTONE
Jewish Federation of Greater New Orleans
Metairie, Louisiana

MARIE BRENNER STATES that French media have a "distinctly pro-Palestinian tilt." Unlike the U.S. media, which have an overtly pro-Israeli tilt, newspapers such as *Le Monde Diplomatique* present all sides to the conflict. One never hears a Palestinian narrative in the U.S. media. It is a shame, because Americans do not know the truth about the brutal occupation and repression of the Palestinian people.

JERILYN TABOR
New York, New York

REGIME, AMERICAN-STYLE

MR. CARTER, your "Shell Game" [June] is the most courageous, and in some circles outrageous, editorial I have ever been privileged to read. Frank Crowninshield is smiling down on you from heaven.

I'm very much afraid that if Mr. Bush attempted to read "Shell Game" he would be unable to understand it.

JOE MONTGOMERY
King of Prussia, Pennsylvania



PRESIDENTIAL AFFECTION

I READ THE EXCELLENT PROFILE on Kenneth Battelle by Amy Fine Collins ["It Had to Be Kenneth," June], in which he mentioned a photo of President and Mrs. Kennedy together in a convertible on their way to pick up the King of Morocco in 19[illegible]. Kenneth is quoted as saying, "The president is gazing at her and brushing these strands [illegible] from her face with his fingers. That's exactly why I put them there."

As a matter of history, you may be interested to know that that particular photograph was taken by Stanley Tretick, who covered the Kennedy from the time J.F.K. announced his candidacy through the last days of his presidency.

Stanley said that Jacqueline Kennedy's favorite picture of herself with her husband was the one Kenneth mentioned, because, as Stanley recalled her saying, it was one of the few pictures showing J.F.K. in a gesture of affection toward her.

[illegible]
Personal repre[illegible]
[illegible]
Washington, D[illegible]

IN THE PAST TWO ISSUES, you have felt compelled to be judge and jury for the American people when it comes to President George W. Bush! First, let me say, I love your magazine, and I love your columns (normally). However, could you please keep your politics to yourself?

TRISH SULLINS-BENEFIELD
Rome, Georgia

CORRECTION: On page 67 of the July issue (Dominick Dunne's Diary, "Lingering Shadows"), we state that Lucy Saroyan died in a motel room in Texas. She died in Thousand Oaks, California.

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. Letters to the editor will also be accepted via fax at 212-286-4324. All requests for back issues should be sent to FAIR@neodata.com. All other queries should be sent to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of *Vanity Fair.*


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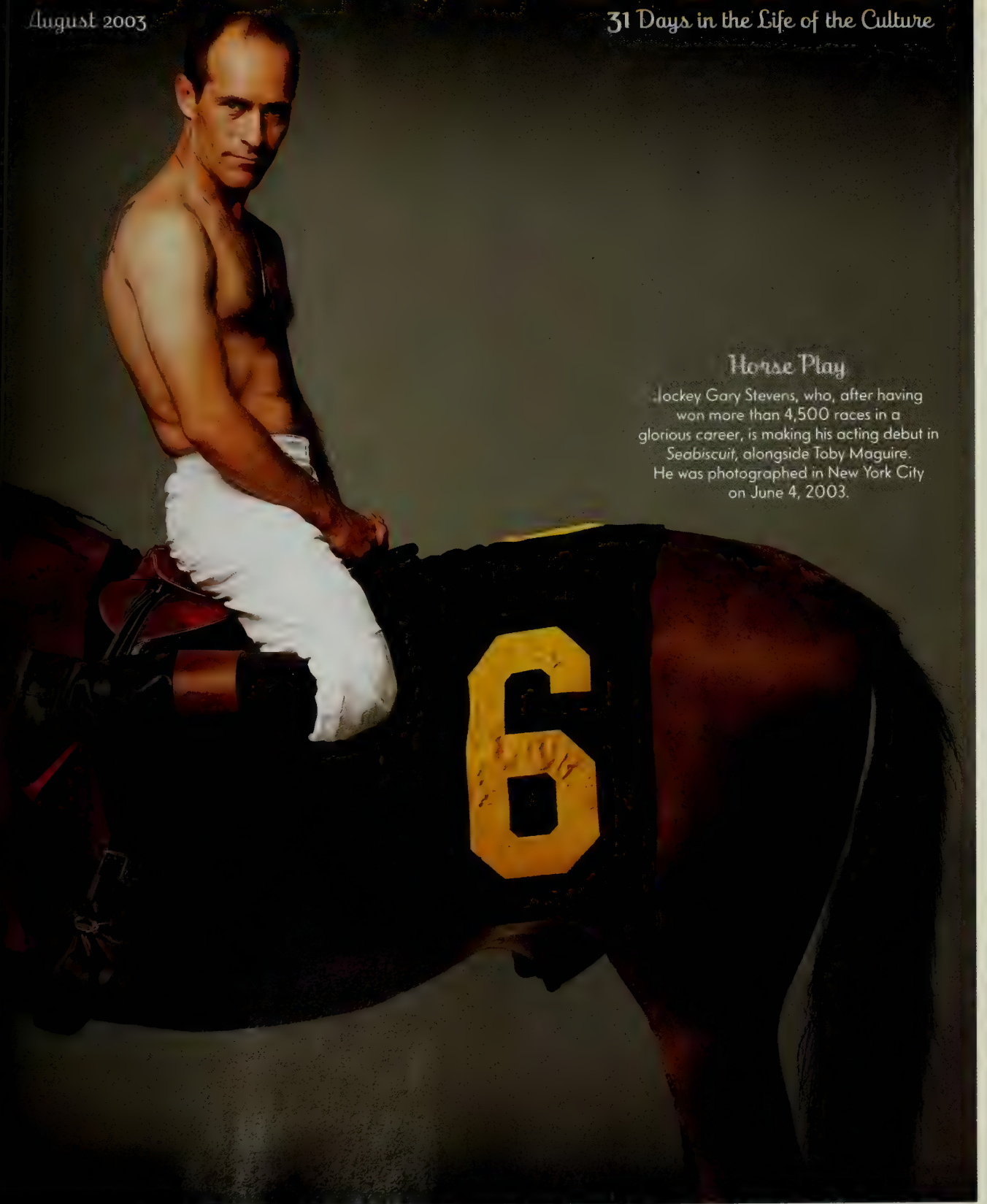
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31 Days in the Life of the Culture



Horse Play

Jockey Gary Stevens, who, after having won more than 4,500 races in a glorious career, is making his acting debut in *Seabiscuit*, alongside Toby Maguire. He was photographed in New York City on June 4, 2003.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SELIGER



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August

PETER PAN FROLICS IN THE BERKSHIRES, MARIAH CAREY SINGS TO THE PRAIRIE, AND JAY-Z HITS TEXAS

1

New films out today from Alan Rudolph (*The Secret Lives of Dentists*, with Campbell Scott) and Claude Lelouch (*And Now . . . Ladies and Gentlemen*, with Jeremy Irons).

2

Jay-Z (below), Bu Rhymes, and 50 Cent perform in Woodlands, Texa Roc the Mic. A roof is raised. ➤





3

Members of the San Francisco Symphony and St. Lawrence String Quartet perform to kick off the Bay Area's Music@Menlo's inaugural season. Strings, summer romances: both will swell.



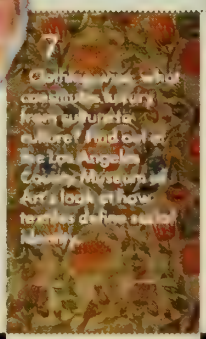
5 ◄

While Boston's teenagers reach a frenzied, pre-orgasmic threshold during the Christina Aguilera/ Justin Timberlake show at the Fleet Center, George Plimpton exerts a lighter touch at *The Paris Review*'s 50th-anniversary celebration in N.Y.C.'s Central Park.

6 ➤

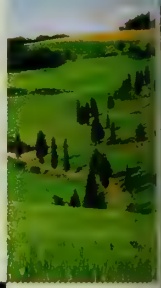
Arthur Miller's *All My Sons* opens at Connecticut's Westport Country Playhouse (artistic director: Joanne Woodward), starring Richard Dreyfuss, above, and directed by Doug Hughes. Topsiders, gravitas.

7



8

Cortona, Italy's new Tuscan Sun Festival celebrates the culture of Tuscany through opera, film, cuisine, and literature. This could be *squisito*. ➤





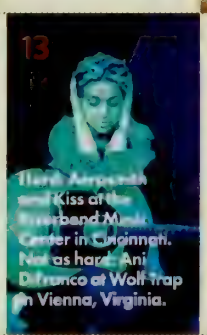
11

Franco Zeffirelli's 1968 film, *Romeo and Juliet*, is shown outside, in New York City's Bryant Park. Exhaust fumes, baby Bries. ◄

12

Never Growing Up: *Peter Pan* previews at the Berkshire Theatre Festival. Keep your eyes on Tinkerbell at the opening-night party; he can get very handsy.

13



Third Angeleah and Kiss at the Riverbend Music Center in Cincinnati. Not as hard: Ani DiFranco at Wolf Trap in Vienna, Virginia.

14

The Levi's flagship in San Francisco celebrates the jeans-maker's 150th anniversary with an exhibition of vintage jeans. Well-dressed employee to patron: "I curated the Relaxed Fit display."



16

Whoa, we're in a museum, dood! "Surf Culture: The Art History of Surfing," at the San Jose Museum of Art. ◄

17

Chicken barbecue at the firehouse in Amagansett, Long Island. Hunk-eteria!



Colored Flowers, by Franz Marc, 1913–14.

19

Musical acts probably not invited to play for Tipper Gore's 55th birthday today: Eminem, Mötley Crue, Liz Phair, Thrasher, Ratt. ➤

20

Leif Ove Andsnes—whose first name makes us re-think musical heartthrob Leif Ove Garrett—and the Norwegian Chamber Orchestra play Mozart at Tanglewood in Lenox, Massachusetts.



21

Twenty-five of Providence, Rhode Island's groovy "art spots" open their doors for the city's monthly Gallery Night Providence.



22

Deborah Butterfield makes life-size sculptures of horses from pieces of scrap iron and wood. See her work at Billings, Montana's Yellowstone Art Museum. ◄

23

Works by Raoul Dufy, Franz Marc, and Emil Nolde are included in the San Diego Museum of Art's show of 35 rarely seen watercolors, drawings, and oil sketches on paper.

24

Closing today: the Édouard Vuillard show at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts.

25

Regis Philbin turns 72, requiring yet more makeup. ➤



26

Mariah Carey gets all songbirdy for the folks in Grand Prairie, Texas.



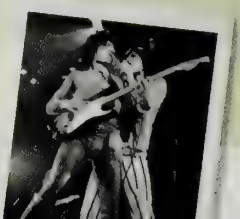
2002 Sausalito Art Festival winner.

28

Day No. 2 of the run of *To Be and to Have*, a documentary about a one-room schoolhouse in rural France. Adorable French children, scrivening.

29

Telluride Film Festival. Bearded men in baseball hats await Harvey-generated phone calls.



30

London's Getty Images Gallery opens an exhibitio of Christopher Simon Sykes's photographs of the Rolling Stones duri their 1975 Tour of the Americas. Satisfaction is, at last, gotten? ◄

31

The Sausalito Art Festival. Jaunty ceramics, divorcées in dangly earrings.



ISON AT 64TH SOUTH COAST PLAZA

Comic Relief

HARVEY PEKAR'S STRIPS COME TO LIFE IN *AMERICAN SPLENDOR*

It's my job and all, I know, but damned if I can explain why this movie works. *American Splendor* is based on the autobiographical comic books of the same title written by **Harvey Pekar** and illustrated by any number of cartoonists, most notably **Robert Crumb.** Pekar, who presents himself as a kind of epic, holy crank, writes about his working-class boho life in Cleveland—a series of bad dates, unreliable friends, dead-end jobs, and bouts of crotch scratching. These tales aren't big on drama, but Pekar has a poet's gift for tapping into the pools of rage, anxiety, and longing that well up behind mundane surfaces and banal transactions. So, great. But how do you turn that into a movie? The directors, **Shari Springer Berman** and **Robert Pulcini,** took a look and saw another *Annie Hall,* though **Woody Allen** and **Diane Keaton** seem as even-keeled as **Dwight** and **Mamie Eisenhower** in comparison with Pekar and his third wife, **Joyce Brabner,** played by **Paul Giamatti** and **Hope Davis.** Their courtship is one of the most unlikely ever committed to film. He takes her back to his garbage-strewn apartment, she vomits, he whines, love blooms. Like *Annie Hall, American Splendor* takes all kinds of structural risks, not least among them inserting scenes of the real Pekar commenting on the action—yet one more reason this touching, original film shouldn't work, and certainly not so spectacularly. **(Rating:** ★★★★**)** —BRUCE HANDY



AMERICAN SPLENDOR
Hope Davis and Paul Giamatti as American Splendor



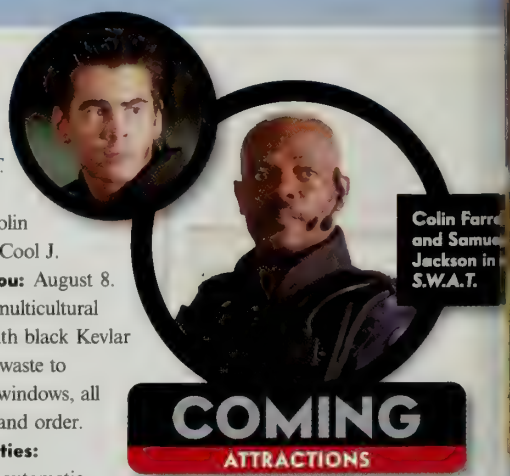
GOLDEN GI
Kate Hudson and Naomi W
in *Le Divorce*

Modern Marriage

MERCHANT AND IVORY LIGHTEN UP IN *LE DIVORCE*

HOT REELS

Based on **Diane Johnson's** Parisian comedy of manners, *Le Divorce* is the 25th literary adaptation from Merchant Ivory Productions; among its predecessors are *A Room with a View, The Remains of the Day, Mr. & Mrs. Bridge,* and *Howards End.* While some Merchant Ivory pictures have a stifled, self-consciously literary air, *Le Divorce* benefits from being set in the present—no parasols!—and, like the best Merchant Ivory adaptations (to my way of thinking, that's really only *A Room with a View;* others will beg to differ), it teems with the lively offhand specificity of a great read. To be honest, and to risk sounding like a hack, I never wanted it to end. (Well, I would have sat through another 20 minutes or so.) Maybe, having clear-cut their way through the densest of **Henry James's** novels for their last film, *The Golden Bowl,* producer **Ismail Merchant,** director **James Ivory,** and screenwriter **Ruth Prawer Jhabvala** felt liberated by Johnson's James-lite conceit; they do have a new spring in their step, as if they had just jettisoned an 80-pound backpack. Once again, as in so much of James, we have fresh-faced American girls—**Kate Hudson** and **Naomi Watts,** both delights—mixing it up with more subtle continentals, but here our heroines' bad decisions have less than grievous consequences, and even plucked flowers get parting gifts. The cast also includes **Glenn Close, Sam Waterston, Stockard Channing, Thierry Lhermitte,** and **Leslie Caron,** who has for some reason become a dead ringer for **Cindy Adams.** She also gets one of the movie's best lines, as a grande dame turning up her nose at a cheese course: "The Beaufort is not correct." In context, it's pretty funny. **(Rating:** ★★★½**)** —B.H.



Colin Farre
and Samue
Jackson in
S.W.A.T.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Trailer of the month: *S.W.A.T.*
Directed by: Clark Johnson.
Starring: Samuel L. Jackson, Colin Farrell, Michelle Rodriguez, LL Cool J.
Coming to a theater near you: August 8.
The lowdown: An improbably multicultural squad of supercops equipped with black Kevlar vests and massive firepower lays waste to vehicles, houses, and plate-glass windows, all in the name of maintaining law and order.
Crouching tiger, tearing panties: Though police chicks who carry automatic weapons have absolutely no need to know kung fu, these leggy lawgirls deliver for male viewers with plenty of crushing punches, brutal chops, and inner-thigh-exposing roundhouse kicks. *Ooof!* **Spiraling pop-cultural self-consciousness:** While quaffing cold microbrews at a corner restaurant, the cops break into a "spontaneous" version of the theme from the old TV show the movie is based on. **(Rating:** ★★★½**)** —WALTER KIRN

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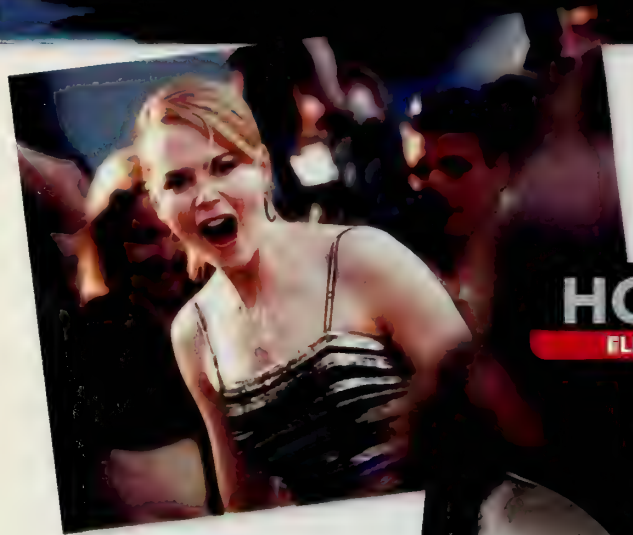


HOT TYPE

FLISSA SCHAPPELL

Lester Bangs called Bob Dylan a fraud, the Rolling Stones lazy, and Anne Murray "the real thing." Arguably the most scorchingly hilarious, drug-besotted, and ballsy rock writer ever to live, Bangs created lava flows of smoking prose. The Lester Bangs reader, *Mainlines, Blood Feasts, and Bad Taste* (Anchor), edited by **John Morthland,** recalls the days when rock writing could change your life.

Also this month: You can keep your silver spoons and your sympathy too; former Texas governor **Ann Richards,** battling osteoporosis, shows she's made of the toughest stuff in the inspiring *I'm Not Slowing Down* (Dutton). **Stefan Kanfer** throws sparks in *Ball of Fire* (Knopf), a tribute to Lucille Ball, the mother superior of screwball housewives. In *Ambulance Girl* (Crown), **Jane Stern** recounts how she pulled herself out of a violent midlife crisis by becoming an E.M.T. **Jennifer Finney Boylan** shares the skinny on her sex change from man to woman in *She's Not There* (Broadway). **Robert Baer** snuggles down between love-hate bedmates Saudi Arabia and America in *Sleeping with the Devil* (Crown). *What Was She Thinking?* (Henry Holt) indeed; when **Zoë Heller's** heroine defends her girlfriend's affair with an under-age male student, she exposes her own secrets. Novelist **Douglas Coupland** gives a shout-out to religion and sorrow in *Hey Nostradamus!* (Bloomsbury). At the heart of **Jennifer A. Watts's** *Edward Weston* (Merrell) lie his rich portraits of the landscape of the American West. A disaffected slacker turns into Father Kinda Knows Best when he weds a woman with three children in **Steven Rinehart's** *Built in a Day* (Doubleday). In **Heidi Julavits's** brain-tweaking novel, *The Effect of Living Backwards* (Putnam), an elaborately staged desert hijacking creates a dustup between two fiercely competitive sisters. The life of Robert Capa, the 20th century's finest war photographer (also a Hemingway buddy and Ingrid Bergman's lover), was a heady cocktail of *Blood and Champagne* (Thomas Dunne), according to **Alex Kershaw.** A recently discovered cache of lost **Virginia Woolf** texts sees the light of day in *Carlyle's House and Other Sketches* (Hesperus), with a foreword by **Doris Lessing.** In *Anita Loos Rediscovered* (University of California), **Cari Beauchamp** pays homage to her aunt, who wrote such classic movies as *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* and *The Women*. **Paul Simpson** and **Ruth Thomas** make golden hay with *Nicole Kidman* (Reynolds & Hearn). **Olympia Dukakis's** memoir proclaims, *Ask Me Again Tomorrow* (HarperCollins). See here—in *Language Visible* (Broadway), **David Sacks** illumines the mystery of the alphabet. From the Land of the Midnight Sun comes **Andreas Viestad,** Norway's premier food writer, working wonders with cod, chanterelles, and berries in his *Kitchen of Light* (Artisan). Former Whitney Museum curator **Richard D. Marshall** contextualizes the work of L.A. painter *Ed Ruscha* (Phaidon). Western and Indian cultures collide in **Maura Moynihan's** debut story collection, *Yoga Hotel* (Regan Books). Party enabler **Matt Maranian** teaches the soirée-challenged how to swing in *Pad Parties* (Chronicle). **Patrick Bishop's** *Fighter Boys* (Viking) is a pilot's-eye view of the campaign that rescued Britain from Nazi invasion and shifted the course of history. **Peter Duffy** reveals the Nazi-throttling heroics of *The Bielski Brothers* (HarperCollins), who saved 1,200 Jews in World War II. A famous novelist has a dirty secret in **Arthur Reid's** blackly comic *The Storyteller* (Doubleday), but we've got a better one! Arthur Reid is the nom de plume of **Howard** and **Susan Kaminsky. Ben Schott's** utterly indispensable *Schott's Original Miscellany* (Bloomsbury) is a collection of curious trivia, such as British schoolboy slang, how to tie a sari, a Victorian timetable of family mourning, and commonplace Latin. It's scarily habit-forming, so caveat emptor!





From top: Norwegian flat-bottomed boats, known as "goat boats," from *Kitchen of Light;* Nicole Kidman at a premiere of *The Others,* 2001; Edward Weston's *Shell,* 1927; Ed Ruscha's *Ace,* 2000; a bibliophilic stash box, from *Pad Parties.*





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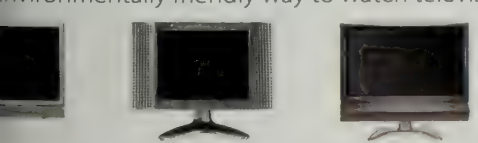


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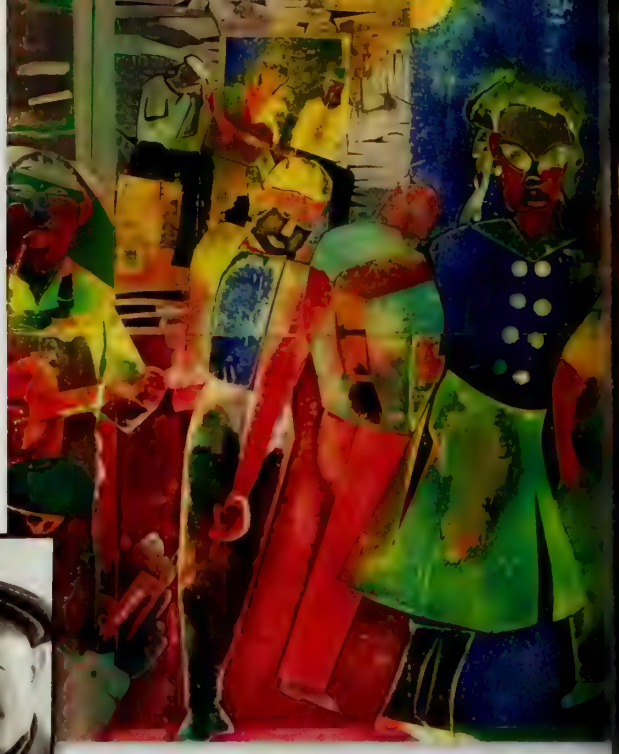
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Harlem on His Mind

THE NATIONAL GALLERY SALUTES ROMARE BEARDEN

As if responding to the rhythm of jazz, the vibrant colors of artist **Romare Bearden's** collages and paintings seem to shuffle, glide, and leap off the canvas. His love of jazz and the blues inspired some of his best-known works. In the Jazz series, commissioned as illustrations for an unrealized book on jazz inspired by the 1961 movie *Paris Blues,* the horns scream in the print *Brass Section: Jammin' at Minton's.* In the 1974 Of the Blues series, which includes *At the Savoy, Carolina Shout,* and *Mecklenburg County, Saturday Night,* the musicians and dancers sway and bop to brilliant red, blue, and yellow notes. "Jazz has shown me the ways of achieving artistic structures that are personal to me," Bearden once said. He was born in Charlotte, North Carolina, and raised in Pittsburgh, but it was in Harlem, where he immersed himself in jazz clubs, religious fervor, street life, and literary culture, that he found his artistic voice. After graduating from New York University with a degree in mathematics, Bearden joined the Harlem Artists Guild and later studied at the Sorbonne in Paris, where he was deeply influenced by Cubism and collages, particularly the work of **Pablo Picasso** and **Henri Matisse.** This fall, 15 years after his death, Bearden will be celebrated with a retrospective at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., a companion book, *The Art of Romare Bearden,* by Ruth E. Fine (Abrams), and his newly discovered children's book, *Li'l Dan, the Drummer Boy* (Simon & Schuster).

—VERONICA BYRD





PAINTING THE BLUES
Mecklenburg County, Saturday Night (1974). *Inset,* Romare Bearden.



WORLD BEAT

The Moroccan-themed, multi-level Kasbar (Royal Mirage Hotel) is the hippest nightclub in **Dubai**. . . . Enjoy the 360-degree view of **Hong Kong** at Panorama, atop the New World Renaissance Hotel (22 Salisbury Road). . . . The latest addition to **Bali's** restaurant row is the tiny but delicious Aiom (Jalan Raya Seminyak 18 A).



STELLA BY STARLIGHT
Clockwise from bottom: Amanda Tannen, Michael Jurin, Shawn Christensen, and Arthur Kremer.

Downtown Darlings

NEW YORK'S STELLASTARR BREAKS OUT OF THE LOWER EAST SIDE

Even though Stellastarr rehearses in the drummer's Brooklyn bedroom, this intense group of art-school rockers won't be jamming on top of mattresses for much longer. The Stellas are ready to spring. The British music bible *NME* called them one of the five bands to watch in 2003. The four-piece outfit, featuring the infectious postpunk yelping of singer **Shawn Christensen** and moody noodling of guitarist **Michael Jurin,** just finished a U.K. tour. Their album, *Somewhere Across Forever,* produced by **Tim O'Heir** (*Hedwig and the Angry Inch*) and set for release this fall, triggered a bidding war among several labels, in which RCA prevailed with a multi-record deal. Christensen, drummer **Arthur Kremer,** and bassist **Amanda Tannen** met while attending the Pratt Institute of Art. After they hooked up with Jurin in 2000, the newly minted Stellastarr played steadily on Manhattan's Lower East Side. They now perform almost three times a week to sold-out houses. Are they ready to check out of Kremer's bedroom and get some real rehearsal space? "We can't afford it," says Tannen, whose melodic counterpoint vocals combine in a very Pixies-like way with Christensen's angry-to-the-point-of-funny vocals. "Besides," Kremer adds, "my neighbors never complain."

—CRAIG OFFMAN


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AMY SACCO

As owner of Manhattan hot spots Bungalow 8 and Lot 61, Amy Sacco, the six-foot-one, husky-voiced queen of New York's late-night scene, sends out some of the most sought-after invitations in town. Immortalized on HBO's *Sex and the City,* her nightclubs are stocked with Cristal, caviar, slippers for aching Manolo-clad feet, real palm trees, and gallery-worthy art collections. Herewith, a few of her favorite things . . .



BEAUTY PRODUCTS

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Mascara **Yves Saint Laurent**
Shampoo **Kiehl's Chamomile**
Moisturizer **Jo Malone Grapefruit**
Hair product **Charles Worthington "Dream Hair" (blow-dry spray)**
Shaving cream **Kiehl's Squadron**
Razor **Gillette Mach 3**
Perfume/cologne **YSL's Opium**
Toothpaste **Crest original**
Soap **Jo Malone Grapefruit**

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Refrigerator **Hotpoint**
Dishwasher **Miele stainless steel**
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Washer/dryer **Asko stainless steel**
Detergent **Tide, Surf**
Air conditioner **Friedrich**

ELECTRONICS

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Telephone **Siemens 2420 Desk Station**
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Coffee **Illy espresso**
Vodka **Chopin**
Beer **Stella Artois**

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Jeans **Paper Denim & Cloth**
Underwear **Agent Provocateur**
Sneakers **Converse Chuck Taylor All Star Hi Tops**
Watch **Cartier Pasha**
T-shirt **Hanes white crewneck**
Sheets **Frette white linen**

AND FINALLY . . .

Coke or Pepsi? **Coke**
Burger King or McDonald's? **McDonald's**



HOT LOOKS

The décor in the new **Erno Laszlo Institute** in Bergdorf Goodman is 30s Moderne meets chilly Swiss clinic.... **Chanel's** limited-edition Jeans de Chanel eye shadow recalls the back pocket of a pair of Chanel jeans—including gold topstitching.... **Armani's** new fragrance, Sensi, comes in a bottle inspired by one of the designer's dresses.... **Elizabeth Arden's** Ceramide Plump Perfect Moisture Cream promises to "plump" lines and wrinkles.... **Revlon's** Eyeglide cream eye shadow looks like a felt-tip pen, perfect for back-to-school application.



JEAN THERAPY Chanel's new eye shadow.

Head Games

A LITTLE SECRET IN THE LAND OF HAUTE SALONS

Forty years ago, **Vidal Sassoon** ushered in the era of celebrity hairstylist as aura sculptor and sex-appeal seer. Each fashion moment has had its hair prophet, from the 1970s' **José Eber** to today's **Sally Hershberger.** Now a trio of humble hairstylists are trying to trim the split ends on stylist stature. The first thing that **Alain Pinon, Kao Hui,** and **Susanna Romano** did after decamping from their jobs at Frédéric Fekkai and forming their own salon in 1997 was agree their names wouldn't be on the door. Since opening Salon AKS, the trio has quietly and steadily gained a following on the Upper East Side, and this fall they launch their own product line. AKS does have an O.C.L. (obligatory celebrity list), including **Bette Midler** and **Julianna Margulies,** but Romano says she and her partners have flourished by espousing a cool, friendly, democratic vibe. Relying only on a laid-back, West Coast feel and word of mouth, AKS has become quite a scene. "We feel fortunate that we enjoy coming to work every day," Romano says. "There's no room or time to have an ego." For once, success has gone straight to someone's hair.

—DAVID COLMAN



BEAUTY-SCHOOL DROPOUTS

From left: Kao Hui, Susanna Romano, and Alain Pinon, who left Frédéric Fekkai to start AKS.

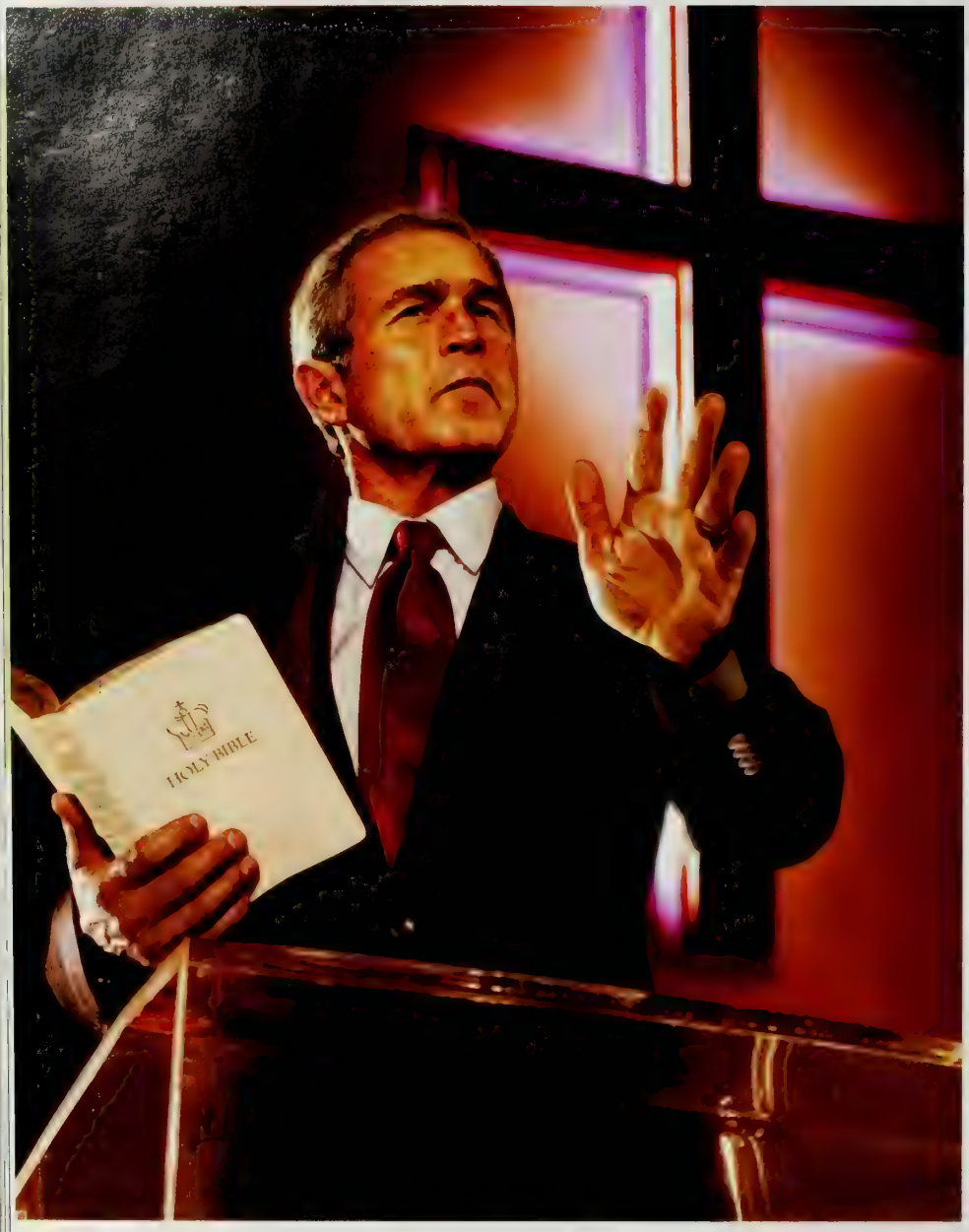
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CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS



ONE PRESIDENT UNDER GOD
George W. Bush's deep religious belief has resulted in a "faith-based initiative," among other questionable policies.

GOD AND MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

The Supreme Court will soon consider the 1954 addition to the Pledge of Allegiance of two short words: "under God." The Bush administration has sworn to keep them there. What is happening to the wall separating church and state–the key distinction between America and the fundamentalists it is fighting?

I am a strict constructionist and a firm believer in original intent. This is why I believe that the Pledge of Allegiance, in its current phrasing, is two words too long. The superfluous words–"under God"—were inserted during a jittery McCarthy-era moment in 1954, and after President Eisenhower had been unduly impressed by a preacher. The same preacher sermonized that the pledge, in its form as then recited, could be uttered by any schoolchild in Moscow. Quick remedial action was required, and so it was determined that the rhythm and harmony of the pledge, along with its main point, should be ruined by a crude editorial insertion.

Francis Bellamy, the former Baptist minister and Christian socialist who wrote the original pledge, was looking for a form of words that would be genuinely "inclusive." At the time he did this, in 1892, children in the South were still watching Civil War veterans swear allegiance to the Confederate flag, and in the North there was much Protestant bigotry against Catholic immigration. Thus, reasoned Bellamy, it was necessary to have a civic and secular patriotism, based upon the idea of "liberty and justice for all." That simple notion managed to get the country's children through two World Wars before it was trashed. Now the Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit in California has upheld a complaint brought by an atheist parent. So we'll soon see the Supreme Court debating something apparently trivial but actually essential. How stands the "wall of separation" between church and state, in a country locked in furious battle with armed and dangerous theocrats?

Over at the Department of Justice, Attorney General John Ashcroft is in righteous mode and prepared for spiritual warfare. You might think that he would be too busy pursuing the god-inflamed and god-intoxicated enemies of the Republic, but he's taking time out to keep the pledge the way it is: a standing insult to secular Americans. After the appellate court voted 2–1 to find the current wording of the pledge unconstitutional, he swore that his department would "spare no effort to preserve the rights of all our citizens to pledge allegiance to the American flag." This is the intellectual equivalent of saying that the Constitution upholds the right of all Americans to worship Santa Claus in their own way. But then, Mr. Ashcroft has also made another famous statement, telling his audience that "America has been different. We have no king but Jesus." This proclamation is also two words too long. We have no king at all, and we have no state church, or official religion, and that's that. It's also supposed to be

PHOTO COMPOSITE BY MICHAEL ELINS

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the essential difference between ourselves and the homicidal fundamentalists.

Ashcroft was not attorney general when he made this stupid remark in 1999, while accepting an "honorary degree" from Bob Jones University. (A full degree from that historically racist and sectarian sink of ignorance would hardly count higher.) And George Bush was not president when he was asked to name his favorite political philosopher during a candidates' debate in 1999, and modestly nominated Jesus Christ. As it happens, the two favorite "political philosophers" of the American right are Leo Strauss, an agnostic, and Ayn Rand, a proud and determined atheist. But millions of people at home and abroad have now gotten hold of the idea that we have a fundamentalist and proselytizing administration, led by a born-again believer. How true is this charge?

To begin with the defense rather than the prosecution: Bush has not mentioned the name of Jesus, except when speaking to other Christians, since taking the oath of office. He only makes general invocations of the Almighty these days. It's understood that he privately asks himself, "What would Jesus do?," but there's no particular objection to that, since if he were not a Christian he would be the first president since Abraham Lincoln who did not make this claim. (Also, he clearly doesn't take the advice of his favorite "political philosopher," who generally counseled turning the other cheek.) It's true that the president employed the word "crusade" when speaking of the fight against al-Qaeda, but this word has only lately fallen under a ban of disapproval. Until very recently, every civil-rights activist in America would have described his or her movement as a crusade. Also, Bush only said it twice. And he more than balanced it by making several highly flattering remarks about the Muslim religion, going further in this respect than any of his predecessors and making a claim—that Islam is "a religion of peace"—which asks us to believe quite a lot, and which nobody living in an officially Muslim society could believe for a second.

Descending from the grand to the minuscule, the president has also told us on more than one occasion that he personally has been aided by a higher authority, and that he needed the help as much as he once needed a drink. The old choice—"It's me or Jack Daniel's, you asshole" has been brusquely offered to many a gross Texan husband by many a pissed-off Texan wife, and there's no good reason to doubt that this story is just another version of the old, old one. Except that in Bush's case it worked. He really did choose Jesus over the amber nectar. (Forcing myself to reflect on this choice has taken me into an area of ethereal responsibility well above my pay grade at this magazine.) Yet, not to be overly sarcastic about it, the decision did involve the future candidate in the first page-by-page, line-by-line scrutiny of any book that he had ever undertaken. As a result of a long, hard stint at "Community Bible Study," he is now as abstemious as any Muslim or strict Hindu or 1920s biblical-Protestant prohibitionist.

In a society half crazed by its own addiction to therapy and personal growth, there needn't be any great alarm about that either. Bush's marriage was saved, and his daughters and niece grew up to be barflies or prescription forgers, which shows that we are all at the mercy of heredity as well as of divine judgment. There is no final victory of good over evil. Did someone say evil? Yes, as a matter of fact, Bush did, on several occasions, adding the word "evildoers" to describe the perps themselves. I think that it's culturally shallow for liberals to assume, as they mainly do, that evil is a word only of religious discourse. (Try "malefactor," for example, as a synonym for evildoer.) Hannah Arendt, an imperishable name among secular intellectuals, referred repeatedly in her analyses of genocidal Europe to the "evil-doer" Adolf Eichmann and to "radical evil" and "the banality of evil." This suggests, if we put it only briefly, that we do need a word for it. The president did not refer to an axis of sin, now did he?

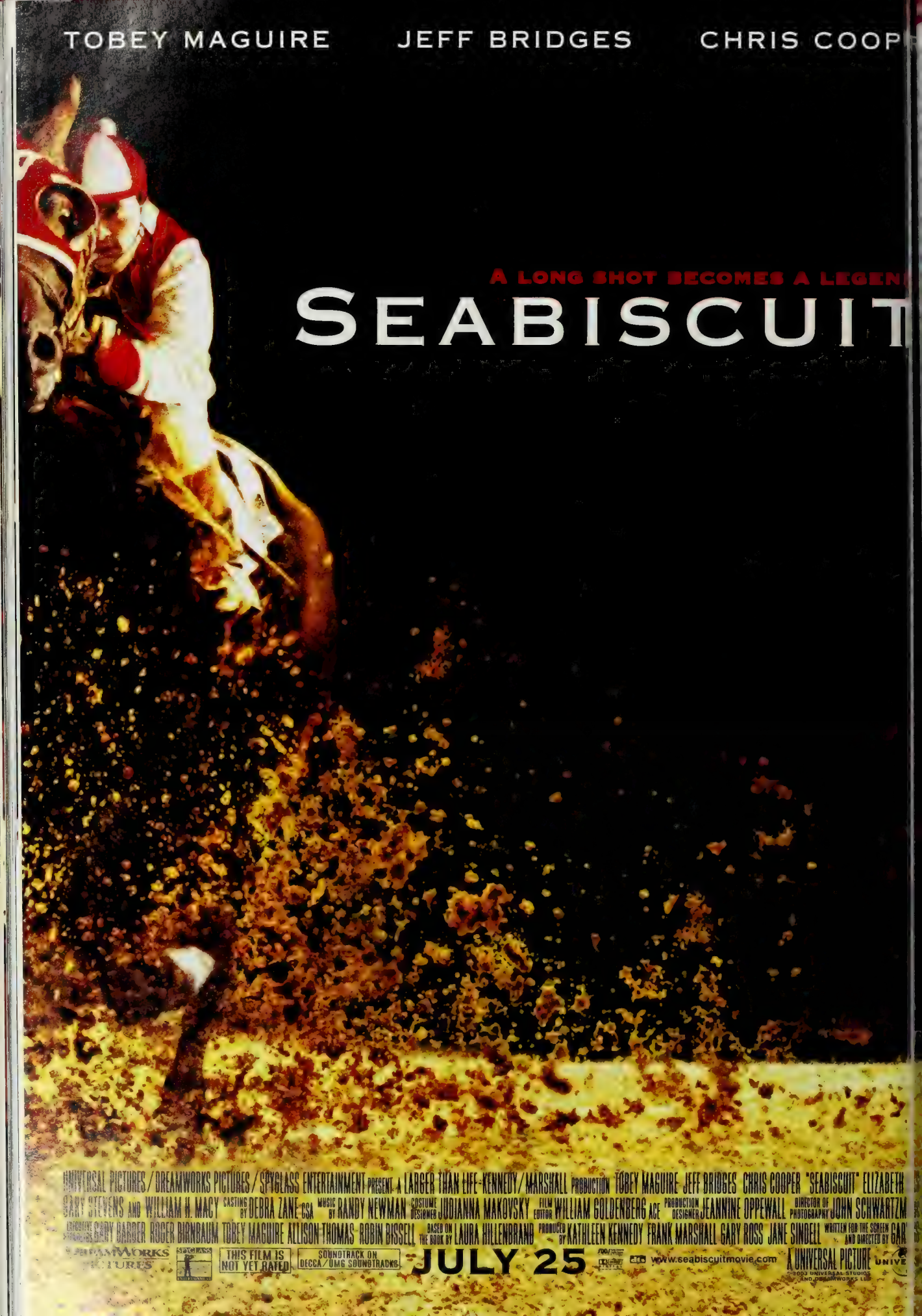
Bush has not mentioned the name of Jesus, except when speaking to other Christians, since taking the oath of office.

Actually, his problem is more one of banality than it is of evil. Like that great Republican Dwight Eisenhower, he seems to believe that any "faith" is better than none. Eisenhower remarked rather gauchely that "our government makes no sense unless it is founded on a deeply-held religious belief—and I don't care what it is." With comparable naïveté, President Bush announced that Vladimir Putin was a fellow he could bond with because he carried a crucifix inherited from his mother and was a man of faith who could be looked in the eye, and that Turkey's new Islamist prime minister, Recep Tayyip Erdogan, was also a trusty believer in heaven's providence. Thus a cruel and shifty ex-lieutenant colonel in the K.G.B. and a mediocre religious demagogue from Ankara both received a kiss of peace at the White House. (Both went on to watch coldly and to act cynically, after numerous Bush entreaties, as American forces took on Saddam Hussein more or less by themselves.)

The case for the defense now switches automatically to the case for the prosecution. If faith can lead to such godawful pratfalls in foreign policy, what fresh hell might it not wreak on the domestic front? Here we find the president resorting to the softer language, not of faith but of the "faith-based," in order to imply that the federal government can and should take care of the rich, while the churches, mosques, synagogues, and cults can and should take care of the poor. To some extent this was inevitable, because the Clinton welfare policy had already dumped poor children off the rolls. But it was impressive to see how soon a doubt-based policy kicked in. Church-state relations, especially financial ones, are not a one-way street. The state should not, as our Constitution stipulates, have anything to do with favoring religion in general, let alone any religion in particular. But neither should any religion—or all religion, for that matter—be tainted by association with the state. You cannot escape this dilemma by pretending to be neutral or indiscriminate. Do I want my taxpayer dollars to fund, say, a security detail in some housing project that is run by Louis Farrakhan's Nation of Islam local recruits? Emphatically not. But how can Farrakhan himself justify taking money from a regime he regards as polluted and profane? And how can anyone justify the funding of a group such as Farrakhan's, which has, to put it squarely, discriminatory hiring practices? This is an extreme case, which did in fact come up, but it nonetheless illustrates all the other ones. The charitable instinct, or the prompting of compassion, is one thinkable defense of the religious mentality. But this is undermined and corrupted by definition if it solicits money that's already been compulsorily raised by law. There's no way around or through this contradiction, which is why the "faith-based initiative" was so eviscerated by the Senate this spring.

Embarrassed overseas and thwarted at home by his reliance on simplemindedness, Bush has resorted to a tactic of "signaling." In his speeches, and in some of his nominations and appointments, he lets the relevant constituencies know that he is on their side. He has two amazingly smart


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ies in this process: Michael Gerson, his ief speechwriter, and Karl Rove, his se- or adviser. Gerson is loosely describable a Christian "evangelical," a term of art the religion business that has no known efinition. (Approximately speaking, an vangelical" Christian is one who really elieves this stuff and wants to share the ood news.) Neither Gerson nor Rove has ything to do with "end time" or "pre- illennial" Christianity, and neither be- eves that an intense military tussle with atan is soon to take place at Armaged- on. This is an often circulated slander gainst them, and against Bush too. It ob- cures the picture rather than illuminating . Bush had an Episcopalian boyhood, at- ended Presbyterian church when the fam- y moved to Texas, and later joined his ife's United Methodist congregation. His conversion" moment had nothing to do ith any particular branch of Christianity nd was complete long before he planned political career.

But in 1994, as he was thinking about unning for governor, he told a reporter rom a Houston newspaper that you don't et to heaven if you don't believe in Jesus. The reporter was Jewish, and there was a minor flap. (Some Jews get upset when some Christians say there won't be a Christian-Jewish reunion in paradise. Other Jews, I have noticed, can manage to bear the idea.) Anyway, this crass remark probably helped secure a Bush base among true believers in the more brush-infested parts of Texas. He did much the same thing, running for president in 2000, when he made an emergency pit stop at—yes—Bob Jones University during a tough battle on the southern front with Senator John McCain. Since then, the signaling has become much more sophisticated, not to say refined, not to say more niche-marketed.

In his inaugural speech, written by Michael Gerson, Bush put the following question about America and destiny: "Do you not think an angel rides in the whirlwind and directs this storm?" That arresting image was, I think, first used by the 18th-century English poet and essayist Joseph Addison. But it was actually drawn in this case from a letter written by John Page, during the American Revolution, to the deistical skeptic Thomas Jefferson. The idea was as ecumenical as you could get.

Then, in his most recent State of the Union address, the president announced that there was "power, wonder-working power," in "the goodness and idealism and faith of the American people." The wording was corny enough—all presidents say something like that—but if you were an old-time gospel type you couldn't have failed to "get" the reference to a favorite hymn, "There Is Power in the Blood," which says that there's "power, power, wonder-working power, in the precious blood of the lamb." This same "lamb," as we know, is the human sacrifice represented by Jesus. A similar "message" was sent in the very title of Bush's campaign biography. As you will all at once recall, this was *A Charge to Keep*—which derives from a famous hymn by Charles Wesley, brother of the founder of Methodism. It speaks of the duty "to serve the present age" and "to do my Master's will." But such hinting and indirection is imposed on the president, who must also try to please Catholic and Jewish and Muslim voters as well as a surprising number of secular ones, and who has—in Karl Rove—a polycentric and polymorphous organizer who got him most of the Muslim vote last time. Bush's appeal to Catholics, by way of statements on cloning, stem-cell research, and partial-birth abortion, completes this holy triangulation. As for the Jewish vote, still muted as a force in G.O.P. circles, that's perhaps why we hear, from time to time, that Ariel Sharon is "a man of peace" as well. (If religion is so goddamned peaceful, then why are we fighting zealots and fundamentalists on so many fronts?)

As a result of "Community Bible Study," Bush is now as abstemious as any Muslim or strict Hindu or 1920s biblical-Protestant prohibitionist.

One provisional conclusion would be that Bush does better when speaking in devotional codes, or in the words of Michael Gerson, than he does when improvising for himself. (The gift of speaking in tongues has emphatically not yet descended upon him when he talks ad lib.) I have spoken to numerous thoughtful people who work or who have worked for Bush, none of whom wanted to be quoted, none of whom go to the same place of worship as he or as one another, and most of whom are more devout than he, who all agreed on one point. The president is neither a religious fanatic nor a man who just uses religious rhetoric as a cynical tactic. He takes his religion as a confirmation, or as a reinforcement. He doesn't think he's a prophet. He prefers to be a fatalist and to say that all is in God's hands. "It relieves him of the things of this world," one of them said. "It means he's less worried." Bush, in other words, could have made a very plausible Muslim, and—why is this more of a stretch?—a fairly good Hasidic Jew.

America is a most religious country and has a most decidedly secular constitution. Only state secularism, after all, can guarantee religious pluralism. This is an easy paradox to grasp. Has Bush grasped it? He has appointed not just John Ashcroft but also Rod Paige. And he has nominated Dr. W. David Hager. Mr. Paige is secretary of education and appears to believe that in a future, ideal America the churches and not the government should be in charge of the instruction of the young. Dr. Hager, who is Bush's idea of an adviser to the F.D.A., is an opponent not just of abortion but also of contraception outside of marriage, and has been quoted as saying that women suffering pre-menstrual syndrome should turn to prayer and Bible reading. (If this man is wedded, I think Congress must subpoena his wife, or—if he should turn out to be from Utah—all his wives.) One of Bush's first presidential acts was to forbid federal funding for any group overseas that even gives advice on abortion. This is, by all reports, just the compassionate treatment that the African AIDS epidemic needs. And the foregoing implicitly raises the very fraught question: If this is Bush's idea of a political nomination, what might his judicial nominations be like? (The current nightmare of the Democrats, and fund-raising tool for advocacy groups, is J. Leon Holmes, proposed for a district-court judgeship in Arkansas in spite of his expressed opinion that rape victims hardly ever get pregnant and thus won't be needing access to abortion.)

The wider picture might clarify a bit if Bush's critics did not also attack him in the name of god. During the prelude to the war against Saddam Hussein, a spokesman for Bush's own United Methodist Church was quoted in a bit of peace-loving propaganda as saying that such a conflict "violates God's law and the teachings of Jesus Christ." How the bishop could know this is quite beyond me. How the Pope presumed to say what Jesus would do is also quite beyond my power of surmise (I do know that it came as a huge shock to the White House to discover that it was *Christianity* that was the religion of peace). If religion is to be kept separate from politics, or at the very least separate from government, then everyone, including so-called liberation theologians and candidates running under the assumed title of "Reverend," must learn to contribute their own brick to the wall of separation. □

JAMES WOLCOTT

THE FINE ART OF SUCKING UP

Plagiarist-fabricator Jayson Blair not only sullied *The New York Times*'s name and wrecked the careers of the editors who had promoted him but also brought dishonor to every honest brownnoser in the business. Saluting a few notable suck-ups, the author details the subtleties of an age-old practice



SYCOPHANT SCANDAL Jayson Blair in New City, May 16, 200 *inset,* legendary kiss Eddie Haskell (playe Ken Osmond, right, wi Dow and Karen Gre from *Leave It to Beaver,* 1958.

Stephen Glass and Jayson Blair—two names that will live in infamy, even if infamy pretty much amounts to a light sentence these days. Both were promising starlets in journalism who were caught padding their stories to make their bylines look bigger. After being unmasked as a serial hoaxster (one of his wilder fancies was an article about a religious sect that worshiped George Herbert Walker Bush), Glass was stripped of his press pass and drummed out of camp like Chuck Connors in *Branded.* He betrayed the trust of his editors at *The New Republic* and soiled the reputation of every magazine that had published his foolishness. Blair resigned from *The New York Times* after a spree of plagiarizing, fabricating, and feats of astral projection (covering stories in Virginia without ever leaving his badger hole in Brooklyn). He disgraced himself, dishonored his newspaper, and handed the opponents of affirmative action a gift basket of I-told-you-so's. However, the harm and hurt that these foul balls caused was not just to their profession and those foolish hearts who believed in them. From the first moment Jayson Blair and Stephen Glass lit up the newsroom with their eager pusses, they established themselves as champion schmoozers—suck-ups *extraordinaire.* Their shameful downfall has made it harder for all the aspiring suck-ups out there hoping to better themselves and find glamour in their humdrum lives—those dedicated phonies spending hours rehearsing compliments and looks of wide-eyed wonderment in the mirror, dreaming of the moment when they can bat their Bambi eyelashes at David Remnick or Bob Woodward. For the bad name Blair and Glass have given the timeless art of sucking up, they cannot be forgiven. They've taken something smarmy and made it something dirty.

The only enemy today is failure, failure, failure, and the only true friend is—success. How? In what line? Whoring yourself a little? Buttering up, sucking up, self-salesmanship, the sweet oh-let-me-kiss-your-ass-please smile?

—Seymour Krim, from the essay "Making It!" (1958)

Suck-ups are known by many names, none of them endearing. Kiss-up. Kiss-ass. Ass-licker. Brownnoser. Butt-boy. (Discern a trend?) Lackey. Lapdog. Boot-licker. Teacher's pet. In fiction, theater, and film, suck-ups are the easy target of jokes

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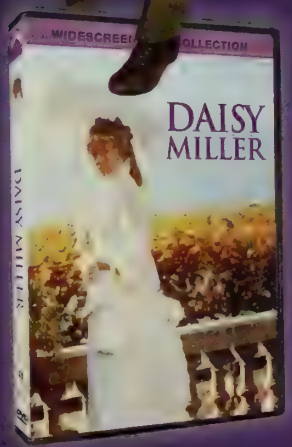


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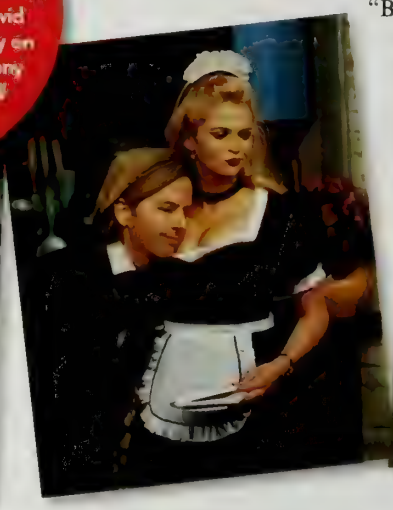
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insults and slapdowns. The drive and ambition that are prized in the arrogant are portrayed as pathetic in those less classy and confident. Sammy Glick, the antihero of Budd Schulberg's novel *What Makes Sammy Run?,* has become a synonym for the Hollywood hustler in a hurry ("He's a regular Sammy Glick"). Tony Curtis's Sidney Falco, the edgy press agent in *Sweet Smell of Success,* endures a daily round of sneers and put-downs. (Even the nicest guy in the movie—Martin Milner, playing the world's least plausible jazz musician—cracks to J. J. Hunsecker about Falco, "Tell me, sir, when he dies, do you think he'll go to dog and cat heaven?") A brownnoser in David Hare's *Plenty* was said to have his head so far up a diplomat's behind that you could see the soles of his shoes. It's an easy sport, bashing suck-ups as useless appendages—losers and parasites who serve no purpose.

FLATTERERS ON FILM
Ted Knight, flanked by Ed Asner and Gavin MacLeod on *Mary Tyler Moore;* David Spade and Dina Spybey on *Just Shoot Me;* and Tony Curtis in *Sweet Smell of Success.*







It's so not fair. As Richard Stengel shows in his study *You're Too Kind: A Brief History of Flattery,* one of the finest books I have ever combed for material, sucking up supplies a vital social lubricant. It reduces overt friction and puts us less at the mercy of jungle law. "Status hierarchies are endemic in nature and in human societies of all kinds, and where there are status hierarchies, there is flattery, for flattery is a technique for raising your status," Stengel writes. In raw nature, where grunting is the customary form of breakfast chat, competition for food, status, and suitable mates "can result in a punch in the nose or a crushed skull." Flattery oils the machinery of indirect competition, smoothing the way for wily individuals to dodge Cro-Magnon showdowns with muscled brutes. "Flattery is the choice of a competitor who knows that he is likely to fail in direct competition, either because he is weaker, or because he is excluded from the dominant hierarchy." Sucking up, Stengel contends, is more than the pragmatic policy of the frail and chickenhearted; it's a superior, long-term survival strategy. "In fact, evolution seems to have ultimately favored sycophantic weenies over self-reliant bruisers, the Uriah Heeps and Eddie Haskells and Eve Harringtons over the Samsons and the Schwarzeneggers. Smooth talk trumps brute strength every day of the week."

NOTABLE SUCK-UPS (A BRIEF SELECTION)

- Ted Baxter (Ted Knight), the vain, needy anchorman on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show,* who, banging his knees on a desk as he knelt to plead for a favor, complained, "That's the problem with small offices—no room to grovel."
- Finch (David Spade) on NBC's *Just Shoot Me.* Sarcastic, manipulative, yet doggily devoted to his oblivious boss, played by George Segal.
- Hank Kingsley (Jeffrey Tambor) on HBO's *The Larry Sanders Show.* The suck-up as sidekick; Ed McMahon with hostility to burn; a mountain of molten jelly.
- George Stephanopoulos. A senior adviser to President Clinton whose White House memoir, *All Too Human,* was drubbed by reviewer Garry Wills as "self-flagellating self-promotion—a way of climbing on his knees."
- David Frum. Former Bush speechwriter who came up with the counterproductive phrase "Axis of Evil" (his original usage was "Axis of Hate," making him the proud parent of a noun and a preposition) and continues to paint Bush in a tongue bath of glory-hallelujah praise.
- And a certain former editor, who on the debut of her CNBC talk show hailed Barry Diller as the "daddy cool" of business and Bill O'Reilly as "the king of cable," and made even a commoner like Malcolm Gladwell feel like Queen for a Day.

Sucking up is primarily a young person's game. It takes healthy knees and plenty of pep to bounce like a bunny through the office on errands and scouting missions. An elderly sycophant currying favor is too often a wan spectacle, a withered vine. He has little to offe the object of his fawning. His wad is al ready shot. (I'm using masculine pro nouns for the sake of simplicity, but ob viously everything here applies to both sexes and transgenders too.) A young suck-up embodies idealism, innocence and ripe potential just begging to be tapped. Tap me, fairy godfather! For the middle-aged authority figure, coaching some intern or cub reporter is an opportunity to shape the future and take pride in the progress of a protégé. The precocious suck-up knows how to play upon these feelings and tickle the ivories of his elders. Blair, by all accounts, was the Liberace of laying it on thick. He did everything but sit in the grown-ups' laps. Covering *l'affaire* Blair for *American Journalism Review,* Jill Rosen observed. "Blair made that his business, stopping by to chat up the powers-that-be, always with the 'right' things to say." Rosen quoted an assistant dean at the University of Maryland's Philip Merrill College of Journalism, where Blair first made a splash, who "remembers walking by Associate Dean Chris Callahan's office, looking in and 'seeing this little guy with a shit-eating grin schmoozing Callahan—I right away thought, "Be on guard."'"

As the "little guy" comment suggests, sucking up is also a short person's game. Sucking up often goes under the guise of hero worship, and it's easier for the starry-eyed to pretend to look up to someone if they're literally looking up. Unfortunately, this means the objects of devotion are literally looking down, which allows them a sniper's advantage when the relationship goes sour. "The little gnome" is what Margo Channing (Bette Davis) calls Eve Harrington (Anne Baxter) after she's been betrayed in *All About Eve.* And when Eve holds the door and grandly orders Addison DeWitt (George Sanders) out of her room, he retorts, in one of my



Breakthrough performance

Laura Innes, *ER*

Playing a character so lacking in vanity for the past seven years has given Innes a new perspective: "Women are about so much more than just appearances." She finds that cosmetic procedures can sometimes strip women of their individuality. "Every[one] starts looking alike at a certain point. A woman's true vitality comes through when she's just being herself."

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see change

Constance Marie,
The George Lopez Show

Angie Lopez, Marie is proof-
itive that motherhood and
appeal can still go hand in
. "What kind of statement
ld I be making if my look was
ly manufactured?" She
eves that plastic surgery
t send the wrong message
ure generations. "I'm some-
surprised at the lengths
will go to for social
ce."

for surgery,
rom a bottle.
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ols



SHE'S A NATURAL

Kellita Smith,
The Bernie Mac Show

"I believe in embracing my evolution and celebrating my looks at every phase. Truthfully, I think I just keep getting better." Smith refuses to succumb to the pressures of Hollywood, asserting there are countless ways to get results without taking drastic actions. "With so many advances in skincare, I feel completely empowered over the fate of my face."

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*renews skin's outer layer to reveal newer skin

ll-time favorite lines of movie dialogue, You're too short for that gesture."

He'd come in early and stay late.
—Jill Rosen on Jayson Blair (*American Journalism Review*).

He appeared to work around the clock and was always asking others if they needed anything when he went out for coffee.
—Buzz Bissinger on Stephen Glass ("Shattered Glass," *Vanity Fair,* September 1998).

Sucking up also requires a spartan junk-food stamina that young upstarts display in blazing abundance while the rest of us putter at our desks, wishing we were on a beach somewhere. This fire in the belly is fueled by constant gulps of caffeine, sugar, and salty snacks ("I told him that he needed to find a different way to nourish himself than drinking scotch, smoking cigarettes and buying Cheez Doodles from the vending machines," said a *Times* editor concerned about Blair's diet). Editors reward busy bees who seem able to toil without sleep, creature comforts, or personal ties, and Blair and Glass fit the bill. Glass told an editor he needed only three or four hours of sleep, writing his articles between midnight and four A.M. At the University of Maryland, Blair was such a speedy blur, cutting classes and covering multiple stories, that his nickname was the Ubiquitous Jayson Blair. Similarly, Glass's nickname at *The New Republic* was Hub, as in "hub of activity." Knowing everybody enabled them to know everything that was happening in every cubicle, and pass on what they knew. They were both dealers of inside dope.

For flattery is only part of the oral repertoire of sucking up. A successful suck-up is also a skillful tattletale, a Pez dispenser doling out information (or disinformation, if the purpose is to smear the competition) that enhances the suck-up's resource value. Gossip is currency, and he who purveys the hottest poop controls the exchange rate. Where an old or middle-aged gossip might look like a prurient biddy living vicariously, a rookie squealer looks plugged-in, clued-in—a player. "Blair developed a reputation for knowing campus dirt before anyone else," *American Journalism Review* noted, and Glass, according to a *New Republic* colleague quoted by Bissinger, also hosed it up like an anteater. "He was constantly on the make. Constantly needing this steady supply of dish. He just knew all the office gossip." Richard Blow, who edited Glass at *George,* recalled, "Steve knew that I was irritated by a steady stream of catty items *The New Republic* had run about *George,* and so he fed me a steady stream of bilious gossip about *TNR*."

Blow said he felt dirty listening to this gossip, but never told Glass to stop. Of course not. Most people succumb to gossip just as they do to flattery, unable to resist what they feign to be above. Michael Kinsley believes insincere flattery is the most disarming because it suggests a willingness to do anything to ingratiate oneself. Sucking up simulates seduction. The suck-up, like the seducer, wiggles under the defenses of those being wooed, those thin walls of pride and modesty. And, as with seduction, an air of playfulness, a shadow of mystery, add piquancy to the campaign. Flattery and flirtation are interlaced, but if flirtation becomes too overt, too preening and musky with innuendo, it alerts others to a predator on the prowl. The clever suck-up leaves few visual clues and no physical traces. Which disqualifies presidential groupie Monica Lewinsky and her blue dress from membership. Where a groupie services a big shot, a suck-up is *of* service. The distinction between sucking and sucking up is more than semantic.

To create an ambiguous aura, it's important that certain pages of the suck-up's romantic past and present be left tantalizingly blank, letting others' imaginations fill in the copy. Part of the enigma of the "motiveless malignity" of Shakespeare's Iago—the suck-up as evil other—is the electrical wiring of his libido. As hepcat comedian Lord Buckley might have put it, AC or DC—which way did this twisted cat swing? Was Iago heterosexually, racistly envious of Othello's jutting prowess, his inner eye inflamed by the picture of the black ram tupping the white ewe, or was he unhinged by rabid homoerotic desire? The opaque fascination of Eve Harrington is that her sexual code is so hard to crack. She's erotically ambidextrous in her allure and yet a complete cipher, a complex nothing. Gay men see her as a hustler in drag; lesbians adopt her as a sister, based on her pursuit of Margo and the provocative way she slings her arm over a female coconspirator as they walk up the stairs (in Rainer Werner Fassbinder's film *The Bitter Tears of Petra Von Kant,* a camp travesty of *All About Eve,* the Margo figure is a lesbian fashion designer); and straight women recognize her as a prime specimen of "the little brown wren," the deceptively meek and understanding helpmate who darts under the radar and steals a husband or boyfriend by subtly making herself indispensable, gradually nudging the other woman out of the nest (as Eve almost succeeded in doing until Addison DeWitt took her masterfully by the wrist).

Either through design or through unconscious affinity, Stephen Glass seems to have taken a blank page out of the Eve Harrington playbook, coming across to fellow students at *The Daily Pennsylvanian* as eager to please and sexually hard to pin down. "Socially, he seemed to fashion himself as a

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From left to right: Actor Ralph Fiennes and director David Cronenberg on Main Street in Telluride.

A SNEAK PEEK AT TELLURIDE

The 30th Telluride Film Festival is pleased to announce three of this year's many participants: Stephen Sondheim will be the Guest Director, artist Gary Larson (*The Far Side*) designed the poster, and Ted Turner will be a Silver Medallion honoree. All are scheduled to be in attendance during the festival, which is presented by the National Film Preserve, Ltd. with Polo Ralph Lauren. As always, the rest of the event program and the slate of special guests will be kept secret until the first day of the festival.

Major sponsors of the 30th Telluride Film Festival include Polo Ralph Lauren (Presenting Sponsor), Volkswagen, *Vanity Fair,* Mountain Village Metro Services, Virgin Atlantic Airways, Bombay Sapphire, Starz! Encore Entertainment, Neutrogena, Sterling Vineyards, Kodak, Universal Operations Group, Turner Classic Movies, Dolby Digital, The Lucky Star Foundation, Kathy Kennedy, Frank Marshall, Ken Burns, Claudia Bloom, and Tom Cruise. Special support is provided by the Academy Foundation of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

For information on the 30th Telluride Film Festival, August 29 though September 1, visit www.telluridefilmfestival.org or call 603-433-9202. Passes are on sale now. For travel and lodging, call Telluride Central Reservations at 800-921-9463.

proud androgyne," Bissinger wrote in these pages. "Later on, at *The New Republic,* he wrote a story which was never published depicting his life as an 'effeminate heterosexual.' Those who read it recall it vividly: Glass wrote about his knowledge of lipstick shades and his habit of reading women's magazines." He was just a *Cosmo* girl at heart.

I see a hand raised.

Q: Glass and Blair aren't the only suck-ups who became royal screwups. What about Ruth Shalit? That little shortcake got busted for plagiarizing and performing voodoo with subjects' quotes at *The New Republic,* and was no slouch at self-promotion. How come you're not including her? Is it because she's a chick?

A: True, Shalit preceded Glass and Blair on the gangplank. This Little Red Riding Hood with the killer instinct and the ability to perfume men's minds exploited the susceptibilities of Washington's big bad wolves until her plagiarisms and flubs became impossible to ignore and tolerate. She wasn't as wildly inventive as Glass, a pathological liar who forged letterheads and faked E-mails, but make no mistake: she did bad. Yet it is not out of misguided gallantry that I gloss over her rap sheet and spare this hotsy-totsy the shame of being spoken of in the same garlic breath as Glass or Blair. Like Janet Cooke, the reporter who fabricated her Pulitzer Prize story at *The Washington Post,* Shalit has faded into semi-anonymity, apart from a brief, unfortunate foray into writing about the advertising business for *Salon.* Since then she has barely raised a bubble. Should Shalit ever attempt a comeback tour, she'd be fair game for suck-up reconsideration, but until then I'm happy to leave her in peace as long she does likewise for us. It's suck-ups such as Glass and Blair that are the true pesterers. The kind who keep getting in our faces and refuse to be peeled off.

Oh, for the days when suck-ups were content to be social climbers and shallow show-offs (their patron saint, Andy Warhol). Glass and Blair try to enlist us for their inner voyage of personal discovery, their painful journey to find themselves. (As the late comic Jack E. Leonard used to quip, "Son, someday you're going to 'find yourself'—and be very disappointed.") They're pushy narcissists, holding out a begging bowl for our pity as they size up their prospects. They want us to pay admission to enter their world of hurt and examine their self-inflicted wounds. Glass gave the game away when he told a *Financial Times* interviewer, "I appreciate the opportunity to show remorse . . . " This spring Glass took the opportunity to show remorse by baring his apologetic soul in a confessional novel, *The Fabulist,* and offering himself up for inspection on *60 Minutes.* (A movie about his exploits is also loaded in the torpedo tube.) It's a listless striptease Glass performs to rid himself of his sins. Bad faith and flat affect deaden the nerve of every sentence in *The Fabulist* as he flagellates himself with a wet noodle, hoping we'll forgive him. Randall Jarrell once described a certain poet's work as sounding as if it had been written on a typewriter by a typewriter. *The Fabulist* sounds like a monologue spoken into a mirror by a mirror. "Nothing would make me so happy as your liking me once more," he writes in Chapter 1. We never liked you, punk. Put down the noodle.

BROKEN GLASS
Erstwhile journalist Stephen Glass, photographed by Harry Benson in New York City on May 3, 2003

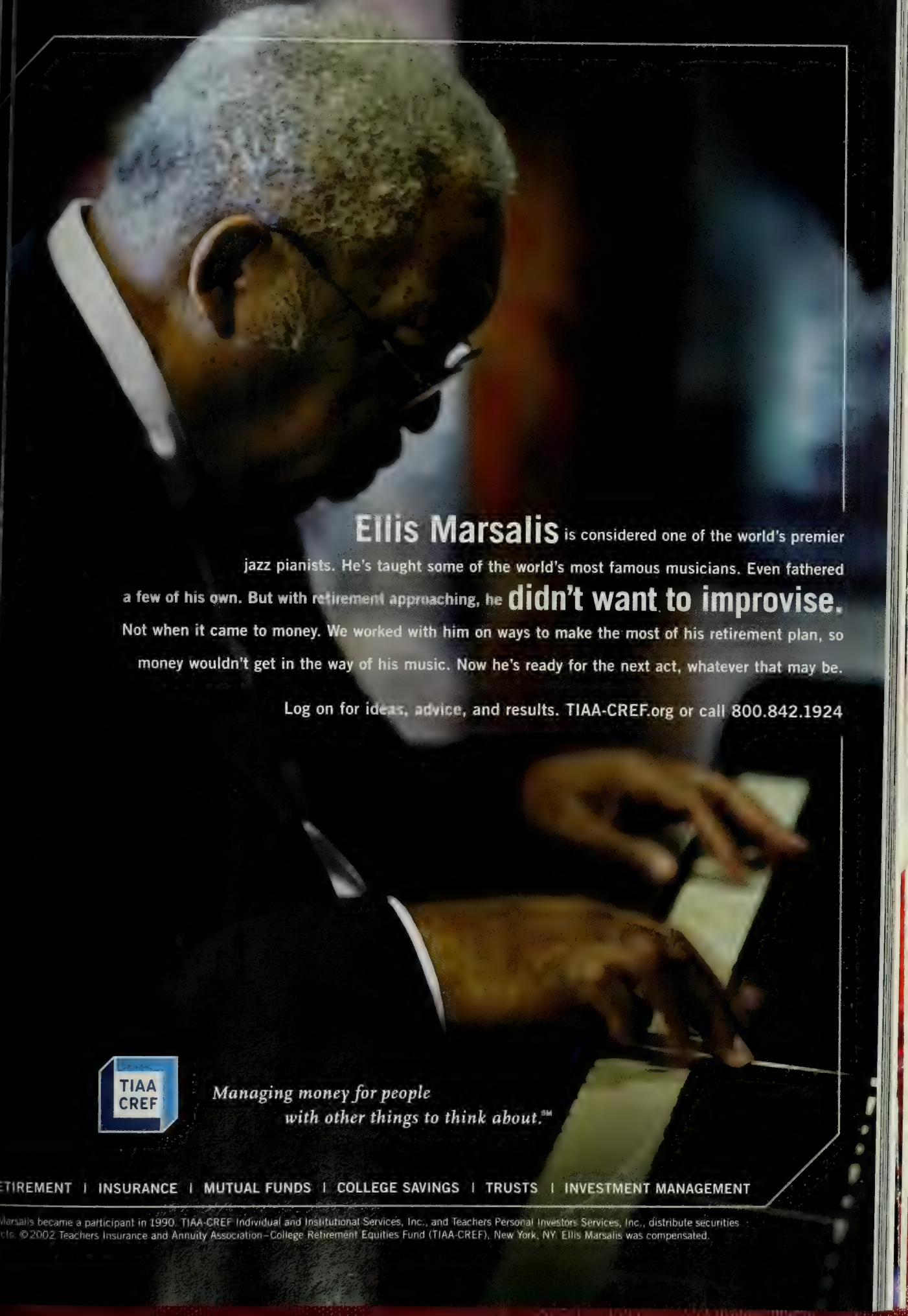


For the bad name Blair and Glass have given the timeless art of sucking up, they cannot be forgiven.

Meanwhile, Blair, Glass's soul brother in the lonely business of making shit up, went to the mattress as the shock wave over his deceptions opened a Hellmouth on West 43rd Street, engulfing the *Times* building in a choral production of anger, humiliation, finger-pointing, breast-beating, and groaning exertions of shifting the blame. (The unprecedented 14,000-word investigation that the *Times* printed seemed intended to leave the impression that Blair was a solitary bad apple who turned out to be a live grenade.) After a brief respite, Blair re-emerged as the mouse that roared, spinning his professional meltdown as a personal agon. Outdoing Glass in the drama-queen department, he told *The New York Observer* that career suicide was the only way he could slay his doppelgänger and be free of th deadlines that had shackled his spirit. "S Jayson Blair the human being could live, he declared, "Jayson Blair the journalis had to die." Out of his inglorious flameou a phoenix shall rise, clutching a book dea The reborn Blair would have us believe tha he wasn't a kid in over his head but a con mando intent on bringing down the whol crummy honky paternalistic journalistic st perstructure. Word leaked that he wa hawking a book proposal for an Angry Ne gro memoir titled *Burning Down My Mas ter's House,* which threatens to be the *Sou on Ice* of the foamy-latte generation. Sinc Howell Raines has made such a big two hearted river show of his white southern guilt (he grew up in Alabammy), *Burnin Down My Master's House* is a title that beg to be interpreted as a patricidal stab. Wha could be more damning than comparin the liberal boss at the *Times* to a plantatio owner? That's really sticking it to big daddy

The damage done has already prove professionally fatal. A "Page Six" iten in the *New York Post* (May 22) claime that Raines and managing editor Gerald Boyd no longer inspired Beatlemania a they toured the *Times.* The wary, awkward silences could be weighed on a scale. "They walk by and people just kind of look a them funny," said an unattributed leaker "People always used to schmooze with them—in a sense, everyone tried to be Jayson Blair—but now the schmoozing game is over. There's no sucking up, no kissing ass." No sucking up. No kissing ass. It doesn't get any grimmer. Once the schmoozing game is over, the cat's in the bag and the bag's in the river, as they say in *Sweet Smell of Success.* Hearing the con demned sounds of their own footsteps Raines and Boyd resigned from their posi tions at *The New York Times* on June 5

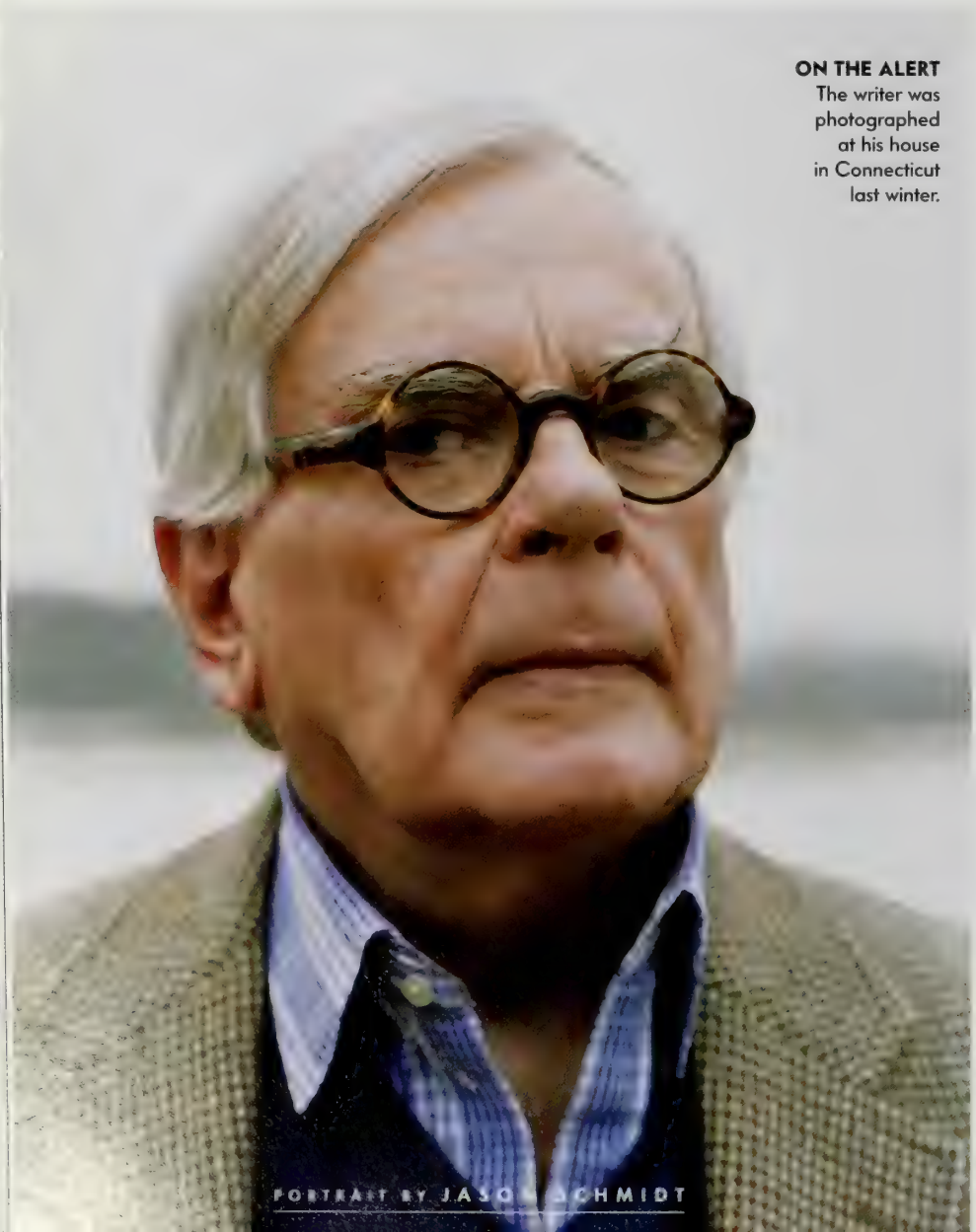
After the mandatory time of healing and inch-deep soul-searching, the *Times* will name new executive and managing editors (Joe Lelyveld returned to fill in as interim chief.) This change of command will provide a daylight opening for some enterprising weenies to make a move and softly, gently let the new bosses know how much they em pathize with the *awesome* tasks they face and yet how *exciting* these challenges are, too!— all the while making with the dewy eyes. Undoing the knot of suspicion left by Glass and Blair won't be easy, but it can be done, it must be done, and it will be done. Vanity will not be starved of tribute. It dines on its own younger reflection. For every Margo Channing, there's an Eve Harrington, and for every Eve, there's a Phoebe, practicing her bows in the cathedral-arched mirrors. "I am Addison DeWitt. I am nobody's fool." How many of us can claim the same? □


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Power and Punishment

Joining the social rubbernecking over the crashes of Howell Raines and Martha Stewart, the author measures the Schadenfreude and hears the echo of a lunchtime conversation at his friend Martha's house in Maine. As for the Skakel debate, Robert F. Kennedy Jr. gets some free advice: learn from Scott Peterson's defense lawyer

Spring keeps eluding us in New York, even though the spring social season has come to an end and people are talking about leaving the city for the summer months. Manhattan, however, is fraught with hot news, and I can't imagine not being here with so much going on. The high-level bloodbath at *The New York Times*, following the disgrace created by the management-favored reporters Jayson Blair and Rick Bragg, has been the major subject of talk. Executive editor Howell Raines lost the most important job at what has routinely been called the greatest newspaper in the world. Raines was not beloved in the ranks of his employees, despite the fact that seven Pulitzer Prizes were won by the paper under his aegis, which lasted less than two years. He alienated a large portion of the staff. I watched a *Times* staff member who was queried on television say, "He was the nastiest editor I've ever worked with." Believe me, at the table where I have dinner there has been a certain amount of glee at his downfall. And a friend of mine in Washington who travels in powerful circles said you couldn't cut the Schadenfreude there with a chain saw. Everyone could tell weeks before the resignations of Raines and managing editor Gerald Boyd—once news became public that the paper had printed more than 30 stories by Blair filled with lies and plagiarized passages—that it was only a matter of time before heads rolled. Now New York is breathlessly waiting to see who the new chief editor will be.



PORTRAIT BY JASON SCHMIDT

ON THE ALERT The writer was photographed at his house in Connecticut last winter.

The other story that is riveting the city is the fall of Martha Stewart. I've always been a fan of Martha Stewart's, full of admiration for the extraordinary success she made of her life. I also happen to be a friend of hers. A couple of years back I was staying at her beautiful house in Seal Harbor, Maine, which had been built by Edsel Ford. We had finished lunch on the terrace. "This is fantastic, Martha," I said, taking in the perfection of the scene—the view, the gray stone mansion, the pink pebbled driveway, the yacht-filled harbor below. She replied simply, without a trace of braggadocio, "Twenty years ago I was a cateress." I kept thinking of that moment as I watched her on television on the rainy day of her indictment on nine counts, holding her white umbrella high over her head as she made her way through the throngs of reporters, photographers, and cameramen. Was it really necessary for the Feds to put this

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American legend through such a shameful ordeal? When they went on television to justify their actions, they sounded like bullyboys to me, picking on a woman who was a celebrity. Why haven't they made a similar example of Enron chairman Ken Lay, or WorldCom C.E.O. Bernie Ebbers, or Tyco C.E.O. Dennis Kozlowski? *They* are accused of ruining people's lives, making employees' life savings worthless. Martha Stewart didn't hurt anyone but herself. The authorities reportedly offered her a deal that would have included prison time. She declined their offer and took out a full-page ad in *USA Today* stating her case and proclaiming her innocence. She's going to fight, and I'm going to be rooting for her.

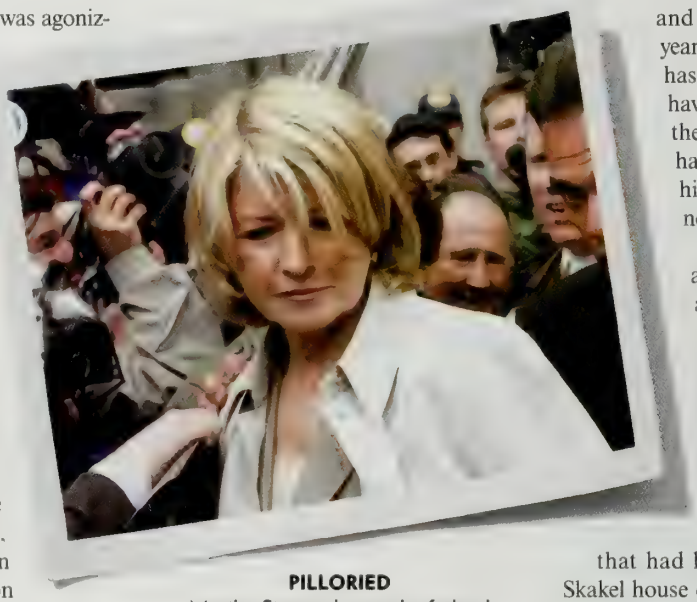
Robert F. Kennedy Jr.'s print-and-television onslaught against the guilty verdict in the murder trial of his cousin Michael Skakel is getting a little tiresome, and more than a little repetitious. He always insists that I am the one responsible for this "miscarriage of justice." He has now appeared on NBC's *Dateline* and CBS's *48 Hours,* and on May 20 he was on *Larry King Live* for a full hour, which was repeated four days later. The original show had actually been pre-recorded, so there were no call-in questions from listeners. Quite honestly, it was agonizing to hear myself being mocked and invalidated on that program by someone I so totally disrespect. Kennedy's dislike of me seems to exceed by far his affection for his imprisoned cousin. The man speaks in a soft, strangled, shaky voice that lacks any note of authority but highlights the venom he spews. I found it in appalling taste that the Kennedy family's tragedies were worked into the program, as if they would give credibility to his argument. Kennedy continues to point the finger of blame at Ken Littleton, the hapless, beleaguered, live-in Skakel tutor, whose first day on the job coincided with Martha Moxley's murder. The Skakels have been trying to pin the murder on Littleton for nearly 30 years. It's such a rich-people thing to do—blame the help. Even a group of fancy private detectives couldn't pin it on him, and it would have been to their advantage to do so. Littleton's life has been absolutely ruined by his brief association as hired father substitute with the Skakel family.

Jonathan Benedict, the prosecutor in the Michael Skakel trial, wrote a letter to *The Atlantic Monthly* after Kennedy's long article on the case was published in that magazine in the January/February 2003 issue. Since Benedict could not call in to Larry King to protest Kennedy's statements, Detective Frank Garr, with whom I keep in touch, faxed me Benedict's letter in order to express his objections:

Frankly, what Mr. Kennedy has detailed in print and on camera, consists entirely of a series of distortions, facts taken out of context, half truths, blatant non-truths, and post-conviction Skakel family revisionism. . . . This, of course, results in a discounting of the cumulati effect of the State's case, not the least of which was the thirteen sep rate witnesses to whom Mr. Skakel made either incriminating admi sions or outright confessions. . . . In listening to Mr. Kennedy's effor on behalf of his cousin, it is hard to conceive of a more biased speak using more biased sources; e.g., the convicted and his bewildere family. That Mr. Skakel and his family are bewildered and angered the conviction is hardly surprising. From the very night of this hor ble crime, they conducted themselves in the expectation that Micha would get away with murder. Thankfully, the State of Connecti was able to thwart that expectation in a case tried fairly and truly.

Kennedy could learn a lesson in timing by watching Mar Geragos, the lawyer for the murder suspect Scott Pete son, create a reasonable doubt in the public perceptio of his client's guilt by raising the issue of a satanic cult, complet with a brown van and a man called Donnie. It doesn't matter his interviewers and audiences chuckle at his assertions. If h convinces only one juror, he has achieved his goal. The time t create a reasonable doubt is *before* a trial starts, or *during* it, nc after the accused has been found guilty by a jury of his peer

Martha replied simply, "Twenty years ago I was a cateress



PILLORIED
Martha Stewart leaves the federal courthouse in New York City after pleading not guilty to the nine counts against her, including conspiracy and obstruction of justice.

and sentenced by a judge to 2 years in prison, as Michael Skake has been. Kennedy could easil have made his assertions befor the trial, but it doesn't seem t have occurred to him or any o his relatives that Skakel woul not be acquitted.

What goes unmentioned i any of Kennedy's television appearances is the role playe by the Sutton Agency, th private-detective firm hire in 1991 by Michael Ska kel's father, the late Rushton Skakel, to unravel the long dormant murder case. The agency's job was to remov the dark cloud of suspicion that had lingered since 1975 over the Skakel house on Walsh Lane in Greenwich Connecticut, and particularly over the hea of Thomas Skakel, Michael's brother, who had been the last person to be seen with Martha Moxley before her murder. In accept ing the job, the private detectives of the Sutton Agency all signed confidentiality oaths. The greatest irony of this case is that they discovered tha Michael Skakel, who had never been considered a suspect, sud denly changed his story and placed himself at the scene of the crime. At that point Rushton Skakel reportedly paid the agency $750,000 and terminated its services.

A young man in the employ of the agency who, through an oversight, had not signed the confidentiality agreement secretly removed the report from the back of the filing cabinet where it had been stored and brought it to me. There was quite a ruckus when it was discovered that I was in possession of the document. Without the intercession of the young man, who was outraged that important information concerning the death of Martha Moxley was being retired forever, Michael Skakel might never have been indicted. Yet nowhere except in the *Atlantic*

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IMPORTANT:
The following basic information about contact lens wear and Focus NIGHT & DAY lenses is provided for you by CIBA Vision.

If you are interested in Focus NIGHT & DAY lenses, please see a licensed eye care professional. Based on your individual needs, your eye care professional will determine if Focus NIGHT & DAY lenses are right for you and how many days and nights you can wear them.

What are Focus NIGHT & DAY Soft Contact Lenses?
Focus NIGHT & DAY are soft contact lenses made of lotrafilcon A, a fluoro-silicone material that contains about 24% water. This new lens material provides a high level of oxygen to your eyes and has been surface treated to wet with your tears.

How are Focus NIGHT & DAY Soft Contact Lenses used?
The lenses are worn on the cornea (front part of the eye) and used to correct vision by refocusing light rays onto the retina (back part of the eye).

The lenses may be used to correct nearsightedness (myopia) or farsightedness (hyperopia). They may be prescribed for:
- Daily wear use – worn only while you are awake
- Extended wear use – worn while you are awake and asleep
  ➤They may be worn for up to 30 nights (one month) of continuous wear based on how your eyes respond to lens wear and your eye care professional's recommendation.

Can everyone wear Focus NIGHT & DAY Soft Contact Lenses for 30 nights of continuous wear?
Not everyone can reach the maximum wear time of 30 continuous nights. During the U.S. clinical study, 1000 of the 1300 eyes dispensed completed the full year of lens wear, with 67% wearing the lens between 22 to 30 days.

Your eye care professional may recommend a shorter wearing time depending on your individual needs, and you should always adhere to his or her recommendations. Once lenses are removed, your eyes should have a rest without lens wear for at least one overnight.

Who should not wear contact lenses?
You should not wear contacts if you:
- Have an eye infection or inflammation (redness & swelling).
- Have an eye disease, eye injury or dryness that interferes with contact lens wear.
- Have a systemic disease that may be affected by or impact lens wear.
- Have certain types of allergic conditions.
- Are using certain medications, such as some eye medications.

What are the risks of wearing contact lenses for extended wear?
While there are many benefits of wearing contacts, sometimes problems can occur and the risk of serious problems is greater when lenses are worn for extended wear. You should carefully discuss the benefits and risks of extended wear lenses with your eye care professional.

There is an increased risk of developing a serious ocular infection, such as a corneal ulcer. A corneal ulcer may develop rapidly and cause eye pain, redness or blurry vision as it progresses. If left untreated, a scar, and in rare cases loss of vision, may result.

In addition, studies have shown that smoking increase the risk of corneal ulcers for those who wear lenses overnight.

What are other possible side effects of extended v contact lenses?
An inflammation of the cornea called infiltrative keratit another potential side effect. During the one-year U.S. study about 5% of the 1300 eyes experienced this typ side effect. Other less serious side effects were conju tivitis and lid irritation or discomfort while wearing the lenses, including dryness of the eye and mild burning stinging.

Are there times when you should not wear contac lenses?
Your eye care professional can tell you about situation environmental conditions that may be inappropriate fo contact lens wear. Some examples are:
- Exposing contact lenses to water during swimming while in a hot tub may increase the risk of eye infect from microorganisms.
- Fumes, smoke or vapors should be avoided to redu the chance of lens contamination.

How often do I replace the lenses and how do I ca for them?
Lenses should be replaced every month, as recomme ed by the eye care professional. When removed from eyes in between replacement times, they should be cleaned and disinfected with a chemical disinfection s tem (not heat), if not replaced with a new lens. The le are sold in multi-packs so replacements are at hand.

What are some important things to remember?
- While wearing contacts your eyes should look well, comfortable and vision should be clear.
  ➤If you have a problem, immediately remove your lenses and contact your eye care professional.

- Carefully follow your eye care professional's instruct for lens wear, care and replacement.
  ➤ Never wear your lenses for longer periods than prescribed for you.

- See your eye care professional for follow-up care an periodic checkups.

What if I have other questions about Focus NIGHT DAY Soft Contact Lenses?
It is essential to see and talk with your eye care profes sional about your eye health and to obtain complete in mation about Focus NIGHT & DAY lenses. If you have questions, discuss them with your eye care professio

If you want to read more about Focus NIGHT & DAY S Contact Lenses, ask your eye care professional for the patient instruction booklet available from CIBA Vision the package insert written for the eye care professiona

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Monthly article does this crucial factor come up in Kennedy's rantings. I gave copies of that report to Frank Garr, the detective who had been working on the case for years, and later to former detective Mark Fuhrman, who traveled to Connecticut to investigate the case. Although Garr and Fuhrman were famously unfriendly in their dealings, they were united in the common goal of bringing the murderer of Martha Moxley to justice. They both wound up on the list of people Dorthy Moxley, Martha's mother, called her angels. But the private detectives of the Sutton Agency are never trotted out for Kennedy's television appearances, or even mentioned. Neither are Michael Skakel's very relevant siblings, Julie and Thomas, who were both present on the night of the murder.

Kennedy can go on and on with his theories, as long as he can find new television shows to appear on. He can continue to choke out his arch dismissal of me as a gossip columnist. In that capacity, let me relate from various sources in the Greenwich community and elsewhere that his act isn't playing well. It has created no groundswell of outrage with the public. It sounds spoiled. May I repeat yet again: There was a trial. There was a jury. There was a verdict.

It is such a rich-people thing to do—to blame the help.

In live-television talk shows, the greenroom is where guests wait after being made up to go on. Depending on the topics for discussion on any given day, you are sometimes there with amazing people you might never otherwise meet. Recently I was waiting in the greenroom at Court TV on Third Avenue to go on *Catherine Crier Live.* Crier herself was in Modesto, California, covering the Laci and Scott Peterson case. Into the room walked a rather ethereal-looking woman with long, straight hair. She appeared to be blind, or almost blind, and as her husband led her to the makeup chair, I realized that she was Emily Lyons. I had seen her on television several times in the previous days, since Eric Rudolph—the accused bomber of the Olympic park in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1996, who claims to have hidden from the police in the forest for five years—was captured by a rookie cop while Rudolph was foraging for food in Murphy, North Carolina. Lyons had been a nurse at an abortion clinic in Birmingham, Alabama, that Rudolph also allegedly bombed. A police officer was killed, and Emily Lyons lost one eye completely and much of the vision in the other. Over the last five years, she has undergone 18 operations to restore most of the sight in that eye. I went over to the makeup table to express my admiration for her. Her eyes were almost closed, but she had a lovely expression of calm on her face, as if through her tragedy she had arrived at a higher level of inner peace. I would have thought she would be filled with anger at the devastation the bomber had inflicted. "Thank God for my husband," she said. There is obviously a deep affection between them. She plans to attend Rudolph's trial. She said she would like to speak to him face-to-face. "What would you say to him?," I asked. "I would ask him why. Why did you do this?" she replied.



TV VERSION
Robert Montgomery and John O'Hara in 1953, going over the script of *Appointment in Samarra* at NBC's Studio 8H in New York, from which *Saturday Night Live* is now broadcast.

When I was a teenager, I started reading the novels and short stories of John O'Hara. I loved his work, and in later years I always named him as my favorite American writer, as well as an inspiration. I connected with him personally in that we were both from well-to-do Irish Catholic families who were never quite accepted by the Wasp element of the towns we lived in, and we were both the sons of surgeons. I have just finished reading Geoffrey Wolff's biography of O'Hara, which is excerpted in this issue on page 150. For those interested in literary lives, it is a wonderful book. There was much about O'Hara that I didn't know, and much of that wasn't very attractive. I didn't know, for example, that he was a mean drunk and a bar fighter. I had one experience with him in my life, and I wish I had known in time that Wolff was writing the book so that I could have shared it with him.

In 1953, I was the stage manager of *Robert Montgomery Presents,* a live weekly television anthology on NBC. One of our dramas was *Appointment in Samarra,* based on O'Hara's wildly successful novel. We rehearsed for a week in the ballroom of a third-rate hotel on the West Side, and then we moved to Studio 8H at 30 Rockefeller Plaza. O'Hara, who was 48 and had settled into his fame and success by then, was at every rehearsal, guarding his masterpiece. He dressed in beautiful, country-gentleman tweed suits. He could see that I was fascinated by him, and we had several wonderful conversations, about his books, about being Irish Catholic outsiders. He told me stories about Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway. The show was a major television event of that year, and it was a triumph. Some people found it shocking that we showed Robert Montgomery—playing the hero, Julian English—commit suicide on-camera by running the engine of his car in his garage and dying slowly with a drink in his hand.

Many fashionable friends of the O'Haras', the Montgomerys', and the Herbert Bayard Swopes' came to watch the telecast before heading off to '21,' where the Swopes, whose son, Herbert Bayard junior, had directed the show, were giving a dinner for the O'Haras. I watched them all go out of the studio, looking the way glamorous people used to look. I longed to be one of them. John O'Hara stopped at the studio door and looked back at me. He understood the yearning that I was feeling. He made a gesture with his head for me to join them. "Come on," he said. "Oh, I can't. I wasn't invited," I said. "Yes, you can," he said. "I'm inviting you." I went. It was my first time at '21,' and it was wonderful. I never saw him again, but I've never forgotten that moment. □



LIFE, LIBERTY—AND A TOUCH-UP
Kabul-beauty-school co-founders Patricia O'Connor and Mary MacMakin (front row, left and center) with beautician Debbie Rodriguez (front row, right) and prospective salon trainees. (Terri Grauel, O'Connor and MacMakin's partner, is not pictured.) Photographed in Kabul on April 21, 2003.

VANITY FAIR NOMINATES KABUL BEAUTY SCHOOL

BECAUSE under the Taliban the women of Afghanistan risked beating and imprisonment by patronizing underground beauty parlors for the simple human reason that they needed color and light in their lives. BECAUSE Patricia O'Connor, a marketing and business developer, saw a program on CNN about these secret salons and got off the couch and onto the phone. BECAUSE, while working as a stylist on a magazine assignment, Terri Grauel met Mary MacMakin, founder of PARSA (Physiotherapy and Rehabilitation Support for Afghanistan), and was so moved by MacMakin's individual, grassroots approach to the problems befalling many widowed, uneducated, unskilled women that she decided to do more than curl Mary's hair. BECAUSE these three intrepid women approached *Vogue* editor in chief Anna Wintour, who instantly understood that before children can reclaim their lives their mothers have to be able to make a living. BECAUSE together they have persuaded Estée Lauder, MAC Cosmetics, Pivot Point, Revlon, Clairol, Procter & Gamble, L'Oréal, and others to jump on board as corporate sponsors, product donors, and educational consultants. BECAUSE their new Kabul beauty school and wellness center, geared toward local salon owners and haircutters, opens its doors this month. BECAUSE now that the center is in place, as O'Connor says, "relief workers in Afghanistan can finally get a chance to get their roots done."

—HELEN SCHULMAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY DILIP MEHTA


THE NEW MEN'S FRAGRANCE
YVES SAINT LAURENT
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NORDSTROM



THE WHEE! DECADE
Future director John Stockwell (*Blue Crush*), Calvin Klein, and Andy Warhol aboard the *Peking* at the South Street Seaport, for Klein's party in honor of Elton John, September 1980.

THE 80S, AFTER DARK

Shuttling from the Palladium to the Temple of Dendur to Area, Patrick McMullan chronicled the decade of Tama Janowitz's big hair, Christian Lacroix's big skirts, and Ivan Boesky's big dive. Photos from his new book, *So80s*, show how revealing McMullan's little Canon Sure Shot could be

BY SUSAN MORRISON

Every decade leaves behind its own glossary. The jumble of words and phrases that came out of the 1980s "celebutante," "junk bond," "social X-ray," "RICO," "the rough-sex defense," "crack," "garbage barge," and "blackened redfish," to name a few—provides a pretty good picture of the era's mood swings, its preoccupation with high and low, uptown and downtown, drag queens and buyout kings. But the decade came into its full glory only after eight P.M. In New York City during that time, one would be hard put to say whether more styling mousse and sequins were on display in the clubs below 14th Street or in the dining rooms of upper Park Avenue. Patrick McMullan, whose photographs of the period's nightlife will be published next month in the book *So80s* (Powerhouse), might be the guy to ask. He spent virtually every evening of the decade at parties, zipping back and forth between the Temple of Dendur and places such as Area, the club that did itself over with different homemade installations every month or so, well before Martha Stewart made the glue gun a standard household appliance.

The 80s club world viewed itself as an edgy, even subversive subculture (rubber dresses! a party invitation made of Velveeta!

Photographs excerpted from *So80s—A Photographic Diary of a Decade*, by Patrick McMullan, to be published in October by Powerhouse Books; © 2003 by Patrick McMullan.



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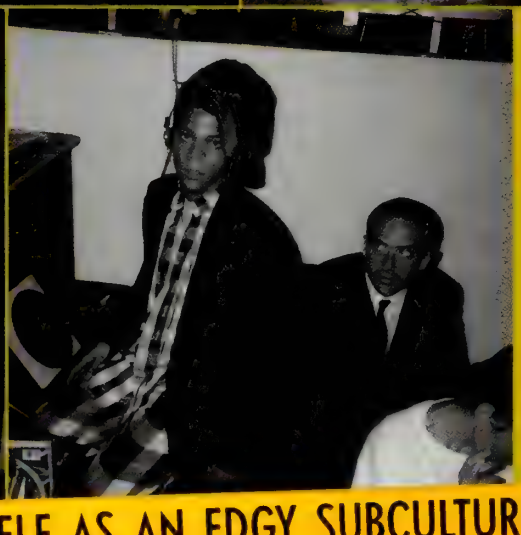
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BRIGHT LIGH BIG HAIR
Clockwise from top left: John S and friends at April 1987; Ian Falconer an Tom Ford, 1980 Jean-Michel Basquiat and Francesco Clem at Area, April 1986; Bianca Ja and Rupert Eve October 1986; Michael Alig at February 1988.

THE 80S CLUB WORLD VIEWED ITSELF AS AN EDGY SUBCULTURE: RUBBER DRESSES! A PARTY INVITATION MADE OF VELVEETA! MIDGETS!

midgets!), a kind of critique of the ostentatious but dull pageantry of big money everywhere else in the city. But more than a critical response, downtown functioned as a kind of fun-house mirror for the rest of Manhattan. Downtown had trust-fund kids in drag; uptown had former stewardesses in Christian Lacroix poufs. Was Tama Janowitz's teased hair really any weirder than Mike Milken's toupee? And the self-conscious transgressiveness of the coed bathroom at Area seems almost quaint compared with the courtroom spectacle of Ivan Boesky and Dennis Levine being led away in handcuffs and monogrammed shirts.

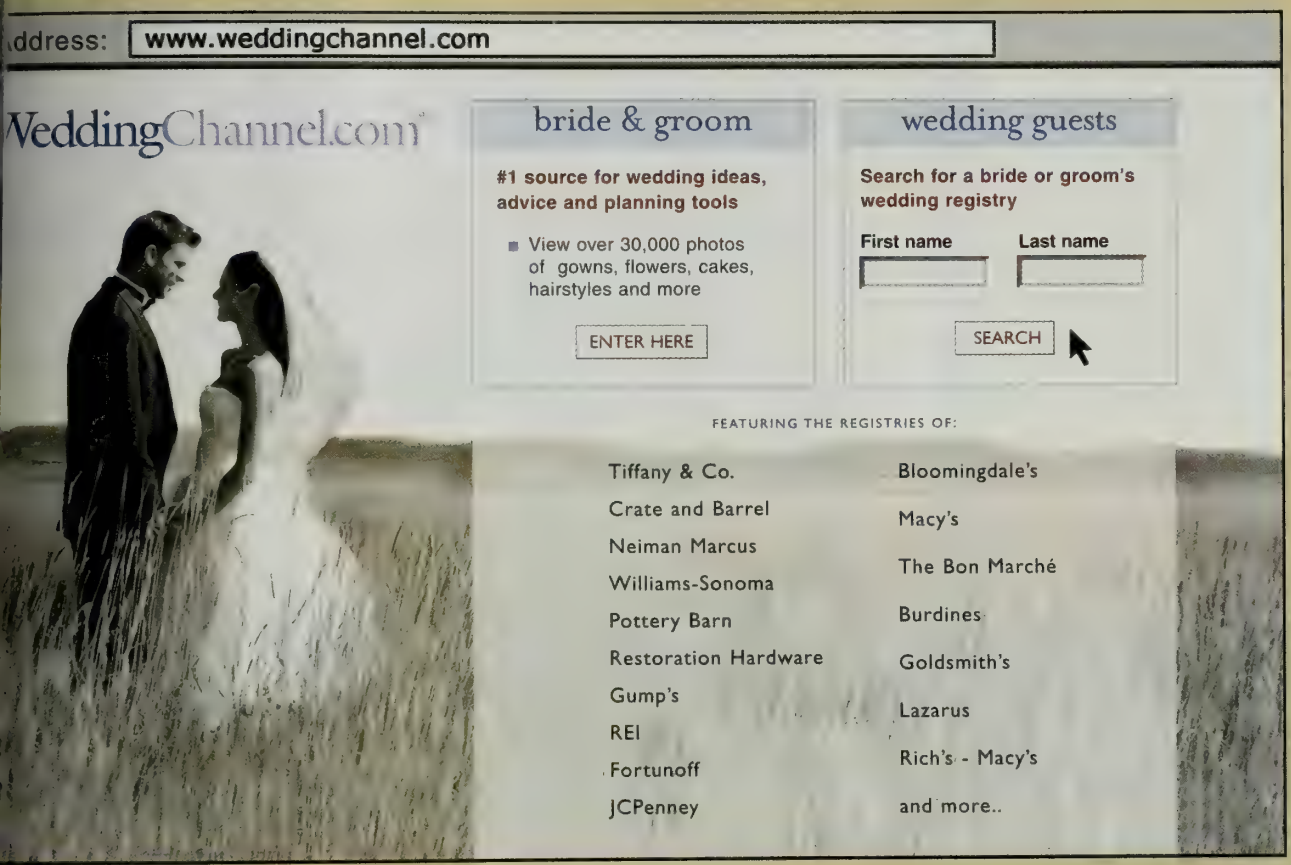
By the time the 80s got rolling, Patrick McMullan was already something of a veteran. When he was a kid growing up on Long Island in the 60s, his parents threw a lot of parties. Themes were often involved; there were Roman-toga parties, hippie parties, and—a particular favorite—luaus. The McMullan children were supposed to be upstairs asleep during these events, but Patrick would peek out his bedroom window at the grown-ups in the backyard, shimmying around a rowboat full of cold beers, and he'd grab a little Instamatic camera (the kind with a revolving flashcube on top, no doubt), run outside in his pajamas, and take pictures.

That could be why McMullan likes to refer to himself as a Bar Mitzvah photographer, as opposed to a member of the paparazzi. He claims that he didn't see *La Dolce Vita* until he was in his 30s, and he's never used a long lens or stood outside a party waiting for celebrities. "I'm always a guest first," he says. Think of him as an early embedded journalist.

He still uses the smallest camera he can find, a lesson he learned from Andy Warhol: "Andy always said, 'As a cute kid, you can get into these parties, but if you have a big camera around your neck, they're gonna make you stay outside.'" When I met McMullan, in 1986, he was taking pictures for the "Party Poop" pages of *Spy* magazine, where I was an editor. He used to carry his little camera, a Canon Sure Shot, in his jacket pocket, the way Warhol did. It was clear from his early contact sheets that often the camera had barely left the pocket when the shutter was pressed. (McMullan's signature move was to extend his camera-wielding arm out to one side, as if he were making a toast, and snap away while continuing a conversation.)

I remember looking at another photographer's contact sheets with *Spy*'s art director one day and hearing him say, "Wow, she has a really angry lens." McMullan

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took a different approach. He routinely asks permission before taking a photograph, and he never wants a picture to make someone mad. This credo didn't exactly square with what we were doing at *Spy,* a publication that existed to make hay out of the foolishness of the times and liked nothing more than to publish photographs of people wearing doofy expressions or with their eyes half closed. But McMullan had open access to the entire Fellini-esque world of downtown New York (and a good portion of uptown too), and his pictures were funny and lively and revelatory, even when the people in them weren't making dumb faces or falling down stairs. A picture from a 1988 issue sums up the usual jaded giddiness: a woman in a low-cut black dress and a ponyskin coat, her head out of frame, holds on her lap a days-old infant who is dressed in a tiny tuxedo; pressed up against the insensible baby's cheek is the smirking face of Bret Easton Ellis.

McMullan got some flak for the sophomoric captions that ran under his *Spy* photos (which he had nothing to do with), but not so much that he stopped being invited everywhere. One of the things that make him a good party photographer also makes him a good guest: he likes to introduce people. If you are someone whose hand McMullan has shaken once or twice and he sees you lingering in a doorway at a party, in search of a familiar face, chances are he will grab you by the elbow and, yanking another unsuspecting party guest toward you with the other hand, say, "Hey, do you two know each other?" As often as not, this new friend is someone you've known for years—it may even be your date—but sometimes it's Barbara Walters or Ross Bleckner or Dr. Ruth. "I have to have a picture," McMullan will say, and the little camera will click. This method has resulted in a couple of marriages and some interesting business deals, and it has produced many truly startling pictures too, like the one of Tom Cruise and Dr. Kevorkian taken at *Time* magazine's 75th-anniversary party in 1998. (When M Mullan introduced them, Cruise told th doctor, "I love your work.")

The nightlife captured in *So80s* had carnival element to it, a bit of *Pee-wee Playhouse*-after-dark kookiness. Today, pe ple don't seem to throw parties just to ha fun; more often, it seems, there's a produ to promote. McMullan and his pock camera have been there through it all; thes days his pictures fill pages in this magazin as well as in *New York, Interview,* and *Vogu* among others. When I asked McMullan t compare nightlife in the 80s with today version, he was able to come up with a co ple of constants: Anthony Haden-Guest still around, as are R. Couri Hay, Pegg Siegal, Jay McInerney, and Francesco Cl mente. But a lot has changed. "Clubs see much louder now," he says. "There used t be more quiet rooms for talking." An another thing he's noticed about today nightlife: "More breast implants." □

McMULLAN'S PICTURES WERE FUNNY AND LIVELY AND REVELATORY,

EVEN WHEN PEOPLE WEREN'T MAKING DUMB FACES OR FALLING DOWN STA













THAT 80S FEELI
Clockwise from to left: Dianne Brill a Sting at Limelight, February 1984; To Hanks at the Dav Letterman show, August 1985; Gra Jones and Dolph Lundgren at the Palladium, Decem 1985; Halston hug Steve Rubell at the Palladium, June 1 Fran Lebowitz and Betsey Johnson at Cafe Seiyoken, A 1986; Carolina an Reinaldo Herrera the Costume Instit Ball, December 19



Eduardo Benito, August 1931 © Condé Nast Archive. All Rights Reserved.

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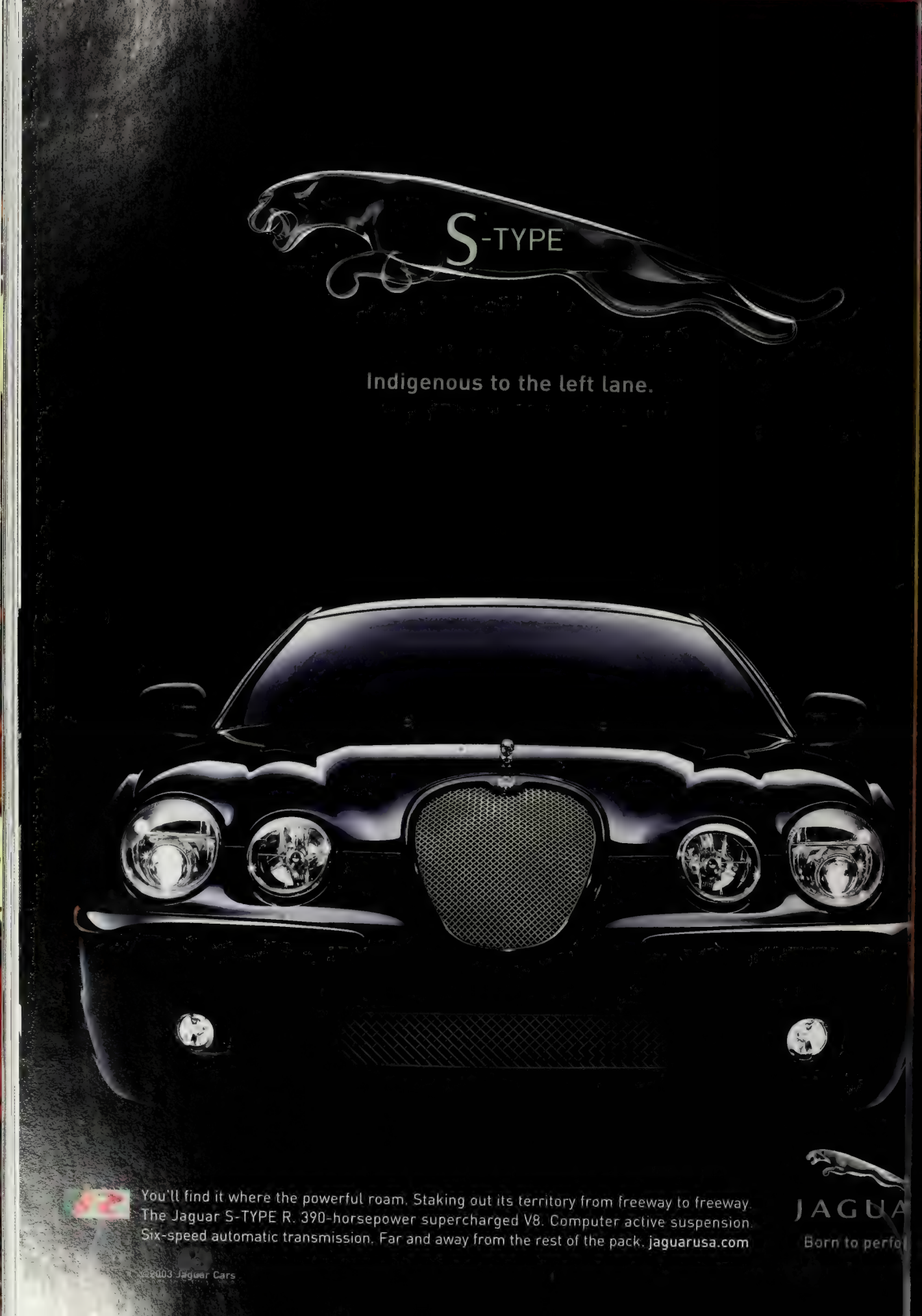
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VANITIES

★ This Month ★

A. A. GILL
HITS NEW YORK'S HOTTEST RESTAURANT, 66, WHERE HAUTE CUISINE AND CHINESE COLLIDE

Plus:

GEORGE WAYNE
CHATS WITH LOUIS LICARI, THE WORLD'S FOREMOST HAIRCOLORIST-TRIATHLETE



Rose Byrne

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 24, actor. **PROVENANCE:** Sydney, Australia. **BRAD PITT PLAYING THE HEEL:** Later this year, Byrne stars in *Obsessed* opposite Josh Hartnett, and she's currently in Malta filming Wolfgang Petersen's *Troy*, with Brad Pitt as Achilles and newcomer Diane Kruger, who, coincidentally, also stars in *Obsessed*, as Helen of Troy. **THE MAKINGS OF A BITTER HOLLYWOOD RIVALRY:** "It was really weird. I got a part [in *Troy*], and then Diane said, 'Yeah, they're flying me out next week.' She got put through the wringer. She's a sweetheart. A good actress, too—she's really good." **BONUS GEEK TRIVIA:** Byrne played a character named Dorme, a maid to Natalie Portman's Princess Amidala, in *Star Wars: Episode 2—Attack of the Clones*. **THE CUTE-BOY THEME CONTINUES:** You can catch her in theaters this month in *I Capture the Castle*, set in 1930s England, and next year in the *The Rage in Placid Lake*, a romantic comedy set in her native Australia—and also starring musician Ben Lee—where she got her start as a teen. "I did some television in Australia when I was 15, and then I graduated from high school and got a job on a film called *Two Hands*, with Heath Ledger—he's a charmer." —KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADLEY PATRICK

ROTE 66

The union of chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten and architect Richard Meier got hard to biz, where you'll find moves in Chinese food and New York's hottest scene. A. A. Gill pulls up a chair.



It's just a guess, but I reckon the greeting-and-seating procedure at 66 is modeled on the aliens line at Immigration—just after the Friday-night flight from Khartoum has landed. But that's O.K., we're used to that. We know that's how smart, fashionable restaurants let us know just how smart and fashionable they are, and therefore, on reflection, how smart and fashionable we are. "Our policy is to offer you the ripest, leanest, richest, market-fresh people we can find, at the peak of perkiness every day."

"You're going to be in New York. You must go to 66. You'll hate it," I was told. Indeed, everyone I mentioned 66 to was fulsome in their epicurean loathing: "Oh, it's the pits." "God, it's the worst hell." "Simply appalling." "It's so pretentious." "I'm dying to know what you think." It was also apparent that everyone who'd been to the six-month-old restaurant in downtown Manhattan was gagging to go again, as if it were some gut-churning carnival ride.

When the door Stasi did finally, grudgingly agree that there just might be a table with my name on it ("You're booked for 8:30, it's 8:35 now; I don't know—" "Look, I'm sorry, I forgot to synchronize watches"), the room was a bit of a disappointment. After all that, it's just a restaurant. And why is it that every postmodern, hot-and-cool, less-is-more, minimal, brave, to-die-for dining room looks like every other postmodern, hot-and-cool, less-is-more, minimal, brave, to-die-for dining room you've been in since before vinegar went balsamic? When was it that blank emptiness and mild discomfort became a synonym for deep thought? When models started doing yoga, I suppose.

The first thing you notice about 66 is that it's difficult to notice anything. The lighting is nighty-night nursery dim, as if keeping it crepuscular will stop you from noticing that it looks like every crêperie in Berlin, and that the babe in the corner isn't Claudia Schiffer but a Serb television producer on steroids. The second thing you notice is the red flags



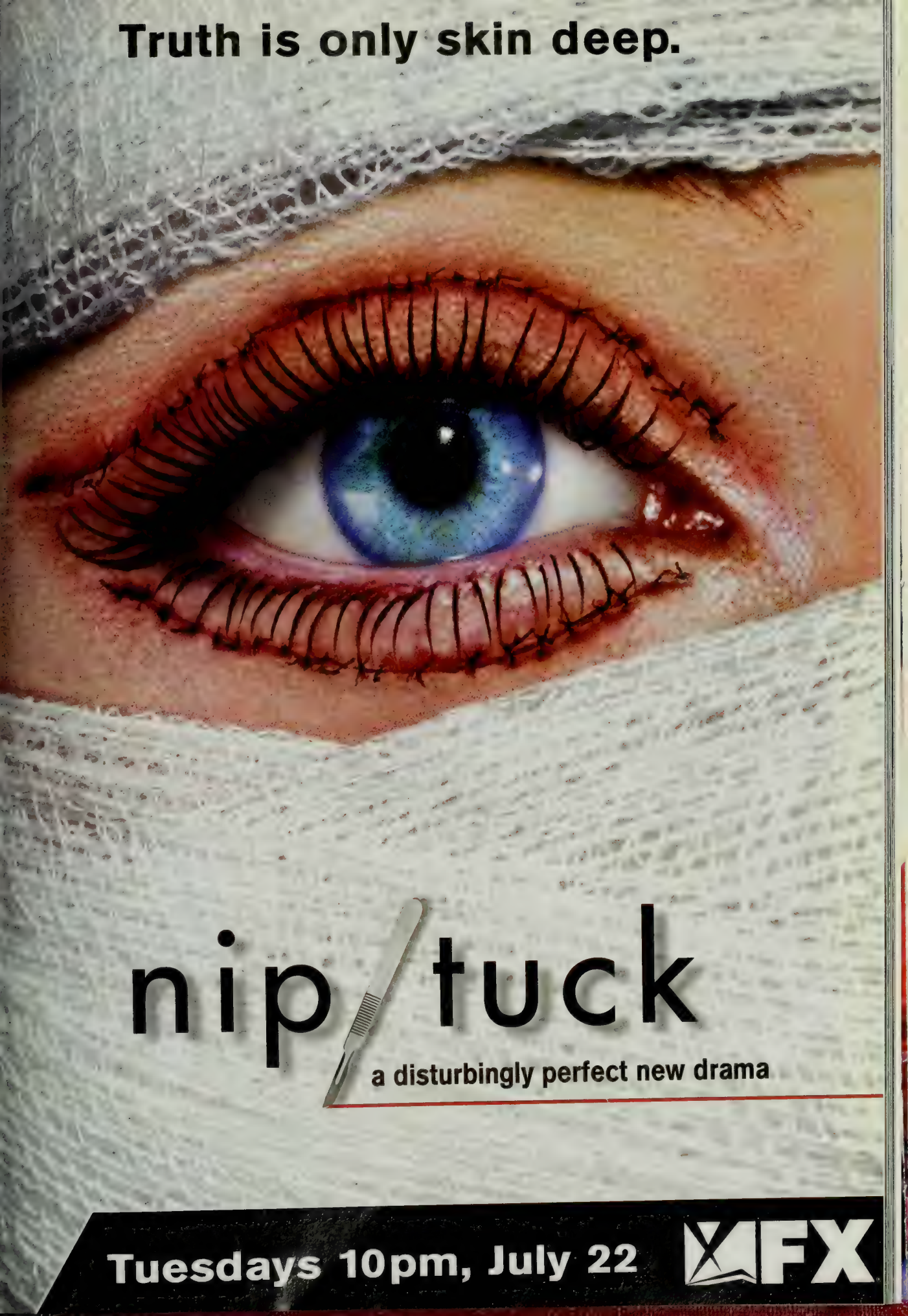


Frankly, banners are a shopping-mall-style cliché, and I mistrust other people

hanging over the collegiate long table that Ian Schrager was putting in his hotels a decade ago. Frankly, banners are a shopping-mall-style cliché. But they're in Chinese and they're here to tell us that this is a Chinese-ish restaurant. Call me Scrabble-ist, but I mistrust other people's alphabets used as decoration, like when you see big, mustached foreign blokes wearing sweatshirts that boast they went to Sarah Lawrence. I don't know . . . maybe they're making fun of me. They could be big signs saying, WE SPIT IN YOUR SOY . . . ALL DIM SUM INCUBATED IN CHEF'S JOCKSTRAP . . . DUNKIN' BOTULISM.

The only other style motifs that snag th eye are the luridly symbolic fishtanks full inedible fashion-victim fish—I can see th chefs through the tanks, it looks like Capta Nemo is cooking—and the illuminated ex signs that in a minimal restaurant alway look like enigmatic art or wishful thinking. wonder where they hid the Heimlich poste

Having treated you at the door like s cial scurvy with contagious halitosis, th staff subtly changes demeanor once you' inside. They treat you like deaf cretins wit learning difficulties. "Have you eaten he before?" they ask. "Do you understand ho this works?" "What—I order, you serve, pay, you give me my coat back?" "Ha h ha . . . No, we bring you the food whe


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Rote 66 continued . . .

and in the order that it's prepared." This talk-to-the-chopstick attitude implies one of two things: either after a lifetime of experience I'm still not to be trusted to feed myself, or, like edible thongs, the food is really only an amusing addendum to social intercourse.

Our table had a retro naff lazy Susan. I like lazy old Susan: she embodies free trade, capitalism, and survival of the fattest—but let's get to the point. To say the food is repellently awful would be to credit it with a vim and vigor and attitude it simply can't rise to. The bowls and dishes dribble and limp to the table with a yawning lassitude. A vain empty ennui. They weren't so much presented as wilted and folded to death. It was all prepared with that most depressing and effete culinary style—tepid whimsy. Tell me, off the top of your head, what two attributes should hot-and-sour soup have? Take your time. It was neither. Nor anything else much. How clever are shrimp-and-foie-gras dumplings with grapefruit dipping sauce? What if we called them fishy liver-filled condoms. They were properly vile, with a savor that lingered like a lovelorn drunk and tasted as if your mouth had been used as the swab bin in an animal hospital. Crispy, tender frogs' legs were what we'd have gotten in buckets if Colonel Sanders had been French. And these were just the highlights; the memory of the rest has been elided into one long, bland, watery compost that could barely incite flatulence. It was like eating through a veil. The vivid flavors and complex textures that are the mark of Asian cuisine had been censored out. And it wasn't that I ordered badly; *I ordered everything.* It's chinoiserie lite—scrubbed and gelded of any heritage and hospitality. Everything the food wasn't, the price was. Big, bold, generous, heartily man-size. The de rigueur gratuity alone managed to hit $144. We could have feasted to bursting on some of the best Chinese food in the world, a mere Manolo clip-cl away, for the price of just the tip. A frie pointed out that 66 is a very propitio number in China. "It means wealth, you going to make money." The name cou translate as "Make Me Rich," or "Eat M Mortgage."

So why are all these studiedly unde dressed, nervously loud, self-conscious fo here? The Eurotrash dollar diggers, t something-or-others in fashion or mark ing, the lickers and fl terers of money ar fame, the social sigh seers. Well, I have theory. We're all here sup a dish of lukewar Schadenfreude—albe at our own expense. I just such a rare ple sure to be able to somewhere smart ar modern and hysterica ly expensive and hate generously, safe in t knowledge that everyone else in the roo hates it, and all our friends hate it, ar everyone who matters hates it as well. gives you such a warm sense of belongi to the right gang.





When you live in a sophisticat urban demimonde you're alwa playing catch-up on the cultu always being wrong-footed by trends, wo ried that you're being made a fool of. We 66 is fashion's fall guy. Every city with *Zagat* needs to have a ridiculously ove priced, underdesigned, absurdly smug, da diner, staffed by humorless snots who thi they're gastronomy consultants and monge of chic, so that we can point and laugh a say, "Oy, it's only dinner"—think of it as

Another style motif that snags the eye: tanks full of inedible fashion-victim fish.

sort of edible self-help group-therapy thin

My favorite bit, the evening's punch lin was the toilet guy. There's a waiter who sole, humiliating purpose is apparently show you to the bathroom and open the s cret, unmarked door. Now how far up yo own minimally designed, imperative fund ment do you have to get before you empl a chap to be a human rest-room sign?



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GEORGE WAYNE Q&A

Louis Licari: king of color, long-distance runner

Countless Hollywood stars and Upper East Side socialites wouldn't dream of going out in public without their Louis Licari highlights in perfect streaking order. The Tribune of the Tinfoil, who this summer began a side stint as NBC's beauty editor, wears out the airspace between New York and Los Angeles caring for his charges. In his spare time he thwarts foot gashes, takes headfirst tumbles over bicycle handlebars, and has faced near paralysis in a quest for triathlon glory. As he prepares for the fall launch of his new haircare line, Louis Licari Ionic Hair Care, Licari bares all, weighing in on PowerBars, lawsuits, and, crucially, to Speedo or not to Speedo.

George Wayne: *So Lou-Lou, darling, tell G.W.: how many triathlons have you competed in?*

Louis Licari: Many. Last year I did the world championship.

G.W. *What about the swimsuit? Is it Speedos for you, Lou-Lou? G.W.'s favorite part of the triathlon is the fit men dashing about in their Speedos.*

L.L. Yeah, it's pretty hot. It's a sexy sport. But I'm not the Speedo type of guy. I have a one-piece thing.

G.W. *A lot of people don't realize the rigor involved. First you swim for 2.4 miles, then hop on a bike for another 112 miles, and then do a marathon jog of 26.2 miles.*

L.L. I get up around 4:30 A.M., and I train until around 9.

G.W. *Where did this idea, this* quest, *begin, Lou-Lou?*

L.L. Like everyone else, I used to go to the gym, trying to look good, but then I found that boring. I knew I was a runner and could bike, so all I had to do was get the swimming down and I could become a triathlete. I found this coach to help me, three-time Olympian Mike Gostigian.

G.W. *Didn't you have a horrendous injury a few years ago, preparing for the Ironman? You popped your C7 neck vertebra.*

L.L. I broke my neck. I thought I was going to die. But a year later I competed in the Ironman.

G.W. *You grew up in Syracuse, went to the university there, and moved to Manhattan hoping to be the next Warhol.*

L.L. Yeah, but I was insecure and shy, and being a painter, besides being good, requires the ability to self-promote. I had none of those things.

G.W. *You are probably the most famous haircolorist ever.*

L.L. It was a lot of luck. I thought hair would be a great way to make money while I painted, but all of a sudden I was working with people like Eileen Ford and Robert De Niro.

G.W. *Is this an art?*

L.L. No, it's a skill.

G.W. *Thank God—at least you're honest about it. What do you and Sharon Stone or Susan Sarandon talk about?*

L.L. Susan Sarandon is my very dear friend, and we talk about things that any friends talk about: what are we doing this weekend? With Sharon, we talk about her career.

G.W. *There is not a whole lot for you and Jennifer Jason Leigh to talk about, is there? Didn't she sue you for $4 million?*

L.L. That's ancient history; that happened almost 14 years ago.

G.W. *Yeah, but what happened with the lawsuit?*

L.L. It disappeared.

G.W. *Which means you settled.*

L.L. And I'm not allowed to talk about it.

G.W. *Does Lou-Lou have a significant other?*

L.L. No, I don't.

G.W. *Are you bi-lingual?*

L.L. No.

G.W. *What about your favorite PowerBar?*

L.L. I like the Ironman because they send them to me.

G.W. *I hear Lou-Lou has the most amazing abs—let G.W. see?*

L.L. Should we take off my clothes here?

G.W. *Why not?*

L.L. After we're finished talking I'll take off my clothes for you. I just ate, so they might not be so fabulous.

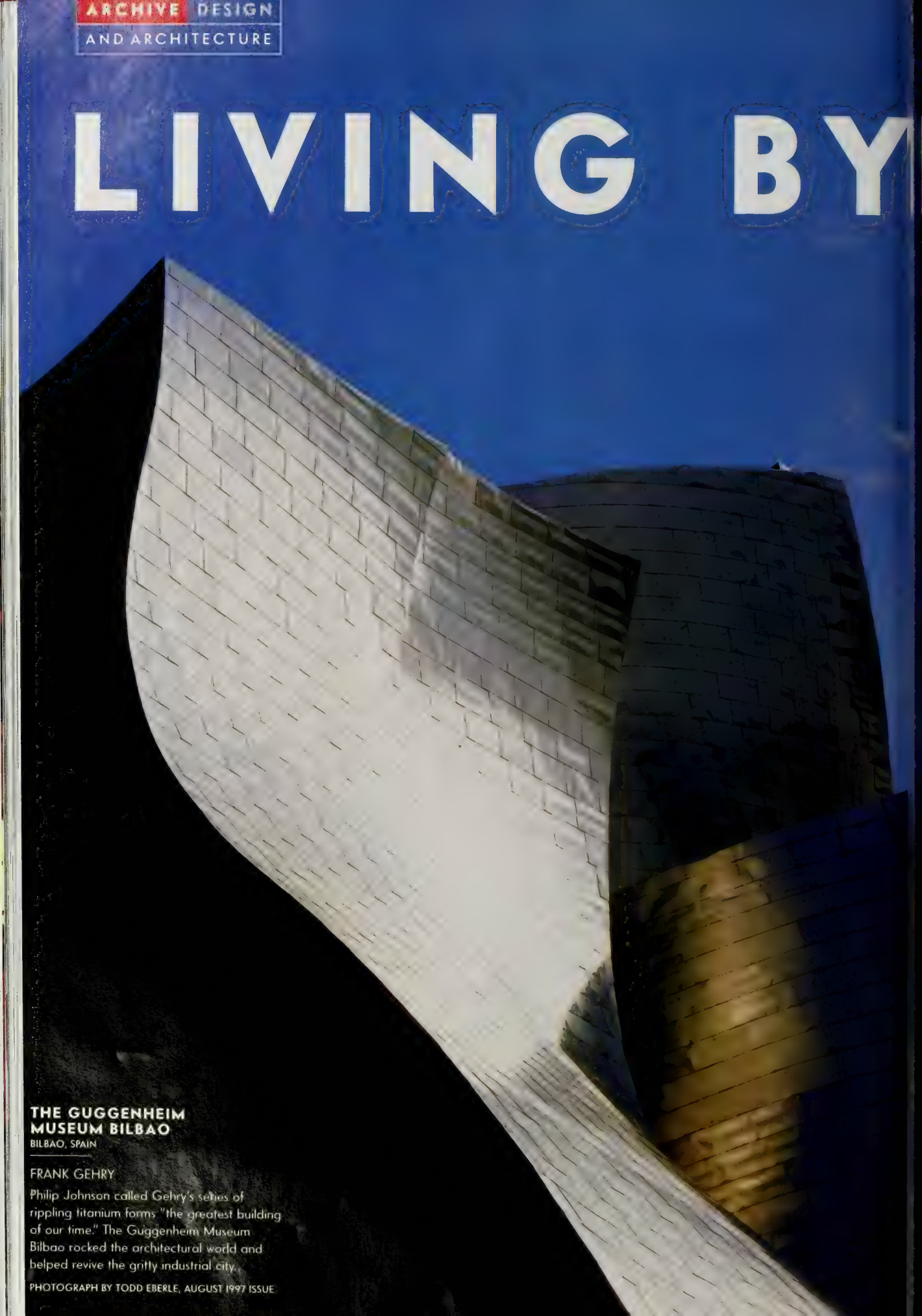
G.W. *One of the keys to the roaring success of your salons is the lack of attitude. There is always room for the celebrity* and *the Saturday girl.*

L.L. That's true. We have a V.I.P. room, but the people who want it are pretentious women from Long Island who wear too much jewelry. The V.I.P.'s would rather see what's going on. Kim Basinger said, "My God, Louis, this is a movie in the making. We just have to write it."

G.W. *Kudos to you, Lou-Lou! G.W. thanks you very much!*


EIGHT PHONES FED BY A SINGLE JACK.
BEAUTIFUL.
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A World Without Wires

LIVING BY



THE GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM BILBAO
BILBAO, SPAIN

FRANK GEHRY

Philip Johnson called Gehry's series of rippling titanium forms "the greatest building of our time." The Guggenheim Museum Bilbao rocked the architectural world and helped revive the gritty industrial city.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD EBERLE, AUGUST 1997 ISSUE

DESIGN

MARKING THE 20TH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS REBIRTH, *VANITY FAIR* PRESENTS A PORTFOLIO OF THE MOST INNOVATIVE ARCHITECTURE AND DESIGN TO APPEAR IN ITS PAGES. FROM PHILIP JOHNSON TO I. M. PEI TO FRANK GEHRY AND RICHARD MEIER, **MATT TYRNAUER** SURVEYS A PANORAMA OF EXTERIORS, INTERIORS, AND STILL LIFES—MANY OF THEM CAPTURED BY PHOTOGRAPHER **TODD EBERLE**—THAT HIGHLIGHT A TWO-DECADE COMMITMENT TO THE EDGE OF MODERN



THE KAUFMANN HOUSE
PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

RICHARD NEUTRA

Neutra's 1946 masterwork was built for Edgar Kaufmann—the department-store magnate who also commissioned Frank Lloyd Wright's Fallingwater—and has been designated a national historic site.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN BECKER, JUNE 1999 ISSUE.



UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS
NEW YORK CITY

WALLACE K. HARRISON, OSCAR NIEMEYER, AND LE CORBUSIER (plus an international team of architects)

Seat consoles in the U.N. Security Council chamber feature controls for earphones that delegates and staff wear when listening to simultaneous translations.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD EBERLE, JUNE 2003 ISSUE.





STAHL HOUSE
LOS ANGELES

PIERRE KOENIG

Vanity Fair, a longtime champion of the work of architectural photographer Julius Shulman, recently published this rarely seen color version of his 1960 photo *Case Study House No. 22*, depicting a home built that same year. A black-and-white rendering has become one of the iconic images of modern architecture.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIUS SHULMAN, AUGUST 2000 ISSUE.

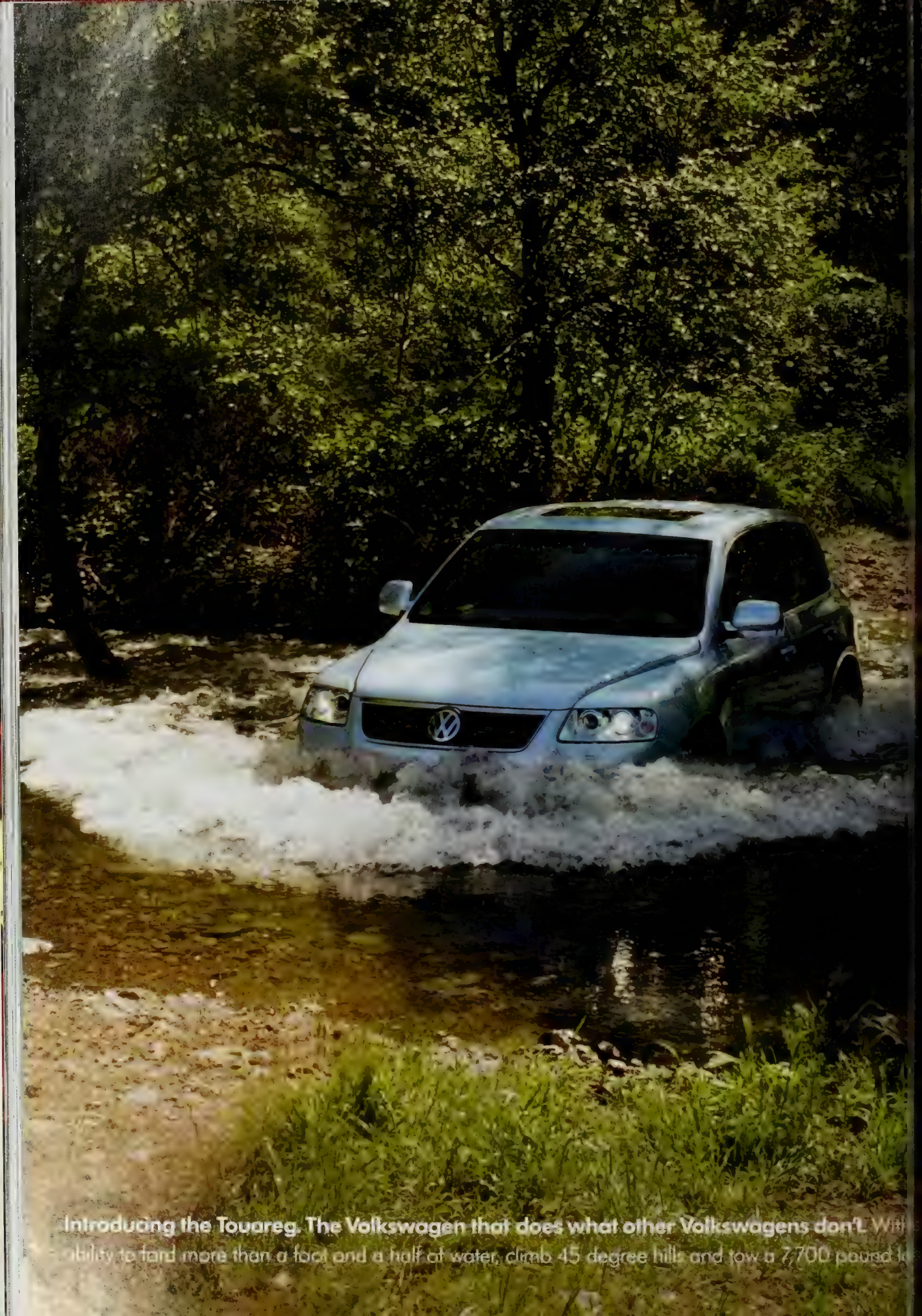
MODERN ART MUSEUM OF FORT WORTH
FORT WORTH, TEXAS

TADAO ANDO

The latest in a series of high-profile museum commissions (including the Pulitzer Foundation for the Arts in St. Louis, the Alexander Calder Museum in Philadelphia, and the Pinault Contemporary Art Foundation in Paris), Ando's building, made of his signature concrete, stands in an acre of shallow water.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD EBERLE, DECEMBER 2002 ISSUE.





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THE GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
NEW YORK CITY

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

The daring corkscrew design of the Guggenheim, completed in 1959, just after Wright's death at age 91, set it apart from its staid stone neighbors on New York's Upper East Side. The museum was Wright's last built project and the culmination of a great revival in the architect's popularity.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT E. MATES, NOVEMBER 1998 ISSUE.



ST. MARTINS LANE
LONDON

PHILIPPE STARCK

St. Martins Lane is one of two London collaborations by Starck and hotel innovator Ian Schrager, who together with Anda Andrei have redefined the design of hotels worldwide. Rooms can be lit in different colors, according to guests' tastes, by turning a dial.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES MORTIMER, MARCH 2000 ISSUE.



MITCH
LYNCH RESID
LOS ANGELES

JOHN
Lauren—who married
Angeles setting of the film Blade Runner—
idiosyncratic circular living room in this house, which affords views
of both the downtown cityscape and the HOLLYWOOD sign

PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD EBERLE, APRIL 2020 ISSUE



THE GETTY CENT
LOS ANG

RICHARD M

When finished in 1997, Me
sprawling travertine-and-alumin
clad headquarters (for a muse
that is required to spend more t
$100 million of its endowm
each year) invited declaration
a new Acropolis in
Santa Monica Mount

PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD EH
APRIL 1997 P





HI-FI

Elegance and simplicity were hallmarks mid-century audio systems. *Above*, a dial from a 1960 KLH FM table radio; *right*, 957 Rek-O-Kut Rondine turntable; *below*, a Grundig-Majestic console.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TODD EBERLE, JANUARY 2002 ISSUE.



ARCHIVE DESIGN
AND ARCHITECTURE





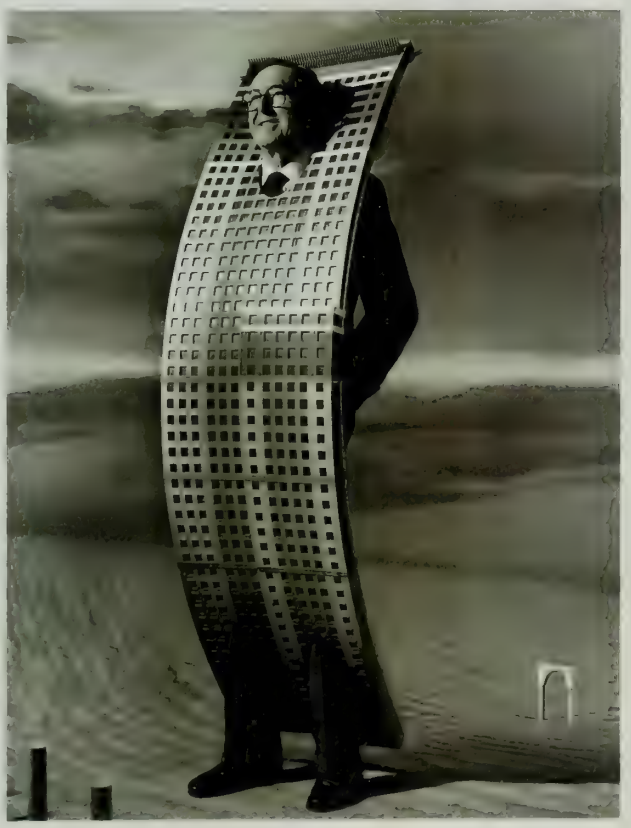


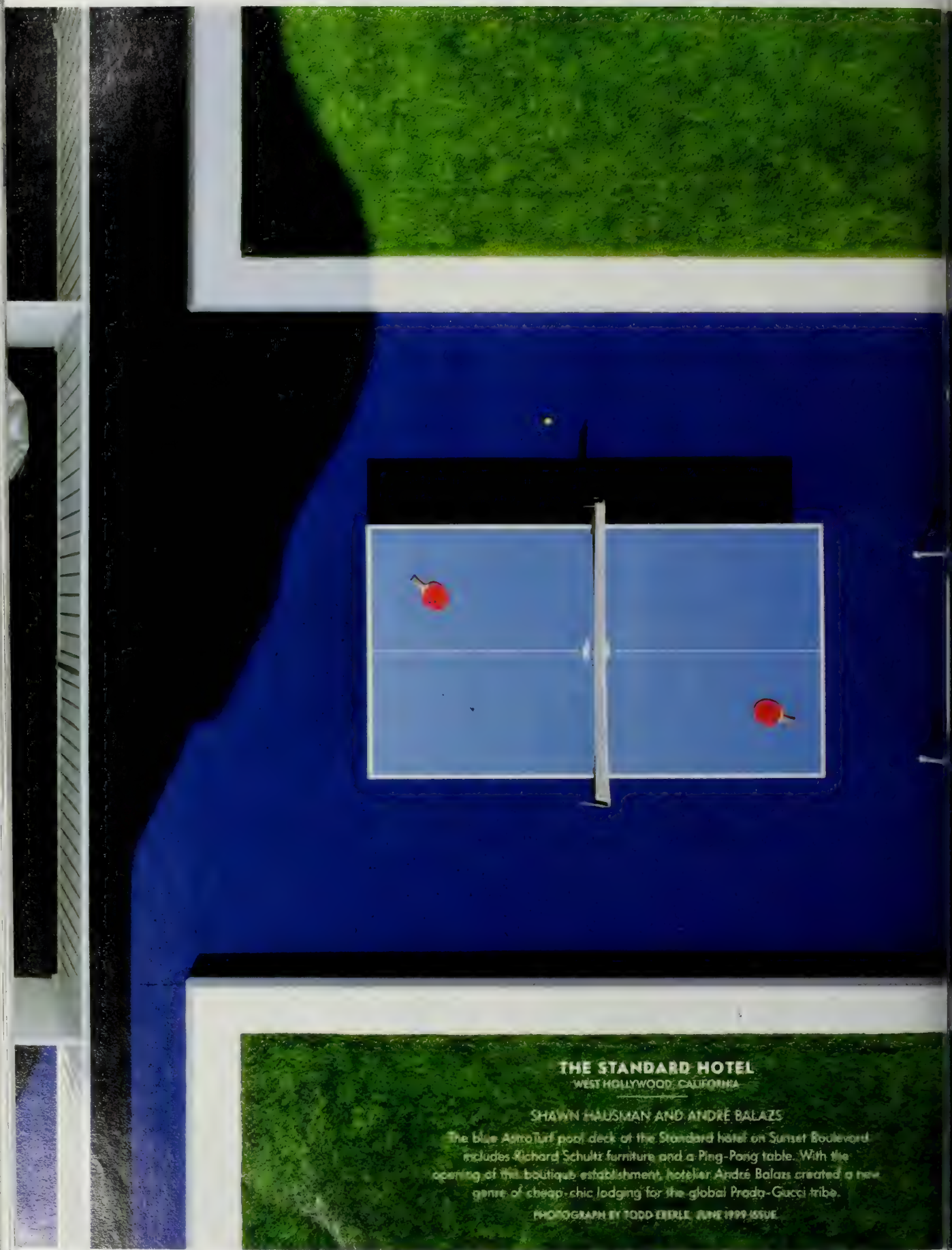
SKYSCRAPER COUTURE

Vanity Fair's homage to a famous 1931 photograph from the Beaux-Arts ball presents architects outfitted with their own buildings. *Opposite,* Philip Johnson wears the tower from his PPG Building on his head. *Clockwise from top left:* I. M. Pei wears his Louvre pyramid, Robert A. M. Stern his Disney Feature Animation Building, Cesar Pelli his Carnegie Hall Tower, and Philippe Starck his Tokyo Nani Nani building.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEF ASTOR, JULY 1996 ISSUE.







THE STANDARD HOTEL

WEST HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

SHAWN HAUSMAN AND ANDRÉ BALAZS

The blue AstroTurf pool deck of the Standard hotel on Sunset Boulevard includes Richard Schultz furniture and a Ping-Pong table. With the opening of this boutique establishment, hotelier André Balazs created a new genre of cheap-chic lodging for the global Prada-Gucci tribe.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD EBERLE, JUNE 1999 ISSUE





FOUR SEASONS RESTAURANT
NEW YORK CITY

PHILIP JOHNSON AND LUDWIG MIES VAN DER ROHE

The favorite lunch spot of Manhattan's corporate elite is studded with works by Miró and other modernists. Johnson designed the restaurant, including this lobby, for Mies van der Rohe's most famous American project, the former headquarters of Seagram & Sons.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD EBERLE, AUGUST 1999 ISSUE.



LEVER HOUSE
NEW YORK CITY

GORDON BUNSHAFT

The iconoclastic Park Avenue headquarters of Lever Brothers—the first all-glass building in New York—was the creation of Bunshaft while he was at Skidmore, Owings & Merrill.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD EBERLE, OCTOBER 2002 ISSUE.



THERMAL BATHS
VALS, SWITZERLAND

PETER ZUMTHOR

Two years after it opened, Zumthor's spa—made from concrete and local Valser quartzite—was listed as a protected building in Switzerland.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD EBERLE, JULY 2001 ISSUE.





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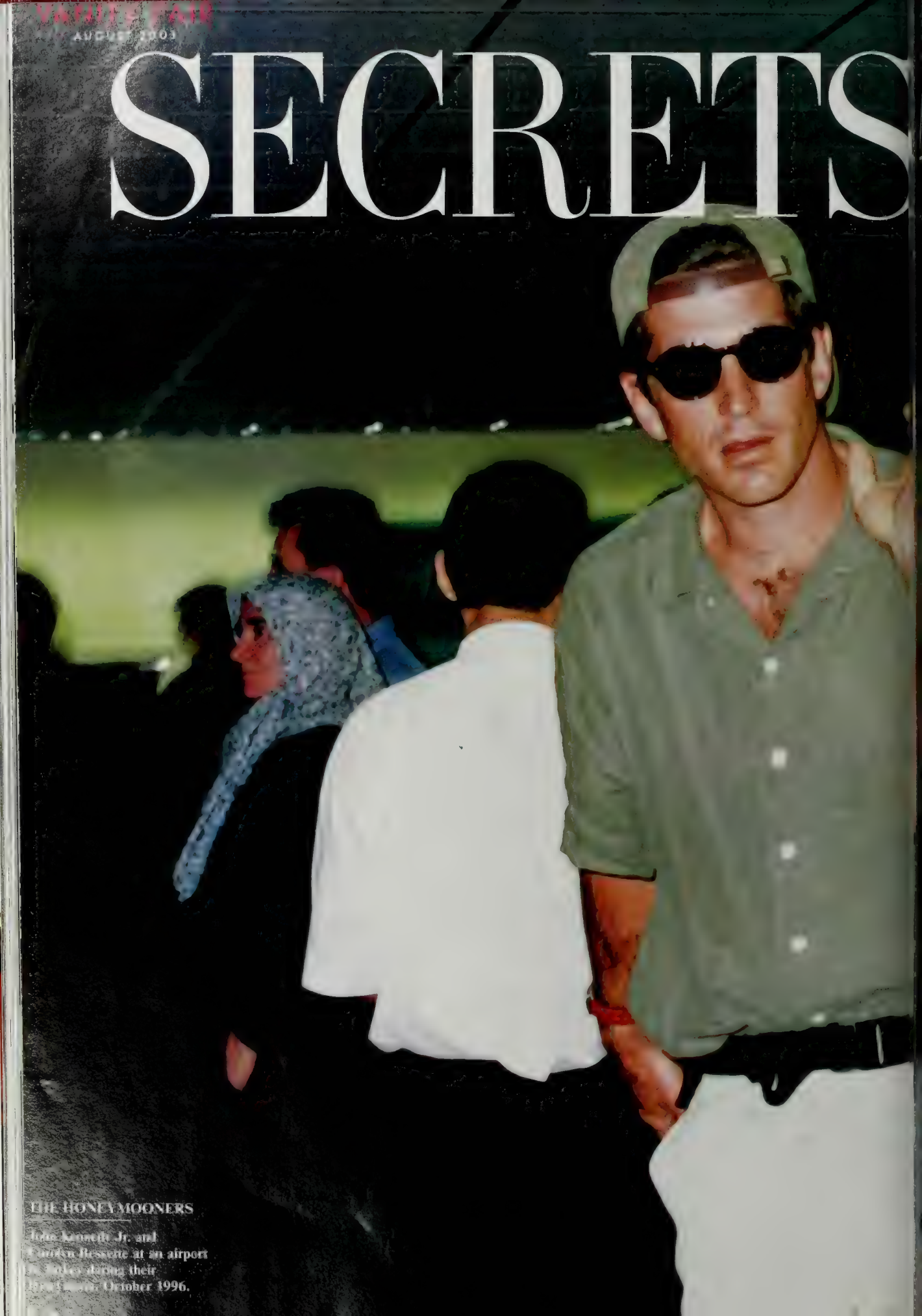


s a vehicle unlike any other. *Car and Driver* agreed. They named
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VANITY FAIR
AUGUST 1999

SECRETS



THE HONEYMOONERS

John Kennedy Jr. and Carolyn Bessette at an airport in Turkey during their honeymoon, October 1996.

AND LIES

All the world knows the end of John F. Kennedy Jr. and Carolyn Bessette's story. The hidden chapter was the gradual unraveling of their marriage as it slid from wedding-day hysterics into a spiral of depression, drugs, and violence. In an excerpt from his new book, EDWARD KLEIN explores the conflicts—over starting a family, *George* magazine, and life in the spotlight—that drove Kennedy and Bessette apart, despite interventions by a couples therapist and, fatally, Carolyn's sister Lauren



"I want to have kids, but whenever I raise the subject with Carolyn, she turns away and refuses to have sex with me."

The speaker was John F. Kennedy Jr., and he was sitting on the edge of a king-size bed, a phone cradled in the crook of his shoulder, pouring his heart out to a friend. It was early in the evening of July 14, 1999—two days before John's fatal plane crash—and the last rays of sunlight were flooding his room at the Stanhope, a fashionable New York hotel located across Fifth Avenue from the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

"It's not just about sex," John told his friend, who recalled the conversation for me several days later, while it was still fresh in his memory. "It's impossible to talk to Carolyn about *anything.* We've become like total strangers."

For a moment the words caught in John's throat, and his friend could sense his struggle to regain his composure. Then all of John's pent-up bitterness and frustration exploded over the phone line.

"I've *had* it with her!" he said. "It's got to stop. Otherwise we're headed for divorce."

A thousand days had passed since John exchanged wedding vows with Carolyn Bessette on a wild, unspoiled island off the coast of Georgia, and during that time the truth about their troubled marriage had been a well-guarded secret. Now John and Carolyn were living apart—he at the Stanhope, she in their loft in Tribeca—and John was on the verge of calling it quits.

For the life of him, John could not understand why his marriage had soured, especially since it had begun with so much sweetness and hope. An inveterate prankster, John eagerly endorsed Carolyn's wish to keep their wedding plans secret. "This is one thing *I'm* in control of, not John," Carolyn told a close friend. "No one's going to know where or when we're ting married."

From the start Carolyn was in a q dary over who would make her wed dress. Should she ask Calvin Klein, until recently had employed her as a r level publicist? Should she choose her roommate, the talented black fashion signer Gordon Henderson? Or should turn to Narciso Rodriguez, a former vin Klein staffer who now worked for Paris couturier Nino Cerruti? Carolyn k that her choice would have major re cussions, for the designer was certain to worldwide publicity.

Carolyn ultimately decided on the r tively unknown Rodriguez to design b her rehearsal-dinner dress and her wed dress, as well as the matron-of-honor d for Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg, Jo sister. Rodriguez worked for months on ferent designs, but it was not until 15 before the wedding that Carolyn made final pick.

Gordon Henderson, who was Caro closest friend, was devastated. He dreamed of designing her dress and coming a bigger fashion star. As a cons tion, Carolyn asked him to make John's and orchestrate the details of the wedd Preparations were conducted with all secrecy of a military operation. Only a close friends and family members w invited. Everything seemed to go smo ly until, on the day of the wedding, C lyn attempted to put on her dress found that she could not manage to the $40,000 pearl-colored silk-crêpe fl length gown over her hea was cut on the bias witho zipper, and like many s dresses it was difficult to put Try as hard as she might, could not squeeze herself int

Under mounting press Carolyn grew hysterical and gan yelling at everyone aro her. Henderson gently led into a bathroom, put a s over her head, and mana to get her into the dress. T still in a state of high anxi she sat while her makeup hair were re-done.

Carolyn's stiletto heels dri holes in the sandy beach on way to Cumberland Islan





STOLEN MOMENTS

John and Carolyn, *above,* during a Sunday stroll in Tribeca, 1997; *right,* on a New York street with Friday, John's Canaan dog, 1997; and, *opposite,* kissing in Central Park, 1994.

Excerpted from *The Kennedy Curse: Why Tragedy Has Haunt America's First Family for 150 Years,* by Edward Klein, to be published this month by St. Martin's Press L.L.C.; © 2003 by the author.


hate living in a fishbowl."
Carolyn said. "How could
I bring a child into
this kind of world?"

Carolyn stormed out of the
marriage counselor's office when the therapi
raised the subject of her drug







AMERICAN ROYALTY

Opposite, John kisses Carolyn during the White House Correspondents' Dinner in Washington, D.C., on May 1, 1999, two months before they died; *this page,* the newlyweds in Turkey, 1996.

ood-frame First African Bap- hurch. A stunning six-foot-tall, , corn-silk-blonde bride, she wo hours late for her own ing.

e one-room church was illu- ted by candlelight, and it was m inside that the young Jesu- est, the Reverend Charles J. rne of Manhattan's Church of natius Loyola, where Jacque- Kennedy Onassis's funeral had been held in 1994, had to the service by flashlight. John's in and closest friend, Anthony ziwill, served as best man (as had done at his wedding), and e end of the ceremony John ed and told him that he had r been happier in his life.

ne marriage made front-page everywhere, and a new Ken- myth was born. The man who d have had any woman in the d had chosen as his bride one was not rich or famous or ennobled by ly background or distinguished by any essional accomplishment. What Carolyn were certain charismatic qualities—ex- ional beauty, a unique sense of style, a shrewd, sharp, hard intelligence.

he media played the marriage as a Cin- lla story, casting Carolyn as the com- er who had found true love with Prince rming. But it turned out to be a doomed tale, a nightmare of escalating domes- violence, suspicions of infidelity, and gs—a union that seemed destined to end ne kind of disaster or another.

When the couple returned from their honeymoon, in the fall of 1996, they found a swarm of journalists camped outside their front r at 20 North Moore Street, in the t of Manhattan's Tribeca district. The dy media mob terrified Carolyn, and gallant effort to protect his wife John ded with the reporters and camera- to back off and give her a chance to st to her new role as a celebrity.

lis pleas fell on deaf ears. Normally, supernovas of the magnitude of Ma- na had to suffer through this kind of lic ordeal. But Carolyn was suddenly st into their celestial company. Photos er appeared everywhere. She drove the ion world mad with excitement. The edi- of *Women's Wear Daily,* Patrick McCar- crowned Carolyn a modern style icon, to Jackie O, her deceased mother-in-law. Anna Wintour at *Vogue* and the late Liz Tilberis at *Harper's Bazaar* were eager to get Carolyn to pose for their covers. And Ralph Lauren tried to hire Carolyn as his personal muse. "Every time you design something, or create something," Lauren instructed one of his top aides, "think of Carolyn Bessette."

John was accustomed to this kind of treatment. The narcissist in him thrived on it. To get attention, he often indulged in exhibitionistic stunts, such as appearing shirtless in Central Park or having his picture taken while sailing with a thong-clad Carolyn. As someone who had grown up in the klieg lights of public attention, John equated celebrity with power. And, like most mega-stars, he dreaded the emptiness that came with being ignored.

But Carolyn was a different story. As the months wore on, she could not handle the relentless personal scrutiny and exploitation that went with public glorification. When a photographer approached her on the street, she would cast her eyes to the ground and pull in her shoulders. "She makes herself look like the Hunchback of Notre Dame," complained Calvin Klein. And, indeed, in many photos she looked like a hunted creature.

To avoid the paparazzi, Carolyn sought refuge in the West Village apartment of Gordon Henderson. "She didn't feel at home in the North Moore Street apartment," said a friend. "She hated it. She didn't like where it was located. And John had decorated it—badly. It was very cold, like a young man's first loft."

It was clear to friends that Carolyn was cracking under the pressure. She displayed the classic signs of clinical depression. A few months after the wedding, she began spending more and more time locked in her apartment, convulsed by crying jags and, as gossip columnist Liz Smith observed, "bemoaning her fate as the wife of America's most famous man."

"John's life was huge—with dozens of friendships and involvements—but Carolyn couldn't handle that," one of her closest friends told me. "She didn't want to go out. She would ditch John's friends, not show up for dinner, refuse to go to people's houses or events. She burned a lot of bridges."

As a child of divorce who had long been estranged from her father, Carolyn was sensitive to any sign of male desertion. In her view, John had forsaken her to work on *George,* his political lifestyle magazine. One time she faxed him at his office: "Please come home now, I need you." In addition, she resented that John had reverted to his old bachelor ways—pumping iron at the gym late into the night, going off on kayak trips with the boys, and (Carolyn suspected) playing around behind her back with the girls.

Once, when John returned in the eve-





NOWHERE TO HIDE

The young couple under constant scrutiny: *left,* in New York shortly after their honeymoon; *below,* leaving their Tribeca apartment, October 23, 1996; and, *opposite,* at a reception in their honor at Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg's Park Avenue apartment in Manhattan, 1996.

ning to their loft, he found Carolyn sprawled on the floor in front of a sofa, disheveled and hollow-eyed, snorting cocaine with a gaggle of gay fashionistas—clothing designers, stylists, male models, and one or two publicists. Without asking John's permission, Carolyn gave keys to their loft to some of her friends so that they could come and go as they pleased.

"You're a cokehead!," John screamed at her, according to one of the people who were present that night.

Her friends in the fashion industry were aware that Carolyn was a heavy user of street drugs.

"She and I went to dinner one night when John was sick at home with the flu," recalled a close acquaintance who worked at *George*. "She made at least a half-dozen trips to the bathroom and came back to the table with white rings around her nostrils. We went from bar to bar, and she wanted to come over to my apartment, but I said no, because I knew it would be an all-nighter. I finally dropped her off at three A.M.

"The next morning, John came into the office and asked, 'Why did you keep my wife out so late?' And I said, 'A better question, John, is why your wife didn't want to go home.'

"Carolyn was like a wild horse," this person continued. "She had a trash mouth and loved being irreverent. She used to call John a fag all the time. Once, there was a party at Mar-a-Lago, Donald Trump's private club in Florida, and Carolyn announced to a roomful of people, 'I had to take a Puerto Rican bath [a derogatory term meaning a splash of water and a spray of cologne] on the way down in the airplane.'"

Their fights frequently turned violent, and John told friends that he felt trapped in an abusive relationship. One time he had to be rushed to an emergency room for an operation to repair a severed nerve in his right wrist. He tried to dismiss the injury as the result of a stupid household accident, but his friends knew better: they were certain that Carolyn was the culprit.

Both Carolyn and John had fiery tempers, but she always seemed to get the better of him in their arguments. When she heard rumors that he was seeing his old flame Daryl Hannah, she flew into a rage.

People who knew Carolyn doubted she would ever let John go. Her insecurity fueled a need to control and manipulate. Her frequent use of cocaine made her paranoid. She was jealous of John's sister, Caroline, and his business partner at *George*, Michael Berman.

"Carolyn didn't like Michael Berman," said one of her friends. "She thought Michael wasn't on the up-and-up, and that he had a vested interest in her husband. She poisoned John's relationship with Michael. I heard her tell John, 'I don't believe Michael's your friend. The only reason he's close to you is because you're John F. Kennedy Jr.'" It was Carolyn's constant meddling in the editorial operations of *George* that finally wrecked John's relationship with Berman and was one of the factors that led to Berman's firing. Partly as a result of that, the magazine, which had been Berman's idea in the first place, was teetering on the brink of disaster.

"The divorce between Michael Berman and John F. Kennedy Jr. was fateful for *George*," said Jean-Louis Gindre, the former editorial director of Hachette Filipacchi Magazines, the Paris-based publisher that bankrolled and distributed *George*. "When Berman left, something was lost in the mix."

John told friends that Carolyn also had a bitter falling-out with Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg after hearing that John's sister had made snide remarks about the Cumberland Island wedding. A stickler for punctuality, Caroline had criticized the bride for being late to her own wedding and for insisting on wearing high heels as she trudged down the beach to the church. Now Carolyn and Caroline were barely speaking terms, and John was caught in the middle, between his wife and his adored sister.

John dreamed of having a son. He had even picked out a name: Flynn. But Carolyn was never willing to start a family. "I hate living in a fishbowl," she confided to a friend. "John may be comfortable living like this, but I'm not. How could I bring a child into this kind of world?"

John once told a friend, "I'm attracted to strong-willed women like my mother." Carolyn was not just a strong-willed woman. She could be demanding, domineering, according to even CONTINUED ON PAG



To a friend
John disclosed his
worst fear: that his wife
was cheating on him.

The *Times*'s Restoration Drama

Backed by publisher Arthur Sulzberger Jr., executive editor Howell Raines set out in September 2001 to shake up the venerable *New York Times*. He succeeded, winning a record seven Pulitzers in 2002. But a year later the *Times* was rocked to its foundation by a young reporter's lies, by a veteran journalist's deception, and by an unprecedented newsroom mutiny against Raines's dictatorial style. Analyzing a drama of race, arrogance, and humiliation, DAVID MARGOLICK learns how the leader of the world's most powerful newspaper fell from grace



On the morning of June 5, Howell Raines stood in the spot where *The New York Times* always gathers for momentous occasions, and at the *Times* such occasions have invariably been happy ones, when the newspaper mobilizes its enormous talent or celebrates its latest triumph. In fact, Raines had stood in the same place when, 14 months earlier, the paper had won an inconceivable seven Pulitzer Prizes on a single day.

This day, though, the mood was very different. There was a hasty, improvised quality to it all: staffers had been summoned only moments before, via a cryptic, unsigned E-mail. The time was odd, too: 10:30 A.M.—an hour when journalists would still be stumbling in, as anyone who knows journalists would have realized. In other words, a time designed to get something over with and to keep attendance down.

Then there were the strange faces in the room, most not that of the old, frail man standing on the side. Younger *T* people had no idea who he was, or that they owed their jo him; to old-timers, his very presence was both reassuring sobering, proof of just how serious things were. He was Ar O. "Punch" Sulzberger, now 77 years old, making one of h creasingly rare visits to the newsroom. People surmised he there to send a message to staffers or stockholders or even t son, Arthur O. Sulzberger Jr., the paper's current publisher, st ing nearby in shirtsleeves and suspenders. Neither Sulzbe looked pleased, nor did anyone else.

Raines, the paper's 60-year-old executive editor, dapper double-breasted blue blazer, colorful tie, and polka-dot po square, took hold of the microphone and began speaking i soothing southern accent. He'd written something out, surel



AFTER THE FALL
Arthur Sulzberger Jr., Howell Raines, and Gerald Boyd. *Opposite*, the story of Raines's and Boyd's resignations in *The New York Times*'s June 6, 2003 edition.

most difficult assignment ever in his 25 years at the paper. "As I'm standing before you for the last time," he began, his hands shaking a bit and with a slight catch in his voice, as a few stray gasps arose around him, "I want to thank you for the honor and privilege of being a member of the best journalistic community in the world." Mercifully, he kept things brief, just like his tenure atop the *Times:* 21 months, the second shortest in its history. He concluded with something that his hero, the famed Alabama football coach Bear Bryant, might have said had he overseen the city desk of a newsroom. "Remember, when a great story breaks out, go like hell," he declared.

Gerald Boyd, 52, Raines's second-in-command and the paper's highest-ranking black ever, then stepped up to announce that he, too, was stepping down. This brought an even more audible gasp: a bona fide purge was under way. Boyd spoke about his commitment to quality and diversity, but it sounded hollow, defeated. Then he said something about having tried to discuss Raines's managerial problems with him. Some took that to mean that even Boyd, and now of all times, was distancing himself from Raines. But Boyd didn't always make himself clear; maybe he meant to say something else.

Finally, it was Sulzberger's turn. "Young Arthur," he is still called, though he is now 51 years old, and not only because his father is still around. "This is a day that breaks my heart," he said. Raines and Boyd had decided to leave, he continued, and he had gone along with their decision. He announced that Raines's predecessor, Joseph Lelyveld, who'd retired in September 2001, would return until a permanent replacement was named. When Sulzberger finished, the wives of both Raines and Boyd were crying. So little support did the two men enjoy in the newsroom at the end, someone later observed, that Gail Collins was the *Times* person mourning most conspicuously, and she wasn't a reporter at all, but the person Raines had picked to succeed him as editorial-page editor when he was promoted to the top job.

Had the story been about any other similarly illustrious institution, and had he still been in charge, Raines would have pulled a bunch of reporters off whatever they were doing and put them on it—"flooding the zone," he liked to call it. The world's most powerful newspaper had just undergone its first coup d'état.

People outside the *Times* assumed that the recent scandal of Jayson Blair, a 27-year-old techno-con artist and *Times* reporter who'd claimed to have seen a bunch of places he'd never visited and interviewed people he'd never met, had done in Raines, and that was how the paper played the story on its front page the next day. TIMES'S 2 TOP EDITORS RESIGN AFTER FUROR ON WRITER'S FRAUD, it stated. But Blair was not really the story. The Blair episode was a freak. In a way, there was nothing to Blair but Blair himself. He had no more caused Raines's demise, a *Times* reporter tells me, than Gavrilo Princip caused World War I. (As the *Times* would helpfully explain, Princip was the Serb nationalist who shot Archduke Francis Ferdinand in Sarajevo in 1914.)

The mutiny at the *Times* was largely a mid-level revolt, with two subeditors—metropolitan editor Jonathan Landman and Washington-bureau chief Jill Abramson—spearheading the charge, not through outright insurrection but simply by standing up for themselves and their reporters. It spread to the upper classes—the *Über*-editors whose names appear daily on the masthead, atop the *Times* editorial page. The proletariat—the people who assign, write, and clean up stories—played a smaller role, except in Washing but they were generally happy it happened. This revolution's tille was a Times Square movie theater, where, at a specially c meeting of staffers three weeks earlier, nearly two years of sim ing resentment had boiled over. Sulzberger, Raines, and Boyd sat on the stage in much the way Romanian strongman Nic Ceauşescu and his wife stood on that balcony in Bucare 1989, watching with astonishment as the crowd, theretofore ably submissive, hurled its disrespect at them.

Raines had landed in the third-floor newsroom of the *Ti* a virtual stranger. He'd spent his reporting career elsewher the South, in Washington, in London. Then, for eight years, run the *Times* editorial board, seven flights higher than ar world away from the newsroom. That meant not workin news stories but supervising the 15 people who pronounce *Times*'s views on the world. When it came time to pick a cessor to Lelyveld, the impetuous young Sulzberger, who l to differentiate himself from his staid and gentle father, had b drawn—perhaps too drawn—to Raines. He liked his liberal tics, his smarts, his schoolboy humor, his southern swagger chutzpah. The *Times* needed a good goosing, Sulzberger had and Raines, who'd already put backbone and spleen into *Times*'s oh-so-reasonable editorials, was the man to give it.

Raines was dissatisfied with, even contemptuous of, the *Ti* that had always been—or so he conveyed to his new charges. wanted to shake off the cobwebs, take off the tweed—or, as he so often, rev up the newspaper's "competitive metabolism." L stodgy, thoughtful, and old were out; snap, buzz, and young in. Britney Spears landed on page one; Aaliyah mattered m than Beverly Sills. But Raines's personality, and the climate o place, and the unforgiving spirit of the age, did him in.

Many have started comparing Raines to the man he so rel lessly attacked in his editorials: Bill Clinton. Raines was ano prominent southerner of immense promise whose equally mense imperfections were exploited by his enemies. Both handed their foes bullets and had been brought down in equ improbable ways. "That Jayson Blair would lead to Howell's ignation is as shocking as the blue dress leading to impeachm says Frank Rich, the *Times* columnist.

Certain adjectives had clung to Raines like lint—arrogant, tocratic, dictatorial, patronizing, peremptory—even though S berger persuaded himself that his new executive editor learned to control such tendencies. These traits were hardly eign to *Times* editors, but never, it seemed, had they been so nounced. "The Taliban," Raines and his inner circle were ca The body of the newspaper had rejected him like a foreign or ism. This was a revolution, but it was also a restoration.

Times writers—and I was one myself for more th dozen years, during which I came to know mo the people in this story—quickly learn never to anything is "unprecedented." It's an invitatio the paper's scrupulously attentive readers to c you in a mistake—and exact a correction. But public execution of a *Times* leader was surely precedented. There have been relatively few top men since Ad Ochs began building the modern *Times* in 1896. With the ex tion of James Reston, who had a short and unhappy tenure in 1960s, most—including Edwin James, Turner Catledge, and A Rosenthal—had extended runs. And as Raines disclosed his to his stunned staff, flabbergasting people who are paid to sta

"There was a *Lord of the Flies* uality, inside and outside . . . in tearing down Howell and Gerald," says Maureen Dowd.





APOCALYPSE NOW
From above: Raines talks with reporter Jayson Blair, August 30, 2001. Sulzberger, in suspenders, and Boyd, far right, listen as Raines resigns in the *Times* newsroom, June 5, 2003. Reporter Rick Bragg at a news conference in Georgia on June 6; he had resigned on May 28.



of things, there was her newsroom first. ple—many people—n to weep. Part of is watching two men ing on brave public s as they faced crush- public humiliation, so soon after win- all those Pulitzers. natever mistakes he le, his fall from the hts of journalistic glo- nust be regarded by one with a heart as a ing personal tragedy," s Arthur Gelb, the er's former managing or. "If Eugene O'Neill Arthur Miller wrote the play, there wouldn't be a dry eye in house."

Some cried over what might have been—the sheer waste of it Something great about the man had somehow been mislaid. lt a bit of Raines's greatness myself last year when I had ch with him at the *Times*. I was struck by how exciting his on for the place seemed and how good it was to see him in. Some were surely crying for the newspaper and what it just endured. There were all those good people Raines had en out. And the bitter chill that had descended on his news- m—never a terribly happy place to begin with. And the hu- ation to which Blair and Rick Bragg, another *Times* reporter l a Raines pal) caught in deception, had subjected the pa- Who'd have thought that the mere mention of the *Times* ld draw laughs from Jay Leno and David Letterman? Or some mediocre newspaper in a fly-over state would now in- on double-checking anonymous sources in whatever syndi- d *Times* stories it ran? Or that readers could now wonder ther *Times* writers actually saw what they described, or just le pit stops to pick up exotic datelines? Or that every crack- who's ever said the *Times* could never be believed now had h fodder for his fantasies?

ome may have cried out of sheer exhaustion, for the past weeks had been filled with lacerating staff meetings and aked peaks to find leaks from Jim Romenesko on his media site (poynter.org) or from media mavens such as Sridhar pu of *The New York Observer*. Not to mention the *Times*'s gest-ever story about itself. Then there was Raines's desperate ntrition Tour—his campaign to change his ways and win k his staff. Perhaps a few were crying from remorse—for ng gotten what they had wanted, but at a much higher cost than they had anticipated.

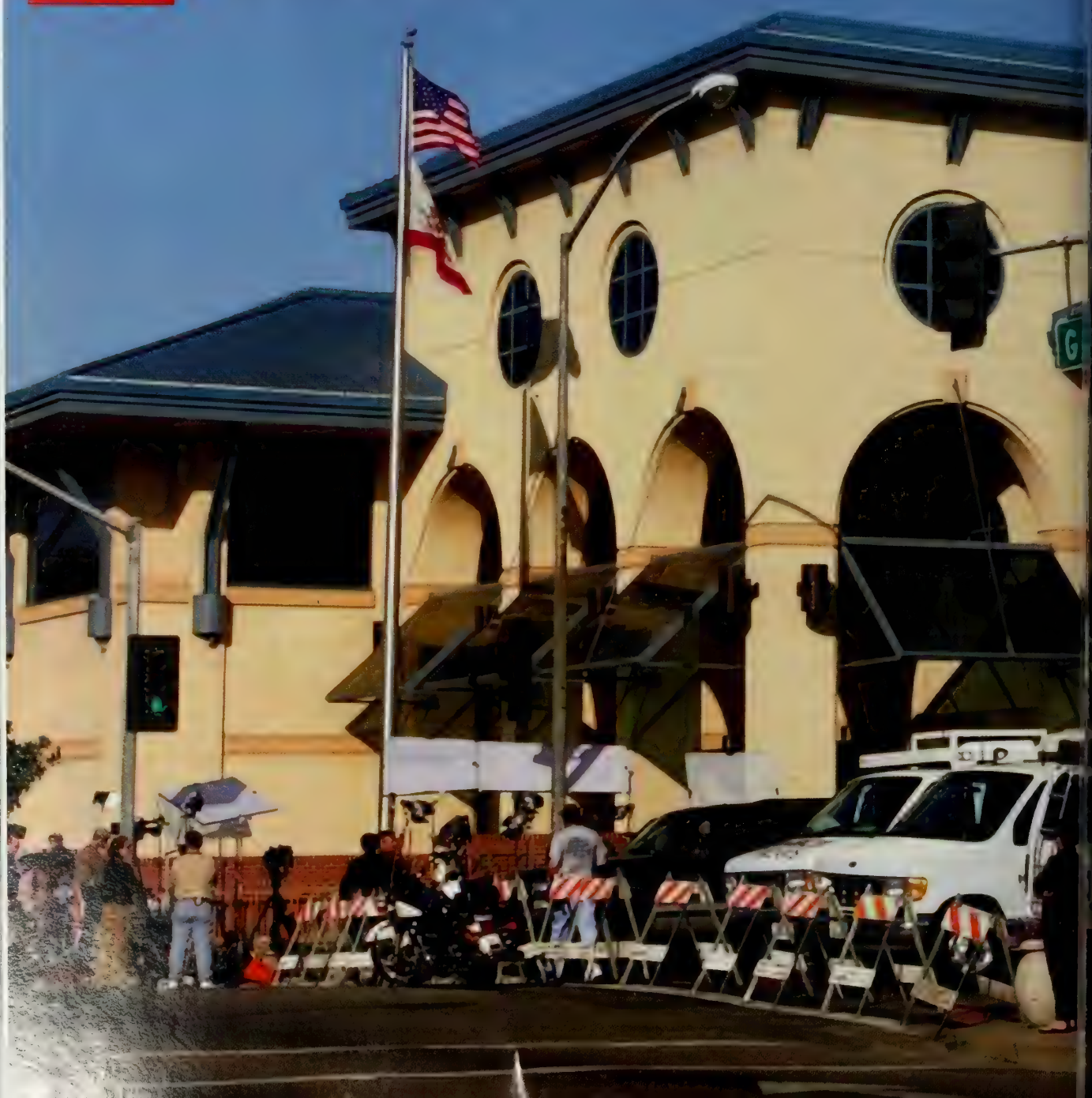
What was unclear was how many people cried because they thought Howell Raines was getting a raw deal. But there were some. Raines's sins, they believed, were no worse than those of his predecessors—whose correspondent in Soviet Russia, Walter Duranty, had whitewashed Stalin's crimes; who missed the Holocaust and blew Watergate; who printed the name of the woman who accused William Kennedy Smith of rape; and who made dubious espionage charges against nuclear scientist Wen Ho Lee. At the time, the *Times*, and the world, had given those people a pass. Only Raines had been jettisoned.

Some of his defenders, using an image of particular resonance to both Raines and Boyd, considered them victims of a journalistic lynch mob—of, as one puts it, "a newsroom full of fucking Judases." Some think that the *Times* and Arthur Sulzberger himself inadvertently supplied some of the rope, through clumsy public relations and an orgy of conspicuous *mea culpas*. They believe that, with a little more time and steadfastness from his superiors, Raines might have held on, and the mob would have slithered back to Martha Stewart and Scott Peterson.

"There was a *Lord of the Flies* quality, inside and outside the paper, in tearing down Howell and Gerald that made me very sad," says Maureen Dowd, the *Times* CONTINUED ON PAGE 195

A Made-for-Tabloi

On Christmas Eve, a pretty, young, pregnant wife goes missing. Right after the Iraq war, her body washes up, and her husband is arrested. With its heartbreaking details and perfect timing, the Laci Peterson murder has become America's No. 1 crime and human-interest story. In Modesto, California, where *National Enquirer* reporters wield huge checks, cable-news anchors fight over gruesome autopsy exclusives, and the most elusive prey is Scott Peterson's "motive," Amber Frey, MAUREEN ORTH reports on three families, a town, and an industry, all consumed by a national obsession



Murder



UNDER SIEGE

Media trucks line up outside the police station in Modesto, California, where hundreds of journalists, photographers, and cameramen pounce on every tidbit in the story of the alleged murder of Laci Peterson by her husband, Scott, *inset.*

Laci Peterson's friend Stacey Boyers said the TV people told h



Few in the horde of journalists covering the Laci Peterson murder case in Modesto, California, have ever set foot in Gervasoni's bar, though it is just a few blocks from the Stanislaus County Courthouse, but this friendly, 50s-style saloon has become the hangout of choice for two of the story's most prodigious propagators, David Wright and Michael Hanrahan of *The National Enquirer.* By liberally spreading cash all over this community of 203,000, the dapper, silver-haired operators, both in their 60s, have broken many of the scoops claimed by better-known reporters and newscasters weeks, even months later. In an increasingly frenzied and downscale tabloid-news era, Wright and Hanrahan finally see everything coming their way, for, if the weekly tabloids were once considered beneath contempt by the Establishment press, today they are must-reads for everyone in the media. Conversely, the highly organized pageants of grief and speculation that big criminal cases have become, particularly on cable television, are the perfect petri dish for Wright and Hanrahan to develop their stories in. "Every morning you wake up and think, What can I turn today?," Hanrahan, a former reporter for the New York *Daily News,* tells me as we sit in Gervasoni's on May 29. Wright, a Brit and a 27-year *Enquirer* veteran, adds, "The Peterson story has broken perfectly. The tabs kept Laci going during the Iraq war, and as soon as the war finishes, her body washes up." Wright says he hopes that Judge Al Girolami will issue a gag order on the case, for then the tabloids would be in an even stronger position to offer money to entice information out of local people. "We love gag orders—they're the best we can hope for."

So far money has definitely talked in Modesto, and even if someone turns it down, there's usually somebody else already in line. Willie Traina, for example, the previous owner of the Petersons' ranch-style house, told me that he had twice been told that the tabloids were willing "to pay me $150,000 at a minimum" for pictures of the interior of the three-bedroom dwelling, in which Laci was allegedly murdered, but that he had refused. No problem: the *Enquirer,* which has local private investigators on its payroll and keeps at least two reporters in Modesto at all times, found another source and published the pictures in May. Laci's father, Dennis Rocha, sold *his* story along with family pictures to the *Enquirer*'s sister publication *Globe*—which outbid the *Enquirer*—for $12,000. Wright and Hanrahan also do the old-fashioned kind of legwork that younger reporters often shun in favor of downloads from the Internet, and both of their methods have paid off, so to speak. According to Steve Coz, editorial director of American Media, Inc., which publishes *The National Enquirer, Globe,* and *Star,* every Laci Peterson co has increased sales of each of the th weeklies by as many as 300,000 copies. ter the *Enquirer* gleefully reported in M that it had "penetrated the ongoing in tigation," the Modesto Police Departm began an internal scrutiny of the force. I as Hanrahan explains to me, "if you there are a half-dozen cops working this . . . which one speaks to us, that's the way it works. Cops all have girlfrie sisters, uncles, mothers."

While giant satellite tru outside jockey for c space to broadcast ev last tidbit of leaked dence in the case, H rahan greets owner G Gervasoni as an old fri and orders his first vodka-and-soda at f P.M. This is a popular spot with loc before the murder, Laci's stepfather, I Grantski, used to drop in. And since Peterson case, like the O. J. Simpson a JonBenét Ramsey cases before it, has ev thing to make it the No. 1 human-inte reality-TV soap opera in America—the p ty, young, pregnant wife goes missing Christmas Eve, her handsome husba girlfriend reveals the affair they've b having, he heads south, the wife's body that of her unborn baby are later disc ered a few miles from where her husb claims he was fishing when she dis peared, he dyes his hair and is arres carrying $10,000 in cash—Gervasoni just the sort of connected place the *Enq er* reporters favor to find out which do to knock on. They also trawl certain res rants and churches. Today a tough-look construction worker in shorts and sne ers pops in to ask whether something has come across is worth anything. Ha

1 says the man has contacted the *En-*
rer, which routinely pays $500 per tip,
:ause he believes he has uncovered a
anic mural in a house he is remodeling.
nrahan leads him over to a booth, pulls
notebook out of his back pocket, and
rts writing.

Anything smacking of satanic cults is big in Modesto these days, ever since Mark Geragos, Scott Peterson's high-powered Los Angeles lawyer, not only promised to find the "real killers" of Laci and the baby she anned to name Conner but also announced that he was looking for a brown n seen in Laci's neighborhood that had me connection to a satanic cult. He said was also trying to locate a reluctant fe-ale witness who had valuable informa-on. Whether the woman was part of the n story was not made clear at first. The *nquirer* reporters, who are convinced of ott Peterson's guilt, tell me that Geragos had "exclusively obtained" a partial copy of the addendum to the sealed report on the autopsy of the remains of baby Conner—the authenticity was later confirmed by official sources to the Associated Press—and could reveal that the fully formed fetus had been found with a piece of plastic tape wound around its neck one and a half times, "with extension to a knot near the left shoulder." There was also a "postmortem tear" going from the baby's right shoulder to the right lateral abdominal wall. Up until then the baby's separation from Laci had been assumed to be the result of "coffin birth," where the built-up gas in the decomposing body of the mother expels the fetus, but now here was the tantalizing idea that the baby may have been *cut* out of Laci's womb.

The combination of a knife and a satanic cult sent the media pack racing, and 30 minutes later the cult idea was being discussed on Fox cable by Linda Vester and Rita Cosby, who gave no credit to Abrams. Meanwhile, Abrams re-appeared with a

Let us see you crying. When you start to lose it, don't stop."



REAL-LIFE SOAP OPERA

From left: National Enquirer reporter David Wright; Laci's friend Rene Tomlinson, Laci's mother being comforted by grief counselor Kim Petersen, and Laci's father; Amber Frey speaking to the press; *Enquirer* reporter Michael Hanrahan; Modesto police chief Roy Wasden announcing the arrest of Scott Peterson to reporters; Geraldo Rivera broadcasting from the Laci Peterson command center.

"all smoke and mirrors." *Globe* had run story earlier saying that the police had ready checked out the brown van. As for ne mysterious woman, she had contacted *lobe* as well as the police, and her ex-usband had told that tabloid that she had history of mental illness and suffered om multiple-personality disorder. Never-eless, because the prosecution has played ne case so close to the vest, the defense as had ample opportunity to cast doubt n Peterson's guilt by filling the void with lternative scenarios, and the strategy has orked, particularly since cable news chan-els have to fill the air 24-7.

That same day, May 29, about one P.M. astern daylight time, NBC chief legal orrespondent Dan Abrams had excited-announced a bombshell on MSNBC: he lawyer who scored the case, as it now stood, like a tennis match: "Advantage defense!" At three P.M., Pat Buchanan and Bill Press abandoned national politics in order to focus "almost exclusively on the breaking news first reported here on MSNBC by Dan Abrams." By then the prosecution had made a complete U-turn, and at four o'clock CNN announced that the prosecution had sent out a press release saying it would request that, due to "numerous leaks to the media today," the judge make public the full autopsy report. At five P.M. both Wolf Blitzer on CNN and Lester Holt on MSNBC discussed the feeding frenzy. MSNBC editor in chief Jerry Nachman characterized the story as "crack for us in the business . . . we can't stop ourselves."

His words proved prophetic. Geraldo Rivera, who had appeared two hours after Abrams to say that he also had the full addendum, was back at eight P.M. on Bill O'Reilly's show, going out of his way to pooh-pooh Abrams's scoop. He said that the addendum did not support material "spun earlier by sources friendly to the defense." "This cable thing is like Fleet Street in the old days," David Wright told me. "One paper would have a scoop, and the other papers would trash it but be free to follow it up." He was right: it was all Laci all the time throughout the evening—on Chris Matthews's *Hardball, Hannity and Colmes, Larry King Live, Scarborough Country,* and *On the Record with Greta Van Susteren*—and into the next day, May 30, when *Good Morning America* announced that ABC had "seen in full exclusively" the autopsy report, and Charles Gibson noted that it indicated that Laci Peterson's cervix was closed, adding that he had been assured by an expert that "this can happen." Soon local newspapers in California were quoting coroners closer to home, who said that the plastic tape was most likely debris which had caught around the baby's neck, and that the cut may have been made by a boat propeller.

That night the *Enquirer* reporters introduced me to a local criminal-defense investigator sitting at the other end of Gervasoni's bar who was not working for either side in the CONTINUED ON PAGE 185

MAGNIFICENT VII, PLUS TWO

From left: Christopher Morris, James Nachtwey, Ron Haviv, Alexandra Boulat, Antonin Kratochvil, John Stanmeyer, Lauren Greenfield, Gary Knight, and Christopher Anderson, photographed in New York City on June 2, 2003.



They live in New York, L.A., Tampa, Paris, Provence, and Bali, home ports for prowling an unjust planet. Most have covered war in Bosnia, Kosovo, and the West Bank. Seven went to Iraq, eight to Afghanistan. They are gamblers by nature and "VII" by name—a photo collective forged by a septet (now nine) of the profession's best combat photographers and documentarians. VII was launched two years ago, partly in opposition to corporate Goliaths' buying up photo archives and agencies; today, no p tojournalism agency, per capita, wins more awards or high-pr assignments.

The team is socially committed and high-tech (transmittin images digitally)—and hungry. "We paid our lawyer, acc tant, and Webmaster in photos," says Gary Knight. "W been inventing it as we go, everyone cleaning out their A.T.M

SHOOTING WAR



l started auspiciously—on September 8, 2001. Three days lat-
, Manhattan-based James Nachtwey, his generation's most
elebrated chronicler of conflict, was only blocks from the Twin
wers when the attacks began. "VII has been following the sto-
ever since," says Nachtwey, who took some of 9/11's most
arsome images, "and we haven't let up." In two years, they
ave shot for 150 magazines, readied a forthcoming book on 9/11's aftermath, and published volumes on Afghanistan, Mongolia, the Balkans, and, of all things, American "girl culture." The number seven, says Nachtwey, "is metaphysical—the number that wins in a crapshoot." VII vows to remain small, yet has no plans to downsize. "We don't anticipate a *Survivor* routine," says Christopher Morris, "where we vote someone off. It would be interesting, though."

—DAVID FRIEND

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTIAN WITKIN

DAPPER JOHN

O'Hara at 53, in his MG-TC convertible in Princeton, New Jersey, where he lived the last 20 years of his life. *Inset,* the first edition of *Appointment in Samarra.*



The Road to

Ne'er-do-well son of one of Pottsville, Pennsylvania's most prominent families, John O'Hara lit out in 1928 for New York, where he blew through six journalism jobs in three years while storming the editorial walls of Harold Ross's *New Yorker* and consuming herculean quantities of alcohol with such literary miscreants as Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley, and F. Scott Fitzgerald. In an excerpt from his forthcoming O'Hara biography, GEOFFREY WOLFF recounts the epic bender—speakeasies and fistfights, debt and depression, marriage and divorce—that somehow led to a Great American Novel: *Appointment in Samarra*

Samarra



BOYS' CLUB

John O'Hara, right, at the Stork Club in New York in the late 1930s with his friends Ernest Hemingway and Sherman Billingsley, the club's owner.

In the spring of 1935, less than a year after the publication of John O'Hara's novel *Appointment in Samarra* scandalized and titillated the citizens of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, with its account of a prominent young man's shattering fall from social favor, the author wrote a letter to Walter S. Farquhar, star sports editor of the *Pottsville Journal,* from which O'Hara had been fired as a reporter. A mentor and friend, Farquhar had written asking for help getting a job with a magazine or book publisher in New York; O'Hara couldn't promise a job, but he gave plenty of free advice:

> If you write a movie plot I'll get you dough for it, a novel I'll help you sell it, a poem I'll help you sell it, I'll give you a send-in that will count with any publisher in New York.... The same with the better magazines. I'm known to them, and I will help you sell a good article or story to almost any mag you mention, if it's one of the better magazines.... If you're going to get out of that God awful town, for God's sake write something that will *make* you get out of it. Write something that automatically will sever your connection with the town, that will help you get rid of the bitterness you must have stored up against all those patronizing cheap bastards in that dry-fucked excrescence on Sharp Mountain.

What we may read into this relationship between town—which O'Hara renamed Gibbsville in his book—and novelist is hardly a failure of communication, but how had it soured so? After all, this was the altar-boy eldest son of one of the most esteemed families in a region stingy about bestowing its esteem. Of course, the words "writer" and "alien" go together as comfortably as "privileged" and "insider." John O'Hara, by virtue of his standing as a doctor's son, was a privileged insider as well as a self-exiled outcast. The imaginative writer doesn't flinch from the objectionable, courts outsider status, makes trouble, relishes gossip and scandal. In O'Hara's long story "Ninety Minutes Away" (1963), the police sergeant of such a town as Pottsville disparages such a reporter as its author—"poking your nose in where it doesn't belong"—for being "an againster."

For those with a commitment to serenity, to closing the doors behind them and drawing the curtains and keeping from children the messy sights of birth and death, it must seem perverse: disturbing the peace, showing off, telling secrets, wanting more than what's been offered. And it is perverse reflexiv to say, "No way," "Fuck you," "Gimme." But O'Hara had imaginative writer's natural reflexes right from the start: he derstood very well that if fiction is about any general impuls is about denial. Someone wants something that someone els many someones, the great "They"—will not give. Club memb ship, a kind word, love, a Nobel Prize, piles of money, presidency, a clean bill of health, a nice review, a bicycle Christmas, sexual intimacy, a starting position on the foot team, an entry in *Who's Who* or in the *Social Register* ... Th are as many things to be denied as there are to be desired, people to want and withhold them. If writers differ intrinsic from other people, their difference is defined by a vocatio obligation to be dissatisfied. Good fiction comes of friction, why should Pottsville, Pennsylvania, as close in its business

Excerpted from *The Art of Burning Bridges: A Life of John O'Hara,* by Geoffrey Wolff, to be published in August by Alfred A. Knopf, a division of Random House, Inc.; © 2003 by the author.

Hemingway wrote that O'Hara "knows exactly what he is writing about and has written it marvelously well."



l mining as human beings can get to the commerce and so-ogy of an ant colony, honor an enemy of industry, subordi-on, and order?

The society John O'Hara was born into on January 31, 1905, was superficially stable and thriving, and the economy would mature and flourish with him, peaking just before he left the region—more or less for good—in the late 1920s. The eldest of eight children in an Irish Catholic household, he was always a disappointment to his father. After John failed to ke the grade at two prep schools, Dr. O'Hara decided to give a final chance to redeem himself as a student. Pulling strings Niagara University, which he had attended, Dr. O'Hara got his admitted to its prep school in the fall of 1923.

Almost 40 years later, writing to the New York city planner Robert Moses, O'Hara summarized his experience: "I had a good year there," even if "I felt I was about 55 years older than everyone else in the school." In fact, drink undid O'Hara at Niagara Prep, which was in the control of the Vincentian Fathers, and his sorry end was a sad comedy of self-destruction. Having taken his entrance exams for Yale, and having been named class poet and valedictorian, he prepared to deliver his 1924 graduation remarks on the subject of "Damnation and Procrastination." Dr. O'Hara and his wife took the train back to the old alma mater with imaginable pride, and arrived just in time to witness face-to-face their son's most flamboyant disgrace.

On the night before graduation, O'Hara and two classmates went barhopping and got themselves so drunk at a roadhouse that they were detained by a couple of state policemen, who

were so entertained by O'Hara's ostentatious blarney that they joined the three students and led them "to places not even the cabbies knew about." When the five had exhausted the alcoholic resources of the county, the officers returned the boys to Niagara Prep just long enough after dawn to be paraded past the fathers up early for their devotions following Mass, walking the campus "reading their daily offices." O'Hara, graduation suit muddied and ripped, slunk to his dorm room to sleep off his binge and was awakened by a faculty member in the company of Dr. O'Hara. The former reported to the drunk that he'd been stripped of all his academic honors, not to mention his diploma. The latter, having been roused with this disgraceful news in his Buffalo hotel room, unwilling to look upon his son for the duration of a journey to Pottsville, ordered him to return on a different train, alone with his shame.

Coldly facing the manifest fact of his son's failure as a student (which confirmed in his view a doom in any favored calling), Dr. O'Hara undertook to drum up a job for him as a utility cub reporter for the *Pottsville Journal.* "Job" is maybe too grand a word for it. "Apprenticeship," rather, at a starting salary of no pence per week, with no raises promised, and even so I O'Hara had to call in a favor from his country-club mate Har Silliman, the paper's publisher, with whom he'd quarreled, get his son a foot in the door. But despite the pissant wages sin, O'Hara understood that a writing job was a step up the l der from his previous jobs, and from his miserable prospec Already, writing "A Cub Tells His Story" in May 1925 (his or *Journal* piece that survives), he was dreaming of swinging the fences: "I have not been named as the twenty-year-old se sation for anything I have written in my brief career in journ ism ... but there is time. I have every hope of winning Pulitzer Prize, and if I ever get to it, I intend to write The Gr American Novel."

The dream of Yale finally ended with his father's death a y later. Not because there was no money left to pay the mo est tuition, but because there wasn't enough to support tho bright college years in the style that was to have been the po of the enterprise. O'Hara was careful to insist that he cou have entered Yale in the fall of 1925, that he had been admitt (no documentary evidence supports or refutes the claim, thou

Many, many women adored John O'Hara. He was known as an excelle





ROMANTIC REALIST

John O'Hara, *above,* with F. Scott Fitzgerald in Hollywood, 1940, and, *right,* with Pet, his first wife, on their honeymoon in Bermuda, 1931. *Opposite,* O'Hara with Belle, his second wife, and their daughter, Wylie, both photos taken in Quogue, New York, [illegible] 1940s.

in 1927 he did write—unavailingly—begging Yale to waive the quired board exam, which he had neither passed nor taken) a his mother had agreed to pay his fees. No, it was simply that wouldn't countenance "washing dishes and tending furnace As he later told an interviewer, "I couldn't see waiting on tabl and worrying over nickels for four years."

O'Hara, insubordinate and skipping assignmen was regularly scolded and threatened at t *Pottsville Journal,* to no effect. The managi editor, David Yocum, was short-tempered b long-suffering, owing either to his respect f this young reporter's skill as a writer or Harry Silliman's sympathy for Mrs. O'Ha In any case, the miscreant employee—habitually showing at noon, four hours late, hung over, or not at all—committ serial occupational suicide before his career at the *Journal* nally expired. During the winter of 1926, O'Hara once jus fied his tardiness to Yocum by explaining that he'd bumped h head during a bobsledding accident and that this had interfer with his sleep patterns; he then was sent to terview a hinterland weather prophet who foretelling instrument was a goose bone. Wh he returned to the newspaper without a sto explaining that the fabled Gus Luckenbill w unknown in his hometown, that marked t end of the reporter's $20-a-week job—or, least, End No. 1. He begged for another chan and Yocum relented. Two weeks later, his fusal to cover a Lutheran Church supper his girlfriend's last night in Pottsville—she w leaving for Montana, to teach at the Flathe Indian Reservation school—occasioned E No. 2, the final finale.

A couple of weeks later he found a job, p sibly with Silliman's help, at the *Tamaq Courier,* 14 miles northeast of Pottsville. H





ıcer and a good talker.

bored stiff, but initially dutiful, and soon
ı nice raise, from $23 to $35 per week,
ch he spent on gas, clothes, and fun.
en he had funned away his gas money,
commute by trolley, and before long he
ın showing up late, hung over, and . . . so
ı. In return, the *Courier,* like the *Jour-*
could not abide him. Now O'Hara was,
ot lost, desperate.

Iowever, he had been courting the "Con-
Tower" column in the New York *World*
e before his father died, and soon after
discharge from the *Courier* he got a
pet published, if this unpaid item makes
cut as even a snippet: "As our about-
e-assembled book will be compiled
ı Tower clippings, it is Mr. John O'Hara's suggestion that
called 'Files on Parade.'" If you can make it there, you
make it anywhere . . . Young writers sometimes lean against
ı slender reeds as a mention in New York, an approving-
fted eyebrow from an editor or agent, prior to hearing the
of the story: *Sorry, my list is full.* Still, O'Hara was in print
Iew York, and to his mind the rest was mere negotiation.
submitted puns and parodies, imitations and wise-guy ob-
ations, which from time to time appeared in "The Conning
er."

At home he tried to pull his weight. But despite the consolations of his mother's affection and his expressions of responsibility toward his siblings—helping them with homework, offering advice—he was too ashamed to linger long in Pottsville. O'Hara's social standing had declined, at least in his own eyes, with the death is father, who, it came out, had badly mismanaged his es- He showed off his resentments by extravagant displays of ffiness and foppishness, going unkempt to the country club (acquiring the nickname "dirty-neck," and "dirty-mouth" too) and overdressed to the Log Cabin and Amber Lantern roadhouses.

After the doctor's death, the O'Haras—unable to afford dues—let their affiliation with the Schuylkill Country Club lapse, but John was nonchalant about the formalities of membership. He crashed club dances, sulkingly sucked down too much gin in the locker room, cracked wise, blew his top, sneered, nursed a grudge. Already a nasty drinker and a brawler, he was busy practicing exactly what he later preached to his mentor Walter S. Farquhar, to make inevitable—by forever proclaiming "Fuck you" and "Up yours"—his split from Pottsville. In the early spring of 1928, John O'Hara moved to New York City.

From the top of the bus I would often see footmen in knee breeches opening the front doors of the Fifth Avenue mansions. . . . I was curious about those town car-and-footman people, but only moderately envious; I somehow took for granted that when I got big I'd have all that too. This was not even a dream or a hope. I just took it for granted. . . . So my approach to New York was conditioned very early by a fantastic ignorance

of money matters, so that when I finally did get there, to work and live, and in spite of the fact that my father had died just about broke—my attitude was that of defenseless optimism. New York would take care of the newcomer.

—John O'Hara, unpublished draft introduction to the 1960 reprint of *BUtterfield 8.*

New York took care of this newcomer, all right, every which way. O'Hara soon had a job; he'd have many in three years, and if he was inevitably fired from one, he was also reliably hired for another, nine of them. His friend Scott Fitzgerald too famously professed that there are no second acts in American lives. What could he have been thinking? O'Hara, during the time of his rising, caught a new act every few months or so.

He quickly phoned columnist Franklin Pierce Adams at the *World,* a Pulitzer newspaper edited by Herbert Bayard Swope with more panache than profitability. Encouraged by this conversation to apply for a job at the paper, O'Hara traveled that day to the gold-domed *World* building on Park Row. Nothing doing, Swope told the petitioner, "we're loaded." So he showed up without an appointment in Adams's office while he was adding arch and faux-archaic miscellany to the next morning's "Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys," a Saturday installment of the popular "Conning Tower" and a dog's dinner of cultural news, gossip, and quotations. A characteristic sample: "So to Mistress Doro [Parker]'s and found A. Woollcott there in the finest costu ever I saw off the stage; spats and a cutaway coat, and a silk h hat among the grand articles of his apparel."

Adams, known as F.P.A., was generously on the lookout young writers on the way up, and for talented writers stuck at bottom. He printed—always with full credit—the snippets t mailed him, and in this way did Robert Benchley, E. B. Wh George S. Kaufman, and James Thurber first get published in N York. During the past year Adams had used a dozen of O'Ha observations, parodies, couplets, and whatnot dispatched fr Pottsville—not that he was a sweetie or a pushover. Joseph Br III, Virginia gentleman—editor, raconteur, and fellow cavalier the Algonquin's Round Table, not to mention the original h band (much later) of O'Hara's third wife—created a rank or of the most verbally savage wits of this period, "all of them c with the scalpel and stiletto, and brutal with the bludgeon a blackjack, and each a combination of snapping turtle, cobra, a wolf," and put F.P.A. right up there in a "Murderers' Row" w Parker, Kaufman, and Alexander Woollcott.

In a letter to Robert Simonds, his best friend from Pottsvi O'Hara re-created the scene in F.P.A.'s office. F.P.A. had in ed him to sit, then "forgot about me in the excitement of e ing." Suddenly Adams began to read aloud, and then ask "How'd you make out [with Swope]?" O'Hara reported, " soap. He said 'Sunnavabitch! Isn't it hell?'" With that, Ada

O'Hara said of the Depression, "For what it was worth, I had the advanta





MEASURES OF SUCCESS

Above, John O'Hara, left, with Ginger Rogers and David Niven; *right,* a James Thurber cartoon of O'Hara playing the violin to his wife Belle. *Opposite,* O'Hara in Quogue, 1958.

phoned an acquaintance at the *New Y Post* and instructed him to hire his n friend. "Oh, a perfect gentleman," Ada insisted. "Can he *write?* What a questio After closing that conversation, and imm diately before assuring O'Hara he'd a instruct Harold Ross to give the newcom writing assignments for *The New Yorker* occurred to Adams to ask, "Where *is* Po ville?" O'Hara was impressed: "How ab F.P.A., huh? Never saw me before and more for me than anyone but you wo do. With him cheering for me I'll get alo Remember what I told you about 1928 1927? This time next year I'll *be* someboc

In the event, the *Post* didn't hire O'Ha but a better newspaper immediately d "The Conning Tower" reported only a days later—under the rub "Gotham Gleanings"—t "J. O'Hara of Pottsville, has accepted a position Ogden Reid's newspape That would be the *Trib,* *Herald Tribune,* the *HT,* newspaper—despite its ruli class editorial Republic ism—of literate features a bravura reporting.

As soon as O'Hara w hired, Stanley Walker, the

, introduced his young "word painter" to
any regulars at Bleeck's, who spoke of
elves collectively as "the Formerly Club"
heir tavern as "the mission" or "the drug-
" James Thurber, who liked to sketch the
ene there, was devoted to the match game,
ssing contest played for money or, more
ly, drinks. Contestants, more than two,
l each hold matches—from none to three—
ir clenched fists, and each would guess
tal of all players' matches. He or she who
ed correctly dropped from the game, guar-
d a free drink. The last player remain-
ought a round. Bleeck's murals were 10
ber illustrations of the intricacies and con-
nces of this contest. A lively tavern, it was
to be more riotous than *The New York*
's favored speakeasy, Gough's, or the *Daily*
's own Costello's. O'Hara soon had a charge
unt there, and learned how to use it. The
on's décor ran to a dictionary for con-
tion, brass spittoons, and a buckler-and-
stplate set behind the bar. The last soon
red an injury, a "dent caused by John
ara's fist in one of his anti-armor moods,"
rding to a 1984 article by H. D. Quigg. An

eing already broke."

ge held that "drink is the curse of the *Tri-*
e / And sex the bane of the *Times,*" prop-
honoring the most determined drinkers in
York.



The newspaper's owner, Ogden Reid, liked to linger at Bleeck's and spring for rounds for his employees. In this context you might imagine that Walker would be unshockable, but his newcomer from Pottsville certainly made an impression, and not the one ei- might have wished for. Letter after letter from those days s O'Hara reporting about himself that he was drunk and king, on a bender, recovering from a three-day-and-night broke, in debt, up all night baying at the moon or baying s absence, rising well past midday. In an attempt to save the y from himself, Walker assigned him to the morning shift, it didn't work: O'Hara continued to show up after lunch. fter less than six months, Walker canned him. O'Hara bore no grudge, a true wonder, perhaps because he could re- that Walker "thinks I'm swell and had tears in his eyes n he fired me."

'Hara didn't mind writing home to brother Tom about the os he was running with. *The New Yorker*'s Harold Ross ("a er duck. Funny stiff German hair and a long gap between wo front teeth. Like F.P.A. he swears all the time and when swear I mean swear"), the *World*'s humorist Frank Sulli- the *Trib*'s boxing writer, Donald Skene, the movie critic ard Watts (who got decked by a writer he'd panned). The kers would begin at Bleeck's, move along to Tony's ("anoth- er speakeasy where all the celebrities go"), and then to a night- club, maybe Chez Florence. "Cigarette girls in satin trousers moved from table to table," as O'Hara biographer Frank Mac- Shane has imagined the flickering, candlelit scene. It was a fluid society, with gamblers and gangsters and showgirls and bond brokers and hustlers and actors and politicians all thrown to- gether, pontificating, laughing, fighting, pairing off, boasting. O'Hara was impressed, not least with himself.

He went directly from the *Herald Tribune* to *Time,* probably owing to his companionship at speakeasies with that magazine's Noel Busch and Newton Hockaday. Niven Busch, Noel's older brother, recollecting O'Hara's career at *Time,* declared that his colleague "had one great piece of luck" at the magazine: "Henry R. Luce detested him." He earned $60 per week and made the masthead, but he continued to resist being at the beck and call of the work whistle, and had imperfectly mastered the technique of leaving a decoy hat and coat on his office rack, to suggest to an importuning editor that he'd just that moment stepped down the hall, when in fact he hadn't yet punched in. *Time*'s managing editor fired O'Hara as soon as his only champion at the ma- zine, the Busches' cousin Briton Hadden, CONTINUED O·

Spotlight

ROOMFUL OF BLUES



It's so nice to see all of these people in one room," said Brown, "and not at a funeral." The occasion: the "Salute t Blues" show at Radio City Music Hall last February, wi kicked off what Congress has declared the "Year of the Bl The concert, which assembled a historic lineup of blues R&B legends, rock stars, and hip-hop artists, was the step. Next month, a seven-film documentary series will air on produced by Martin Scorsese. The films, directed by Clint Eastw Mike Figgis, Wim Wenders, Marc Levin, Richard Pearce, Ch Burnett, and Scorsese himself, feature archival footage (Son H Muddy Waters, Sister Rosetta Tharpe) as well as performance

nporary greats (Lucinda Williams, Lou Reed, Nick Cave, Van on). In addition, there will be an accompanying book, the uisite CD boxed sets, DVDs, and a traveling exhibition—all in nction with the Memphis-based Blues Foundation and Seattle- Experience Music Project. "As a longtime fan of the blues," corsese, "I took on 'The Blues' to make people—especially people—aware of the enormous influence this music has nd continues to have, on popular music." The Radio City rt, filmed by director Antoine Fuqua for release later this included such highlights as Mavis Staples's bone-chilling That My Grave Is Kept Clean" and duets by David Johansen and Hubert Sumlin, Bonnie Raitt and B. B. King, and James Blood Ulmer and Alison Krauss. Backstage, too, camaraderie reigned: from Staples, Macy Gray, and Angie Stone sharing a room and some pecan pie to Solomon Burke serving ribs in his dressing room. There hasn't been a collection of musicians of this caliber onstage since, possibly, 1976, when Scorsese filmed *The Last Waltz*. And from the oldest exponents of the blues (Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown, Lazy Lester, David Honeyboy Edwards, Robert Lockwood Jr.) to the youngest (the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion), the lineup was living, breathing proof of the Willie Dixon line, "The blues are the roots, everything else is the fruits."—LISA ROBINSON

NOTHING BUT THE BLUES

The blues artists who participated in the Salute to the Blues concert, photographed on February 6, 2003, at Radio City Music Hall. (For identification, see page 195.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS



The Golden

By the time Aaron Tonken turned 35, his lifelong obsession with celebrities seemed to be paying off: somehow, the high-school-dropout loner had become a top Hollywood charity-event organizer, capping his résumé with a glittering farewell salute to Bill Clinton. In fact, that 2001 benefit gala was the pinnacle of a multi-million-dollar scam that ensnared stars and politicians including Hillary Clinton, Diana Ross, Rod Stewart, Arnold Schwarzenegger, and the cast of *Friends*. With everyone from the F.B.I. to the I.R.S. investigating, BRYAN BURROUGH reveals how the A-list got taken



THE POWER AND THE GLORY

Aaron Tonken and Hillary Clinton at a fund-raising event held for her at socialite Cynthia Gershman's home in Los Angeles, February 2000. *Inset,* President Clinton and Tonken at A Family Celebration 2001 in Los Angeles, April 2001.

Fleece

Of all the parties thrown in Hollywood that year, of all the fund-raisers and Oscar bashes and black-tie balls, the farewell celebration thrown for Bill Clinton two months after he left the White House was one of the splashiest. A charity benefit called "A Family Celebration 2001," the gala dinner was held Sunday night, April 1, the venue changed from U.C.L.A.'s Royce Hall to the Regent Beverly Wilshire's ballroom at the last minute.

The stars poured in. Sylvester Stallone was there in a tuxedo, chatting with his fellow honorees Betty and Gerald Ford. The evening's co-chairmen, Michelle Pfeiffer and her husband, *Ally McBeal* producer David E. Kelley, sat at Clinton's table, with members of the *McBeal* cast nearby. MTV's Carson Daly M.C.'d, and Elizabeth Taylor and Whoopi Goldberg made presentations, thanking Clinton for his years in office. And then came the music—songs from Dwight Yoakam and Ray Charles. Toward evening's end, Clinton put on a pair of Ray-Bans, grabbed a saxophone, and jammed for an uproarious five minutes with B. B. King, who then performed a bluesy "Let the Good Times Roll." The evening ended precisely at 10:50 with an energetic set by 'NSync.

For all the ex-presidents and celebrities who packed the Regent Beverly Wilshire that night, the star of the evening was a pudgy 35-year-old who nervously glided among the tables, leaning over to whisper in Clinton's ear, snapping at the security men, his eyes furiously scrunching in his trademark facial tic. His name was Aaron Tonken. He was the eccentric, up-and-coming Hollywood fund-raiser who had put the event together, luring Clinton, the Fords, 'NSync, and several Los Angeles foundations to participate in an evening that raised $1.5 million that Tonken would help distribute to various charities. "It was a miracle [it all] came off perfectly—to exec producer Aaron Tonken's credit," columnist Army Archerd raved in *Daily Variety.*

For Tonken, a high-school dropout from the Midwest, the gala capped a storybook 10-year rise that had taken him from a Los Angeles homeless shelter all the way to the White House. Many at the Regent Beverly Wilshire that night knew of Tonken's Zelig-like ability to befriend the stars and twist their arms into attending his events; he had done business with everyone from the Clintons and Fords to the cast of *Friends,* to Cher, to his close friend Natalie Cole. What almost no one knew was that Tonken's story had a chaotic dark side, that his world was slowly unraveling, that he was drowning in debt, that he had borrowed money from the wrong people, and that he would eventually be accused of looting the very charities he appeared to be helping. People knew even less about the suitcases of cash he ferried around town, his shadowy "investors," and his appetite for $3,000-a-night escorts.

Two years later a lot of money is missing, and so is Aaron Tonken, leaving behind a trail of angry charities, embarrassed celebrities, and myriad government investigations, plus one very difficult question to answer: "When I met the guy, I'm thinking, How does this schlumpy guy—five feet nine, like 240 pounds, dresses in a T-shirt, and has a twitch—how does he get all these people to give him all this money?" says Hollywood agent Norby Walters. "It just shows you how stupid people can be. You know, California, man, it makes people crazy, their brains get a little fried. You mention celebrities and it dazzles 'em. It goddamn dazzles 'em."

Tonken's is that rare story where serious Hollywood celebrities, serious Washington politicians, and seriously mysterious characters come together in a shadowy place that is now being explored by no fewer than six state and federal investigations. They include a lawsuit by the California attorney general, filed in March, that charges Tonken with stealing from a number of Hollywood charities; a related federal mail-fraud complaint in May; a Justice Department probe of fund-raising practices during Hillary Clinton's 2000 senatorial campaign; an F.B.I. investigation of the last-minute pardons President Clinton granted to Marc Rich and other criminals; an Internal Revenue Service investigation of gifts Tonken gave to dozens of celebrities; and a separate I.R.S. criminal investigation covering payments Tonken made to an interesting gentleman in Miami.

Growing up a lonely, celebrity-obsessed boy, Aaron Tonken achieved the American Dream, until people began asking where all the money went, at which point it became an American Nightmare. Mention his name around Hollywood today and his boldfaced friends scurry for cover. A pa list of those who populate his story, sev of whom have been drawn into his sc dals, would fill an issue of *People* ma zine. In alphabetical order, they are: Pa Abdul, Roseanne Barr, Milton Berle, T Buttons, the Clintons, Billy Crystal, Cé Dion, Michael Douglas, Betty and Ger Ford, Michael J. Fox, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Gore, Kelsey Grammer, George Hamilt Goldie Hawn, Gladys Knight, Nelson M dela, Gregory Peck, Rob Reiner, Der Rich, Ray Romano, Diana Ross, Arn Schwarzenegger, David Schwimmer, Brit Spears, Rod Stewart, John Travolta, T Turner, and Mark Wahlberg.

But that story—the Drifter Who Sw dled Hollywood—is only the tip of one v dirty iceberg. The rest deals with cert of Tonken's friends. Two stand out. On his mentor, a fast-talking Hollywood pla named Peter Paul, best known for mas minding the early-90s rise of the roma novel cover model Fabio. Today, Paul, v has past convictions for fraud and coca possession, holds center stage in the of the Clinton scandals—the probe of n ly $2 million Paul claims he gave Hill Clinton's senatorial campaign in conn tion with a Tonken fund-raiser. Paul plenty to say about Tonken and the C tons via his lawyers, but not much h self, given the restraints of his new ho a Brazilian prison.

The other "friend" of Tonken's I stu bled upon in an odd way. When auditi went in search of money missing from Family Celebration 2001, one discove that several hundred thousand dollars flowed through accounts controlled someone named Stanley Myatt, who, w contacted, identified himself as Tonk "money manager."

When I first heard Myatt's name, I h no idea who he was. A Nexis search tur up only a half-dozen articles, all but involving an aging marijuana traffick attempt to murder Myatt in January 20 That one, a clipping from the *Philadelp Daily News,* reported court testimony gi by a Philadelphia Mafia boss named Ra Natale on April 4, 2001, just three c after A Family Celebration 2001. As whether he had ever made contact with Russian Mafia, Natale answered yes.

The intermediary, he said, had b Stanley Myatt. He went on: Myatt "wa insurance scam man. He was a Wall St scam man. He bootlegged cigarettes, y ago.... Made a huge fortune. He got the marijuana business, and went away a couple years. He came back, and went to live down in Florida. And, he m a big connection with the Russian n

"Tonken showed me a videotape of Hillary Clinton saying, 'I love Aaron, he's my best friend.' I thought, If she's saying that, he must be O.K."





INNER CIRCLE

Top, Hillary, Tonken, Chelsea, and President Clinton at a Hollywood fund-raiser for President Clinton on August 12, 2000. *Above,* clockwise from bottom left: Stan Lee; his wife, Joan; Peter Paul; his wife, Andrea; Tonken; an unidentified guest; Hillary; and Cynthia Gershman at a June 9, 2000, fund-raiser in Gershman's home.

come in through Florida. And him, self, he came to see me at the Garden Race Track a couple times, wanted to e a connection with us, the Philadel- mob, with the Russian mob."

ther than identifying Myatt in a group hiladelphia mafiosi frolicking at the Jersey shore in 1997, that was all Na- had to say about him before going to ral prison. I soon learned Myatt and ken had been fast friends. Myatt, it turns had helped bankroll A Family Celebra- 2001, providing more than $100,000 in , much of which Sylvester Stallone and Charles were said to have demanded re they would appear. Myatt attend- he benefit as well, sitting not far from ton.

What was the Drifter Who Swindled lywood doing with a character such as ley Myatt? Did Tonken simply have r taste in friends? Or was Myatt a real- ncarnation of *Get Shorty*'s Chili Palmer, East Coast mafioso looking to rub el- s with the Hollywood elite? Or was ething more sinister at work?

If you met Aaron Tonken just once, you'd remember him. Five feet nine or so, with weight that yo-yos from 240 to 280, he is a fast-talking schlemiel. Schlub. Loser. Those are the words people use. What they remember most are his facial tics—runching of his eyes and a fast jerk of head—which most people take as a sign motional turmoil. "He was a mass of facial tics, just ticky everywhere," remembers Sonia Nassery Cole, the C.E.O. of the Afghanistan World Foundation, which Tonken allegedly fleeced. "I mean, it's hard to concentrate when you're talking to him, there's so many tics. You can't even make eye contact."

After talking to more than 50 people who knew him, I am convinced that, for all his eccentricities, Tonken is a kind of genius. A flatterer, a sycophant, he zeroes in on the most important person at every gathering he attends and leans in close, ignoring signs of discomfort. Within minutes, intent on storming the gates of a V.I.P.'s reserve, he has a phone number, a commitment, a check. On the phone he is an unstoppable force, pestering secretaries until they put their boss on the line. A screamer, a pleader, given to mood swings so violent he has claimed to be bipolar, Tonken will do anything, give anything, say anything, to get what he wants.

"I remember, once I was sitting in his office, listening to Aaron trying to get Red Buttons to attend one of his parties," says Tonken's friend John Murphy. "Red kept saying no, he was busy. So Aaron says, 'Red, I'll give you a thousand dollars.' 'No, Aaron, I can't.' 'Red, I'll give you $5,000.' 'No, Aaron, I can't.' And the number kept going up and up until finally, of course, Red just gives in. He was at that party that night."

Needy. That's another word people use in describing Tonken. A bundle of insecurities, he has a gift for inspiring pity. Men, especially older men, wanted to mentor him. Women mothered him. A lavish gift giver—he thought nothing of filling one friend's living room with red roses—Tonken went through cash CONTINUED ON PAGE 174



TOASTS OF THE TOWN
Peter Schlesinger's picture trove, unpublished until now, captures the cultural effervescence of 60s and 70s London. His photo albums brim with mirth and famous friends, such as women's-shoe maestro Manolo Blahnik, shown here in Notting Hill in 1977, and Schlesinger's mentor and mate, David Hockney, *opposite*, in his Powis Terrace studio in 1969.

ECCENTRICS



AT PLAY

When California artist PETER SCHLESINGER joined his consort, painter David Hockney, in London in 1968, he gained entry to a fabulously lunatic world of art and aristocracy, young and old, gay and straight, that gathered at Hockney's Notting Hill flat. This fall Schlesinger's private photographs of that kaleidoscopic time will be published as the book *Checkered Past*. In his introduction, eminent shoe designer MANOLO BLAHNIK relives the day he met Schlesinger, and became part of a circle that included Cecil Beaton, W. H. Auden, Bryan Ferry, Tina Chow, and Rudolph Nureyev

The truth is, pictures are incredibly important to me. I have lived my whole life vicariously through images, both still and moving. The reality of life can often seem rather sordid to me, and I have preferred to live in an imaginary world made up of images that somehow make it more interesting, more perfect. Some of these pictures are of my own invention, like recurring fantasies that have become traveling companions. But most satisfying are the films and photographs by people I admire, because they have the power to surprise and delight. It has frustrated me over the years that I have been unable to create either of these myself, something I have seriously considered. We do what we can, and I make shoes.

One day in 1971, I met the young artist Peter Schlesinger at a dinner with friends at London's Mr. Chow. He was making beautiful paintings, and also working nonstop with his camera. Peter was a California beauty, and California seemed glamorous when you lived in London, which had such opposite qualities, culturally and meteorologically. He had come to England three years earlier with David Hockney, whom he'd met while taking a drawing class David taught at U.C.L.A. They were living together. Peter had this romantic determination to live the life of an artist in Europe, and David had introduced him to a colorful circle of artists and photographers, musicians and dancers, actors and members of British society. Many in this bohemian set became his subjects: W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood, Amanda Lear, Rudolf Nureyev, and Bryan Ferry. After four years at the Slade School of Art, he carried on painting in a small studio he rented from a friend of David's, and



SUN SPOT
"The idea of the grand tour intrigued us," says Schlesinger. Jet-set caravans were always setting off to the Continent, stopping at oases like Vichy, Marienbad, or this Paris swimming pool suspended in the Seine. In 1975, La Piscine Deligny was "a popular and cruisy people-watching spot where as little as legally possible was worn."

Excerpted from *Checkered Past: A Visual Diary of the 60s and 70s,* by Peter Schlesinger, to be published in October by Vendome Press/Abrams; © 2003 by Peter Schlesinger. Foreword © 2003 by Manolo Blahnik.



FLAMBOYANCE ABLOOM
France, 1971: designer Ossie Clark (napping here in the Dordogne) and his wife, Celia Birtwell, "epitomized the London fashion scene," says Schlesinger. "In an era of outrageous dressing, they and their clothes stood out."



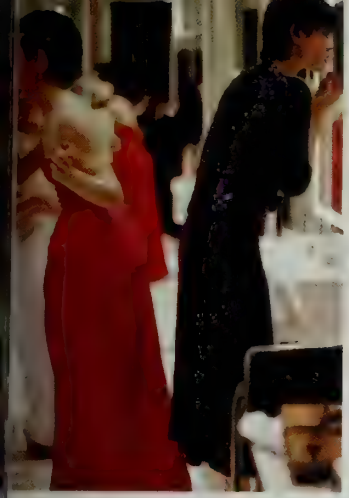


Right, London, 1973: upstairs neighbor Manolo Blahnik. "I arrived [in London]," says Schlesinger, "as a new generation had taken over. Youth had twisted this traditional nation into a new, exciting shape."





Above, Paris, 1971: "I noticed a handsome young man," recalls Schlesinger, "and pressed the shutter. Years later a friend recognized him—photographer Robert Mapplethorpe." *Right,* London, 1973: Dalí muse, then disco diva Amanda Lear, who appeared that year on the cover of a Roxy Music LP.





Clockwise from above: Paloma Picasso and Tina Chow at Picasso's 1978 wedding, which went on for days; Schlesinger and a friend, Dom Hamilton, seen here, took a 1971 Riviera jaunt in Ossie Clark's Bentley, popping in on Mick and Bianca Jagger at midnight; designer Vivienne Westwood's London boutique.



Above, Hockney in London in '68. *Right,* Hockney sketched writer W. H. Auden in '69. Says Schlesinger, himself a sometime subject (in Hockney's famous pool paintings), "A constant stream of people came to the flat to pose, or just to have a cup of Fortnum & Mason tea."



many of his paintings were based on his photographs.

That night at Mr. Chow, Peter joined my friend the photographer Eric Boman and me as we waited for more than an hour for Paloma Picasso and Andy Warhol's manager, Fred Hughes, to see Visconti's *Death in Venice.* Peter arrived wearing a long camel-hair coat designed by his friend Ossie Clark, for whom I had just made some of my first women's shoes. We soon realized we had lots of friends in common. And I found that Peter knew a lot about movies, something without which I can't seem to form any true human bond. That hour spent chatting and drinking vodka and orange juice often comes back to me in flashes. It was the foundation of an enduring friendship among the three of us. We were all foreigners from very different backgrounds—Peter an American, Eric Swedish, and myself from the Canary Islands—who had been attracted to life in London.

The three of us started spending a lot of time together. All in our 20s, we were truly exuberant and expressive people, and we somehow managed to make an event out of nothing, laughing all the time. It is impossible for me to separate those incredible years in London from this relationship.

Peter and Eric were now together, and Peter had moved to a house in Notting Hill's Colville Terrace. I had to find a new place to live, and the top two floors (a duplex!) in his building were available. I lived there for many years, running into Peter daily and following his work, often seeing the photographs even before they were glued into his albums. They provided a continuing eye-opener to a fresh vision of a wonderful time in my life, all as it was unfolding. □

PORTFOLIO CONTINUES OVERLEAF


We were truly exuberant and expressive people, and manag



DANDY AND FINI
Photographer-designer-artist-writer Cecil Beaton, left, entertained Hockney at Beaton's country retreat, Reddish House, in Wiltshire in 1970. Beaton's celebrated scrapbooks, in part, inspired Schlesinger to begin keeping his own visual diaries.

make an event out of nothing, laughing all the time.

John and Carolyn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138 her best friends, downright bitchy. Some people felt that John overlooked her faults because he was blinded by her glamorous Jackie O style. In her own edgy, modern way, Carolyn was as chic as Jackie; she dressed with the simple elegance that John adored. Like the ethereal Jackie, Carolyn affected an air of mystery and unavailability, which drove the media crazy and sustained the public frenzy that John found exciting and fun. And, like Jackie, Carolyn was very controlling, which made him feel protected and cared for.

From the moment John laid eyes on Carolyn, he was besotted with her. "He lived and breathed Carolyn," one of his friends told me, echoing the sentiments of many. "He could not keep his hands off her. He constantly stroked her hair."

Carolyn accepted John's worshipful attention as though it was her due—as though *he* was lucky to have *her,* rather than the other way around. Carolyn's aloof attitude set her apart from other women John had dated—Madonna, Sarah Jessica Parker, Daryl Hannah, and a number of lesser-known names. Many of those women had thrown themselves at John, which made him suspicious of their motives. Carolyn, on the other hand, appeared to be unimpressed by his fame, and in the end it was probably her posture of cool indifference, as much as her beauty, that captivated him.

Carolyn possessed another quality that attracted John, who hated to be thought of as square. "She is the hippest person I ever met," Jean-Louis Ginibre once said. "She is totally au courant. Very bright. There is nothing she doesn't know. She can focus on one person for 10 to 20 minutes and be totally involved with this person. She is very intense, very touchy-feely, and can mesmerize a person."

To members of the editorial staff of *George* magazine, their famous boss often appeared listless and withdrawn. This may have been the effects of Graves' disease, a thyroid disorder that drained John of energy and made him grouchy. Or it could have been the "family problem" he occasionally referred to when talking with his colleagues.

Something was disturbing him.

But John did not divulge personal matters to the people he worked with. He reserved his confidences for close friends. To one, he disclosed his worst fear: that his wife was cheating on him with her old boyfriend, Michael Bergin, a top male model who had gained fame for his amazing pecs and abs in Calvin Klein underwear ads and billboards.

Carolyn had fallen in love with Bergin and fostered his rise as a Calvin Klein model. And even after she met John Kennedy and moved in with him, she continued her sexual affair with Bergin.

"Michael lived in a second-floor walk-up in Greenwich Village, and I was in his apartment one day, and we were in the middle of something when he was buzzed on the intercom from the apartment building's front door," said Clifford Streit, Bergin's former manager, who is now a producer and screenwriter. "Michael asked me to leave immediately, and when I went out, I found Carolyn hiding under the staircase.

"I said, 'Hi, Carolyn, what are you doing?'" Streit continued. "And she said, 'Oh, hi, I'm just going upstairs to Michael's.'

"When I got home, Michael called me and said in a kind of panic, 'You saw Carolyn! Why did you talk to her?' He really loved Carolyn and wanted to protect her.

"Michael didn't feel comfortable continuing a relationship after she began living with John. But Carolyn was obsessed with Michael. And one day she went up the fire escape to his apartment and broke the window to get in.

"After she married John, Michael decided to stop seeing her. There is something strangely decent about Michael, and he was respectful of marriage vows."

Not long after the fire-escape episode, Bergin left New York to become an actor in Hollywood. He joined the cast of the television series *Baywatch* and appeared in a two-hour telefilm for Fox, *Baywatch Hawaiian Wedding.*

When I caught up with Bergin, I asked him about the time Carolyn Bessette broke into his apartment. At first he professed to have no recollection of such an incident. But as we talked, memories of his days with Carolyn began flowing back.

"Carolyn climbing fire escapes doesn't surprise me," Bergin told me. "If Carolyn wanted to get into someone's apartment, she would. If she had to be a spider woman to get into someone's apartment, she would. If she had to throw things, she would.

"There was one time when Carolyn saw me at a bar lighting a cigarette for an ex-girlfriend," he continued. "Carolyn came over, pushed the girl out of the way, got in my face, and screamed and yelled at me, and even drew a little blood from my face.

"I went home, and two minutes later Carolyn was at my door. I had to let her in or she would have knocked the whole building down. I had these tall, heavy religious candles, and she threw one through the window, smashing the windowpane, and another at the mirror above the fireplace mantel, which shattered. Then she knocked my television set and VCR onto the floor and jumped on my VCR and squashed it.

"I ran out of the apartment. I'm ve athletic and fast, but she caught up w me, and started yelling at me, and tau ing me, calling me a baby. And my adr aline was flowing, and I turned around a pushed her away from me, and she we flying in the air and landed on the stoop a building. That put an end to that, and went back to my apartment.

"Carolyn and I had a very intense l for each other. We were inseparable fo couple of years. And I know deep in heart that she still loved me even af she married John Kennedy. Some thir just don't end."

After their marriage, Carolyn manag to keep her feelings about Bergin a cret from her husband. But then, duri one of their screaming matches, she t John that she was still sleeping with Berg That was a lie, but John believed her.

"She threw Michael Bergin in John's fac said Clifford Streit. "I think she used Mich Bergin in any way she could to get whate she wanted out of John. The only one in world who thought Carolyn would cho Michael over John was John."

It took time for John to recover fr Carolyn's "revelation," but eventually convinced himself that his wife's behav was more a reflection on *her* than on *h* He persuaded Carolyn to see a psychiatr He made sure that she took her antidep sant medication. To amuse her, he flew to exotic hideaways for romantic vacatio And in March 1999 he joined her in m riage counseling.

Nothing worked.

Four months later, around July 12, 19 Carolyn stormed out of the marriage coun or's office when the therapist raised the s ject of her drug use. Then, in a supreme of rejection, Carolyn began to sleep in a sp room that John had used to store his exer equipment.

Humiliated and at his wit's end, Jo moved out of the North Moore Street and checked into the Stanhope Hotel. room overlooked the museum and Cen Park, where he had played with his si as a little boy.

Page proofs and cover mock-ups for upcoming issue of *George* were stre over the carpet in John's hotel suite. As editor in chief, John assigned all the sto and chose the photographs, and he was ticularly proud of an article on Congr woman Mary Bono, the widow of So Bono, which was illustrated by a phot the U.S. representative scantily clad.

There was a lot about his role at *Ge* that John did not like. He was not pa ularly fond of the circulation battles prime display space on magazine racks

nch warfare for advertising dollars. e delighted in the side of the job that upon him to make a good impres- he one-on-one interviews with notori- naracters such as Fidel Castro and Flynt, and the television appearances mote new issues.

urned out that John was attracted not o adrenaline-pumping physical activ- such as rollerblading, hang gliding, ng, rappelling, skiing, and flying, but o the thrust and parry in the public that came with being the editor of a al magazine.

ore the launch of *George,* John had ted with his mother, who expressed her reservations about his magazine ven- ackie shared these concerns with some friends in the media, including me. has never shown the slightest interest magazine business before," she told And he has no experience in journal- Why would he want to start the kind of zine that snoops and pries into people's e lives? He knows I don't approve."

e clash between Jackie and John over *eorge* was, in many ways, emblematic ir relationship. For, as much as Jackie John, he caused her a great deal of sh and grief.

ter the assassination of his father, John's lsive behavior developed into a serious em. He was restless, had a low thresh- or boredom, and could not sit still for ength of time. He was disruptive in ol and did poorly academically. Jackie ently had to chastise him.

friend of Jackie's recalls that when finally got to be too much for her to le she took him to see Dr. Ted Beck- well-known psychiatrist for children adolescents in New York City. Through erral by a friend—the wife of the chair- of a Fortune 500 company—Jackie also d a woman specialist in Moline, Illinois, brought her to New York on the chair- s company jet.

ne specialist diagnosed John as suffering A.D.D., attention-deficit disorder, and xia, which impaired his ability to read. he A.D.D., she prescribed Ritalin, a cation that raises the body's dopamine , which stimulates other neurotransmit- n the brain and helps it work better.

hn, according to a close family friend, ined on Ritalin for much of his life, but sults were mixed. He flunked 11th grade illips Academy, a prestigious prep ol in Andover, Massachusetts, and had peat the grade. After he graduated from n University, Jackie refused to let him to the Yale School of Drama, although g was clearly his strongest suit.

ne friction caused by John's desire to ue a career in show business resulted in frequent shouting matches between mother and son. On one occasion, John stormed out of a room, slamming the door in his mother's face.

It was at Jackie's urging that John went to law school. After graduating from New York University, he joined the office of the Manhattan district attorney, which was run by Bobby Kennedy's old friend Robert Morgenthau.

After John moved into the Stanhope, he spent a great deal of time on the phone, seeking solace. During a long, rambling conversation with one of his closest friends, John said, "It's all falling apart. Everything is falling apart!"



THE OTHER MAN

A *Baywatch* promotional photograph of Michael Bergin, Carolyn's ex-boyfriend. "I know deep in my heart that she still loved me even after she married John Kennedy," Bergin says.

Things were falling apart because John's mother was no longer around to hold them together. During her life, Jackie had been John's anchor in stormy seas. She encouraged him to be bold and courageous—but only up to a point. She drew the line at high-risk Kennedy behavior, which she deemed self-destructive.

For example, when John was a student at Brown and wanted to take flying lessons, Jackie extracted a promise from him that he would never pilot his own plane. "Please don't do it," Jackie told John, according to a friend. "Don't we have enough deaths in the family from plane accidents?"

In the spring of 1994, when Jackie realized she was dying, she asked her longtime companion, the diamond dealer Maurice Tempelsman, to look after her children, especially John. Two friends of Jackie's recalled that John had never felt particularly close to Tempelsman, who occupied a separate bedroom in Jackie's apartment. After John's mother died—and before his loft in Tribeca was ready for occupancy—he let Tempelsman know that he would like to have his mother's apartment to himself. He suggested that the older man find his own place to live, which Tempelsman did by moving to a hotel.

John also ignored Tempelsman's advice about flying and took lessons at the Flight-Safety Academy in Vero Beach, Florida. "I worry about John flying," Tempelsman told a friend. "He's so distractible."

When John graduated, he presented a photo of himself to his flight instructors with the following inscription:

> To Flight Safety Academy,
> The bravest people in aviation
> because people will only care
> where I got my training if I
> crash. Best, John Kennedy.

Jackie had also cautioned John about the dangers of starting a new magazine. But a year after her death he went ahead with plans for *George* anyway. At the time of *George*'s launch, in September 1995, readers and advertisers flocked to the magazine because they wanted to be part of John's world. As a result, *George* had one of the most successful magazine launches in history, which made John feel like his own man for the first time.

However, Jackie's concerns about *George* were eventually proved valid. The magazine began to hemorrhage money and was expected to lose nearly $10 million in 1999. To John's frustration, *George* never earned the respect of the journalistic community, which considered it an amateur venture.

For John, the failure of *George* was unthinkable. Beyond the private humiliation, the collapse of the magazine could derail his ambitious political plans. And so John had been seeking alternative sources of financing for the ailing magazine. A few days before his death, he and a certified flight instructor had flown John's private plane, a single-engine Piper Saratoga II HP, to Toronto to meet prospective backers. John had also turned for help to his friend Steve Florio, the president and C.E.O. of Condé Nast, which currently publishes 17 magazines, including *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair.*

"I had contracted an infection in my mitral valve in a doctor's office, and had to have open-heart surgery," Florio recalled in an interview with me. "Shortly before John's fatal crash, he called me and said, 'My cousin Arnold's here.' He put Arnold Schwarzenegger on the phone. Schwarzenegger said he had the same damn thing as I did.

"When I got out of the hospital, John in-

John and Carolyn

vited me to lunch," Florio continued. "'Why don't we go to San Domenico, and you can have a piece of grilled fish, and we can talk,' John said. What I thought was going to be just a friendly chat turned out to be a more substantive talk. Hachette had lost interest in *George,* and John wanted to know if we at Condé Nast would be interested in picking it up. And I said, 'Yes, we can talk about it. *George* is a good magazine. Let's keep chatting over the next couple of months.' But John died before we could make a decision on *George.*"

On Thursday, July 15, John visited his orthopedic surgeon at Lenox Hill Hospital to have a cast removed from his left ankle. Six weeks earlier, he had broken the ankle in a paragliding accident, and he had been using crutches to get around.

The ankle was still too tender to bear the full weight of his muscular, six-foot-one, 190-pound frame, and he had received medical advice not to fly for at least another 10 days.

Someone closer to him also counseled caution. A few weeks before, just after John had crashed his paraglider, his friend John Perry Barlow expressed concern that John had become overconfident about his flying. Barlow urged John to view his broken ankle as a warning sign.

John's Piper Saratoga, for which he had paid an estimated $300,000, was a high-performance plane that seriously taxed his experience. He was some 10 hours short of getting instrument-rating certification. As a result, John's meager "hours in command" did not meet insurance-company requirements for coverage in excess of $1 million.

"The coverage was ordered through the Joseph Kennedy office [which handles much of the Kennedy-family business]," said an insurance expert. "His mother's insurance broker didn't write it, because at the time he was taking flying lessons his mother was still alive, and she did not want him to fly. John was afraid Jackie's broker might say something to her. The Kennedy office paid for both his flying lessons and the insurance, avoiding letting his mother know."

Two days before he died, John had lunch in the café of the Stanhope. With the help of his crutches, he made his way to the hotel elevator and descended to the lobby. When the doors opened, John swung himself onto the black-and-white marble floor and negotiated the several yards to the café. The noisy room fell silent the moment he entered. Heads swiveled as he made his way to a corner table, where two young women were waiting. One of them was his wife, Carolyn. The other was Carolyn's sister Lauren Bessette, an attractive, dark-haired executive director with Morgan Stanley.

Lauren told a friend that it had been her idea for the three of them to meet for lunch. She was gravely alarmed over Carolyn and John's decision to live apart, and she said that she thought it would be a good idea for them to discuss their problems in front of her. Maybe she could help break their emotional logjam. But the relationship between John and Carolyn had become so tense and ugly that neither of them was in the mood to talk. They sat in stony silence. As Lauren told the story, she asked John and Carolyn to hold hands with her. At first they refused. But when Lauren insisted, they reluctantly clasped her hands.

Lauren was aware that Carolyn was most reluctant to fly with John in his plane. But as she squeezed her sister's hand, she urged her to make an exception and accompany her husband in his Piper Saratoga to Hyannis Port, where family members and friends were assembling for the wedding of his cousin Rory Kennedy.

Lauren knew that John had promised to attend Rory's wedding. He clearly intended to do so, even if he was in a state of anguish and confusion over his troubled marriage, his failing magazine, and the recent news that his cousin and best friend, Anthony Radziwill, was near death with cancer.

To encourage Carolyn, Lauren offered to fly along with the couple as far as Martha's Vineyard, where she planned to spend the weekend with friends. The three of them would make the flight together.

"Come on," she said, "it'll be fun."

First John, then Carolyn, agreed to Lauren's proposal.

"Great," Lauren said. "Then I'll see guys at the airport."

The whole world knows what happe next.

On Friday, July 16, John and Lauren sette traveled together in his white Hyun convertible from Midtown Manhattan to Essex County Airport in Fairfield, New sey. They got stuck in traffic and arrive little after eight P.M., as the light in the was fading. But there was no sign of olyn, who was coming in a separate car.

What had delayed Carolyn?

The answer to that question comes f someone who has never spoken publ before. Colin Lively, a haircolorist and ist, was getting a pedicure at a New York lon that afternoon.

"It was late at the end of the day on day, and Carolyn Bessette Kennedy right next to me, sitting in the same lin people getting pedicures," Lively recal "She had a little piece of sheer fabric—ab three inches square, almost white with a of lavender—and she wanted her toe polish to match the swatch.

"The pedicurist would apply the pol and Carolyn would go to the window put her foot up and put the fabric nex it," Lively continued. "Meanwhile, her phone kept ringing, and she kept ans ing it.

"'*What?*' she said impatiently into phone. 'I told you—I'm getting a pedic

"She made the pedicurist re-do her nails, and the phone rang again, and said, 'The more times you call me, the lo it's going to take!'

"She had the pedicurist do it three ti She wasn't overtly bitchy, but she wa self-involved. If this was a key to her sonality, then I would say she was obse about a lot of things."

Finally, Lively said, her phone rang a It was her driver, who had been waitin her.

"'If you can't park, circle the block,' said. 'I'll be down in a few minutes.'"

Only when the nails were done to satisfaction did Carolyn Bessette Kenn finally leave the salon. □

Hollywood Scam

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 163 like water, handing out Hawaiian vacations like business cards and jamming $100 bills into the hands of friends just to have lunch with him. Even his least-observant friends believed he desperately wanted love and was willing to pay to get it.

To understand why, it helps to know his background. Tonken was born in 1965 in Windsor, Ontario. His father, Harvey, was a radiologist who worked at hospitals across the upper Midwest. The Tonkens spent most of Aaron's teenage years in Alpena, Michigan, a town on scenic Lake Huron, 240 miles north of Detroit. Aaron was a lonely kid with two older sisters, who was diagnosed with attention-deficit disorder and hyperactivity. His aunt and uncle, William and Michele Sills of Detroit, describe Harvey Tonken as a kindhearted workaholic tried to make time for his son, and w unorthodox religious views—he was a who became a born-again Christian— Aaron confused.

Aaron, who developed his facial t an early age, had a difficult relation with his mother. She "used to get so at him—he had energy to burn," re Duane MacNeill, whose family lived d the street from the Tonkens' modern

ıome on Old Washington Street. "His
:r liked the finer things in life, I'll tell
The most expensive furniture, drap-
... you know. She wanted him to be
essional—a doctor—and Aaron fought
into that direction. He was rebellious.
d her. Aaron wanted to adopt [me and
ife, Carol,] as parents."
til Carol MacNeill died last year, in
Tonken telephoned her regularly. She
he first of many mother figures he
ed over the years. There are no pic-
of Aaron in his Alpena school year-
s, no mention of him in clubs or ath-
His obsession, from an early age, was
ities: movie stars, politicians—anyone
was famous. By age 12 he was cold-
g Jacqueline Onassis and other celeb-
He hoped to get Dean Martin to per-
at his Bar Mitzvah.

nken dropped out of high school,
assed an equivalency exam, and then
a semester at the University of Pitts-
ı at Johnstown. As friends and family
bers tell it, the turning point in his life
when his father died of cancer in
Then unemployed, and aimless, Ton-
vas living and bickering with his moth-
Ohio. After one fight he left home—the
s say his mother threw him out—and
: to his aunt and uncle's home in the
ɔit suburb of Southfield. "He drove to
ıouse straight through, without a nickel
pocket," Michele Sills recalls. "He had
ıst through the tollgates because he
ıo money."
ɔnken stayed with the Sills family sev-
months, working sporadically. "I told
to get a job cleaning bathrooms, just
ɔ work, do something," says William
"So he'd come home at five o'clock
tell us all he did. I remember one day
aid he had sold 2,000 pairs of socks
is clothing store. Of course, we later
ıed he hadn't been going to work at
The only things that excited Tonken,
Sillses say, were his efforts to crash res-
ant openings and press conferences
e he might spot a celebrity.
ventually, Tonken decided to seek his
ne in Arizona, where one of his grand-
ıers lived. It was there, at a Scottsdale
that John Murphy met him. At the
, Tonken was unemployed, living off
ey his mother was sending, and eating
to pancakes at his grandmother's. Mur-
took a liking to the young midwestern-
vho drove the same 1986-model Cor-
he did. In time Murphy, who owned a
pany that made silk plants, offered Ton-
a job selling over the phone to builders
decorators.
He was the best phone guy I'd ever
, just incredibly persistent," Murphy
lls. "I've sat in his office in L.A., and
he's the fastest dialer I've ever seen, just incredible. He just won't take no for an answer." Tonken was grateful for the job. At one point, over Murphy's repeated objections, he insisted on sending Murphy and his girlfriend on a vacation to Hawaii. Tonken paid for airfare, hotels, rental car—everything. It shamed Murphy later when he had to pester Tonken to repay loans Murphy had made him.

In 1990, Murphy sold his company, leaving Tonken once again unemployed. It was then that Tonken met Gilbert Ortega. Ortega, known as "the King of Indian Jewelry," owns Gilbert Ortega Galleries, the world's largest retailer of Native American arts and crafts. One day, Ortega says, he pulled into the driveway of his gated desert home and was surprised to see a car parked beside the garage. "What are you doing?" Ortega asked, challenging the rumpled young man who bounded out to greet him.

"My name is Aaron Tonken," the young man explained. "I just wanted to meet you."

"So we talk a few minutes, and he leaves," Ortega remembers today. "Before long I start to notice him at places I go ... you know, restaurants, the stores. He was following me, like a friend, not like a stalker thing. He starts hanging out at a dress shop I owned back then, got to know all the women there. Everywhere I go, I see this guy. He would hang out at my stores and wait for me. He just kept coming."

Ortega asked his salespeople about Tonken. They reported he was a nice young man with a Ph.D. who said he had inherited a fortune from his father. As Ortega tells the story, the next time he saw Tonken, he offered him a job selling jewelry behind the counter at one of his stores. Tonken accepted. That's about all Ortega remembers, he says, except that it was Tonken who introduced him to his second wife.

"Oh well, you know, then Aaron moved into Gilbert's house," says Linda Ortega, Ortega's first wife, picking up the story. "The way Aaron got to Gilbert was he said his mother wanted him to learn business before he could collect his trust money. He said he thought Gilbert was the perfect person to learn from. It appealed to [Gilbert's] ego—you know, 'You're so great. I need to learn from you.' It was the same when he met me. 'You're such a great mother. I wish I had a mother like you.' You kinda knew he was faking, but he somehow had this quality, you felt sorry for him."

The Ortegas, though divorced, had four children and remained close. They all but adopted Tonken. It was through the Ortegas that Tonken befriended a number of prominent Arizonans, including the elderly governor, Rose Mofford, to whom he grew especially close. (Mofford didn't return a call seeking comment.) The Ortegas met Tonken's mother, who has since remarried and moved to Florida, and his sister Heidi, a doctor. In time, though, both Ortegas began to think Tonken "a little weird," as Linda puts it. "He was very needy, and he would lie a lot. We would catch him in lies," she recalls. "He would give gifts to people from the stores, and say, 'Gilbert said I could have this,' when he hadn't. That kind of thing."

Neither Ortega remembers why Tonken moved on, but it was an amicable parting, even though Tonken owed—and still owes—both of them money. Linda says in her case it is $9,000. "He's very, very, very, very, very aggressive," Gilbert says. "If that boy learned to use his talents in the right way, he'd be a billionaire. But, man, he'll eat you up and spit you out."

Eddie McCoy, then the owner of a car service named Scottsdale Limousines, hired Tonken as his marketing manager. "He was just a kid—a kid I hired after he worked for Gilbert," McCoy recalls. "He did very well in sales. Brought in several accounts. I was always leery of him, though. He always wanted to get me into things. One time I remember he asked me if I wanted to have breakfast with Grant Woods, the state attorney general. I said, 'Why? Why would I want to do that?' In his heart of hearts, you could see Aaron was doing it because he thought somehow it could help me. He was obsessed with celebrities, anyone who was famous or important or powerful."

McCoy guffawed when Tonken asked if he wanted to have dinner with the governor. Almost as a dare, McCoy said he would. To his amazement, Rose Mofford kept their appointment. "You could see he had underlying emotional problems," McCoy recalls. "Not just the tic thing. He had difficulty controlling his weight. He had fairly low self-esteem. He always had to be talking and in the center of any conversation. He was always talking about his father too. There was something there."

Tonken moonlighted as one of McCoy's chauffeurs, in part to schmooze with the occasional celebrity he would drive. McCoy put a stop to his driving, however, after Tonken rammed a customer's mailbox. In time he let him go. Tonken rented a van and spent his last year or so in Arizona ferrying the children of wealthy people to school. Then, one day in late 1992, he appeared at McCoy's office, driving a battered station wagon he had bought for $300. The car was packed with his belongings. "The day he left Arizona, he came by here and said, 'I'm going to L.A. to seek my fortune,'" McCoy recalls. "It was the bravest thing I've ever seen a young man do. I mean, someone who was so troubled. It seemed to me that he had

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just run out of things to do. He needed to find his way. So he said, 'I'm going to California. I may be an actor, I don't know, but I'm gonna be a success.' Then he drove off in that old station wagon."

A few days later, the man who had sold Tonken the station wagon telephoned McCoy looking for Tonken. He said that Tonken had not paid for the car.

According to John Murphy, Tonken had a few reasons to move to Hollywood. He wanted to be an actor, for one. Another reason was Anjelica Huston's stepmother. According to friends, Tonken had met her in Arizona, when she was visiting a small-time actress Tonken knew. When she offered him a job as her assistant, he accepted. Friends say Tonken lived in her home for a short time, but things apparently didn't work out. While with Huston's stepmother, however, Tonken met Zsa Zsa Gabor. She, too, needed a personal assistant, and Tonken got the job, moving into the guesthouse behind Gabor's Beverly Hills home.

While living with Gabor, friends say, Tonken began meeting the elderly celebrities in her social circle, including Milton Berle and Red Buttons. Everything went well until Gabor took a European vacation. It was then that Tonken, short on cash, began flagging down the tourist buses that cruised by celebrity homes. For a fee, he gave tours of Gabor's home. Somehow Gabor found out, and when she returned from Europe she let Tonken go.

Penniless and unemployed, Tonken checked into the Chabad homeless shelter in Westwood, where he had his first brush with the law. According to a May 1993 complaint filed by a homeless man named Sam Frank, he and Tonken engaged in an argument that resulted in Tonken's striking Frank over the head with "something metallic." Frank actually succeeded in obtaining a restraining order preventing Tonken from getting within two feet of him.

And then, as so often happens in Hollywood stories, fate intervened. A reporter for the *Star* tabloid heard about the Gabor incident, took pity on Tonken, and telephoned Fabio's former manager, Peter Paul, suggesting he hire Tonken. Paul belongs to that peculiar Hollywood substratum, the reinvented crook. A onetime Miami attorney who represented a string of Central and South American clients during the 1970s, he was convicted in 1979 of participating in a convoluted scheme to defraud the Cuban government. After serving time in prison for that and a subsequent conviction for cocaine possession, Paul relocated to Los Angeles, where during the 1980s he started several charitable foundations, including one for the actor Jimmy Stewart. He was also chosen to work on a government commission celebrating the U.S. Constitution's bicentennial. In time he branched into celebrity management, working with Muhammad Ali and Fabio.

Paul, impressed with Tonken's energy, gave him a desk in his Wilshire Boulevard offices. His first assignment was to arrange for celebrities to appear at a wedding in New Mexico. According to Paul, Tonken prevailed on Charlton Heston to give a Bible reading, and he hired members of the band Kiss to provide music. While it was Paul who opened the doors of Hollywood for him, Tonken has given some people an alternative, perhaps apocryphal explanation of how this happened: he has claimed he found Danny DeVito's Rolodex in a garbage can, copied all the entries, and then returned it—earning DeVito's gratitude in the process.

People liked Tonken, who came across as an eager-to-please teddy bear. He did favors for the celebrities he met, ingratiating himself with billionaire Marvin Davis and his wife, Barbara, by providing puppies to auction at their Carousel Ball. "He started throwing these smart little dinner parties at [the Beverly Hills restaurant] Tatou," remembers Sandra Taylor, Fabio's former girlfriend. "The mix of people was just amazing—Joe Maloof from the Sacramento Kings, Jermaine Jackson, Milton Berle. He definitely had his regulars."

But Tonken had not overcome his irresponsibility with regard to money. When he and Paul threw a joint book party/charity fund-raiser for Fabio and Ivana Trump in the fall of 1993, Joe Maloof's brother Gavin sent Tonken a $7,500 check for the Muscular Dystrophy Association. According to a lawsuit the charity later filed, Tonken refused to hand over the check; in one affidavit, an association official claims that when she asked Tonken for the check he replied, "Fuck off."

From his first months in business in Hollywood, Tonken started piling up debts to printers, photographers, travel agencies, actors, and charities. More than two dozen separate actions were filed against him in Los Angeles Superior Court; many involve money Tonken took for services he never performed. One of the first actions, in May 1994, involved $20,000 paid by a man named Alex Khanoukhov, a Russian immigrant who wanted to get into the movie business. Though he hired Tonken to help, Khanoukhov never laid eyes on a movie set and is still owed most of his money. "Ten years later I'm done chasing that guy!" Khanoukhov's lawyer, David Geren, rants.

"That fucking thief!" are the first words out of Nathan Goller's mouth when I mention Tonken's name. The West Hollywood attorney sued Tonken in 1994 on behalf of his girlfriend, Irina Maleeva. According to Goller, Maleeva gave Tonken $4,500 to facilitate her entry into the movie business. All she got, he says, were invitations to a few Hollywood parties. "He didn't do a thing he promised, so I sued him," says Goller, who has also given up trying to collect. "He was not the kind of guy you would think of as a hustler or manager. He was a shy little guy with glasses, who stuttered. He was anything but a con man."

Despite the irate clients, Tonken was making dozens of new celebrity friends, many through Peter Paul. In September 1995, Tonken threw himself a 30th-birthday party at Tatou. His Arizona friends flew in and were amazed at the well-known, if a bit past their prime, celebrities who attended that night. Eddie McCoy and his wife sat at Leonard Nimoy's table. Red Buttons MC'd. Milton Berle and Casey Kasem were there, as were Alan Thicke, Bob Barker, and many from the cast of the soap opera *The Young and the Restless.*

"We couldn't believe it," says Tonken's uncle, William Sills, who also attended. "I mean, here's a kid, he had nothing, could go nowhere, had obvious mental problems, and suddenly he is in Hollywood meeting hundreds of these movie stars. What a country!"

Still working in Paul's offices, Tonken secured his first major assignment: organizing a benefit for the former Los Angeles Dodgers manager Tommy Lasorda, who was seeking to raise money for a foundation honoring his late son, Tommy Lasorda Jr. A Lasorda foundation director named Steven Fox worked with Tonken. Fox took an immediate liking to him, a feeling that, incredibly, persists to this day, despite the fact that Tonken ended up making off with more than $3 million of Fox's money. "Aaron is a person who has a real gift for making friends," Fox says. "He was very close with Charlton Heston and with Red Buttons and his wife, Alicia. You should see the warmth there. They knew what kind of person Aaron was. As far as I'm concerned, his only fault is he tried too hard to please these people. Celebrities really took advantage of him."

Fox invited Tonken to occupy an office at his employee-leasing company in Long Beach, and Tonken accepted. This led to Tonken's breaking with Paul, who sued Tonken for breaching his employment contract. The suit was settled, but the two men wouldn't speak again for years.

Tonken spent months organizing the Lasorda affair. From the public's perspective, the $500-per-plate event, held on October 15, 1995, at the Beverly Hills Hotel, was a smash. It honored Billy Crystal. Rob Re

'd. Jay Leno and Alan King told jokes. Bennett sang "Fly Me to the Moon." thought it was "a world-class event." Lasordas were less satisfied, especially they got the bills. The bill for wine, for nce, went $12,000 overbudget. "Aaron n absolute marvelous job," Fox says. re was no question there was over-ding. Aaron should have kept tighter . But he was just trying to put on the d-class event that I wanted."

x stood by Tonken even after making startling discovery. During the party arations, he had lent Tonken money—he t say how much—but after the event he ed that one of his employees had ad-ed Tonken far more, out of Fox's corpo-funds. According to a bankruptcy filing en made in 1998, the "personal loan" Fox came to $3.8 million. "That sounds le inflated, but there's no question Aar-wes me a great deal of money," Fox con-. "I have always found Aaron to be an rable person. He has always said he pay me back. I'm not thrilled about it, here's nothing I can do about it now. I thought of suing? Not really. It would be throwing good money after bad."

nken was still working in Fox's Long ch office in 1995 when he took a call an aide to Jerry Colangelo, who owns N.B.A.'s Phoenix Suns and the Arizona nondbacks major-league baseball team. ken returned to Phoenix to help orga-a Colangelo fund-raiser, only to leave a g of unpaid bills and angry clients in vake. Baron Benham, a Scottsdale mon-nanager, gave Tonken $10,000 to intro-e him around Hollywood. He attended ngle post–Academy Award party with ken and received little else for his money. pot con artists much better now," Ben-says with a sigh. "He basically flaked disappeared, and everyone around here been after him ever since."

onken returned to Hollywood deter-ed to be a major player in the world of brity fund-raising. It was then that he le a stab at re-inventing himself, sud-ly losing a great deal of weight by, he pily told friends, undergoing liposuc-. (This may explain an unpaid 1996 bill $18,275.35 from Cedars-Sinai Medical ter that Tonken listed in his bankrupt-Before long, however, he gained all the ght back. For years afterward, one old nd says, Tonken carried a photograph is slimmer self in his wallet and liked how it to clients.

t this point, Tonken had an idea—a fairly bold one for the time. To get brities to do as he desired, he had ned, he had to give them gifts—expen-ones. Tonken figured out how to es-tablish symbiotic relationships between stars and corporations: stars wanted luxury goods; companies that made luxury goods wanted stars to be seen using their products. He approached and cut deals with at least four East Coast retailers: Alfred Dunhill, Etro, Cartier, and a Boston jeweler named Seidlers. In return for free and discounted merchandise, Tonken would make sure celebrities promoted their products.

"Dunhill, Etro, Cartier—these were my clients, and suddenly I found he had schmoozed his way in with all these corporate executives, who are not savvy in the ways of Hollywood at all," says a woman who worked in New York public relations in the mid-1990s. "Once he realized the big ticket was these corporations, he came a-calling, and nobody checked him out. He just showed up in a store with a celebrity in tow, dropping names, and before you knew it he had made all these crazy deals. You know, the president of the company could have dinner with Natalie Cole, have her sing at their Christmas party or something. And he'd say, 'In exchange for me working for you I will want X dollars in merchandise.' " Under these agreements, Tonken acquired staggering amounts of merchandise to give to celebrities. According to his 1998 bankruptcy filing, just his unpaid bills at the four abovementioned retailers came to almost $1.5 million.

Who were the recipients of Tonken's largesse? Who wasn't? Agents and publicists around Hollywood say Tonken was famous for lavishing gifts on stars to gain their favor. The only recipient Tonken has named is Paula Abdul, who sued him in 1999, after he failed to come through with $115,000 he had agreed to pay her for attending a charity function. In a 2002 deposition, Tonken says that he gave Abdul gifts from Cartier and Dunhill. (An Abdul attorney declined comment.)

Tonken said something else in that deposition that should send chills down the spines of certain stars: he's cooperating with an extensive I.R.S. investigation of his gift-giving practices. "The IRS requested all the receipts [on] gifts . . . that Paula Abdul has received from me," he said. "Other people are under investigation [too]. . . . Because I guess they're doing a search why gift tax—Is that what it's called?—yeah, gift tax hasn't been filed. [It] cost quite a bit of money because I had to go through my receipts for hundreds of thousands [of] dollars of gifts that they got from me."

Tonken's merchandising days came to an abrupt end when one of his biggest clients, Cunard Cruise Line, inexplicably cut him off, leading to a lawsuit. With that business crumbling, Tonken refocused his energy on charity galas. The actor Jonathan

Aaron's Cash Cows

Chronically irresponsible with money, Tonken would borrow from one lender to pay off another. In his wake he left a string of unpaid creditors, defrauded investors, and angry celebrities.



AARON TONKEN
How did Tonken regularly get people to part with large sums of money? His "genius was he listened to what people wanted, and he gave it to them," says an observer.



PETER PAUL
Despite convictions for fraud and cocaine possession, Paul got into celebrity management and masterminded romance-novel cover model Fabio's rise. Paul hired Tonken as an event organizer and introduced him to Stanley Myatt.



STANLEY MYATT
A major funder of Tonken's, Myatt claims he has been an F.B.I. informant. Peter Paul says Myatt "controlled Tonken and used him to infiltrate the music and entertainment communities [for the F.B.I.]."



CYNTHIA GERSHMAN
Widow of a multimillionaire who made a fortune in shopping centers, she started bankrolling Tonken in 1998. In return he encouraged her budding ambition to become an actress. She got roles in such films as 2000's *The Last Producer*.



NEIL SILVER
Introduced to Tonken by Myatt, this Miami real-estate investor put more than $1 million of his estimated $1.5 million into Tonken's company. "I got caught up in the moment. I believed I would make a fortune," he recalls. Instead, he lost one.

Hollywood Scam

Silverman, a close friend, had grown up with David Schwimmer, and it was apparently through Schwimmer that Tonken organized 1997's "Friends Helping Friends" gala, centered on the cast of *Friends.* Preparations for the *Friends* event, as for so many Tonken galas, proved chaotic. "People don't realize how he did those events," says Tonken's longtime event security man, Tony Alverti. "Like, he'll meet a guy named Roger, who knows someone who knows one of the guys in 'NSync. So Aaron tells everyone he has 'NSync, and people come because of that. It worked every time! So of course he can't get 'NSync, so he says, 'Oh, they had to back out. But I've got Wayne Newton! I've got Natalie Cole!'"

"Aaron was out of his mind," says Adam Buttons, Red Buttons's 33-year-old son, who worked for Tonken as a messenger. "Every time I went to his office, Aaron was screaming at the top of his lungs at someone. He had a nervous breakdown every five minutes." Despite the chaos, Tonken could always secure some celebrity appearances by giving what stars wanted even more than gifts: cash. "I will go on record saying I did deliver cash to a number of celebrities on Friends Helping Friends," says Buttons. "I don't know [how much] was in those envelopes. I didn't ask. I will say I didn't like the way he did business. That's why I stopped working for him." Buttons declines to name the celebrities who received this cash, but a person knowledgeable about Tonken's business dealings says they variously included Natalie Cole, Cher, Paul Anka, and Lance Bass of 'NSync.

The *Friends* benefit marked the one time Tonken worked with the business side of *Vanity Fair,* which helped sponsor the event. "I don't think we knew what we were getting into," says Jean Karlson, *Vanity Fair*'s executive director of creative services for the publisher at the time, who helped bring in advertisers such as Halston. The then Halston designer Randolph Duke was annoyed when the *Friends* actresses declined to wear his dresses, despite what Tonken had led him to believe, and Tonken tried to substitute lesser stars such as Daisy Fuentes. "The event was kind of messy, everyone screaming at me," Karlson remembers. "At the end, they ran out of gift bags, and it went on so long, by the time Tony Bennett got up to sing, most of the people had left. It was not the work of a pro."

Karlson, who left *Vanity Fair* for *Condé Nast Traveler* in 1999, reluctantly agreed to participate in another Tonken event there, but Tonken was unable to procure Wayne Newton, as he had promised. She says she cut off contact with Tonken after he asked her to work with him on the side. "I thought that was a conflict of interest," she remembers. "He said, 'Who would know?' I said, 'No, it's just not ethical.' He said, 'Look, I'll pay you $250,000, $100,000 up front.' I said, 'Aaron, it's not going to happen.'"

By 1998, for all his apparent success, Tonken's financial life was in ruins. Nearly a dozen charities were suing him to recover money he took to stage events that never happened. That year he filed his Chapter 7 personal bankruptcy, which was dismissed when he failed to show up at a creditors' meeting. It was then, with debts and judgments piling up all around him, that Tonken hit the mother lode.

Her name was Cynthia Gershman.

In the mid-1990s, Cynthia Gershman and her husband, Hal, were regulars in the aging Hollywood social set that included Red Buttons, Henny Youngman, Milton Berle, and Jack Carter. A multi-millionaire who had made his money in shopping centers, Hal was a tightfisted man with snowy-white hair and a goatee—he looked a bit like Colonel Sanders. The Gershmans regularly threw parties at their Beverly Hills home, and Tonken ingratiated himself by arranging such entertainment as José Feliciano and Wayne Newton. Tonken prevailed upon the Gershmans, in return, to donate money to charities he sought to work with—a common, if unseemly, tactic. In time Tonken became a regular at the Gershman home, tooling up in his Mercedes convertible.

Cynthia Gershman, who is now 72, is a tiny, quiet, gnomelike woman with an enormous head of blond hair. Hal's second wife, she had once been a bookkeeper for Freddie de Cordova, the producer of *The Tonight Show Starring Johnny Carson.* Cynthia lived in her husband's shadow until December 3, 1997, when Hal unexpectedly died after an angioplasty at Cedars-Sinai. On his deathbed, a family adviser told me, Hal had urged his wife, in the event he didn't make it, to let Tonken take care of her—they could look after each other.

That they did. According to Gershman family members and advisers, Hal's death triggered a profound change in his wife. "Cindy decided she had been held down. It was a chance to have some fun: 'I wanna have a good time and be socially prominent and be an actress,'" a Gershman family member said. "She started taking acting classes. She was convinced she was going to be a movie star. Aaron's genius was he listened to what people wanted, and he gave it to them. Aaron was suddenly saying, 'I can do this, I can do that.'"

With Tonken's help, Cynthia, using the name "Cynthia Palmer," obtained a Sc[illegible] Actors Guild card and roles in several [illegible]nor films, including one that Burt [illegible]nolds made called *The Last Produce[illegible]* return she lent Tonken money, nearl[illegible] million, by one estimate. Her stepson, [illegible]ald, grew concerned she might be m[illegible]ing the family foundation and initiate[illegible] reorganization, dividing the assets bet[illegible] Cynthia and himself. With control [illegible] her own foundation, Cynthia was abl[illegible] increase her charitable donations, [illegible] many went to charities Tonken selec[illegible] She began underwriting his benefits [illegible] cluding galas honoring Milton Berle [illegible] Gladys Knight.

Tonken was on a roll, his caler[illegible] jammed with future galas. It was prob[illegible] in late 1998, friends say, that Natalie [illegible] introduced him to Denise Rich, th[illegible] wife of the fugitive financier Marc R[illegible] And it was Denise who, at a party at [illegible] New York apartment, introduced To[illegible] to President Clinton. By all accounts, [illegible] ton was intrigued by Tonken's idea f[illegible] series of Hollywood galas to benefit [illegible] lary Clinton's senatorial campaign. G[illegible] man agreed to underwrite some expe[illegible] but Tonken needed more, and he f[illegible] just the man to supply it—his old fr[illegible] Peter Paul.

By 2000, Paul and Tonken had re[illegible] ciled, and Paul had re-invented hi[illegible] once again, emerging as the brains be[illegible] a multi-media company built around [illegible] Lee, the elderly co-creator of Spider-[illegible] and other comic-book heroes. From [illegible] San Fernando Valley headquarters, Paul[illegible] Lee were busy creating all manner of [illegible] inal content for the Internet, from m[illegible] videos to comic strips. Their comp[illegible] called Stan Lee Media, went public, [illegible] Paul hired the actor George Hamilton[illegible] his ex-wife, Alana Stewart, to help pro[illegible] it. Paul hoped working with the Cli[illegible] would increase Lee's profile, and he h[illegible] to snag Clinton for his board.

Tonken and Paul agreed to start s[illegible] with a luncheon for Hillary Clinton at [illegible] thia Gershman's home in February 2[illegible] California governor Gray Davis and [illegible] spoke, and afterward everyone seemed [illegible] py. A second Tonken-Paul luncheon [illegible] one for Al Gore's presidential camp[illegible] went well, too. According to several sou[illegible] Tonken took his plans for a massive [illegible] lywood fund-raiser for Hillary Clinto[illegible] the president. According to the story [illegible] ken told many people, he briefed the [illegible] ident during a limousine ride in Washi[illegible] one night that June. The limo's thir[illegible] cupant, Tonken said, was the singer C[illegible] Khan, whom Tonken had escorted to a [illegible] formance that night. The president told [illegible] ken to go forward. (A spokesman for [illegible]

she knew nothing of the incident.)
ck in Los Angeles, Tonken, with Paul,
a Stewart, Hillary Clinton's people,
dozens of Paul's employees, worked
ıd the clock to prepare the August 12
raiser at the Brentwood estate of busi-
nan Ken Roberts. Paul says he wrote
lreds of checks to Tonken, totaling
ly $2 million, to cover everything
tablecloths to limos; it's these pay-
s that are the centerpiece of Paul's al-
ions about the Clintons' fund-raising
eps. "The Hollywood Gala Salute to
dent William Jefferson Clinton" was
/thing Tonken and the Clintons had
:d for. Hosted by Stan Lee, Peter
and Governor Davis, it
red tributes to the Clin-
from Michael Douglas,
ie Hawn, Jack Lemmon,
ory Peck, John Travolta,
a dozen other stars. En-
inment was provided by
e Wonder, Cher, Melis-
theridge, Natalie Cole,
ıa Ross, Paul Anka, Toni
ton, Patti LaBelle, Brian
Knight, and Sugar Ray.
he event, coming on the
of the Democratic Nation-
onvention, received lavish
s coverage, and both Bill
Hillary Clinton profusely
ked Paul and Tonken, in
on and in handwritten
s. The good feelings evap-
ed, however, when several
s later *The Washington*
published a story detail-
Paul's earlier cocaine and
d convictions. The Clin-
swiftly distanced them-
es from him and returned
single, $2,000 cash contri-
on he had made to Hillary's
paign. According to Paul's
neys, Paul asked Tonken to
roach the president about
uring a pardon for his past crimes; if
ken did so, he got nowhere.
aul's problems were only beginning.
eral prosecutors would soon allege that
ngaged in a massive scheme to manipu-
Stan Lee Media's stock price. In De-
ber 2000, four months after the benefit
with federal investigators closing in,
l boarded a plane and fled to Brazil. It
then—with Peter Paul out of the pic-
—that Aaron Tonken fell in with one of
l's oldest friends: the very mysterious
nley Myatt.

ow 63, a robust, gray-haired man who
wears large eyeglasses with smokey-
wn lenses, Myatt has been called a
.A. assassin, a consort of Italian and Russian mafiosi, a Wall Street scam artist, a loan shark, and an informant for the F.B.I. and the Drug Enforcement Agency; the last, at least, appears to be true. By his own admission in a 2002 deposition, Myatt has twice been convicted of felonies, the most recent for conspiracy to import marijuana in the mid-1980s. However, despite weeks of combing court records in Florida and his native Pennsylvania, I could find no trace of these convictions.

Other than the Philadelphia Mafia boss Ralph Natale's 2001 court testimony portraying Myatt as a trusted emissary of the Russian Mafia, the only known description of him in the public domain comes in, of all places, *Strikeout,* the 1988 autobiography of Denny McLain, the last pitcher to win 30 games in a major-league baseball season. After his retirement from the sport in the early 1970s, McLain fell in with a group of Florida swindlers and drug runners, and he was convicted in 1985 of racketeering, cocaine trafficking, and embezzling $3 million from the pension fund of a company he co-owned. Among McLain's cronies, he says in his book, was Myatt:



LEAN ON ME
Silver and Tonken during Milton Berle's 93rd-birthday-party fund-raiser, in Los Angeles, July 2001.

Let me tell you about Stan Myatt. What a character. Myatt supposedly was a former CIA agent. The story was that Myatt was the last American to leave Chile after the overthrow of President Salvador Allende in 1973. If you can believe what I heard, Myatt got out of there by the skin of his teeth and even had to leave behind a suitcase with $1 million in it because it was too heavy to carry. When [I] was introduced [to him] in 1982, Myatt was presented as Mr. Covert Operations.

And Myatt played that role to the hilt. He was a big guy, about 6-3 and 240 pounds, had black hair and was very gruff looking. He always carried a gun, the biggest handgun I'd ever seen.... And Myatt kept an even bigger weapon, a submachinegun like an Uzi or something, in his car, which had tinted glass so nobody could see in. This guy was right out of *Miami Vice.* To top it off, Myatt was a perfect gentleman. That just made him even more fascinating and enhanced the mystique surrounding him.

That was 20 years ago. Today, whatever else he may be, Myatt is first and foremost a businessman. He works from a suite of offices above a bank on a faded stretch of Biscayne Boulevard in northeast Miami. Various records indicate he lives in a high-rise on the water a few hundred yards away. Other records show he controls a maze of companies, the most prominent of which is a small, publicly traded corporation called Epixtar, a telemarketer that has repeatedly been sued by various state attorneys general for illegal "cramming"—that is, charging exorbitant amounts to consumers' phone bills. According to Securities and Exchange Commission filings I found, Myatt shares a controlling interest in the company. Federal investigators tell me he is currently the target of an I.R.S. criminal investigation in South Florida.

As various records show, Myatt was born in Philadelphia in 1940. His real name is Stanley Posnack. Myatt was his ex-wife's last name; in the 2002 deposition, he acknowledged adopting it during the 1970s. Other than a handful of lawsuits suggesting he was involved in Miami real estate during the 1970s, I could find no trace of anyone named Stanley Posnack or Stanley Myatt before 1982, when he encountered Denny McLain. In his book, McLain claims Myatt became embroiled in drug investigations paralleling his own and, in return for becoming a government in-

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formant, received a suspended sentence.

Much of what is known about Myatt comes from Peter Paul, whose credibility is suspect. The thrust of Paul's assertions, as detailed in dozens of pages of handwritten statements his lawyers faxed me from Brazil, is this: Myatt, Paul alleges, has connections to the Mafia and has worked as a valued government informant for 25 years. Myatt, Paul claims, has invested in dozens of companies, several of them public, in part to gain entrée to situations his F.B.I. handlers wish to learn more about; in return for doing so, Paul says, the F.B.I. looks the other way while Myatt "loots" the companies. Paul says he knows this because he worked for the F.B.I. as well in the early 1980s. Myatt, he says, was his supervisor. Paul says they have worked together, off and on, ever since. Among other things, he claims he worked with Myatt to investigate Mafia influence in Hollywood during the 1990s.

To support his claims, Paul provides the names of dozens of F.B.I. agents, federal prosecutors, and companies he says he and Myatt have worked with over the last 20 years. However, while I was able to confirm a number of Myatt's and Paul's business partnerships, I could not document Paul's claim that Myatt has worked extensively with the F.B.I. Several prosecutors and former F.B.I. agents acknowledge they knew Myatt, but decline to discuss him. When I mentioned his and Paul's names to a onetime F.B.I. agent involved in Philadelphia Mafia investigations, this man said only, "Well, you've got the right cast of characters."

I did confirm that Myatt has worked as an informant. The source was Myatt himself. Under questioning by a Florida prosecutor in a 2002 case where a former associate had attempted to have Myatt killed, Myatt answered "Yes" when asked whether he had worked as a government informant. He provided no details, however.

Myatt was no more forthcoming during several telephone conversations with me. While suggesting that an article documenting his life story "may win you a Pulitzer Prize," Myatt politely declined comment on everything from his alleged Mafia contacts to his alleged role as a longtime government informant. "I don't believe I did anything sinister" with Tonken, Myatt told me. "I guess you'll get some things right and some things wrong. It just doesn't make any sense for me to answer any questions."

Corporate documents indicate Myatt has been involved in any number of companies, including a now defunct Philadelphia hip-hop-music outfit, Antra Records, best known for marketing a rapper named Korrupt. In 2001, after he met Tonken, Myatt was actively attempting to gain entrance to the Los Angeles music scene—cutting several deals to manage hip-hop acts and purchase the rights to certain movie soundtracks. The company he used to do this is called OCF, Inc., which according to Florida corporate records stands for "Organized Crime Family."

Among the companies Myatt invested in was Stan Lee Media, where he was a regular presence in the summer of 2000 as Tonken worked on the Clinton fund-raisers. It was at Stan Lee that both men met Steven Machat, a veteran music producer who has worked with Peter Gabriel and Phil Collins. Machat, who struck deals with Lee's company for Internet content starring the musicians Mary J. Blige and Wu-Tang Clan, went to dinner one night with Myatt at Eurochow's in Westwood.

"Stanley started telling me stories from his life; they were fascinating," recalls Machat. "He tells me this story of how he was in Chile in 1973, for the C.I.A. He told me he was arrested [by the military]. They were driving him somewhere to kill him, by tying him up and leaving him on this sinking boat. So he killed the driver [and got away]. He said he strangled him."

According to Peter Paul, he introduced Tonken to Myatt in June 2000. Three months later, Paul says, he learned Myatt had lent Tonken $150,000. Paul claims, with little evidence, that Myatt was using Tonken to gain entrée to Hollywood on behalf of his friends at the F.B.I. "By September," asserts Paul, "Myatt controlled Tonken and used him to infiltrate the music and entertainment communities."

Whatever Myatt's motives, there's no denying he and Tonken were regularly seen together around Los Angeles by that fall. Alana Stewart dined with them one night at Mr. Chow's. She and George Hamilton were outraged that Paul had fled to Brazil without paying them, and Tonken suggested Myatt could iron things out. At dinner, Tonken introduced Myatt as his new partner. Stewart declines to comment on the meeting, but a person who knows about the dinner says she came away with the unsettling sense that Myatt had connections in the Mafia. "If I have any problems," Tonken allegedly told her, "Stanley will take care of them for me."

Among the handful of law-enforcement officials and private attorneys who know of Myatt and Tonken's relationship, all manner of dire scenarios are circulating, most of them centering on Tonken's ties to the Clintons. Those who dealt with Tonken and Myatt directly, however, sensed there was nothing more sinister going on than an interest in making money. "Stanley was an opportunist," says Machat. "He was looking to break into Hollywood.... He beca the underwriter of Aaron Tonken. Aa knows a lot of people. [Stanley thoug Well, let's see what he can do for me."

Only a handful of people around Toni had any idea who Myatt was. Acco ing to Tonken's event security man, Tony verti, Tonken's assistant, Chad Mouton, c fided that Myatt was a Mafia-connec loan shark. When Alverti asked Toni about Myatt, Tonken merely smiled. called Myatt "my Mafia guy," says Alve

"I said, 'Aaron, you're playing with here,'" Alverti remembers. "'They'll co after you.' He said, 'Oh, no, we have a s cial deal going on—I never have to wo about them.'"

Tonken's budding partnership with M att was to play a key role in his bigg event yet—A Family Celebration 2001. main beneficiaries were to be charities lected by David E. Kelley and the *Ally Beal* cast. For their appearances, Toni had promised Kelley 100 percent of wh ever money was raised. Tonken also str a deal with agents for 'NSync to perform the event. In return, he agreed that ch ties selected by the band would receive percent of the money raised—never m that he had already promised 100 perc to the *McBeal*-cast charities. When one Kelley's producers discovered the ruse day before the event, Tonken insisted extra proceeds would come from Cynt Gershman.

To bankroll the dinner, Tonken solic $40,000 from Gershman, $75,000 from Angeles businessman Robert Lorsch, another $150,000 from a foundation trolled by Loreen Arbus, daughter of time ABC Television president Leon Goldenson. (A Lorsch lawyer didn't ret phone calls, while an Arbus spokesman clined comment.) The California attor general has since alleged that much of money was diverted by Tonken to pay expenses unrelated to the event.

Wherever it went, Tonken badly nee the money. Clinton apparently came gr Not Gerald Ford. According to a Febru 7, 2001, contract included in exhibits for attorney general's lawsuit, President Fo agents at William Morris demanded a s ning $400,000 for his appearance at gala—a $200,000 donation to the B Ford Center, plus $200,000 for Presi Ford himself. Few involved with the gal alized Ford was being paid. "He was? I ident Ford?" asks Sandra Furton Gab the noted Washington event planner Tor hired to supervise the evening. "Oh, tha plains so much—I mean, why he wer that party the night before, and the br fast. Oh, that stuns me. That's so gauc (A spokesman for the Fords confirms

ıents, but says Tonken donated only 000 to the Betty Ford Center.)

ɔnken may have been facing many chal-enges that winter, but Stanley Myatt's somewhat more pressing: someone had to kill him. The would-be assassin's : was James Pritchett. Pritchett is a 66-ɔld convicted marijuana smuggler, a li-:d pilot whose claim to fame, as chron-in a 1981 *People*-magazine article, is :atus as the first American convicted anslaughter in connection with a plane . One day in 1978, Pritchett had been ; low over the Florida Keys, supposedly ving oral pleasure from his girlfriend, ı his plane nose-dived into the ocean, g the woman. He served a prison sen-: and later went back to transporting s of marijuana, an pation that earned another, three-year nce in 1996. As his ney told the story, hett had entrusted fe savings—$11 mil--to Myatt before go-ɔ prison on the mar-ıa conviction. My-Pritchett claims, nev-turned the money. ritchett's anger was lly on display in a ersation he had with :one he thought was man in a parking utside an Applebee's hborhood Grill & in West Palm Beach anuary 31, 2001. Ac-ing to prosecutors, hett asked the man nurder Myatt. He gave him $2,500 as wn payment. Unfortunately for Pritch-the man was an undercover agent for Palm Beach County sheriff's office, and conversation was caught on tape. Ac-ing to a Palm Beach prosecutor, James tz, when police alerted Myatt to the , he denied pretty much everything, say-he barely knew Pritchett. Local news es of the arrest were brief, characteriz-Myatt only as a Miami-area business-ı. Pritchett got 15 years. He didn't re-nd to an interview request mailed to at a Florida prison.

Myatt's other problem was Peter Paul, from Brazil was plotting ways to head ederal investigators sifting through the ole of Stan Lee Media. As Paul saw it, had two cards to play. The first in-ed Hillary Clinton. Paul claims he nearly $2 million to finance Tonken's ust 2000 fund-raiser, a sum, he charges, constitutes an "in-kind contribution" Clinton's campaign that should have been reported to the Federal Election Commission. It wasn't. (Clinton spokespeople have denied that Paul's payments to Tonken constituted a campaign contribution.)

Sitting in Brazil, Paul believed he could make a deal with prosecutors: in return for "giving" them Hillary Clinton, he could avoid indictment in the Stan Lee Media case. To do this, Paul hired Judicial Watch, the Washington-based conservative attack dogs, whose chairman, Larry Klayman, had spearheaded the Clinton-era scandals involving Paula Jones and Gennifer Flowers. In March 2001, Paul slipped back into the U.S. and met with Klayman and his aides in a Miami hotel room. It was there that Paul played his second card: any crimes he had committed at Stan Lee Media, he told Klayman, had been done with the tacit approval of Stanley Myatt and the F.B.I. He gave Klayman his version of Myatt's alleged career as an F.B.I. informant.



DANGEROUS LIAISONS
Myatt and Tonken at A Family Celebration 2001 in Los Angeles. "Aaron, you're playing with fire here," a friend advised Tonken of his friendship with Myatt.

Paul's story appeared far-fetched. To prove it, he arranged for Klayman to meet Myatt. Which was how Klayman and two of his aides found themselves sitting in the lobby of the Sheraton Biscayne Bay in mid-March with Stanley Myatt. Myatt made a profound impression on the men. One remembers him wearing a long leather coat and aviator sunglasses; another recalls him wearing an Adidas warm-up suit. Myatt "was like a caricature of a Mafia guy, like something out of *The Sopranos,*" says Judicial Watch's president, Tom Fitton. "I presume he was packing [a gun]. We were sitting there wondering when the [window] glass would shatter from bullets."

Myatt sidestepped Klayman's questions about his work with the government. According to Fitton, Myatt was preoccupied with money Paul owed him. "He kept saying, 'Peter owes me money. He owes us. I'm gonna get him,'" Fitton remembers. "He was threatening in that regard." But, for reasons that were never entirely clear, Myatt agreed to help arrange a meeting between Judicial Watch and a group of federal prosecutors to listen to Paul's story about Hillary Clinton.

In connection with the meeting, Judicial Watch prevailed on Tonken to mail receipts from the Clinton fund-raisers—for money Paul had given him—to the Justice Department. The meeting was held on Friday, March 30, 2001, at the U.S. Attorney's Office in Newark, New Jersey. The prosecutors appeared unimpressed by Paul's and Judicial Watch's allegations, and said they would pursue them only after Paul pleaded guilty to stock manipulation. When he didn't, he was indicted, and subsequently arrested by Brazilian police. Two years later, despite repeated efforts by Judicial Watch to jump-start the federal investigation of Hillary Clinton's Hollywood fund-raising activities, no one has been indicted in that case.

Though busy with the murder-for-hire plot and Peter Paul, Myatt still found time to help Tonken in last-minute preparations for A Family Celebration 2001, which was held two days after the meeting in Newark. Once again, Tonken ran overbudget due to the last-minute demands of celebrities. On the day of the gala, a person intimately familiar with Tonken's finances says, Ray Charles suddenly demanded $20,000 in cash to perform. Tonken, this person says, got the money from Myatt. Gabriel Productions' Sandra Furton Gabriel, the event producer, says she watched in amazement as Tonken pulled the money out of his blue-jeans pocket and handed it to the entertainer. "I was floored," Gabriel says, "but that was just how Aaron did things." (A spokesman for Charles said he had no information about the story.)

Another $60,000 in last-minute expenses

came when Tonken agreed to pay for trips taken by two members of David E. Kelley's production staff; again, the person who has knowledge of Tonken's finances says, Tonken got the cash from Myatt. Yet another $30,000 was promised to one of the evening's honorees, Sylvester Stallone, whose attorney says Stallone intended to use the money to pay the medical expenses of a housekeeper's relative. According to people close to him, Tonken again got the money from Myatt. "That event," says Steven Machat, "would not have happened, in my opinion, without money from Stanley Myatt."

"These are just one example of how celebrities took incredible advantage of Aaron," says the person knowledgeable about the gala finances. "I mean, these were charitable events, and everyone from Gerald Ford to Sylvester Stallone had their hands out. Taking money from charity."

Somehow, with the help of Myatt and Sandra Gabriel, Tonken pulled it all together. Snapshots from the evening capture Presidents Ford and Clinton shaking hands, Clinton posing with Britney Spears and members of 'NSync, Tonken chatting with Ford, Tonken leaning in close to whisper in Clinton's ear, Myatt in smoked glasses shaking hands with Larry King and actor Peter MacNicol, Myatt and Tonken together, smiling. Talk about a night to remember.

Myatt wasn't the only mysterious character Tonken owed. Another was Robert "Bobby" Freedman, an elderly gentleman who lives in Sherman Oaks, California. According to his attorney, Robert Shapiro, Freedman operates as a "private lender," who supplies money to individuals with bad credit. Cynthia Gershman, who guaranteed many of Freedman's loans to Tonken, called Freedman a loan shark. I heard various colorful stories concerning Freedman's background and the sources and uses of his wealth. None could be confirmed. But over the course of several years Freedman lent Tonken $3 million. He was persistent about repayment. "Aaron used to use Myatt to hold off that Bobby Freedman," says Steven Machat. "Stanley would make the phone calls to tell Freedman, 'Stop.' I watched Aaron ask him to do it."

Tonken had two new extravaganzas in the making after A Family Celebration 2001. One was to be called "Celebrating Diana," a gala to honor Diana Ross. It would benefit the Joan English Fund for Women's Cancer Research, the Robert H. Lorsch Foundation Trust, and Loreen Arbus's charities. Marc Pollick, president of the Boston-based Giving Back Fund, agreed to be the fiscal agent for the event, as he had been for A Family Celebration 2001; that meant he supervised the disbursement of charity money. Pollick had already taken delivery of a $400,000 check from Arbus. At Tonken's request, Pollick agreed to open two bank accounts with the money for Tonken's use. On April 19, Pollick met Tonken at a City National Bank branch in Beverly Hills to hand over the checks for deposit. Tonken was accompanied by his attorney Kevin Clarke and a man Pollick didn't know.

Tonken introduced the man as Robert Freedman. He said Freedman was an emissary from Nelson Mandela. He told Pollick to pay Freedman $200,000 to secure Mandela's attendance at the Ross event. Pollick did so, handing the check to Freedman. The remaining $200,000 was placed in a bank account. Pollick had sole approval over its use, until Tonken persuaded him to let Tonken's attorney be co-signatory. Pollick agreed, but emphasized that no money was to be paid without his approval.

A few days after Pollick returned to Boston he received a phone call from an employee at City National Bank, who passed on worrisome news. The remaining $200,000 was gone. Pollick telephoned Kevin Clarke, who confirmed he had approved use of the money; he claimed Tonken said Pollick had approved it. When Pollick called and confronted Tonken, Tonken stonewalled. Pollick peppered Tonken and his attorneys with faxes and calls for days, but says he received no explanation for the missing money.

His suspicions aroused, Pollick began examining the donations that came in from A Family Celebration 2001. He noticed that several of the largest checks, totaling about $375,000, had flowed through accounts controlled by a man he didn't know named Stanley Myatt. Unable to locate Myatt, Pollick assigned two interns to track him down. Reached in Miami, Myatt explained he was Tonken's "money manager." When Pollick briefed him on the problems he was having, he says, Myatt volunteered to take care of everything. To Pollick's consternation, nothing came of the offer.

Tonken's second event was a gala to celebrate Milton Berle's 93rd birthday. The machinations in advance of this dinner could fill a book. To make a very long story short, Tonken persuaded Gershman to pledge $650,000 to the Westside Waldorf School, a private academy in Santa Monica, for a new building. In return, the school hired Tonken to organize a series of fund-raisers on its behalf. Then, in April 2001, Gershman inexplicably revoked the pledge. When the school demanded repayment of $25,000 it had given Tonken, Tonken wrote it a check that bounced. He placated the school's board by suggesting it sign on as a beneficiary in the Berle g which would benefit other charities as v including some designated by Whoopi G berg. Loreen Arbus ponied up $175,00(pay for the dinner. In the end, only G berg's charities received donations fi the event.

When he ran short of money for the B dinner, says Steven Machat, Tonken a turned to Myatt, who expressed interes purchasing the documentary-film right the gala. "Aaron was driving Stanley r on this Milton Berle thing," says Mac "What Stanley did, he gave $25,000 f table. If you do that, you're allowed to your name in the [donors' tribute] bo Stanley didn't want his name in the book Stanley says to me, 'You put your nam the book.' And I did." On the night of 22, 2001, Myatt sat at a table with celeb chef Emeril Lagasse and Machat as (Reiner, Red Buttons, Little Richard, and er celebrities offered tributes to Berle.

Another person at the table was on Myatt's friends, a baby-faced 36-y old real-estate investor named Neil Sil Silver, who worked in the same buildin Myatt in Miami, was fascinated by the er man. "Stanley told me he was conne at the F.B.I., the C.I.A., all deep under er," Silver says. "He insinuated he was connected [to the Mafia]. He made him out to be the boss of bosses, bigger t John Gotti." Myatt had invited Silver to Angeles to meet Tonken. He suggested two make a deal. Silver, it seems, was no rich as others believed; his net worth now says, was barely $1.5 million. W makes the decision he made after break with Tonken at the Four Seasons Hote Beverly Hills all the more startling agreed to put more than $1 million in on Tonken & Associates and become ken's business partner. In return, he s Tonken promised he would split everyt he made 50-50 with Silver.

Tonken painted a rosy picture of profit potential. He projected a $1.2 mi gain on the Celebrating Diana event al suggesting Silver would recoup his in ment within months; he was planning galas in honor of Nelson Mandela and Clintons. Silver admits he was dazzled. showed me a videotape of Hillary Cli [at a dinner] saying, 'I love Aaron, Aa my best friend.' I thought, Damn, if Hi Clinton's saying that, he must be O.K.,' ver says. "There was pressure put on 'I've gotta have the money now—we'll the Diana Ross event,' [Tonken said]. caught up in the moment. I believed I w make a fortune. And I had the pers guarantee of Stanley Myatt. [I said,] 'Sta this is a lot of money for me.' [He said,] ' don't worry about it. You work next

e—you won't lose a dollar.' They tag-ted me."

everal days after he forwarded Tonken nitial payment of $575,000, Silver says, ten pleaded for a $200,000 loan. He he would repay it in four days. When days turned into two weeks, Silver be- to get nervous. He flew back to Los eles and camped out in Tonken's office, ering him for the money. Tonken put up at the Hotel Bel-Air for three weeks, him his Mercedes to drive, and paid expenses. Silver says that both Tonken Myatt assured him he would be repaid e invested more money. Amazingly, r went along, eventually handing over her $300,000. "Aaron was calling Stan- very day," Silver says. "He called him stantly, asking him for help, asking him ail him out of situations, get someone his back. I find out later, of the first ,000 I gave to Aaron, he turned around gave $200,000 of it to Stanley Myatt! guy set me up!"

onken placated Silver for the next sev- months, promising gifts and services never appeared, including Rolex ches and a Lincoln Navigator. Silver invested in a Miami company called ny Bagel Food Company, and Tonken nised he would provide Britney Spears Christina Aguilera to promote its ba-. At one point, when Tonken grew e to Roseanne Barr, he had Barr tele- ne Silver to inquire whether Funny Ba- might market a line of hot sauces for "He kept saying, 'You should talk to eanne. She can do a lot for you,'" Sil- recalls. Funny Bagel later gave Tonken 5,000 to get Barr to promote its prod- on television programs, including *The w.* The promotions never came off, and ny Bagel sued. Neither the company Neil Silver ever received any repayment n Tonken.

Back in Miami, Silver pestered Myatt for money, until the day Myatt's manner uptly changed. "I came back to Stanley ny times," says Silver. "'Stanley, you got involved in this nonsense. You've put me a bad situation.' He became rude and de with me. He just changed."

The Diana Ross tribute never took place, none of the contributors ever received ir money back.

The beginning of the end of Tonken's Hollywood career occurred in Septem- 2001 with an innocuous phone call from outhern California commercial photogra- r named Chris Woodrum. Woodrum, o had worked for years with children in xican orphanages, was starting a charity aid underprivileged youth in Los An- es, and he wanted to hold a fund-raiser. eir first meeting was held in Tonken's new offices on Veteran Avenue, from which he would later be evicted; Woodrum was impressed with photographs of Tonken with Bill and Hillary Clinton which hung on the walls. Tonken proposed including Woodrum's new charity in a multi-charity, black-tie fund-raiser to be held in January 2002. He suggested Spago as the caterer and the Kodak Theatre as the venue.

Woodrum was excited. He got his friend the actor Mark Wahlberg involved; Wahlberg agreed to have his Mark Wahlberg Youth Foundation participate in the event. Tonken, meanwhile, received commitments from a third charity, the Children's Craniofacial Association, which had worked for years with its national spokesperson, Cher, who had become involved after her role in the 1985 film *Mask*. To underwrite the event, Tonken secured a $75,000 donation to Woodrum's charity from the Joseph K. & Inez Eichenbaum Foundation. He solicited another $25,000 from another foundation on behalf of the Craniofacial Association.

That October, Woodrum met Tonken at the City National Bank in Beverly Hills, where they deposited the combined $100,000 into an account controlled by Woodrum's charity. Tonken was once again accompanied by Robert Freedman. While at the bank, Tonken asked Woodrum to write his first check from the new account for $60,000, payable to Freedman. Tonken told Woodrum the check would go for the event's expenses. Tonken didn't mention that Freedman was in fact one of his largest creditors. Woodrum also signed four blank checks and gave them to Tonken to cover expenses.

In the following weeks Tonken said he was working to secure appearances by several celebrities, including Britney Spears and former president George Bush. Then, in November, Woodrum wrote a check from the event account. To his dismay, it bounced. Woodrum called the bank and found there was no money left in the account. He called Tonken and asked for an explanation. Tonken said the money had gone for expenses. He promised to supply receipts for everything. But as the days passed, no receipts arrived. Woodrum grew worried. He pelted Tonken with calls. Eventually Tonken stopped returning them.

Woodrum hired an attorney, an earnest former federal prosecutor named Anthony Pacheco of Proskauer Rose. All that December, Pacheco bombarded Tonken and one of his attorneys with phone calls and faxes, demanding an explanation for the missing money. He received neither the explanation nor any receipts in return. His suspicions growing, Pacheco phoned Robert Freedman. According to Pacheco, Freedman refused to answer his questions and then hung up on him.

When Pacheco went over bank records, he found some of the money had gone to a talent agency. More of it, however—almost $50,000—appeared to have gone to someone named Neil Silver. Pacheco had no idea who Silver was, but he saw the checks had eventually bounced. In early January, Pacheco picked up the phone and called the Los Angeles office of the California attorney general. He said he wanted to report a fraud.

By the time the attorney general's office issued its first subpoenas, in early 2002, Myatt was fading from Tonken's life. I could find no one who had seen them together after mid-2002. An I.R.S. investigator I spoke to confirmed large movements of money between Tonken and Myatt in 2001, less afterward. "I think Stanley just got tired of the whole L.A. scene," says Steven Machat. To replace Myatt and Freedman, Tonken turned to the Gebbia family, a wealthy Beverly Hills clan that was attempting to diversify into the entertainment business. According to papers filed in Los Angeles Superior Court, the Gebbias advanced Tonken $1 million in 2001 and early 2002 to settle a number of his old debts and lawsuits. But by the spring of 2002 the Gebbias, too, had cut all ties to Tonken. A Gebbia spokesman declines comment.

Tonken's creditors, including the persistent Neil Silver, were closing in. Worse, Tonken was engulfed in at least three federal investigations: the Pardongate probe, the Peter Paul–Hillary Clinton inquiry, and a separate Internal Revenue Service case. He discussed all three, and gave vivid glimpses of the strains he was feeling, in a deposition on April 10, 2002, in the lawsuit Paula Abdul had brought against him in 1999. Tonken hadn't gotten around to defending himself, resulting in a default judgment against him. The deposition had been arranged to discern his ability to repay Abdul.

Under questioning, Tonken claimed he was broke. He said he didn't have enough money to buy food and was eating only when friends took him to dinner. Asked to give an example, he said a friend, Blake Lindquist, had taken him to Sizzler. Tonken said he didn't have a car. He claimed he had no fund-raising work planned. He said that cooperating with the F.B.I. and I.R.S. was taking up 100 percent of his time.

Asked what the investigations involved, Tonken replied:

I'm a star witness against President and Mrs. Clinton. The FBI's doing a number of searches regarding the celebrities and functions and stuff. I'm a star witness in New York

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in the grand jury regarding the Marc Rich pardon and regarding the fund-raising activities that I've done on behalf of the Clintons.... It's multifaceted. Part of it's a criminal investigation dealing with the former president [Clinton]; part of it is a massive investigation with the IRS with me in conjunction with all the celebrities that I've gifted.

It's possible Tonken was overstating his importance to these investigations; friends were amazed that he actually bragged about his meetings with F.B.I. agents. But there was no denying his poverty. It wasn't that he didn't have money coming in—he did—but he immediately used it all to repay his debts. Well, almost all. As pressures on Tonken mounted, close friends say, he spent more and more time engaged in a notable vice: escorts.

According to several friends, Tonken prowled certain bars and restaurants and navigated America Online chat rooms to find his liaisons. He offered them large amounts of cash, as much as $3,500, by several accounts. It wasn't that the escorts were quite that expensive; according to two friends who watched it happen, Tonken would actually double an escort's asking price.

"I don't know why he did that; it was like he was trying to impress people," says one friend. "It screams, 'Love me.' Everything about Aaron screams, 'Love me.' You know, Aaron didn't do drugs. Aaron didn't drink. He just wanted sex, and a meal, and then he'd go to sleep. Sex was comfort, his comfort food. At the end, he was just totally out of control. His need for immediate gratification increased."

After all the charities he had burned, Tonken's jobs were growing scarce by the summer of 2002. He did manage to organize a September fund-raiser at Rod Stewart's home, honoring Arnold Schwarzenegger and benefiting several Schwarzenegger charities. The attorney general's office has alleged that Tonken misappropriated money from this event as well. A Schwarzenegger spokeswoman insists all available funds went to charity. Stewart's attorney demanded records from Tonken but was unable to secure any.

"This was a period when [Tonken] basically started to fall apart," remembers one friend. "I remember Aaron actually calling to say, 'Everything is just falling apart.' He said he was in trouble. He told me, 'A lot of stuff is going to start to come out about me.' At one point, I know he was suicidal. He told me he was, anyway. I didn't get all that worried—I mean, with Aaron you never knew when he was telling the truth."

With his fund-raising business crumbling, Tonken last year tried to break into celebrity management. His principal client, for several months in mid-2002, was Roseanne Barr. A Tonken ally asserts that "Aaron resurrected her career when it was dead." While his impact on Barr's career is debatable, Tonken did manage to secure her an appearance at the White House, where she had breakfast with President Bush. Tonken pushed for Barr to receive a White House medal of some sort, but encountered resistance owing to her butchering of the national anthem at a San Diego Padre baseball game several years ago. Hollywood agents who dealt with Barr last year paint Tonken as a frantic neophyte with little knowledge of the business. "He was insane, just insane, drama every single day," says one agent. "Just complete craziness. He had absolutely no idea what he was doing."

Tonken's desperation was evident in his dealings with Sonia Nassery Cole, a beautiful Afghan expatriate who was planning a fund-raiser in honor of Afghan president Hamid Karzai. By the time her friend Natalie Cole (no relation) introduced her to Tonken last September, Sonia had persuaded plenty of politicians and celebrities to attend, including Henry Kissinger, Prince Albert of Monaco, Warren Beatty, Tom Cruise, Shaquille O'Neal, Al Pacino, John McCain, and Sigourney Weaver. What Sonia needed was help selling tables. Tonken volunteered to get Kelsey Grammer to M.C. and Cher to sing. On Natalie Cole's urging, Sonia agreed to pay Tonken $25,000.

"He was in need of money so desperately, he wouldn't wait a day for the check!" Sonia says. "[He said,] 'I need it right now! Where is it?' [I said,] 'It's at my home.' [He said,] 'Who is at home?' He sent his assistant into my home, into my office, to get the check off my desk! I couldn't believe it. That was a warning sign to me. That was my first feeling of 'Uh-oh, this is something creepy here.'"

The next red flag came after Tonken said he had secured a commitment from Bill Clinton to attend. But as the event approached, he was unable to provide written confirmation. Sonia took it upon herself to contact the former president's office. An aide denied ever having heard of Aaron Tonken. Furious, she confronted Tonken.

"Aaron, you lied," she said. "Why?"

As Sonia recalls it, Tonken flew into a paranoid rant, yelling, "Everyone's jealous of me! Everyone hates me! You know I'm not lying!" He sought to placate her by promising to get Tina Turner, Bono, and Sting to sing at the benefit. The next day, he called and quit. He never returned her $25,000, and the event never took place.

Tonken's last stabs at fund-raising inch ed the fleecing of a combative Mali businessman named Martin Gubb, w planned a series of charity galas at his hon Gubb, who like Sonia Cole had attended Schwarzenegger event at Rod Stewar home, advanced Tonken $115,000 last fall arrange the first party, to benefit Michael Fox's foundation to fight Parkinson's disea Tonken promised to hire Celine Dion sing and Ray Romano to M.C. Part of $125,000 was to go to the Betty Ford Cen but when Tonken began delaying the gal from November 2002 to December and th to February 2003—Gubb grew suspicio He called Betty Ford and found Tonken h made a donation, but in the name of a M nesota charity Gubb had never heard Gubb called the Michael J. Fox Foundat and found its officials knew nothing of upcoming benefit with Aaron Tonken.

Gubb demanded his money back. T ken pleaded for more time. Gubb thre ened to go public. Tonken stopped retu ing his calls. In January, after Gubb s an angry E-mail to a mutual friend exc ating Tonken, Tonken sued him for defar tion. Irate, Gubb hired Tonken's event curity man, Tony Alverti, to find him. verti was happy to help—Tonken owed h money, too. They discovered Tonken h vacated his West Hollywood apartment mid-December and had disappeared.

In March, about a week before the C fornia attorney general sued Tonken, verti was surprised to receive a phone from Tonken. "He knew it was coming any day," says Alverti. "He said he was his way to the airport, he was waiting o cab. He said he was going to Florida to and get some money." Alverti took the mark to mean Tonken was going to v Stanley Myatt.

When the attorney general filed against Tonken, a *Los Angeles Times* porter managed to get him on the phone a brief interview. Tonken admitted he h been "reckless" with money, but said li more, hinting, however, that he had sec to tell. "Heidi Fleiss has nothing on me," said. "I have secrets so large. Those s and those businessmen know who they a

Other than his attorneys, with whor had spent several weeks negotiating in v to interview Tonken, no one I spoke with Los Angeles had seen Tonken in months March, however, he stopped in Phoeni look up his old friend John Murphy. was in terrible shape, just terrible," s Murphy. "Extremely overweight. Stres pale, his skin didn't look well kept." Ton talked of a music-industry job in Lond Murphy steered the conversation tow psychological analysis of Tonken's proble

"We talked a long time, and we figu

had to do with his mother," Murphy . "She gave him to a nanny, or gave money. He wanted her love, and she him cash. So he has a need to get rid ash." Tonken's aunt and uncle agree their nephew's problems can be traced is childhood. They recall visiting his e in the mid-1990s. One wall was filled hundreds of photos of Tonken with orities, everyone from Milton Berle to ald Reagan. In the center of all these tos was a single picture of Tonken's ner. "That's the core issue," says Wil- Sills. "He wants his mother to accept to give him love."

n June 11, Tonken made his first appearance in a Los Angeles federal court, single criminal charge of mail fraud. ne meantime he is believed to be coopng with federal authorities.
ven so, more charges are likely. At this ing, he and Stanley Myatt figure in at t six state and federal investigations. ken has testified before the Pardongate d jury in New York; what he said has been revealed. The I.R.S. probe of gifts ken gave to Hollywood celebrities is ongoing. Meanwhile, despite four days of interviews with Peter Paul in a Brazilian prison, the F.B.I. investigation of Paul's dealings with the Clintons has stalled. Tom Fitton, Judicial Watch's president, charges that the Justice Department has tabled the case to cover up its involvement with Myatt. "This is all about the F.B.I. trying to protect another rogue informant," Fitton asserts. "If all the facts were to come out, this case would cause untold embarrassment to the government."

To put pressure on the Justice Department, Judicial Watch sought to block the nomination of Michael Chertoff, a senior prosecutor who is currently being considered for a federal judgeship. On May 21, Judicial Watch sent a letter to members of the Senate Judiciary Committee, alleging that Chertoff, as a former U.S. attorney for New Jersey, had supervised investigations in which an organized-crime figure—Myatt—was an informant. Chertoff's nomination is pending.

Myatt, meanwhile, is the target of a separate I.R.S. criminal investigation of his taxes, and the money that flowed between him and Tonken is one of several areas being studied by I.R.S. investigators in South Florida. And in Los Angeles, prosecutors for the California attorney general are broadening their probe to examine Tonken's ties to Myatt. Until recently, they believed Tonken had stolen money from Hollywood charities in a classic Ponzi scheme, mainly to repay his debts, including those to Myatt. Now they are examining the possibility that Tonken stole money from charities at the *behest* of shady characters. That is certainly what Peter Paul believes. In a fax he sent me from Brazil, Paul says, "Myatt controlled Tonken and forced Tonken to loot charitable contributions."

In Hollywood, those who knew Tonken are left to marvel at the unlikeliness of his rise and the destruction in his wake. "We're just in shock; my dad's in shock," says Adam Buttons. "It's a sad situation. This guy who had so much energy and so much potential—he ended up going to the dark side. He's the nicest man in the world, but he was a con man, because he took money that was supposed to go to helping people with problems and used it for his own selfish needs, and that is fraud. If he had been a legitimate guy, I'm telling you, he would be head of a major studio today." □

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eterson

TINUED FROM PAGE 147 case. Alan Pea- k gave me his business card, which l, "Fruits and Nutz," a play on Modesl largest cash crops—not counting sensaal criminal cases such as the murder of desto native Chandra Levy in 2001 and the ng in Yosemite National Park in 1999 of other, her daughter, and a friend, whose r became the object of a search in Mo-. Absolutely free of charge, Peacock gave his rundown on the defense's satanic- theory, and it's proving remarkably ac- ate as the story has played out since.

eacock explained that 10 years ago he had worked on a murder case in nearby da involving members of a satanic cult. y were all convicted and are behind bars, one could argue that individuals from group are still around. "If I'm a criminal- nse attorney, I'm going to get someone ell the public, to get people to look a erent way. If I can identify a suspect or a icle that law enforcement doesn't want eal with or account for, I can put out a for the occupants of a brown vehicle." act, there were reports of a brown van in i Peterson's neighborhood at the time disappeared, and the police claimed it onged to landscapers, but Peacock says witnesses reported that the vehicle had no lawn mowers or rakes in it and that the occupants were not identified. Peacock told me the defense had found out about these people from the police files and had figured that the police had not looked hard enough for them.

"The defense put out a call they are looking for this young woman who had floated through a rape-crisis center. She claimed she was raped by two women while the men [in a brown van] watched, 10 days before Laci disappeared. Anyway, during this process, what this woman has said, according to the defense theory, was 'If you want to see the other part of this sacrifice, keep a close look at the newspapers and read about it Christmas Day.'" Peacock added, however, that she wasn't the only woman to make such a claim. "There was a prior point in April in Merced [a town about 40 miles away] where a woman claims to have had a similar circumstance—a similar night with a similar group of people. Police wrote her off as a kook, but the defense always needs kooks."

Peacock also mentioned that one of the van's occupants allegedly had a tattoo on his arm—"666," supposedly a satanic symbol—which the defense has leaked. He said that the whole idea was "to draw attention away from Scott Peterson and give the public someone different to look for—that he's not the person who killed his wife. They are satisfied the cult is the way to go." Since Peacock told me this, the defense has leaked more details. They are seeking a man named Donnie with a "666" tattoo and a woman who was raped and who later reportedly told a worker at a rape center that her attackers had told her she could read about the rest of the ritual on Christmas Day.

Meanwhile, the prosecution put out a press release stating that Modesto police had again picked up the brown van, checked it out at the crime lab, and found no traces of blood in it, which the woman had supposedly mentioned. Nevertheless, Peacock said he admires the way Geragos manipulates the media, and suggested that this was one half of a two-part defense strategy. If the trial takes place in Modesto, Peacock believes, after Geragos does his work on the media and proceeds far enough with the satanic-cult theory, he can sit back and let Kirk McAllister, Scott Peterson's original Modesto attorney, take the lead. "Kirk is the one who can step in with a lot of credibility with the locals."

Less than two weeks later, on June 12, Judge Al Girolami issued a far-reaching gag order to stanch the flood of leaks and speculations. It prohibits all involved lawyers and their staffs, court and law-enforcement employees, and potential witnesses from discussing the case or releasing any relevant documents, photos, or information.

One part of the fallout from a story of this magnitude is its impact on ordinary people suddenly thrust into the spotlight. A prize example is Amber Frey, the 28-year-old massage therapist from nearby

Peterson

Fresno, a single mother with a two-year-old daughter whose existence was first disclosed by the *Enquirer* in late January. She is the most important witness in the prosecution's case, because Scott Peterson told her he was unmarried when they met about a month before Laci disappeared, and their affair was so intense that Frey sent out Christmas cards with the couple's picture on them—one of the pictures the *Enquirer* paid dearly to acquire. For the prosecution, Frey provides the motive for Laci's murder.

Shortly before Laci disappeared, Scott told Amber that he was a widower—he did not admit he was the husband of Laci until 12 days after she disappeared. At that time Amber—who had thought his story that he would be away in Europe for Christmas sounded so fishy that she had a private-investigator friend of hers check him out—went right to the police and told them all she knew. She also wore a wire for the prosecution, and the *Enquirer* first reported in May that in her conversations with Scott, which went on until his arrest, he had told her that he had not killed Laci but that he knew who had—something he never told the police.

Amber Frey is the single biggest interview a reporter could get—excepting a jailhouse confession from Peterson himself. But she refuses all offers and has received no money for her information. In February the *Enquirer* published semi-nude pictures of her with braces on her teeth—which she had posed for in 1999 and then signed away the rights to—and identified her as the other woman in a triangle with a pregnant wife. Because of that, her credibility in a courtroom will certainly be under attack, and she can expect to be pilloried by the defense. To provide a queenly foil for Mark Geragos, Frey has retained well-known, impeccably groomed victims'-rights lawyer Gloria Allred of Los Angeles, who sometimes makes the networks come to a studio of her choosing for the sound bites she so frequently gives out. As one lawyer put it, "The quickest way to get a broken leg is to get between Gloria Allred and a camera."

The rare opportunity she missed was a crucial one on June 5, when Fox's Greta Van Susteren dramatically lowered the ethical bar and invited Larry Flynt of *Hustler* magazine on her show to discuss the negotiations he was going through to acquire the topless pictures of Amber, which Van Susteren kept flashing with a red banner over the breasts. Referring to Frey's work, Flynt slandered both Amber and her profession by saying that a masseuse is "just a glorified term for a hooker." Van Susteren refused to comment to me for this article, but the next night she began her program by telling Allred, "It's no secret I am a fan of Amber's," and "I imagine it's pretty tough on her." Equally surprisingly, Allred responded to the previous night's vulgarity by complimenting Van Susteren: "You're a very sensitive person to recognize this."

Watching all this go down from Fresno was one of the most colorful characters in the story, Ron Frey, Amber's gruff, voluble father, a 51-year-old general contractor with a fondness for tying the media up in knots. Without telling him that Flynt was going to be on the show, he says, Van Susteren's staff had begged him to call in. He had previously called in to Rita Cosby's show on Fox News in February to denounce David Wright when the *Enquirer* first published the pictures, and it was Wright who got angry that time, because he says he had not been forewarned. Cosby told me that that may be the reason Mike Hanrahan said to me about her, "I think Rita Cosby is another Jayson Blair [the plagiarist forced to resign from *The New York Times* in May]—I think she just copies us without quoting us." Cosby said that was "outrageous. I don't even read *The National Enquirer,*" but she later admitted that she did and that she had had Wright on her show. The food chain never ends.

Ron Frey is now on friendly terms with Wright because of Cosby's show. The two talked by phone after their encounter, and Wright made the nearly 100-mile pilgrimage from Modesto to Fresno in an attempt to persuade Ron to ask Amber if she would accept $100,000 for an exclusive interview plus pictures of her and Scott. "She sat there and said, 'It just doesn't seem right.' That brought tears to my eyes, when you see a kid do that," Ron Frey told me during my own pilgrimage to Fresno. When I'd asked Dan Abrams if it was difficult to get access to Ron Frey, he said, "It's like getting into Iraq."

I have since learned that when Amber's name surfaced last winter a number of producers and reporters, hoping to catch her visiting her dad, embedded themselves for up to two weeks at a time in Ron Frey's 81-year-old mother's house, where he lives. First he made some of them produce letters on their networks' letterheads promising that they would not repeat or report anything they saw or heard there. Frey claims he still has the letters in his safe. "CBS, Diane Sawyer's staff—they'd all be sitting here all day long," he said. "They were here so much they know my dog's name, my mother's name. They would talk about my little dachshund, who is kind of smart. He dresses himself, but they never got to see that."

"Pardon me?"

"My little dog puts his own shirt on. Larry King's producer, after the war, called me up a while back, and she said, 'Do you want to do the show? And your mother? And your little dog, Buddy?' See, they know." Frey set me straight on Amber's supposed "makeover." She had first appeared on-camera with no makeup, and messy, dirty-blond hair. That, he explained, was because the *Enquirer* had revealed her affair with Peterson, and she had to hide from the media in the ladies' room at work until the Modesto police took her to a hastily called press conference. She did her own hair and makeup for a subsequent news conference, at which she named Gloria Allred as her attorney. That time, says her father, she was back to her normal platinum blond. Since his ordeal began, Frey has put on 35 pounds, much of it while dining out with the media. He has received more than 5,000 phone calls from reporters, on several lines. At first he had his construction workers help him answer the calls, which he carefully logs, "but they won't do it anymore." He adds, "I was down to one cigarette a day; now I'm back to a pack." The admission came after he told me, "I put in nine hours of work yesterday and six hours on the phone last night answering the media."

Frey got a lot of additional media attention after *The Modesto Bee* and *The Fresno Bee* published a letter of his to the editor in June praising the courage of his daughter as well as his son, Jason, a captain in the U.S. Army in Iraq, for doing their duty for their country. The letter prompted the *Today* show to float the possibility of putting Ron and Amber on a satellite phone with Jason for Father's Day, but when Amber declined, the conversation was put on hold.

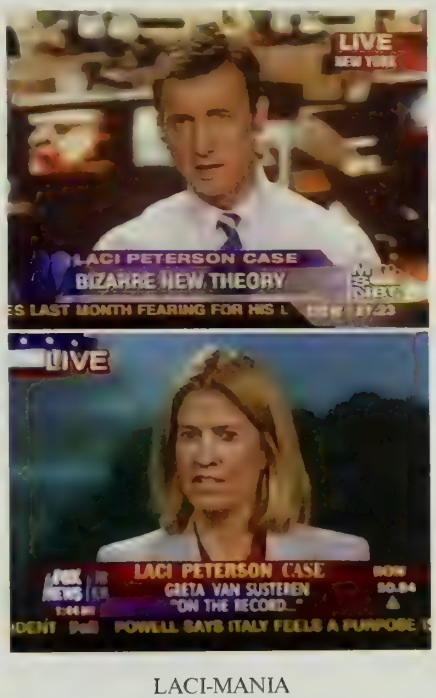
Apart from the statements Amber Frey made when she came forward and when she retained Gloria Allred, the only time she has spoken to the press was to denounce her onetime close friend Sherina Vincent for selling photos she had taken of Amber and Scott at a Christmas party to *People* magazine. Vincent is suing *People* for failing to crop a picture of her on the wall in the background of one shot and for not paying her the full $15,000 she claims she was originally offered, since one of the pictures also showed up on Fox News and in the *New York Post.* "That's appalling that she's doing this," Amber Frey told *The Fresno Bee.* "She doesn't want her picture in the magazine, but it's OK that she sells the photos and profits off me, Laci Peterson and her baby?"

"Here we go—whatever it is, whoever is." After saying that, the tall TV cameraman standing next to me outside the Modesto courthouse the day in May when Mark Geragos made his first appearance as Scott Peterson's counsel politely shoved me out of the way. I counted 18 cameras mounted on tripods, 3 handheld cameras and 11 satellite dishes on the street—in other words, it was a relatively quiet day. On the side, however, an ambulance was at the ready, lights blinking, because word had come out that a woman inside had fain

ıe newsmen were clearly hoping that it
ɔeen Jackie Peterson, Scott's mother,
ıse that would provide them with a
photo op. Jackie Peterson, who usual-
rries a breathing aid with tubes in her
and who looks like an older version of
, had appeared frail as she entered
ourthouse earlier. Suddenly the doors
g open and a flushed, heavyset lady
:arried out on a stretcher. The cameras
opped whirring, and you could hear
ighs of disappointment.
hen Jackie Peterson did emerge, she
of Geragos, "God sent him our way."
'e God intervened, Geragos had been a
ar on CNN's *Larry King Live,* where
ıd declared that finding Laci's body so
to where Scott had been fishing was
ıstating" to Peterson's case. There were
ɔrs that the Petersons, who are well-off,
put one of their imported cars—a Jag-
up for sale to help pay for their son's
ıse. Geragos, like Gloria Allred, is a real
ywood character; a day without flash-
; and microphones for him is like a day
ɔut prayer for the Pope. Once hired, he
ediately took charge, down to the small-
etails. Even the awful tie Scott Peterson
the first day in court with Geragos had
chosen so that he would not appear
ner-slick. Though Geragos is known to
ery considerate toward the media, he
also be tough with them. Sandy Rivera
BC was once close to network Nir-
—five minutes from finishing copying
ntire videotape of Laci and Scott's
ding at the Petersons' house near San
o—when Geragos telephoned, heard
t was happening, and ordered her to
Days before Judge Girolami issued the
order, I asked Geragos if he thought
udge would do it. He laughed and said,
ıt would be so futile."

ach network has a white tent, and they
are spread out across the street from the
thouse like a giant media bazaar, where
ng heads are simultaneously selling
wares over the airwaves. Until recent-
local denizen with some radio experi-
would often knock on the doors of the
lite trucks and ask if they needed any
-on-the-street sound bites.
Modesto's resources have been inordi-
ly taxed by the TV-and-press crowd, and
ity plans to ask the California legislature
noney from the state—which is broke—
elp bail it out. Detective Doug Ridenour
ıe Modesto Police Department, which
about seven detectives on the case,
me they have received thousands of
from the media and more than 10,000
s and tips, hundreds of them from psy-
s. "Even some of the mainstream me-
have gotten into the tabloid kind of re-
ing," he said, "but we are not letting the
fury of the media destroy our credibility."

More than 400 media professionals have signed up on a Web site sponsored by the Stanislaus County Sheriff's Department; it was created by a 20-year-old named Scott Campbell for $95, and it allows everyone to see the latest court documents, displays a photograph of a cell like Scott Peterson's, and answers frequently asked questions about him. "I even get requests to interview the inmate who cuts his hair," the sheriff's spokesperson, Kelly Huston, told me. Sheriff Les Weidman said that TV people lurk outside the jail in hopes of catching a released inmate who might pass on a smidgen about Peterson. There are about 60 other inmates who have been awaiting trial on murder charges in the Stanislaus County jail, he added, some of them for as long as three years. "We have a guy who allegedly stabbed his wife and unborn child not that far away from Scott. *He* ended up on page 2 in the local-news section."



LACI-MANIA
Cable-TV marathoners Dan Abrams, *top,* and Greta Van Susteren.

To give some idea of the mass interest in the story, the official Laci Peterson Web site has received more than 20 million hits since January. "Every time we put [the story] on, the ratings spike," Fox News's Bill O'Reilly told me. "It's the only thing keeping Larry King on the air. We do Laci Peterson every 15 minutes and see the numbers go up. It's a story that resonates with women particularly." Wendy Whitworth, executive producer of *Larry King Live,* countered, "I don't determine what I do according to Fox."

On Tuesday of the first week in June, for example, when the sharp-tongued former prosecutor Nancy Grace, who was acting as guest host on *Larry King Live,* discussed the latest developments in the Laci Peterson case, she had 33 percent more viewers—1.38 million households—than King himself had the next night with Dr. Bob Jones III of Bob Jones University. Greta Van Susteren, who has virtually turned her show into the Laci Peterson hour, is getting more than double the ratings of her main competitor, Aaron Brown on CNN, who specializes in hard news.

Granted, the audiences on cable are small—usually fewer than a million—but the Laci Peterson story is also a staple of network news in the morning and network magazine shows, which, combined with cable, represent a goodly part of the most fought-for time on the airwaves. Moreover, the depths to which those involved sometimes sink to get the story or to become part of the story have a pernicious influence across mainstream media. "It's gotten out of hand, the reliance on the tabloids for stories," said NBC's Dan Abrams. "It's just happened—it's a new phenomenon." (In the interest of full disclosure, I am married to Tim Russert of NBC News.)

Others point out, however, that NBC itself is trying to have it both ways. "Tom Brokaw can still be clean and pure on the network, and MSNBC can be as greasy as they want, and they can say, Hey, this is just cable," said Tim Daly, a Stockton-based reporter for the ABC-TV affiliate in Sacramento, who is alarmed at the level of nonstop coverage of a single story. "We are not naïve enough to say that Laci Peterson is not news, but is it news every day? The answer is no." Other local TV people in Modesto and outlying markets complained to me that unsubstantiated rumors about the case were too often making it onto the air. "I've done stories about all the false rumors just to dispel them," Gloria Gomez, who is also based in Stockton, for KOVR, the CBS affiliate in Sacramento, and who got an early interview with Scott Peterson, told me. Yet her station broadcast as its lead story one night recently the unconfirmed account of a man who said that two years previously he had played golf with a man who *might* have been Scott Peterson, who told him he had gotten married too early and did not want children. That story was repeated to me by a local cabdriver—a potential member of the jury—as proof of Peterson's guilt. One night, the panels of lawyers on Larry King and Greta Van Susteren made much of a potential witness on the shows named Michael Chiavetta, a neighbor of Scott and Laci's who said he had seen the Petersons' dog in a nearby park the morning of Laci's disappearance, and perhaps even Laci herself in the background. I later learned that he has one glass eye.

In recent weeks, with so many defense

Peterson

leaks' being endlessly speculated upon, the tide seems to have turned. A Fox News poll taken early in June showed that 58 percent of Americans thought Scott Peterson was involved in his wife's murder. A month earlier the number had been 67 percent.

Having dinner one night in Modesto, I didn't pay much attention to a blonde lady at the bar who was chatting and laughing with friends, but I did recognize one of the women with her as Kim Petersen, who is a very controversial figure in the story. Petersen is Modesto's high priestess of grief management, the media handler for the Rocha family, including Sharon Rocha, Laci Peterson's mother. Nobody gets near Rocha without Petersen's O.K. So, in one of those surreal scenes that can materialize at any moment in a small town with a big story, I suddenly realized that the blonde woman a few feet away from me was Sharon Rocha, watching Greta Van Susteren interview two of Laci's close friends over at the media bazaar. Rocha herself had been on the night before.

Stacey Boyers, one of the young women who had appeared on the show with her, who had known Laci since third grade and whose mother, Terri Western, had run the volunteer center that got the news of Laci's disappearance out nationally in 24 hours, said she was forever being told by TV people, "Let us see you crying. Try to talk about the intimate moments, and when you start to lose it, don't stop. Put your arm on your friend and hold on." The traditional method of news programmers used to be to have people on the air who could advance a story, but that is no longer the rule. Now there are endless lengthy interviews that are virtually content-free. "Our mission is different," Michael Reel, a producer with CBS News, told me. "It's not being factual; it's a different genre. We see people going through tragedy in the midst of the storm."

Stacey Boyers and the Rocha family continue to be amazed at the callousness of some of the reporting they see on television. One night on Jay Leno's show, Geraldo Rivera, referring to the continued dredging for the remains of Laci and Conner, said, "Every tuna in San Francisco Bay is going to be looking for lunch." Rivera also took credit for announcing which limbs were missing from Laci's body—information that had appeared in the *Contra Costa Times* newspaper a month earlier. Kim Petersen called a press conference to announce that Sharon Rocha had been shocked to hear without warning about the tape around the neck of baby Conner and the cut on his body. I asked Phil Griffin, head of prime-time programming at MSNBC, whether he thought the families in these situations shouldn't get a heads-up. "If you did that, you'd spend all your time trying to reach people to tell them," he said. "If you found out new information about Bill's relationship with Monica, should you call up Hillary to let her know? I don't think it's our job." Ironically, Sharon Rocha chose to tell of her anguish over what Dan Abrams of NBC first revealed about the condition of her grandson's body to another NBC interviewer, Katie Couric, early in June.

Kim Petersen is a former third-grade teacher who learned grief counseling on the job as a volunteer in the 1999 Yosemite slayings and later became head of a foundation set up by the family of one of the victims, Carole Sund, to provide reward money to help find missing persons whose families cannot afford it. The Sund-Carrington Memorial Foundation counts among its board members Doug Ridenour, the Modesto Police Department spokesman, and Jim Brazelton, the Stanislaus County district attorney. Petersen has also worked with Chandra Levy's parents, and on the walls of her office she has smiling pictures of her with a devastated Susan Levy in the company of Stone Phillips of NBC's *Dateline* and other media celebrities. She frequently appears on *Larry King Live* and the *Today* show.

In the highly competitive atmosphere of Modesto, a gatekeeper such as Kim Petersen is always closely watched, and many reporters feel that she gives them short shrift in favor of more famous names. The *Modesto Bee* newspaper, which has been a model of probity on this story, makes a practice of rarely mentioning her name. Early last January, when Laci was still considered missing, Kirk McAllister, Scott Peterson's original attorney, received a three-page anonymous letter signed by "select members of the local and national news media" condemning Petersen for "unprofessional bias towards select 'favorite' news organizations," and for "inappropriately spreading rumors and innuendo about Scott Peterson." (Petersen says the letter contained "blatant lies," adding, "I wouldn't ever care to do another media interview if my job didn't require it.") In June the Associated Press ran a story stating that much of Petersen's energy and devotion went to the cases of well-off families such as the Rochas and the Levys "that don't even meet one of [the foundation's] basic criteria." Kim Petersen's response: "We help any family that needs our help."

Whether she is liked by everyone or not, professional enough or not, Petersen has amassed her unique power base by keeping the media from suffocating shell-shocked families. She handles 95 percent of Laci's family's mail and instructs them on where to go for the largest audiences. She warns devastated families that they can expect to be questioned like suspects by the po
"I explain I want to reach as many pe
as possible in as few mediums as possi
Petersen told me. "These families ar
sleeping or eating. They age tremendou
She said that people from all over the c
try call them in the middle of the nigh
fering their thoughts and theories. "Pe
take tragedy differently," Petersen contin
"Some people need people around the
Men, however, according to her, often
"I want everyone to go home." As for
media's ethical violations, she feels they c
with the territory. "When you get into a h
profile case, the dynamics and people's
tives are deplorable."

Unlike O. J. Simpson, who never g
an interview before his arrest, Scott
terson gave four, the first and most c
prehensive to Diane Sawyer on ABC's
Morning America shortly after Amber
came forward, the others to local TV
porters Gloria Gomez, Ted Rowland
Fox's KTVU in Oakland, and Jodi Her
dez of NBC's KNTV in San Jose. Pete
falsely claimed to Sawyer that he had
the police immediately about Amber
(he later called Sawyer and reversed
statement), and he also said that there
not been any other women in his life w
he was married (there are already un
firmed reports of two others).

Anything in those interviews that
flicts with what Peterson told police in
gators will be fair game for the prosecu
at his preliminary hearing, which is sc
uled for later this summer. A numbe
reporters who had their phone calls to S
Peterson wiretapped by the police are
ing to have the contents released. I've lea
that, after Laci's disappearance, Pete
was a curious figure to those who saw
every day in Modesto before he left to sp
most of his time in Southern California.
was very controlling—he had his guard
said Ted Rowlands, who has broken a n
ber of stories on the case. "He was very
ful who he talked to, and he didn't wan
camera on him at all, probably becaus
didn't want Amber Frey to see it—he h
couple of things going." Others were st
by his lack of emotion. Gloria Gome
called, "I said, 'You haven't mentioned
thing about the baby.' 'It's very difficu
all he said." Rita Cosby of Fox descr
Peterson as "numb and unemotional—
passionate about his golf game."

Peterson could, however, apparentl
quite animated at times, as he did abou
desire to have a pet psychic flown in.
claimed she could be with McKenzie
Petersons' dog] for a day and be able to t
what happened," said Terri Western, the
rector of the volunteer center. "He said, '
bring her out.'" When the idea was ve

terson

t said he would break the news to the hic, adding, "I'm also letting you all v that if she's had to pay for her flight, it's nonrefundable, I will be reimburs- ier." Since then, several of Laci's friends made a number of appearances on tele- n in which they showed little support ithusiasm for Scott have received iden- letters from him. Terri Western, Stacey ers's mother, paraphrased Stacey's for "It's hard for me sitting in this cell ving it's Laci's birthday; we had a tra- n that we would fly a kite on her birth- So if you get a chance, I'd really like ou to go fly a kite."

ark Geragos continues to predict ve- hemently that the "real killers" will be d. "It's clear she was abducted—that's nly thing that makes sense," he told me. only a matter of time forensically and find out who did it." Geragos said that mber of women had been abducted by ne pretty sick people out there," and that ve got subpoenas out for records on var- people." When I asked him how he v the brown van the police had picked second time to check out was *the* brown –the one the defense had leaked about xtensively that the police had to examine second time—he said, "We don't nec- rily." It will be tested again by the defense. Former judge Robert G. M. Keating, dean of the New York State Judicial Institute, told me, "Defense lawyers often try to throw out red herrings in hopes that some member of the jury someday will say, 'Hey, what about that dragon somebody saw?'"

Geragos wants to move the trial out of Modesto, where polls indicate that an overwhelming number of people think Scott Peterson is guilty. Not surprisingly, Geragos says he "doesn't mind" the media circus, but he admitted, "There is no way you can justify the coverage of this case." His change-of-venue strategy would argue that the press overkill is merely confined to cable TV, so if potential jurors didn't watch cable, didn't live in Modesto, and weren't exposed to courtroom cameras during the preliminary hearing, there could be a chance of impaneling an untainted jury. "In cable, to some degree, you see the Internet skipping over into the mainstream, because the Internet is so closely aligned to cable," he told me. "Then the networks go to cable to see what they can come up with. It's a circle jerk."

I found it quite interesting to learn, a mere three days after my conversation with Geragos, that Judge Roger Beauchesne had written, in a ruling pertaining to unsealing affidavits leading to search warrants in the case, that the defense, in a private meeting with him, had not produced evidence indicating that it was investigating any other suspects. In response, Mark Geragos has asked the court to remove Beauchesne from the case.

If the reporters and newscasters covering the Laci Peterson case want to grade themselves, all they have to do is follow the preliminary hearing, set for later this summer, when the prosecution will finally present some of the actual evidence—the real facts. Then the world will be able to see just how much of the endless speculation that has gone on is valid. So far, from *The National Enquirer*'s discovery of Amber Frey to the various networks' disclosures of the autopsy reports, the press has often been the engine driving the case. To take just one example, I would like to know the truth about a mop taken from the Peterson house. *The National Enquirer* stands by its story that blood and vomit were found on it. John Coté of *The Modesto Bee* told me only blood was found, and Gloria Gomez said the mop had nothing at all on it. "Half the stuff you hear you don't report, because you can't substantiate it," Ted Rowlands told me. "I think a lot about what I've reported. Some of it will be true, some will be off. It will be really interesting to find out."

In the interim, I have learned that the media's frenzied scramble to keep the Laci Peterson case on the air shows no abatement. One day a reporter from a local channel asked if he could interview me as a member of the national media covering the case in Modesto. "You want to do a story on me doing a story on you?," I asked incredulously. "Why?" "Because there is nothing else to report today!" a cameraman blurted out. □

Hara

TINUED FROM PAGE 157 died. At which nt O'Hara appealed to Henry Luce's se of fair play, with a predictable outne. Thirty-nine years later he recalled e giving him "that Protestant look" and nouncing that Luce publications had no ce for a rakehell who lolled in bed afnine o'clock in the morning. (Wolcott bs, the theater critic, confirming Luce's ernment, observed from experience that lara had a "strong distaste for sunlight preferred to stay in bed until the worst was over.")

Many, many women adored O'Hara. This is a fact, but it is not self-evident. ple unfriendly to him—usually men—were k to remark upon his coarse face marred urface irregularities, his ears spread for off, his long jaw, his acne scars, his my hands, his bad teeth. Women were acted, often abidingly attracted. Of his e wives, all remained loyal to him and e unstinting in their affection. He was a y in his emotions, easily wounded and perverse when injured, and when he was drunk he could be violent. "He took refusals hard," in the understated judgment of Frank MacShane. But he remained close to his mother, to his sisters, and to many female friends. He was curious about their preoccupations, for one thing, and for another he liked to write about strong women. He took for granted their own sexual drives and was disinclined to romanticize them.

A female colleague at *Time* recalled O'Hara as seedy, with a "mean beard," but he was also capable of refined empathy and tenderness. He liked to make women laugh. He was known as an excellent dancer and a good talker. He was also, early in life, a good listener. Many years later, when he'd explain the histories and customs of their own secret societies to Yale seniors, and fail to invite them to slip in a detail edgewise, he was all pitch and no catch. But the young fictionist in the making, whether by vocational design or inquisitiveness, soaked up what he could learn about strangers, speech, manners, and, always, facts: names, dates, geographies, metes and bounds, titles, liens, weights and measures, yards gained, speed, dollars made and spent, *meum et tuum*, dowers, goods, stuff.

A reporter friend from that time, Harry Ferguson, encountered him because both men were dating blondes who shared an apartment on East 34th Street. O'Hara's was Katherine Klinkenberg, a stunning "Viking" who worked with him at *Time*. "When you asked him what he was doing," Ferguson remembered, "he replied: 'I'm a novelist.' John had unlimited contempt for journalism" (though maybe only during that night, since it would pass). After serving bathtub gin from pint milk bottles, the women sent the two of them home, but along the way Ferguson was led up a flight of stairs into a Second Avenue speakeasy, where, after an exchange of good-mornings with the bartender, O'Hara ordered rye on the rocks, "and my friend will pay." Indeed, Ferguson "paid and paid, because O'Hara turned his pockets inside out to demonstrate to me that he had no money." Thereafter, Ferguson financed many a bender, but his friend always repaid him, "usually with witty notes accompanying the money." Besides, the financial drain of that "costly night" was worth it, "because for the first time I saw the incredible O'Hara Memory Machine in action."

The newfound sidekicks shared the speak-

O'Hara

easy that morning with four other patrons, who were arguing about sports. "One of them kept yelling, 'All right, name the infield, name the infield; five bucks says you can't do it.'" The subject was the 1919 Black Sox scandal, when Chicago threw the World Series to the Cincinnati Reds. O'Hara took the bet, or, rather, took $5 from Ferguson to take it. "So there was ten dollars on the bar and tension in the air. O'Hara knocked back a shot of rye and spoke: 'First base, Chick Gandil. Second base, Eddie Collins. Shortstop, Swede Risberg. Third base, Buck Weaver.'"

The losers tried to recoup, challenging him to name two outfielders, two pitchers, and the catcher. Another sawbuck pocketed. The losers were now broke themselves and moving sullenly toward the stairs when one called over his shoulder that O'Hara must have been born and raised in Chicago. No, O'Hara said, Pennsylvania, and then for good measure declared himself a Philadelphia Athletics fan "and a cousin fourth removed to Mister Connie Mack, their manager."

In July 1929 he was a night rewrite man for the *Daily Mirror,* but that job called for his appearance in the office at twilight, interfering with his intake at Racky's, a speakeasy a block distant from the Hearst tabloid. "A job was something that, if you didn't keep it in its place, could get in the way of the really important business of living it up," a pal of the time remembered of O'Hara's work ethic. O'Hara himself many years later remembered it this way: "The study of the Martini as prepared at Racky's restaurant, a block from my office, was an enjoyable way to start my day, which was supposed to begin at 6 P.M. Unfortunately for journalism, although happily for my social life, the day side of the *Mirror* would be at Racky's, on their way home, just when I was on my way to work.... I hated to leave the *Mirror.* The city editor had a Pierce-Arrow roadster and wore silk shirts, and while I would have chosen a Lincoln phaeton and button-down broadcloth, the idea was the same. There was money to be made."

O'Hara wasn't making much of that money, but he was spending a good sum. Frank MacShane has justly concluded that "because he cashed his paychecks at bars he tended to spend everything he earned right away and looked upon the resulting impoverishment as an act of God over which he had no control." He earned, when he was working, four or five dollars a day. Yet he patronized the theater and enjoyed watching Fred and Adele Astaire dance at the Trocadero. A miserable room cost a dollar, a steak dinner a couple of dollars, a pint of whiskey roughly a third of his weekly salary. He ate and drank more modestly at the Type & Print Club, where *Trib* typesetters liked to gather, and where he met John K. Hutchens, son of a Montana newspaper editor. (Hutchens was beginning his long career as the *Herald Tribune*'s literary critic, and the two men's loyalty to each other endured, and ameliorated some of the pain O'Hara suffered from many unfriendly and influential critics during the next four decades.) The man-about-town ate and drank more expensively at Tony's on West 52nd, where the owner, Tony Soma—in the memory of Finis Farr, author of *O'Hara*—might sing an aria from Verdi or Puccini while standing on his head. He could dine even more lavishly at Jack and Charlie's, down the street at 21 West 52nd.

And then there were the nightclubs, the Pre Catalan or the hotel roofs where Paul Whiteman played, and the Dorseys and Guy Lombardo, or the Onyx Club, where the best white jazz musicians—Miff Mole and Max Kaminsky, Johnny Mercer and Phil Napoleon—jammed. O'Hara met Dorothy Parker, later his loyal pal and most admiring fan, listening to the Hawaiian house band at an all-night joint called the Dizzy Club. He also frequented the Owl, which served the hardest of hard-core soakers, patrons who showed near dawn and drank till noon. Farr has invoked the clientele as people "who drank fast, said little and had pistols under their coats. Others were there only because they did not want to interrupt their consumption of alcohol, except when unconscious, until they died." One infamous young customer announced to fellow barflies that he had just enough money to drink himself to death, which he had, and which he did. This was the beginning of what the narrator of *BUtterfield 8,* O'Hara's second novel, set in New York, terms the "elaborate era" of speakeasies.

There were consolations. In April 1928, soon after he was hired by the *Trib,* he had a story accepted by Harold Ross at *The New Yorker.* The publication on May 5 of "The Alumnae Bulletin" began an association remarkable for its storminess, but even more for the flood of stories and sketches and novellas that surged from O'Hara to that most cosmopolitan of periodicals, about 250 between "The Alumnae Bulletin" and "How Old, How Young" (1967), his final *New Yorker* piece. The first published sketch is a brief and sour monologue by a woman responding to a questionnaire from her Seven Sister college for its alumni notes, a slight exercise in up-to-speed diction. He cashed the $15 payment check at Bleeck's; as the bartender forked over the money, which would so soon be coming right back at him, he was heard to ask another patr "*The New Yorker*—what in hell is that?" day—when the magazine's every staffing s commands headlines—it seems remarka that anyone should have had to ask. Th years after its founding, on uncertain fin cial ground, *The New Yorker* was well or way to becoming a national intellectual literary phenomenon. By the time "T Alumnae Bulletin" appeared, Harold Ro staff included Robert Benchley, Wolc Gibbs, Dorothy Parker, James Thurl Katharine Angell, and her second husba E. B. White—people who became cru to O'Hara's career and his sense of hims He came to measure himself by token the esteem in which he was held by R and by his colleagues.

As he shinnied up *The New York* thorny pole—selling 12 short pieces du 1928—he was slipping fast at the *Daily M ror.* His high-water mark came in an un lined feature, "Girl Invades Yale Club Only for Men," which merely amplifies a name and a date its headline. (It's that O'Hara believed the event to have b more newsworthy, or amusing, than his invasion of that bar, but irony was never greatest strength.) He was fired from the per for the usual reasons: too often tard absent, too often flagrantly drunk or h over. He got hired by Benjamin Son berg's P.R. firm to cover a bridge matche never showed up, and his one-day emp ment ended when Sonnenberg tracked to a speakeasy, the Homeless Dogs, w O'Hara had passed out.

After the stock-market crash, he pic up work as the fabulously gene Heywood Broun's secretary early in 1 Broun, a columnist for the *World* an idol of O'Hara's, liked to eat and drink talk, and he paid for O'Hara to eat drink and talk with him. (When Broun in 1940, O'Hara wrote a letter to *The Republic* crediting Broun with a param influence: "I still have a raccoon coa the excellent reason that at my age wood Broun had one too.") The G Crash has been described by one friend of O'Hara's as the vanishing of fortunes of "notional" money. Finis concludes, with raffish simplification, "this money had never in fact existed its reported disappearance caused dist O'Hara boasted of his indifference t calamity: "For what it was worth, I ha advantage of being already broke."

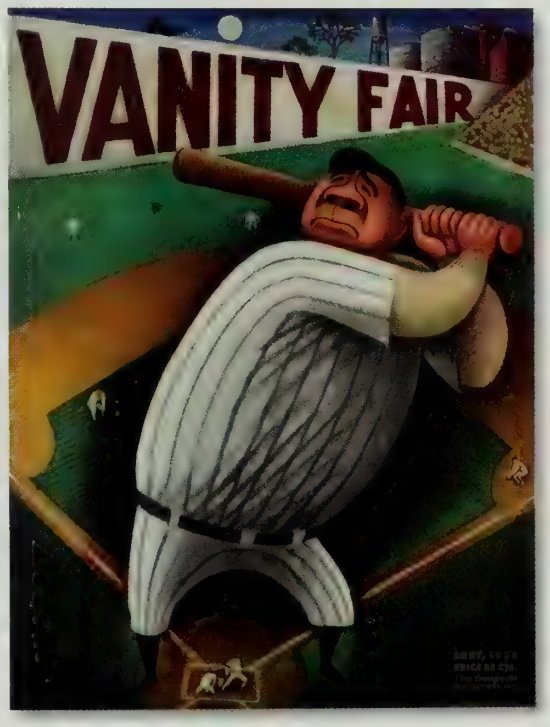
During the late spring and early mer of 1930 he scraped up work as a r critic and radio columnist (under the "Franey Delaney," in a tip of the hat t maternal grandparents) for the *Mo Telegraph,* a grubby sheet specializi racing news and professional bulletins

ıtertainment biz. O'Hara, drifting from lismal little room to another, didn't a radio, so he covered his beat from that did. He wrote especially vividly t jazz, about Louis Armstrong and her Henderson, but this newspaper ıs distant from the *Trib* as it was possi-ır a Manhattan newspaper to be, and index of its standing is offered by the hat he accepted the job only after fail-n his quest to join a newspaper in on, New Jersey.

though he worked as a movie publicist Varner Bros. and RKO after his in-ıle sacking by the *Morning Telegraph*—and drunk—he was repeatedly pulled 'd daily journalism. In his own erratic by his own timetable and imperatives, as a pro. In a 1955 interview John K. Hutchens for the *'d Tribune,* he told the truth: "I myself ... on never having ed a deadline. I have failed to up for work, and separated lf from a job that way. But if a was due at 10:10, I had it all 10:09." Forty-one years after ; taken on as an unpaid chari-se by the *Pottsville Journal*'s sher, looking back in *My Turn,* lection of columns he wrote un-hat name for *Newsday,* O'Hara : about his lifelong gravitation: moment I enter a newspaper : I am at home, not only be-: the surroundings are as famil-ı me as backstage is to an ac-ut because, like the actor, I am ' to go on in any part. I could a headline, take a story over elephone, cover a fire, or in-ew a movie queen, and if I had ake up the front page I could nat too, although I might not the N. W. Ayer Award for it." st like him to know—and drop—xact award he'd have been pissed off o have received for his makeup skills. all his comfort in daily newsrooms, rooms weren't comfortable with him. for a long time he would appropriately tify himself as connected with—and a to, at a dime a word—*The New Yorker.*

s notable that the writer who was too xperimental" for the Jazz Age *New York*-as later turned on a spit by critics deri-of his expository clunkiness, his inter-ible explicitness. Maybe, by the time of ong novels—*A Rage to Live, From the ıce, Ourselves to Know*—he had learned ıs's and Ross's lessons too well. But in neantime, after a few years writing for magazine, he began to refine his art, as ıs understood it, and "lost much, though ıo means all, of his earlier passion for indirection. One recent story, for instance, ended with its protagonist leaving the room with the bow on his hat on the wrong side of his head, and, while it was abundantly clear to Mr. O'Hara that this indicated great spiritual turmoil, it conveyed precisely nothing to many readers, who wrote in, irritably." It is also a fact that whether a hat's bow showed on the wrong side mattered crucially to his characters; right side's wrong, right?

O'Hara's temperamental and circumstantial fragility at this time cannot be exaggerated. He was a hostage to his compulsions, his ill temper, his preposterous and heroic pride. He was a prisoner of poverty, which during 1930 grew alarming. He was reduced to sleeping on couches, and even to mooching off an aunt and uncle in East Orange, New Jersey.



TEAM PLAYER
The September 1933 issue of *Vanity Fair,* in which O'Hara's short story "Hotel Kid" appeared.

His hangovers were a chronic illness now, and he was picking more fights than he won. The sketches he submitted to *The New Yorker* during this period attested to his despair and isolation, his Darwinian anxiety that maybe he wasn't among the fittest after all. He was chagrined to have been unable to give more—in coin or esteem—to his siblings and mother, and his girlfriend Margaretta Archbald had accepted a proposal of marriage from a rival. When even the lowly *Telegraph* showed O'Hara the door, he signed off in his final column with "Te morituri salutamus," a dog-Latin misquotation of Suetonius's "Ave Caesar" valediction. Then, shortly before Christmas, he limped home to Pottsville.

What happened to O'Hara in Pottsville during the following dark months of soul-scouring can't be specified, but it's reasonable to guess that he sounded a kind of abyss. Writers—or anyone who has suffered the flu—will recognize that odd state he must have entered, a numb reverie not unlike the fevered sweats Keats endured from consumption, and an extraordinary out-of-himselfness (gussied up in Keats's case as selfless "poetical character ... not itself ... everything and nothing," having "no Identity," continually "filling some other Body") physiologically congruent with the creative state. Keats complained that "I am in that temper that if I were under water I would scarcely kick to come to the top." But the reason his state then is available is that he composed it, considered an order of words that would reveal it, and by this process kicked right on up to the top. Although O'Hara sank into an overstuffed chair moping and despairing—from his brother Tom's vantage—he was also feverishly trying to place work at *Scribner's Magazine,* sending proposals and reams of pages to editor Kyle Crichton. Charles Scribner—book publisher of Scott Fitzgerald, Thomas Wolfe, and Ernest Hemingway—had one of the three magazines that, with *The New Yorker* and *Vanity Fair,* might be suited to O'Hara's preoccupations and gifts. When he submitted to *Scribner's* stories that had been declined by the other two, he was candid about their histories, even telling Crichton why they had been refused—too oblique, too limited in range, too dirty.

At the end of the Washington's Birthday holiday in 1931, O'Hara's brother Joe drove him to East Orange, and six days later, on February 28, after a cycle of flamboyant New York parties culminating in a ceremony hatched at a speakeasy, John married Helen Ritchie Petit at the city hall. He and "Pet" had met, at a New York Equity Ball, no more than a couple of months before they married. Slight, with a delicately boned face and deep-blue eyes and gold hair to her waist, she was 22, an aspiring actress, a graduate of Wellesley who had studied at the Sorbonne and had an M.A. from Columbia. Several interviewers got dissimilar versions of her character from different friends. If one declared that her Wellesley classmate was "fastidious," another noted that her clothes often seemed to need cleaning. She was said to have had an Alice-in-Wonderland air, or else to have been "jumpy." She was bright and witty, and was

accused of indulging in enigmatic conversations that were onerous to follow (maybe only to friends who were not bright and witty). There was general agreement that she gave off an "iridescence," and O'Hara is quoted in Finis Farr's biography as remarking that "she had a shine all around her." Pet played the ingenue opposite Eddie Albert's lead in *Room Service,* the successful Broadway farce.

An abrupt reversal of fortune came in the form of a $1,000 gift from Pet's uncle, earmarked for a honeymoon. The couple considered Paris, and then—thinking practically and productively—they settled on a trip to Bermuda, to the end of giving the new husband a serene and healthful situation for his work. (Wolcott Gibbs had taken his wedding trip to Bermuda, and this encouraged O'Hara's interest in the island.) By the end of June they found themselves at Paget East, in a two-bedroom yellow cottage near Elbow Beach. The rent was $50 per month, and they immediately settled into a routine of reading, and he into steady, ground-gaining writing. They walked, rode bikes, kept regular hours, and—in the miraculous manner of work's potent cures—forgot to drink themselves silly.

In a letter to Bob Simonds, mailed a couple of weeks after they arrived, O'Hara described the routine: "We just don't drink. No resolutions or anything of the kind. It just doesn't seem to occur to us. We bought a bottle of gin when we got here, and we still have it, two weeks and one day later. Pet reads, and I have done a lot of writing. We eat and smoke, and at night we sometimes knock off a bottle of ale and a bottle of porter, and that's just about our life. I bike to Hamilton (about twelve minutes going, fifteen coming back on account of a hillock) once or twice a day to mail letters and buy the papers and magazines and cigarettes. I haven't even got a sunburn.... So far I have resisted the impulse to buy a pith helmet, but I do wear linens or flannels all the time."

The O'Haras returned to New York in the fall. John wrote to Simonds: "Mrs. O'Hara and I have done a good deal of drinking since Bermuda, you will not be interested to know. We have a nice enough apartment; very likely will look very lupine when the rent comes due, which is Dec. 1, thus leaving me flat on my ass for Christmas, which is as it should be. It will be something not to have to be sorry about not giving Christmas presents this year. I've been sorry so many years that it almost spoiled my holidays."

It was not a good marriage. John quarreled bitterly with Pet, jealous, to an acute degree, of imaginary rivals, or of his wife's imaginary flirtations with actual friends. Let her speak to any man at Tony's or Bleeck's and O'Hara would accuse her publicly of laying plans to sleep with that man. She complained to her friends that life with him was becoming "unendurable." He, meanwhile, mocked his wife's theatrical yearnings. James Thurber's second wife summarized O'Hara as "a cruel and neglectful son of a bitch," and on the subjects of drunken fury and viciousness, she has to count as a connoisseur. Her own husband was repellent.

By the autumn of 1932, O'Hara was on the skids again. During that year, he sold 10 stories to *The New Yorker* and one to *Scribner's.* He earned at least $5,000, including his up-till-then record payment of $175 from *The New Yorker* for his profile of a chorus girl, "Of Thee I Sing, Baby." This was much money then, and added to Pet's allowance it should have been enough. Reason not the need. The theater cut deep, dinner after the theater, nightclubs after dinner, taxis home. They were tapped out. His phone had been disconnected, and not for the first or last time that year.

And then Pet, at her mother's insistence and against O'Hara's wishes, had an abortion. He felt bitter shame. He never expressed anger at his wife for her decision; that he reserved for petty torts and imagined wrongs. But he felt pain that his failures, his unreliability, had inspired in his wife such a conviction of hopelessness, and now he indulged even more in prolonged benders, what he called "overnight vacations; getting so cockeyed drunk that twenty hours elapse before I recover." In a heartbreaking throwaway sentence to his best old friend, with whom he'd shared his longings and hubris: "I wish I could take a vacation from myself."

Trouble outran him. In his distress and regret he was increasingly churlish. When an old Pottsville friend visited the couple, a drunken O'Hara dressed him down as a social climber and refused to shake his hand when he left. When the friend phoned the next day to invite O'Hara to dinner to make amends, Pet went in his stead. And then she went farther—home to Mommy.

O'Hara applied for a job as managing editor of the Pittsburgh *Bulletin-Index,* a *New Yorker* knockoff among the many that had sprouted in such get-up-and-go American cities as Los Angeles, Cleveland, and Chicago. He was by now convinced that New York would, in the aftermath of his breakup with Pet, not only lick him but kill him. O'Hara wrote the owners, J. Paul and Henry Scheetz, a detailed proposal that was frank about the shortcomings of the issue he had been sent for study.

The Scheetzes were evidently kinsmen in masochism, because the surly supplicant got the nod and began work in May. He negotiated a $50 weekly expense allowance i the William Penn, where he set up hou keeping on the 12th floor, sharing a ro with his typewriter and golf clubs, weap with which he meant to bring the Iron C to its knees. Pittsburgh had been grou down by the Depression, but an outsi wouldn't have known as much from spring and summer seasons' polo match coming-out parties, fancy-dress balls, a fox hunts. From his office a few blo from the hotel, in the Investment Buildi O'Hara commanded a staff of two, p $7 and $8 per week, about the price the Brooks Brothers neckties with wh he wowed the boys. At least one of the Frank Zachary, later remembered O'H as a considerate boss, and impressively on the keyboard whacking out stories the *B-I,* as it was called, *The New Yor* and *Vanity Fair,* which finally accepte story, "Hotel Kid," while O'Hara wa Pittsburgh. Zachary told Finis Farr tha seemed to him O'Hara "could finish on these before going out for lunch."

Let it be noted that he was deep into fiction that became "The Doctor's So probably his greatest short story, an thoroughly autobiographical one. In meantime, the market for facility and cle ness was drying up in Pittsburgh. The bill at the William Penn was the least o O'Hara had created a small scandal wi recently married local woman, accordin Matthew J. Bruccoli, author of *The O'H Concern,* and his employers were weary his undisguised scorn, and of his habi writing on the *B-I* time clock submissi for fancy New York publications.

In early August there was an office d up. Bruccoli reports that the incident g in legend to a fistfight, that O'Hara was to have "knocked one of the owners ac a desk, but it probably involved only p ing or shoving." At any rate, he quit with notice and had his things shipped to York. Pet was with her mother in Nev where she divorced him on grounds o treme mental cruelty. Within days he settled into a tiny, $8-per-week room at Pickwick Arms Club Residence, 230 51st. Now he was ready to ready hi for *Appointment in Samarra.*

He spent his time in New York in company of Gibbs, Benchley, and othy Parker. By now she was his best fri and her influence was decisive on his d mination to go forward with his novel. T is every reason to believe that her goo toward O'Hara was unconditional. She n later told the *New York Post's* debunker, erly Gary, that John was a "talent blazed, but he hadn't yet steadied hi as a writer" before the composition o *pointment in Samarra,* which she tirel

noted. He was "broke and depressed needed to be nagged." When he report- iat Ross had turned back a piece, leav- iim strapped, without a word she got up wrote a check so that he could spend eekend in the country with Pet, with m he remained on friendly terms. (In event, he used the money to liberate his er wardrobe from hock at Macy's.) Ac- ing to her biographer Marion Meade, er "ordered him never to mention the er again, because she was so deeply in that fifty dollars made no difference." re seems to have been no physical at- tion between them, and he was no ch for her verbal-fencing speed and wit, rd attached like a title of nobility to her e, Her Wittiness Dorothy Parker.

n addition to a tendency toward dark ds, which Parker termed "Scotch mists," shared admiration for cott Fitzgerald, who by needed all the admira- he could get. Wolcott bs wrote that *This Side of adise* was "a sort of text- k" for O'Hara, "to be ad at intervals." The most hing of his fan letters to gerald followed the death Ring Lardner, a great in- nce on Parker's despair- deadpan stories, and for m Fitzgerald had written emorial in *The New Re- lic.* O'Hara detailed how had heard of this essay at y's, from Thurber, who praising it. He had gone an all-night newsstand to it, and the news seller, ex- ning that the issue had al- ly been taken off the stand and bundled e returned, added in an unlikely aside, u want it for the article on Lardner, I ss." An issue was extracted from the dle and read "over and over." The next it he gave the magazine to Parker, and two removed to a beanery—the Balti- e Dairy Lunch. She "wept tears." O'Hara nitted to Fitzgerald that all he could k to say was "Isn't it swell?" This made ker bristle, and say, "The Gettysburg dress was good too."

his may explain his tolerance of Fitzger- ald's bad behavior. Not long after get- that fan letter, Fitzgerald came to New k from Maryland to drink with the gang ony's and to meet pliable young women. the end of a night of drinking coffee, watching Parker and Pet and Fitzgerald k what they drank, O'Hara found him- in a taxi with his two friends and his vife. "Very late," as O'Hara remembered scene 30 years later in a letter to William Maxwell, the writer and editor, "on the way to [Pet's] apartment, Scott was making heavy passes at [her] and she was not fighting him off." At this time Pet lived in a swank Park Avenue building, and Fitzgerald, propped up by the doorman, followed her into the foyer, pawing at her. "Meanwhile Dottie had said to me, 'He's awful, why didn't you punch him?' I said [Pet] seemed to like it and we were divorced." Now, it is also true that O'Hara didn't want to leave the taxi, as he was afraid that the doorman would report his presence to Pet's mother. But given his aggravated jealousy, it might be expected that such a drama would have called out O'Hara's blackest rage. Maybe coffee canceled it, or maybe his knowledge of Fitzgerald's brittle vulnerability in the final days of submitting *Tender Is the Night* (whose galleys O'Hara had proofread) spoke to his insecurities about his own novel. Thirty years later there is not even a tinge of disdain in his speculation to Maxwell that Fitzgerald probably had listed Pet "among his conquests."



THE ALGONQUIN TRIBE
Friends of O'Hara's at a 1938 book party at the Algonquin Hotel: seated, left to right, Fritz Foord, Wolcott Gibbs, Frank Case, and Dorothy Parker; standing, Alan Campbell (Parker's husband), St. Clair McKelway, Russell Maloney, and James Thurber.

This was the beginning of 1934, 25,000 or 30,000 words into his novel, and O'Hara's billfold was cleaned out. He wrote his brother Tom that he had begun to get "little notes, then bigger notes, from the proprietors of [the Pickwick Arms], reminding me that the most important rule of the place was Payable in Advance." He anguished about eating, let alone paying his room rent. He tried to wheedle money out of Harold Ross, reviewing his productivity (more than a hundred "casuals," or short humor pieces, printed!) and tooting his own muted horn—the "good pieces I wrote have been recognized . . . and the bad pieces have been forgotten by my enemies." He suggested it might be appropriate to give him a bonus of a dollar per casual.

Then O'Hara took a more direct approach. He sent special-delivery letters to Harcourt, Brace, to Viking, and to William Morrow, offering to show them what he had written, in return for their agreement to read it and decide overnight whether to advance him living expenses while he finished the book. Having mailed the letters, he spent all day in nickel-and-dime movies near Times Square. All three publishers replied by telephone that same afternoon, and O'Hara chose Harcourt's Cap Pearce, because he had phoned first; the next day, during a visit to the publisher, Alfred Harcourt asked a single question: "Young man, do you know where you're going?" O'Hara assured him that he did. The advance was $50 per week for eight weeks, a sweet deal for Harcourt, a lifesaver for the young man. If he hadn't begun this submission draft till December, he had written a thousand words per day, a fine run even for him. Writing to Tom in early February, he described his regimen: "What I am doing now is stalling. I work in jags. I work like the devil for days at a time, and then suddenly I dry up or get stale, or get physically too tired to go on."

The book was due April 1, an absurdly tight schedule but well suited to O'Hara's pell-mell preference. There's always in the writing of a novel the difficulty of ongoing revision, of amending on page 200 of a manuscript a detail which creates a trickle-back adjustment to myriad tributary passages upstream. This is such a fundamental feature of longer work that novelists come to learn quickly that memory of the details of the text is a friend easily betrayed by inattention. Familiar now with computers, novelists speak of loading their work into memory each morning, as though it were as simple as punching a few keys. How this is done, in fact, is either by rereading it after each interruption or by uninterrupted concentration, carrying the novel forward regardless of side jobs covering football games, appearances at writers' conferences, or days abed recovering from hangovers. If

O'Hara

the novelist can't evade these interruptions, he or she must, before pushing forward, fall into the dream of the narrative voice, and maybe once in a lifetime a novelist manages to remain unjolted from that odd trance. And this is how it happens—as it did to William Faulkner with *As I Lay Dying,* for instance—that a finely joined novel may be fashioned in a matter of weeks by a writer normally requiring years for the same achievement. Owing to poverty, or fruitful compulsion, or good artistic instinct, O'Hara drove through *Appointment in Samarra* in an ecstatic reverie.

In March, even the solitude of the Pickwick Arms wasn't solitude enough, so he sailed with his typewriter on the cruise ship *Kungsholm,* bound for Barbados and the eastern Caribbean. He was, this hot new property of a venerable New York publisher, the chief contributor to *The Kungsholm Cruise News*—editor: John O'Hara. Well, nobody ever promised that writing would be a predictable profession. The job aboard, he claimed, required 20 minutes of his day, and the chatty newsletter shows it.

Even on the *Kungsholm* and a victim of his own baneful influence, he couldn't be stopped. Back on dry land in New York, he surrendered the novel April 9, one week late. With five bucks and change to his name, he wrote Tom that day to confess that he was afraid he'd "muffed the story." This is not an unusual response—postcoital *tristesse,* postpartum blues—to the surrender of a book to an editor. What was unusual was O'Hara's persistent underestimation of *Appointment in Samarra,* a book from which he might have taken more pleasurable pride and better instruction about the peculiarities of his narrative strength. Just now, he received from Fitzgerald an inscribed copy of *Tender Is the Night,* and in expressing his awe of that novel's ambition, O'Hara felt the need to diminish that of his own, falsely confessing that "the best parts of my novel are facile pupils of *The Beautiful and Damned* and *The Great Gatsby.* I was bushed, as Dottie [Parker] says, and the fact that I need money terribly was enough to make me say the hell with my book until you talked to me and seemed to accept me. So then I went ahead and finished my second-rate novel in peace. My message to the world is Fuck it." Clearly he had enjoyed crucial encouragement from Fitzgerald, but *The Beautiful and Damned* ran out of oxygen before it reached base camp beneath *Appointment in Samarra,* and why couldn't O'Hara judge accurately what he had made? Perhaps because the unobstructed directness and primary colors of his sentences lack the music and prettiness of Fitzgerald's least efforts, and because he now understood that accuracy of recollection and description was to be his literary destiny.

Perhaps he also felt too acutely like an apprentice among his admired friends. The novel's title was another hand-me-down from Dorothy Parker. One afternoon at tea in her apartment, after reading and admiring O'Hara's pages, she pointed him toward a possible epigraph, in W. Somerset Maugham's play god-awfully entitled *Sheppey.* The passage tells of the encounter in the Baghdad marketplace between a merchant's servant and the female Death. The servant, jostled by Death and startled by a shock of recognition on her face, flees, riding his master's horse north to the putative safety of Samarra. What a coincidence! Death had been surprised to see that very servant in Baghdad, "for I had an appointment with him tonight in Samarra."

O'Hara, studying the passage, said, "There's the title for my book."

Dorothy Parker, according to him, said, "Oh, I don't think so, Mr. O'Hara."

Alfred Harcourt—suggesting, with an unpersuasive quorum of Harcourt, Brace editors, that he call his first novel *Swell Guy*—abhorred the title. So did Sinclair Lewis, who called it "atrocious philosophy, and—since it is both meaningless and difficult to remember—shockingly bad box-office." I think it's a fine title, tantalizing and appropriately deterministic, which is, I suspect, what Lewis found so "atrocious." "I bulled it through," O'Hara later boasted in an author's preface to the Modern Library edition of the novel. It was thereafter a mark of his nerve, if not of his judgment, that he looked only to himself for literary counsel, just as his successful auction of the novel to three publishers caused him to overvalue his cunning as a literary agent.

Even as he undervalued the virtues of *Appointment in Samarra,* O'Hara thought of himself as playing in the same league with the best of his contemporaries. "Fine"—as in "It was a fine night"—has been "a romantic word" in the vocabulary of Julian English, the novel's hero, ever since he read *A Farewell to Arms;* an offstage character's only distinction was that he had known Scott Fitzgerald at Princeton, "and that made him in [the heroine] Caroline's eyes an ambassador from an interesting country." Fitzgerald returned the favor of O'Hara's unstinting admiration with a blurb, and Hemingway wrote in *Esquire* that he was "a man who knows exactly what he is writing about and has written it marvelously well." Thus began a sequence of logrolling that climaxed with O'Hara's notorious 1950 review on the front page of *The New York Times Book Review* of *Across the River and into the Trees,* in which he judged Hemingway "the outstanding thor since the death of Shakespeare." this panegyric he would be made to not least by its beneficiary. Perhaps was sore about a *New Masses* review of *pointment in Samarra,* which claimed "O'Hara reports like Sinclair Lewis and more guts than Hemingway."

For whatever reason, Lewis himse whom O'Hara had so admired—lit into *pointment in Samarra* in the *Saturday view,* the magazine's second hostile respo The first, by its editor, Henry Seidel Ca was titled "Mr. O'Hara, and the Vul School," a slightly less brutal attack than one by Lewis, who had twice commen the novel in pre-publication squibs (a unheard-of paradox suggesting that he l his fan's book until he read it). His cond nation was comprehensive, beginning the title, which, he wrote, might as wel *Assignation in Abyssinia,* and priggishly s marizing its sensuality as "nothing but in tilism—the erotic visions of a hobblede behind the barn." O'Hara later trie badger Lewis at '21,' standing beside hi a urinal, but his quarry fled, and he obliged to content himself with a nasty sketch in *BUtterfield 8* of a writer almos sad a drunkard as Lewis getting shown wrought-iron gate by the fed-up manage of that celebrated hangout. To O'Ha credit, however much he came to des the man, he continued to admire and phatically praise Lewis's work.

Appointment in Samarra, dedicate F.P.A., works the author's mentor into action by way of a plug for his colum the *World* and for Adams's wisdom ov Adams naturally—the way of the *World* turned the favor, with interest, in a "D of Our Own Samuel Pepys" entry: home, and read all the afternoon J O'Hara's 'Appointment in Samarra' ... some of the best talk, especially betw husband and wife, that ever I read, a got a great glow of pride when I saw the book had been dedicated to me." days later, another hooray: "Boy, I yel 'Appointment in Samarra' / A dandy n by John O'Hara."

John O'Hara was 29 when he publi *Appointment in Samarra.* He would another 36 years, produce 15 more n and 14 collections of short stories, as as the book for the Richard Rodgers Lorenz Hart musical *Pal Joey,* based o own stories. He would marry twice m and have one child, a daughter, Wylie, his second wife. Though an association Yale would always elude him, he live last 20 years of his life in Princeton, Jersey, in the shadows of the reinfo concrete spires and faux gargoyles o wrong great university. □

he *Times*

TINUED FROM PAGE 143 columnist. "A lot he reporters who were so pitiless about ng Howell a second chance were people) had themselves gotten a second chance trong support from Howell over the years, l a lot of the ones who were so unforgiv- had been forgiven by editors when they'd ewed up. Howell is an extraordinarily art and gifted guy. He knew he had to nge and be less Olympian, and I think could have come out of this stronger."

Alessandra Stanley, the paper's television ic, agrees. "Howell is a brilliant editor, l I think a lot of us thought that, whatev- his crimes, this was not a fitting punish- nt," she says.

Neither of Raines's principal antagonists—Landman, 50, and Abramson, 49—will likely take his place. The favorites in that race, which may well have been decided by the time this sees print, are Bill Keller, a 54-year-old *Times* columnist who was runner-up last time around, and Dean Baquet, 46, a former *Times* man now at the *Los Angeles Times.* Two darker horses—51-year-old John Geddes, an assistant managing editor at the *Times,* and Marty Baron, 48, editor of *The Boston Globe,* which is owned by the New York Times Company—are also waiting in the wings. But either Landman or Abramson now seems poised to run the *Times* someday. Each lacks several of the traditional requirements on the checklist, such as a foreign posting or a Pulitzer. But at this point standing up to Howell Raines could prove just as important a credential.

Great as their power was, Raines's predecessors were dwarfed by the institution, and were content to be. They could have wandered into Times Square and few people would have recognized them, or even have known their names. They were magnified by the *Times,* but oppressed by it, too. They were ascetic, not indulgent. There was something old-fashioned and monkish and, at times, even slightly ridiculous about them, but also something hugely impressive, even inspiring. The *Times* mattered above everything; their biggest fear was embarrassing it. They inherited it great, and they made it greater.

Raines, who earned more than $1 million annually, was the first executive editor

Roomful of Blues

To identify the players in this historic gathering of the blues' top icons, here's the numbered key.

FOR PHOTOGRAPH, SEE PAGES 158–59.



1. David Johansen
2. Solomon Burke
3. Billy Boy Arnold
4. John Fogerty
5. Macy Gray
6. Larry Johnson
7. Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown
8. Jon Spencer
9. Willie Weeks
10. Judah Bauer
11. Keb' Mo'
12. DJ Spin
13. Dr. John
14. Russell Simins
15. Alison Krauss
16. Vernon Reid
17. Shemekia Copeland
18. Chris Thomas King
19. Buddy Guy
20. Chuck D
21. Larry Taylor
22. Curtis King
23. Bonnie Raitt
24. Danny Kortchmar
25. Kim Wilson
26. David Honeyboy Edwards
27. Vaneese Thomas
28. James Blood Ulmer
29. Jimmie Vaughan
30. Babi Floyd
31. Jim Horn
32. Angie Stone
33. India Arie
34. Warren Haynes
35. John Hammond Jr.
36. Odetta
37. Gregg Allman
38. Angélique Kidjo
39. Martin Scorsese
40. Natalie Cole
41. B. B. King
42. Robert Cray
43. Lazy Lester
44. Levon Helm
45. Hubert Sumlin
46. Mos Def
47. Ivan Neville
48. Mavis Staples
49. Steve Jordan
50. Cyril Neville
51. Art Neville
52. Joe Perry
53. Jack Hale
54. Charles Neville
55. Andrew Love
56. Ruth Brown
57. Steven Tyler
58. Ben Cauley
59. Aaron Neville
60. Kimapi Dinizulu
61. Robert Lockwood Jr.
62. Dominic Kanza

The *Times*

in memory who tried to live as large as his job. There was nothing reticent or self-effacing about him. He moved and spoke boldly. Rather than shy away from publicity, he courted it. He hobnobbed with the rich and famous. Tom Brokaw, George Pataki, Charlie Rose, Charles Schumer, Michael Bloomberg, and Dan Rather all came to his wedding reception in March. Abe Rosenthal, who led the *Times* from 1969 to 1986, also went through his celebrity phase, but it was late, short, sad, and strained. Raines savored his from the beginning, and he had only just begun.

Journalistically and stylistically, Raines and Lelyveld were antipodes. Lelyveld viewed Raines as slick and superficial, lacking the intellectual gravitas to run the paper; Raines considered Lelyveld overly plodding and academic. They "cordially despised" each other, a veteran *Times* man tells me. (Raines, Boyd, and the Sulzbergers declined to comment for this article.) Perhaps it was not all journalistic; Raines was as silky and gregarious as Lelyveld was awkward and shy. Everyone knew Raines would succeed him, but Lelyveld still pushed for Keller, a cool, cerebral type more in the Lelyveld mold. Some felt that Lelyveld, whether consciously or not, actually set Raines up for a fall by keeping him quarantined in the editorial board's offices on the 10th floor rather than naming him as his deputy—thereby ensuring Raines would be an alien when he migrated downstairs to the newsroom. (Others insist Raines would never have worked for Lelyveld, even if asked.)

In the weeks when Raines's fate hung in the balance and Sulzberger Sr. was looking for advice, it was to Lelyveld that he turned. (The Sulzberger family owns 90 percent of the company's Class B stock, giving them voting control over major corporate decisions.) It would be interesting to know what counsel Lelyveld gave. "Joe saw himself as the keeper of the flame, and Howell *is* the flame," an editor who'd worked under them both told me just after the dénouement—that is, before she'd had time to switch her tenses.

Some say Raines, because of his character flaws, was ordained to fail, without a push from anyone else. Others, particularly those who had enjoyed working with him earlier, were amazed at the metamorphosis—how absolute power absolutely brought out the worst in him. "The Howell Raines that was positive and encouraging and would not criticize after the fact became someone who could do nothing but yell and trash and screech at you," says Katy Roberts, now editor of the "Week in Review" section; as op-ed editor she spent five years working directly under him and was national editor when he assumed the number-one spot. They all fished for explanations.

One was time. Raines was seven years short of mandatory retirement when he took over the paper on September 5, 2001—not much time in *Times* time to change its direction and make himself its greatest editor ever. He had spent the previous decade preaching from the editorial board, the loftiest perch in journalism, enough to swell any head. So could winning seven Pulitzers after 9/11. "People were saying, 'Now he's *really* going to be impossible,'" a reporter sympathetic to Raines recalls.

This was so even though Raines's role in collecting all those awards was a bit exaggerated. Several had been awarded for work done before he got there; the much-praised "Portraits of Grief"—those thumbnail profiles of victims that ran in the special "A Nation Challenged" section—had been neither his idea nor something for which he initially had shown any great enthusiasm. And the high level of 9/11 coverage generally was at least as much a tribute to the mighty journalistic machine that his two immediate predecessors, Max Frankel and Lelyveld, had assembled and bequeathed to him as it was to Raines himself.

But the September 11 attacks hurt him, too, as he later conceded. Occurring but six days into his tenure, they put him instantly into overdrive, and he could never downshift afterward. "Howell's forceful leadership style overwhelmed his gentler qualities," says Philip Taubman, the *Times*'s deputy editorial-page editor. "The newsroom never had the opportunity to become acquainted with the Howell Raines I know—not just a brilliant journalist, but a man of great heart and warmth, character and compassion. Had that happened, the hostility level might have been a lot lower."

Then there was his second-in-command. Traditionally, managing editors at the *Times* have complemented, counseled, protected their superiors. They have been loyal, but also independent and confident enough to curb their headstrong bosses. Abe Rosenthal, for instance, had Seymour Topping and Arthur Gelb; in one famous story, Gelb literally wrestled Rosenthal to the ground in an argument over why Seymour Glass commits suicide at the end of J. D. Salinger's short story "A Perfect Day for Bananafish." As much as anyone, Raines needed such a forceful figure, and had had them in prior positions. Instead, he'd chosen Gerald Boyd. It is here, rather than with Jayson Blair, that race enters the story.

Race was a key leitmotif in Raines's life. He grew up in Birmingham, Alabama, where Sheriff Bull Connor sicced dogs and fire hoses on civil-rights marchers, and where four young black girls were blown up by Klansmen while attending Sunday school. As a young man during that turbulent ti Raines remained largely on the sidelin and he was burdened by it afterward in way good men who do nothing often a Almost as expiation, he wrote about There was his 1977 book, *My Soul Is Res* an oral history of the civil-rights moveme and "Grady's Gift," a 1991 *New York Ti Magazine* story about the black housekee in his boyhood home, which won him own Pulitzer.

In the homestretch of his campaign take over the *Times,* Raines had pledged Sulzberger to make Boyd, then an assist managing editor, his deputy. Why? It co have been his and Boyd's close perso ties, or his commitment to racial ameli tion, or the chance to enhance his own le cy by one day handing the paper over its first black chief. Or perhaps he wan someone pliable, or he was pandering Sulzberger, who had begun a crusade to versify the newsroom. (Had he been pic as executive editor, Keller later said, h have selected Landman.)

Boyd had been a perfectly respectable porter and editor. But he was clearly what someone in the position of manag editor had to be—among the best journa of his generation—at least not yet. Few, sides Raines perhaps, thought that, when time came in early 2008, Boyd would be vated. That would have posed a huge pub relations problem for the *Times* down road. Of more immediate concern, Boyd not stand up to Raines; he ratified him. most people's minds, Gerald and Ho were the same person," a *Times* man tells

Raines was merely the latest in a se of *Times* executives who had taken Boy journalist of talent and promise, and pus him too hard too fast. The sad thing is had the *Times* been more patient and as it would have found a more promising nority candidate in its midst: Dean Baq who reportedly says he wants to stay in Angeles. As Boyd walked out the door, people he had abused seemed to realize sickening unfairness of his fate—and tha had been undone, at least in part, by friends. He had been applauded far n faintly than Raines had been, but Boyd better liked and certainly more pitied.

If you were to compose this as an op one of Raines's oldest friends at the per tells me, "you'd open with the wed party." On March 9, 2003, a day after R and Krystyna Anna Stachowiak, 39, a P born public-relations executive, had ried in a small church in Pennsylvania, dreds of people descended upon the Br Park Hotel in Midtown Manhattan fo "regrets only," celebrity-packed celebra

Raines wore a white dinner jacket dark pants that made him look shorter

eally is and, as one attendee from the *es* puts it, "rather charming in an awk-d way, like someone going to a high-ool prom in Birmingham." As he greeted guests and saluted his bride, "I remem- thinking, Good for you, Howell. You're op of the world, the newspaper's going it, you've married this great woman," :ren Hoge, the *Times* London-bureau f, recalls. "If someone had come up and !, 'This man will be deposed in three ıths,' I'd have given him odds of 10,000 . It just would have seemed the most ossible thing in the world."

ome *Times* people, though, were dis-ed by what they saw that day. One calls it nedia rat fuck." "This was very late-Abe-" he says, referring to Abe Rosenthal. "It urbed me to see these signs in Howell so y in his regime." Another says, "The gen- feeling was that Howell was strutting."

There had been trouble from start. Raines's premise that paper had grown lazy and argic, not surprisingly, offend- people, deeply. "Howell was nd and determined to estab- the notion that the paper full of lazy slugs and he had ick their ass," says Landman. hat was happening was a d of undifferentiated rage at parts of the paper." Landman nts to the paper's coverage of Florida election dispute a r before Raines took over. ou tell me what paper covered etter or with a higher 'metab- m,'" he suggests. "There ain't . This 'metabolism' stuff was phony." An- er *Times* eyewitness puts it more bluntly. e all felt that our metabolism was pretty king high," he says. "And some of us had vives to show for it."

Raines cracked the whip over reporters in out-of-town bureaus, ordering them to out more, write more, collect more date- s. Some he tried to order to Washington, sumably to install his own people in their ces. One target was Kevin Sack, the bu- u chief in Atlanta. Sack, going through a orce, balked; he did not want to leave his ng daughter. Raines wouldn't budge and sed to accept any of Sack's compromises. on Sack left for the Atlanta office of the s *Angeles Times,* where he won a Pulitzer ze earlier this year. The episode quickly rnished Raines's reputation for being nily-unfriendly and for playing favorites. s friend Rick Bragg, also based in the ıth, could do whatever he wanted, it med—live in New Orleans, where there sn't even an official *Times* bureau, write spo- ically, and then mostly soft features, which med always to land on the front page.

Raines centralized power. Only two editors—Boyd and Andrew Rosenthal (son of Abe), whom Raines had named his number three—seemed to matter. Both had once been well liked, but now they adopted their boss's ways, and much less skillfully. "They had no bedside manner," one editor says. "They were contemptuous, dismissive, sarcastic." Says another, "I never felt so devalued and underappreciated as I did under those two guys." A third editor tried to see Boyd—and was told to come back in four months. *The Wall Street Journal* reported one instance in which a story was proposed to Boyd, who then insisted a similar piece had appeared in that morning's *USA Today.* After a meeting in which investigations editor Douglas Frantz handed him a copy of the paper to show that it hadn't, Boyd accused Frantz of publicly humiliating him and handed him a quarter. "Call your friend Dean [Baquet at the *Los Angeles Times* for a new job]," he said. Frantz did.



PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE

Left, Joseph Lelyveld, now the interim executive editor at the *Times,* in May 2001. *Right,* Jonathan Landman, the paper's metro editor, in May 2003. Landman had repeatedly warned colleagues about Blair.

Desk heads, at least those dating back to Lelyveld's time, felt ignored or denigrated, since Raines would knock them to one another and to reporters. "It would be nice to have a cultural report," he complained to a correspondent about the Sunday "Arts and Leisure" section, "that would be read by someone living on this planet."

Worse, Raines would not let facts get in the way of a story he had ordered up or a point he decided to make. "Howell wanted a thought inserted high in one of my stories," says a metro reporter. "The only problem was, it wasn't true. Mind you, this was on my beat, a beat he didn't really know about. I said to the editor who was the message-bearer that it wasn't true, and it didn't belong in the story, period. A while later he came back to me and said, 'Well, you're right, but Howell wants it anyway.' It became clear that the editor had not fully conveyed my arguments to Howell, because he was afraid to. I said, 'Fuck that—I'll tell him myself.' And he literally seized my arm and said, 'You don't want to do that.' And ultimately the editor-intermediary and I compromised on a version of what Howell wanted that was just vague enough not to mean much, but still close enough to a falsehood to make me very uncomfortable."

Conditions were worst in the *Times*'s Washington bureau, historically the paper's version of Chechnya: a fiercely independent enclave, perpetually bridling under foreign rule. One might have expected Raines to like Jill Abramson: both were tough and intelligent, with a great sense of Washington Realpolitik. And speaking of Realpolitik, Abramson was manifestly the most promising woman in the *Times* pipeline—obviously destined for higher places, with or without Raines. Fighting her was not just foolish but self-destructive.

But, for reasons that still baffle, Raines targeted her. Perhaps her background—New York, Harvard—triggered something in a man from the provinces who had graduated from Birmingham-Southern College. Perhaps she was too strong, which is to say as strong as he. Gender was another possibility; women staffers in New York complained of the "towel snapping" tone Raines had set. Her journalism may not have sizzled to his satisfaction. Then, too, he'd inherited her from Lelyveld. In any case, Raines installed a favorite, Patrick Tyler, as a kind of bureau-chief-in-waiting, making things extremely awkward for everyone and tempting Abramson to consider offers from other newspapers. Sulzberger persuaded her to stay.

So rampantly and heavy-handedly did New York micromanage and monkey around with Washington copy that Steven Weisman, a veteran *Times* man who'd once shared the White House beat with Raines, offered him a facetious new motto: "We report. You decide." The same thing happened in New York. Raines began killing stories by some of the *Times*'s best journalists. He also went to war with the small team of reporters doing long-term investigative stories, showing little interest in projects which, he felt, took too long and diverted too many resources from more pressing daily stories.

Perhaps most spectacularly, Raines killed a series of stories by Tim Golden, an investigative reporter who had twice shared in Pulitzer Prizes, and David Kocieniewski, now the bureau chief in Trenton, about then senator Robert Torricelli, who was being probed by the Justice Department for tak-

ing improper gifts and donations from political supporters. The NBC affiliate in New York eventually broadcast a report based on some of the same materials, and Torricelli quickly decided not to run for re-election. Golden eventually left the paper, as did successive heads of the paper's investigative unit, Stephen Engelberg and Frantz.

"'Flooding the zone' meant that Howell didn't have to decide what was important," one refugee from the *Times* says. "He seemed to lack the intellectual confidence to ignore stuff. He acted very sure of himself, but he was a deeply insecure man."

The unhappiness was epidemic. "They've lost the confidence of the newsroom, and they're the only ones who don't know it," an assistant managing editor told a metro reporter several months ago. Do they not know it, or do they not care? the reporter asked. "Both, I think," the editor replied. For a time, it was unclear whether word of the unhappiness was reaching Sulzberger, or whether he, like Raines, existed in some kind of bubble, where no one would bring him bad news.

All that changed in June 2002, though, with "The Howell Doctrine," a gargantuan article by Ken Auletta in *The New Yorker*. *Times* people were floored by the access Raines gave Auletta, something Frankel and Lelyveld would never have dreamed of doing. *Times* people assumed Raines was banking on a puff piece. Many considered it one, but only because they already knew the plot. To anyone else, there were ample glimpses of Howell the meddler, Howell the martinet, Howell the egomaniac, Howell the brute. No longer could anyone believe the old saw that bad things wouldn't be happening "if only the czar knew." Now Sulzberger had to know; the only question was what, if anything, he planned to do about it.

Leaping out of the article were a series of remarkable on-the-record comments from Landman, suggesting that Raines was dogmatic and dismissive. No one at the *Times* had ever spoken publicly of an executive editor that way, at least no one who valued his own future at the newspaper. Landman had worked under Raines in Washington, and had admired him greatly there. "I knew he was a bit grandiose sometimes, but I loved working with him," he says. But by now the two had tangled repeatedly and bitterly.

During one particularly poisonous moment, Raines had accused Landman of being "emotionally labile." (It was not the only time he'd diagnosed the alleged psychiatric problems of his subordinates; twice he asked another editor with whom he'd locked horns whether she was depressed.) Reporters working for Landman, who were fiercely devoted to him, worried that Raines would eventually lose patience and shove him somewhere to the side.

When this year's Pulitzer winners were announced in early April, there was glee around the *Times* that none of Raines's pet projects—especially a long string of stories about sexual discrimination at the Augusta National Golf Club, which had inspired a certain amount of ridicule—had won. People were pleased, too, that the one prize the *Times* collected went to Clifford Levy, who worked for Landman. Levy had begun a yearlong investigation into state mental hospitals before Raines arrived; many felt that had Raines been paying closer attention Levy would have been pulled off the story to flood some zone. Sack's Pulitzer for the *Los Angeles Times* also was a victory for the Howell-haters. *New York Times* staffers high and low inundated Sack with notes and E-mails, many adding sardonic asides on the sorry state of things at his old employer. (Raines, too, offered his congratulations.)

Some *Times* people began describing their unhappiness to reporters elsewhere, hoping that Sulzberger would at last be moved to intervene. In late April, as war raged in Baghdad, *The Village Voice* depicted the *Times* as another "republic of fear." But soon these problems would be dwarfed by the young *Times* reporter who spent more energy and ingenuity simulating journalism than the real thing would ever have required.

On April 29, the editor of the *San Antonio Express-News* notified Raines and Boyd by E-mail that an article by Jayson Blair in the *Times* the previous Saturday, datelined Los Fresnos, Texas, and describing the family of a soldier missing in Iraq, had been "disturbingly similar" to one that had run in his paper on April 18.

Blair, 27, had begun as an intern at the *Times* in 1998 and had a checkered history at the paper. He had made lots of mistakes, besides being an oily charmer, a slob, a busybody, and a bad boy. Landman, Blair's editor since late 1999, had opposed his promotion, but a committee, headed by Boyd, gave him one. In a memo written in January 2002, Landman chastised Blair for his carelessness and copied the note to Boyd and a colleague. "There's big trouble I want you both to be aware of," he wrote them.

After three more months of shoddiness, Landman wrote again to newsroom administrators. "We have to stop Jayson from writing for the *Times*. Right now," he stated. But last October, when a sniper began stalking suburban Washington, Blair was among the eight reporters Raines and, more directly, Boyd tapped for the story. Again, Blair's work was quickly challenged. But Raines praised Blair for his "great shoe-leather reporting" and groomed him for the prestigious *Times* national st

Unable to document his reporting fi Los Fresnos, Blair resigned on May 1. next day Boyd assigned four reporter review Blair's work and write up what found. He wanted the story quickly— *Washington Post* was working on it, Raines and Boyd were each subjecte long, contentious interviews. (Afraid of ing scooped, the reporters made Ra promise not to share their findings with one else, only to watch him immedia spill some of their beans to PBS newsca Jim Lehrer. The reporters were furious.

Both Raines and Boyd recused themse from any role in editing the story. (T asked to review it, but were told it was i propriate.) That task fell to others: assis managing editor Allan Siegal, Glenn K mon, the business editor, and Lorne Ma the media editor. The project mushroo beyond the list of corrections Raines originally requested and ended up tal an extraordinary four full pages—the l of space normally devoted to the start war or the death of a president. The c sion to run the story at that length quickly second-guessed; Lelyveld him went around saying the story should l been only a fraction as long.

The investigation described "a failur communication among senior editors," suggested that Raines and Boyd had mi ample signs of Blair's problems or ha wanted to see them or hadn't much ca What mattered more was that Blair young and eager—"hungry," as Raines said in one of his interviews with the *T* reporters. It was a hint, though oblique, t the story was too long, it was also too sh missing Raines and Boyd's role in creatin culture that allowed a Jayson Blair to hap

Raines later conceded, as some critics charged, that race had played a part in B saga; as a "white man from Alabama" believed in diversity, he'd given Blair chance too many." That was succor to fo racial preferences. But inside the *Times*, ple believed that Raines was guilty of n than overlooking a few memos or havi big heart. What Blair represented to t was not carelessness or affirmative actio amok but a regime that favored youthfu thusiasm and obsequiousness over experi and that froze out all independent thin And, in a newsroom increasingly hosti the bosses, Blair was an accomplished up, even, according to one reporter, ti his cigarette breaks to coincide with Bo He wasn't black or white so much as he one of them. Why, Raines later asked t porters who had written the Blair ar had no one ever shown him Landman's ten warnings about the guy? "You wan guess?" one of them replied. "No one ed to show you a Jon Landman memo.

affers upset over the article's omissions
equally irate about Sulzberger's decla-
n at the end: "Let's not begin to demon-
ur executives—either the desk editors or
executive editor or, dare I say, the pub-
r." Case closed, it suggested. "It made
ever came before it seem like a white-
n," one *Times* reporter says.

he fury persuaded Sulzberger to call the
mass meeting at the Loews Astor Plaza
West 44th Street on May 14. The camera-
gathered outside and besieged Raines,
l, and Sulzberger as they approached the
ter. The siege continued inside. "As soon
eople had a weapon to beat Howell up
, they just beat the shit out of him," one
es reporter says. Raines quickly pleaded
y to a litany of offenses. Then came the
tions and comments. A business reporter
d Raines if he would resign; Raines said
would not unless Sulzberger asked him
nd Sulzberger quickly said he
ld not. "You guys have lost the
fidence of much of the news-
n," an editor on the metro desk
declared. "People feel less led
n bullied."

o many the session seemed
ed and unpersuasive, something
of a playbook for corporate
s. "I feel like I've been slimed,"
ews clerk complained on the
out. Some of the harshest crit-
n centered on Sulzberger. Why
d a meeting in so public a set-
where it was certain to become
pectacle? Or say, when asked
opinion of the situation, some-
g as coarse and inarticulate as
ucks"? Or not put on a necktie?
worst of all, reach into a paper bag and
out a stuffed toy moose—apparently a
out of some management manual, sym-
zing the "moose in the room" that nobody
nts to talk about, used to loosen things
—and hand it to a perplexed Raines?

But there was another, more sympathetic
of evaluating Sulzberger's performance.
ndually, he had opened up his father's
es and created an atmosphere in which
ple *could* voice their grievances. Things
d regressed under Raines, but now, at
zberger's prodding, they were opening up
lin—indeed, opening as they never had
ore. And, though belatedly, Sulzberger
grappling directly with the situation.

Raines heard another earful the next
, when he met with his angry masthead.
ain he took a pummeling; again he
dged to mend his ways. "I have no stake
he Raines method," he said at one point.
May 19, Sulzberger brought Raines and
ndman together, and they resolved to
y their differences. "I'm with Jon Land-
n the way Lincoln was with General Grant: just tell me what kind of whiskey he likes," Raines later said. The next day at yet another meeting, this one with desk heads, Raines again pledged to reform, and this time Landman, having become convinced of his sincerity, backed him. Some of his colleagues, apparently thinking they had Raines on the ropes, accused Landman of selling out. "I'm *not* with the program," Jill Abramson declared emphatically.

Then came the unmasking of Rick Bragg, via a note sent to the complaint line the *Times* had furnished readers in its article on Jayson Blair. The paper quickly concluded that Bragg, a famously stylish writer whose chicken-fried southern stories had won him his own Pulitzer, had relied almost entirely on a stringer for a June 15, 2002, piece on Florida oystermen, and suspended him, reportedly for two weeks.

Bragg's defense, made to Howard Kurtz of *The Washington Post,* was essentially that "everyone does it." *Times* reporters were aghast and indignant at the charge. But Raines—either loyal to his friend or, more likely, preoccupied with his own problems—said nothing, at least initially. His silence helped erode whatever support he still enjoyed or had been laboring to rebuild.



GENERATION GAP
Arthur "Punch" Sulzberger Sr. and Arthur junior at a 100th-anniversary ceremony for the *Times* on August 19, 1996.

Bragg quit the *Times* on May 28. The next day, the 2003 Pulitzers were handed out at Columbia University's Low Library. Raines, Boyd, Landman, Kevin Sack—all were there. The air was thick both with the *Times* scandal—*Times* columnist William Safire even alluded to it in his speech that day—and with Schadenfreude, and Raines and Boyd looked weary and uncomfortable. "These poor guys," an eyewitness recalls. "They knew that every corner conversation was about them. And it was."

Raines fought to keep his job. To one *Times* editor who had tangled with him and had little sympathy, it was an ugly, degrading spectacle, recalling the plight of another southerner recently embroiled in controversy. "You could do a good 'Q-hed' about the similarities between Trent Lott and Howell Raines," he says matter-of-factly, using the *Times* term for a news analysis.

Others disagree. "Howell showed amazing fortitude and class once the story broke, showing up every day, trying to listen, doing his best to keep the ship afloat," says Peter Applebome, a deputy metro editor. "Hanging in there took a lot of guts." In a series of small gatherings with staffers, he made his case, searched for some decisive gesture to stanch the bleeding, asked people for advice, and listened to them in a way he never had before. "He didn't want to have to hear stuff, but in a crazy, sick way, Jayson made him have to hear it," says Soma Golden Behr, an assistant managing editor. "That's the terrible tragedy of this."

"Before the end, he had already lost," says a Raines man, one of the favorites he so conspicuously cultivated. "If he'd stayed on, it would have been as a benign, cooperative, conciliatory peacemaker. And that ain't him." He adds, "Some people never forgave the *Times* for not letting Joe [Lelyveld]'s legacy just continue. Many of those guys who wanted him gone, they would have fallen all over themselves to be in his inner circle."

On May 30, Raines met with Abramson, apologized to her, and said he wanted her to remain in place through the presidential election in 2004—the only presidential election he'd get to enjoy as executive editor. And on June 2 there was another dinner with various *Times* reporters. But by then his fate was sealed. Or at least it was by the time Sulzberger met for lunch the next day with the Washington bureau.

Precisely when the publisher, or the *New York Times* board, or the Sulzberger family, decided to pull the plug isn't clear, and in the searing, heartfelt session in Washington that day, Sulzberger didn't let on that the die was already cast—perhaps because he didn't want the secret out, perhaps because he was heartsick and half hoping to be dissuaded. The mood was more cathartic than prosecutorial; people assumed that Raines was staying on, albeit on a kind of probation, and they wanted to make it work.

"He was serious, sober, tough," a reporter who was present recalls. "There was no moose, there was none of the Three Stooges–loving Arthur. It was a very grave and grown-up guy." Afterward, Abramson—who had even

The *Times*

read Raines's 1977 novel, *Whiskey Man,* in order to determine his capacity for redemption—invited staffers into her office. She told them of her recent conversation with Raines, and said that she, like Landman, was giving him another chance. It was inspiring. But it was also irrelevant.

On June 4, around the time Raines was assuring people that the crisis had crested and he had begun drafting a memo describing how various desk editors would be rotated onto the masthead, corporate types upstairs were writing the press release announcing his resignation. (Their story, describing Lelyveld's arrival before explaining that Raines was leaving, would never have gotten by a *Times* copy editor.) Late that afternoon, Sulzberger met with Raines and Boyd and gave them the word. Lelyveld canceled his dinner with Frank Rich and his wife, *Times* reporter Alex Witchel, and Sulzberger canceled his with theatrical producer Rocco Landesman and *Business Week* editor in chief Stephen Shepard and their wives, so they could have dinner together. Raines went home early. His wife was sick, he explained.

Amazingly, at least to the *Times* public-relations people, word of the change had still not leaked by the following morning. At 10 o'clock, Sulzberger told masthead editors that Raines and Boyd had concluded theirs was "too high a hill for them to climb." The E-mail notice then went out, people began assembling, and the three men spoke. One *Times* man listened to Raines from the rear, even though there was ample room up front. "I didn't feel like looking into the guy's eyes," he explains.

After Sulzberger finished, the meeting was apparently abruptly over. People were immobilized—"punch-drunk," someone says. An impromptu receiving line developed, with some staffers queuing up to wish Raines well. Among them was Landman. Raines then took his Panama hat and, arm in arm with his wife, walked out of the *New York Times* building on West 43rd Street. That's where John Darnton, a *Times* associate editor, learned the news from Bashir, the Afghan coffee vendor. "Come on, Bashir! Don't trade in low-level rumors. You always believe everything you hear," Darnton said. He then saw the scrum of television cameras and realized Bashir had it right.

The newspaper, meantime, went back to work. At the noon story meeting, the Washington political editor, Rick Berke, described an article about anxiety and tumult in some federal agency. "We already have a story like that," said Al Siegal dryly. One page-one offering was "Paper," the "slug" (or shorthand name) an editor had given to the story about the *Times* itself. After lunch in the Washington bureau, people debated not whether Paper would run on the front page, but above or below the fold. In fact, it landed above the fold, in exactly the same choice spot as the Blair investigation. But it wasn't nearly as long.

In the newsroom, people gathered around televisions whenever CNN went to the *Times* story, then quickly dispersed. That afternoon Air Force One returned from the Middle East, and on the tarmac at Andrews Air Force Base, Ari Fleischer told the *Times* White House correspondent David Sanger what had just happened to his newspaper. He smiled as he said it.

The post-Raines era began—or the pre-Raines era was resumed—the next morning, when Lelyveld, standing exactly where Raines had stood, made a speech of his own.

Lelyveld is a famously frosty man, but that morning he hit precisely the right notes. He praised Raines and Boyd for their relentless coverage of 9/11, for their selflessness in leaving the paper, for their brave good-byes. He saluted Raines for elevating the importance of photographs in the paper. It was absolutely true—two of those seven Pulitzers had been for them—but it was an odd and poignant tribute to someone who had spent his career painting pictures with his words.

In fact, to anyone listening closely, there was a subtext to Lelyveld's emollient message. With every quality he stressed—civility, dialogue, collegiality, originality, breaking out of the journalistic pack—he was reinstating values which, so many people felt, had vanished or been denigrated under Raines. He even mentioned his predecessor, Frankel. It was a way of saying that an aberrant interregnum had ended, that the line of succession had been restored.

Before long, Raines was at his country home in Pennsylvania, doing something he loved at least as much as putting out a newspaper: fishing. Friends describe him as "chipper," and imagine he'll now write something longer-lasting than any newspaper story: another novel, perhaps. Novels were also on the minds of two *Times* people, both of whom knew Raines well.

"For someone as driven and talented as Howell to have fallen so far and so fast, there had to be some demon in his psyche that drove him to sabotage his own success," one of them says. "It was terrible to see him self-destruct, but it might be that, having met his own darkest expectations, it will spur him to write a truly great novel. Either that, or he could completely fall apart."

"It wasn't surprising, but it's unbearably sad," says Steven Weisman. "Howell is so brilliant and capable of such charm and insight and shrewdness, except about himself. It's amazing. It's not even a novel. It's a bad novel." □

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FASHION



Page 59: Kim Meeh for Walter Schupfer Management.
Page 70: Stellastarr styled by Jane Hershi **Amanda Tannen's** d by **Chloé,** from the Chloé boutique, N.Y.C **Michael Jurin's** jean by **CK Calvin Klein Jeans,** from selected Nordstrom and Bloomingdale's stores. **Shaw Christensen's** shirt by **Prada,** from Prada st nationwide, or call 877-977-1900; jeans by **Helmut Lang,** from Helmut Lang, N.Y.C.; cc and boots by **Bally,** from Bally, N.Y.C.



Page 74: Amy Sacco styled by Jane Hershipes; for necklace by **Mark Walsh Leslie Chin Vintage,** call 212-925-9700.
Page 107: Leigh Taylor for SugarLove Pictures.
Page 112: Louis Licari styled by Jane Hershipes; suit and shirt by **Prada,** from Prad stores nationwide, or call 877-977-1900.
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BEAUTY AND GROOMING



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Page 59: Gary Stevens's hair stylec with **Bumble and Bumble** Grooming Crème, from bumbleandbumble.com. Vau Acord for Bumble and Bumble.
Page 70: Stellastarr members' hair, makeup, and grooming by Gigi Hale and Suzette Boozer, both for artistsbytimothypria com.



Page 74: Top: **Amy Sacco's** hair and makeup by Natasha Morgan for Bradley Curry. **Erno Laszlo** products from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Saks Fifth Avenue, Neiman Marcus, and Nordstrom stores nationwide; **Chanel** products from fine department stores nationwide, or go to gloss.com or sephora. **Giorgio Armani's** Sensi fragrance availab



at Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide, or go to sephora.com; **Elizabeth Arden** products from fine department s nationwide; **Revlon** products from stores nationwide. Bottom: **Susanna ano's** makeup and **Kao Hui's** and **Alain n's** grooming by Maria Romano for bi Brown Cosmetics. All makeup and ming products by **Bobbi Brown,** from fine artment stores nationwide. On Susanna ano's eyes, Cream Shadow Stick in Ice Plum; er lips, Lip Shine in Naked Pink.

e 92: Assumpta Clohessy for Susan Price, Inc.

e 107: Rose Byrne's hair styled with **P's** Glisten Weightless Shine Spray, from ehair.com or salon-collective.co.uk. Makeup



ducts by **MAC,** from C cosmetics stores nwide, or go to cosmetics.com. ner face, Select S.P.F. 15 dation in NC15; on eyes, Satin Eye dow in Folie and Girlie, Pro Longlash Mascara rnt Umber; on her cheeks, Matte Blush in kly Scarlet; on her lips, Tinted Lipglass cculent.

e 112: Louis Licari's hair styled with ade by **MOP,** from popehair.com. ming products by **Enid O' Cosmetics,** Louis Licari Salons, L.A. and N.Y.C.; is face, Mineral Powder SunLit S.P.F. 8 Translucent Face Powder No. 15; is lips, Vita Plus Lip Treatment. Enid eider-O'Sullivan for the Louis Licari Salon.

es 148–49: Fred Van De Bunt lubest & Co. Salon, Manhasset, New Art Department; Sandrine van Slee for CMI.

es 158–59: Assumpta Clohessy for Susan , Inc.; Helene Macaulay for sbytimothypriano.com; Fabiola Arancibia ne Wall Group; Tommy Joiner for sbytimothypriano.com; Mizu for Real metics/Jump.

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Michael Lutin knows that Leos are feeling naughty

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Princess Anne

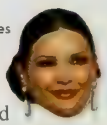
You have a deep desire to lead a picket-fence life, free from the kind of shocking scandals the tabloids love to sink their teeth into, and backyard barbecues and family picnics at the beach are all part of your attempt to achieve normalcy. With Jupiter trining Pluto, however, and Mars transiting Uranus in your solar 8th house, you also have certain narcissistic needs that can't be met simply by flipping burgers and tossing salads for your brother-in-law and dragging beach chairs across the scorching sand. In plain English, you're hot to trot.


Lou Piniella

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

There's no mystery why so many Virgos honestly believe they never get a break. The fact is, you rarely do. Whether it's just random bad luck or because you're earning good Karma for the next life, many members of your sign think the word "leisure" describes a nice suit. Your toughest challenge is letting yourself be seduced. As Venus transits your 11th house this month and the ruler of your 4th house completes its passage through your 12th, the universe has taken pity on you and decided to give you a big, fat, juicy blessing. Enjoy.

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23


Catherine Zeta-Jones

It's got to be dawning on you, as Saturn and Chiron move toward an opposition in your 10th and 4th houses, that the flaming-sword juggling act you've been performing with your family and career has only just begun. Fortunately, you have successfully manipulated your friends and relatives into positions where they can help you stay on top of things. Health is bound to become an issue if you stretch yourself too thin and start treating your body as if it were the town dump. A spiritual approach to good health is not as wimpy as it seems.


Larry Flynt

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

When you're oozing creativity, enjoying your work, and making money, you're fulfilling your true Scorpio destiny, which is to pump out genius and reap the material rewards. With the ruler of your 2nd house culminating in your midheaven and your solar 5th house so active, this is the month to do just that. You need to be reminded, however, not to start criticizing yourself and swirling into the emotional black hole that Scorpios know only too well. Here's something better to dwell on: right now someone still loves you from afar.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21


Nancy Mitford

Some people scoff at your seemingly unflagging optimism. They think you Sadges are clumsy, dizzy naïfs, staggering through life in complete and utter denial. They have no idea how often you torture yourself secretly, and they would never suspect that your gastric juices are causing you stomach problems as you try to solve one family crisis after another. And why should they? When Jupiter is in your 9th house, you laugh at *everything,* mainly because you know that life is a learning experience—and if that is denial, so be it.


Karl Rove

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

As Venus transits your 7th house and the ruler of your 12th grows stronger in your 8th, there seems to be no shortage of gawkers and admirers who are drawn to you socially and personally. The kicker is that it doesn't matter how many cute people think you're cute and would be quite willing to give you a tumble in the hay. Until Chiron finishes crawling through Capricorn, you'll remain reluctant to let yourself go and trust in your own beauty. What will it take to convince you that you really are an object worth desiring?

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18


Ashton Kutcher

Because you insist on keeping up your usual breezy manner, only your most intimate companions know just how worried you have been lately. Half the time even they don't get it, mainly because, with Venus in your solar 6th house and Jupiter in your 7th, you've plenty of supporters to prop you up whenever you go on overload. (those who have experienced transits of Uranus and Neptune themse can understand how shaky you feel when everything you thought was portant begins to seem ridiculous.


Bernadette Peters

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH

We all know that you have a perfectly loving disposition and compassion flows freely from your heart as if from a fountai the Garden of Eden. Venus in your 5th house can attest to tha however, we were to look at your current situation with a slightly more ical eye, we would have to admit that your behavior of late has been than saintly and, at times, downright devilish. Thanks to the presenc Mars and Uranus in your sign, you're sick to death of being a door and, frankly, you're pissed at the whole world.

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19


César Chávez

We've all got our goblins, those little voices inside our heads that start talking to us when we're alone and won't shut up no matter what we do. You can drown them in alcohol or numb them with drugs, but eventually you'll hear them whispering insidious little noth in your ear. Luckily for you, no matter how many secret enemies or house bugaboos are trying to bring you down, with Jupiter in your 5th house in favorable aspect to your 9th-house Pluto, you're out there forming, selling, and showing exactly why everybody is envious of Arie


Suzan-Lori Parks

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY

Despite the fact that you have absolutely no idea where the w career thing is heading, you feel oddly calm and unusuall cure. Maybe you're finally beginning to get cosmic and put faith in the wisdom and prosperity of the universe. Or per it's simply that, with the rulers of your 7th and 8th solar ho forming a trine aspect to your 4th, having family support and a bea place to stay goes a long way toward easing your nervousness about a fessional situation that is at best uncertain and at worst screwed up.

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21


John Wayne

When you don't feel pressured by commitments, hassled by lawyers and business associates, or spooked by your own fear of dying, life takes on a much more pleasant glow. Suddenly you breathe easier. Your communication with loved ones improves. In short, thing you do becomes a lot more doable. Even the money thing doesn' you as much. You have to ask yourself what has brought about this pc change in attitude. It could be the therapy, or the medication, or thi that Saturn has finally gotten the hell out of Gemini.


Michelle Kwan

CANCER JUNE 22–JUL

No matter what other sources of angst are keeping you sober days, when the money is flowing you can at least sleep thi the night without waking up every five minutes. Economi bility frees you to think creatively and allows you to travel wi worrying so much about the cost. The passage of Venus through you adds a gentle sweetness to your demeanor, too, and thank heaven for Until Saturn left your 12th house last month, many members of you were walking around looking as if they had just swallowed a bad pic

A NIGHT OF MODERN STYLE

On Thursday, April 24, select *Vanity Fair* subscribers and more than 75 Step Up Women's Network members gathered at the Adrienne Vittadini store in Beverly Hills for a night of private shopping. Invited guests listened to the musical stylings of D.J. Angelique while they enjoyed cocktails and hors d'oeuvres and shopped the Adrienne Vittadini Spring 2003 collections. Ten percent of the proceeds from the evening's sales benefited Step Up Women's Network, a nonprofit organization that provides services and monies to women's healthcare causes and mentoring programs.



Above, from left to right: **Adeena Karsseboom, Los Angeles Step Up board member, Step Up Women's Network President Kaye Popofsky, and actress Kelly Rutherford.**



CELEBRATING SPRING FASHION

On Thursday, April 10, at the H store on Hollywood Boulevard, Tommy Hilfiger and *Vanity Fair* co-hosted an intimate style presentation and exclusive spring fashion preview. The event featured the advice and expertise of Lloyd Boston, the inimitable host of the Style Network and author of *Make Over Your Man: The Woman's Guide to Dressing Any Man in Her Life.* Throughout the evening, more than 150 guests sipped cocktails and snacked on hors d'oeuvres as they listened to music spun by D.J. Michael Schulman.

THE HAMPTON LUXURY LINER

Travel in comfort to the beach and beyond on the Hampton Luxury Liner, for as little as $24 off-peak. The chic way to head to the Hamptons, each coach is equipped with elegant leather reclining chairs, a custom-designed interior, on-board movies, and a rear galley offering complimentary refreshments. Electronic ticketing ensures passengers an uninterrupted ride. The Hampton Luxury Liner is available for charter and special events, as well as Vineyard and New York City tours. And when you ride on Friday, June 27, and Saturday, August 16, you'll receive a special gift bag—compliments of Tiffany & Co. and *Vanity Fair*—that includes a deluxe sample of the new fragrance, Pure Tiffany. Visit www.hamptonluxuryliner.com for more information or call 631-537-5800 to book tickets.

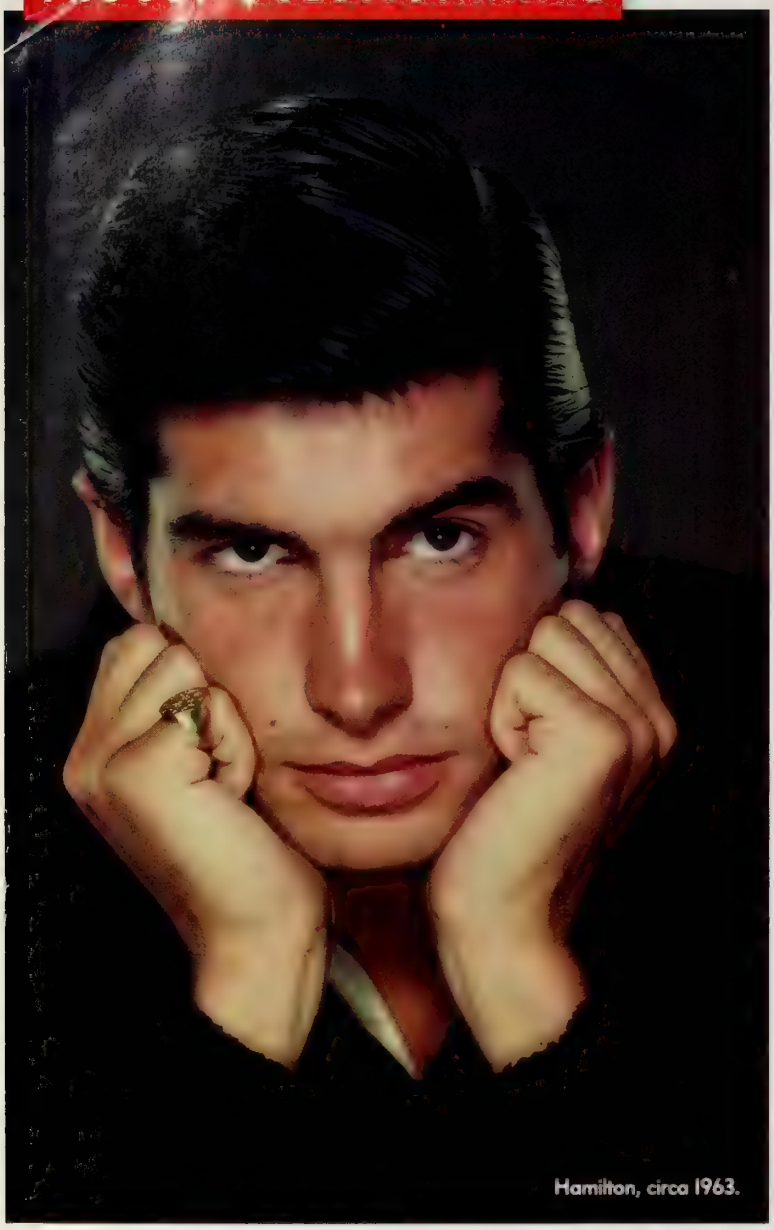
YVES SAINT LAURENT IN BEVERLY HILLS

Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche is bringing the ultimate luxury shopping experience to Beverly Hills with the opening of a new boutique at 326 Rodeo Drive. Conceived by Tom Ford, Creative Director of Yves Saint Laurent, and architect Bill Sofield, the store will offer the full range of Rive Gauche women's and men's ready-to-wear and accessories collections. Customers also will have the opportunity to experience Yves Saint Laurent cosmetics through personal appointments with an in-house beauty consultant. For more information, call 310-271-4110.



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Hamilton, circa 1963.

GEORGE HAMILTON

George Hamilton's closet at one time supposedly held 350 bespoke suits and 500 shirts. He has been linked with women ranging from Lynda Bird Johnson to Elizabeth Taylor, and his self-deprecating ability to play it light in films such as *Love at First Bite* has kept the actor, one of MGM's last contract players, on-screen. As the second season of his reality show, *The Family*, begins on ABC, Hamilton pauses to speak about *his* family, his admiration of Porfirio Rubirosa, and his wish to write a book

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
A wife, a child, a dog, and a book to write . . . you said "idea."

Which living person do you most admire?
My mother.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Too much humility.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Self-importance.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Clothes.

What is your favorite journey?
Anywhere in Italy in a Ferrari, or the journey inward.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Thrift.

On what occasion do you lie?
To save another's feelings.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
Too slick.

Which living person do you most despise?
Anyone who hurts a child.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
Darling; babe.

What is your greatest regret?
That I didn't say "no" more often!

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
Only she knows . . .

When and where were you happiest?
As a child in a small southern town.

What is your current state of mind?
Optimist . . . in a New York state of mind.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
My age, but not my experience.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
We would have met sooner.

What is your most treasured possession?
A Patek Philippe minute-repeater watch.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Depression and addiction.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Casanova . . . part of it had to be fiction.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Rubirosa, J.F.K.

What are your favorite names?
Ashley, Alana, Kimberly, George Thomas.

What is it that you most dislike?
Pettiness and cheapness.

How would you like to die?
At the Plaza Athénée, with room service.

What is your motto?
"You can't always be happy, but you can always fill your eye with beauty."


Dior



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